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ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

THE

J. W. Clenson 885: Worceclin Mass.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY TO APRIL, 1851.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED AT 120 NASSAU STREET.
1851.

EDWARD O. JENKINS, PRINTER.
114 Nassau street, New York.

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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1851.

From the Quarterly Review.

TICKNOR'S HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.*

Mr. Ticknor's work offers another proof of the creditable desire felt by one great section, at least, of America to discharge the debt due to Spain, her first discoverer. While the southern or Spanish States, in spite of more and stricter obligations, have folded their arms in indolent ingratitude, the northern and Anglo-Saxon portions, true to their race, have been up and doing. From the Black Prince downward, England has been foremost with her best blood and brain to uphold her ally's independence in war, and to illustrate her marvels in peace; and the English sword has long been wreathed in Spanish myrtle. Neither have our transatlantic kinsmen degenerated;—the names of Irving and Prescott are already associated with Columbus and Isabella; nor will Ticknor henceforward be forgotten where Cervantes and his compeers are held in remembrance.

Our author tells us in a modest preface the circumstances under which "his book" was composed. On being appointed Professor of Modern Literature at Harvard College, he crossed the Atlantic in 1816, and in a good hour; for to every American of better caste and aspirations a pilgrimage to England must ever be, what a visit to Greece was for the vir bonus of ancient Rome, the crowning mercy and seal to the education of a gentleman; and we admire the good sense and feeling of the apparently established arrangement, which allows any young professor to spend a certain period in this way, before he grapples with the active duties of his chair. After also studying the better known lands and languages of the continent, Mr. Ticknor passed into Spain, which eventually-there is bird-lime in that racy soilbecame the country of his predilections, giving color to his after-life, end and object to his studies, and corner-stone to his fame. On his return to America, having come into the possession of ample fortune, he resigned the long-held professorship, but not the pursuit of literature; his affluence was employed in forming the best Spanish library in the New World, and his leisure—precious boon—in mastering its contents. To every author of his high aims, the best resource lies in his own library; without a supply of instruments suitable, and always at hand, no one can

^{*} History of Spanish Literature. By George Ticknor. 3 vols., 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[This erudite article is attributed to Mr. Ford, the author of the celebrated work, "Gatherings in Spain."—Ed.]

achieve a first-rate work: the deficiencies of Mr. Ticknor's pioneers, Bouterwek and Sismondi, are mainly attributable to a want of proper materials; and this M. Clarus also (Pref. xxx.) laments and pleads in extenuation of what he—stern judge—considers to be his own-shortcomings.* What, in truth, is a history of literature but one of books? and, without them, how can it be adequately written?

To his labor of love Mr. Ticknor devoted more than thirty years—tantæ molis erat; but on no other conditions do the gods grant excellence. Venus, the type of grace and beauty, was wedded to Vulcan, the personification of skill and toil. The result of so much single-hearted industry may be said to exhaust an important subject hitherto neglected in France and Italy, and treated in Spain, Germany, and England more in detached portions than in one comprehensive This matured and conscientious encyclopædia necessarily will draw increased attention to the too long sealed books of Spain, and widen the practicable breaches made of late in those ramparts behind which the recluse of Europe had concealed intellectual talents, buried like the soul of Pedro In lending a hand to the good work, and by pointing out a few pearls, we hope to encourage divers of longer breath and in the meanwhile enable our readers to form some opinion whether M. Montesquieu's saying, that the only good Spanish book was the one which pointed out the ridicule of all the others, was an oracle or an epi-

Mr. Ticknor divides his inquiry into three periods. The first is that from the birth of Spanish literature in the twelfth century to the beginning of the sixteenth, when the middle ages came to a conclusion; the second extends to the close of the seventeenth; and the third to the early part of the nineteenth. We propose on this occasion to dwell chiefly on the first of these sections, as being at once the most genuinely Spanish and the least generally known.

In treating the entire literature of any country, as is now done, ex cathedra, some preliminary inquiry into its language, the exponent of national heart and mind, must obviously be made. Accordingly, Mr. Ticknor collects in his first appendix the general phi-

lological results. Spain, from the earliest periods of authentic record, has been overrun and occupied by many different races, who have left impressions on the distinct people formed from the ultimate fusion. In the beginning, one language, supposed by some to be of Urgo-Tartarian or Northern-Asian origin, was spread over the Iberian Peninsula; traces of which remain in local names of all others the most lasting—and in the Basque. This (with all the modifications of Celtic, Phœnician, and Hebrew admixtures) was, before the fourth century, all but superseded by the Latin, which itself-degenerated into a *lingua vulgaris* or rustica even in Italy—was further corrupted in Spain by the advent of the Goths, who, handling the sword better than the pen, found it easier to learn the vocabulary of their new subjects than its syntax. Hence the usual compromise took place—excellently developed by Clarus (i. 114)—and a hybrid middle idiom was formed, in which the mutilated torsos of antiquity were rebuilt with Teutonic cement. While the unwritten Gothic perished altogether, the Latin was preserved by the liturgies of the Church—but not purified; Christian not critical, and following in Gregory's steps, her antagonistic distinction between sacred and profane literature, and her setting up a corrupt monastic model, caused low Latinity to triumph over the classical. these transitions were complete, the Moorish invasion took place (A. D. 711); the Arab subdued Spain in fewer years than the Roman had required centuries—and the conquests of Saracenic intellect rivalled those of the scimitar. The rude Gothic invader, we have seen, had surrendered to the superior civilization of the vanquished Hispano-Roman; but now the case was reversed: for this, the darkest night of Europe, was the brightest noontide of the East. Polished by new arts and elegancies, Cordova soon became the Athens of the West; before 850. the Spaniards, who continued to live among the tolerant Moors, adopted entirely the pomp and splendor of the Arabic idiomand that not unreluctantly; for, whether because their civilization came originally from the East, or from some quality of climate and locality to which national idiosyncrasies have been attributed, Spaniards have always been predisposed to a full-toned articulation, with the exaggerated phraseology of the os magna sonaturum; and to this day the pingue quiddam et peregrinum of old Cordova which struck the ear of critical Rome, stil finds the readiest echo in native hearts.

^{*} Dartsellung der Spanischen Literatur im Mittelatter. Ludwig Clarus,—2 vols. Maintz, 1846. This author's close, correct, and critical exposition of the literature of Spain down to Ferdinand and Isabella seems to have escaped Mr. Ticknor.

Meantime, however, as the Celtiberian retired before the Roman into the Basque hills, a Gothic remnant fled from the Moors into the Alpine Asturias, carrying with them race, name, creed, language, and country—scotched but not killed. In that rocky school, and amid storms and war, the infant Spanish language—eldest child and heir to the Latin—was slowly brought up; seven centuries were required to roughhew this formation of the granite, and three more to shape its ends. It was long called Romance, from the prevalence of the Roman element; but in the end the many dialects of different provinces gave way to the Castellano, or idiom spoken in dominant Castile; and this, once a particular term, became a synonym for the Spaniard and his language. From its composite character it has been compared to a heap of mixed grain, while from its lofty cadences it was pronounced by Charles V. to be the only tongue in which mortal man should dare address his Creator. The terminations in consonants, and marked gutturals of Teutonic origin, confer on it a manliness, a back-bone, which is wanting to the soft Italian—fair daughter of the Latin. (i. 87), following Aldrete and Sarmiento, has philologically analyzed and pointed out the Latin, Greek, Teutonic, Hebrew, and Arabic This magnificent aggregate, components. based on Roman majesty, buttressed by Gothic force, and enriched with Arabian filagree, regular in construction, solemn and sonorous, nervous and emphatical, and fit alike for poetry as prose, is admirably adapted to the stately sententious Spaniard -and makes him seem far wiser than he is. Foreigners, listening to the imposing vehicle, infer the presence of much more meaning and thought than really exists in the natives, who, like melodious birds, are simply exercising, and without effort, an exquisite organ; a village alcalde proclaims and placards in the Cambyses vein, as naturally as Pitt spoke kings' speeches extemporaneously. world for a long time took the Spaniards at their own word and valuation, and they successfully passed off their land as the best and finest, and themselves as the lords of the creation; but now, every day witnesses the explosion of some venerable Peninsular fallacy; and it is well if they can continue to cheat themselves on a point or two.

The earliest written specimen of this Spanish is the Carta Puebla, or Municipal Charter of the city of Aviles in the Asturias, confirmed in 1155; but no sooner had the language become thus far formed-and until

genius can speak its own tongue, thought must be translated, and literature can neither be original nor national—than the Poema del Cid appeared; it was composed before 1200, according to Huber-whose authority. we consider conclusive in the infinite Quastiones Cidiacæ; for not dates alone, but the Cid's very existence have been doubted by carpers, who, from the poor pleasure of contradicting, would reduce the sinewy champion to an imaginary Amadis.

But Ruy Diaz de Bibar (1040-1099) was a reality; and history - obscure as the period was-has preserved his colossal skeleton, which tradition and poetry have fleshed. The critical republications, in most languages, of his Ballads and Chronicle, have familiarized Europe with the career of this Achilles of Castile, and his Poema, breathing the soul of Christian heroism, is, like the Iliad, at once the first and finest epic in its language. If few swords of Spain have carved out greater glory since, no pen of hers has indited a more noble or national record. though her men of letters have never had taste to sufficiently estimate the rough diamond beyond its philological interest, it is worth a library for the correct understanding of the spirit of that age, and of the genuine old Castilian character, which the Cid-its impersonation and model—did so much to form and fix. Slightly imperfect at the beginning, the Poema consists of some 3744 irregular Alexandrines, of a rugged structure, and but one step removed from blank verse, the dignity of which Spaniards thus soon perceived; but, however defective in form and prosody, and scarcely more than prose of a high caste adapted to recitative, in this the earliest epic of Christendom, implicit faith and loyalty, soldier sentiments and indomitable will, too large for an incomplete untuned exponent, pierce as stars through mists. The earnest intention tells independently of words, which never can supply their want; and the action loses little by Dantesque simplicity—for that epithet may be applied to a work written a century before Dante was born. The subject is the glorification of the Cid—his exile, triumph, and The author, whose name is unknown, feeling assured of his readers perfect acquaintance with the biography of his hero, rushes in media res, and terminates abruptly. The Poema, we are satisfied, was not a stringing together of floating ballads, but the composition, and as a whole, of one and the same person. This again, like the Iliad and Nibenlungen Lied, comes into the category of

the Quæstiones Cidiacæ; but in all the three cases we are firm Unitarians. Of some select passages of the Spanish epic we possess wonderfully correct and spirited versions by Mr. Frere, who, but for pension, indolence, and Malta, might have bequeathed a name second to few in the English library.

The Poema, which proved the capabilities of the new language, was soon followed by three others, written also by authors unknown, and on subjects of less interest, taken from the Gesta Romanorum, the medieval story book, or from current monkish legends; for the cloister soon came forward with rival spiritual poems—and we are far from undervaluing the humanizing effect produced by this modern mythology on the rough and violent age. Religion, superstition, fanaticism if you will, was from the beginning so intimately interwoven with all the things and nature of the Spaniards, whose orthodoxy was directly opposed against infidelity, that it never is found wholly wanting; nor at any time have their best historians ventured to question pious frauds and hagiologies consecrated by the church and embalmed in the traditions of the people.

The first poet known by name was Gonzalo de Berceo, a monk born at the end of the thirteenth century, longevous, and more voluminous than luminous; his religious poems, or Prosas, as he honestly terms them, exceed 13,000 lines, and are judiciously dismissed by Mr. Ticknor in four pages; his versified miracles of saints are no less difficult to read than believe; his homages to the Virgin are better, and show how early a tender Mariolatry formed part and parcel of the Spaniard, nor can any one doubt the sincere piety of

this patriarch of Church poets.

Thus far the infant literature had lisped in verse, the vehicle of passion and imagination. The creator of prose—the vehicle of advanced intellect and civilization—was Alonso (1221-1284), called el Sabio (sapiens, the sage) at a time when a learned man was presumed to be wise. He was far in advance of his period. Among other merits, he was the first to introduce into Spain the manufacture of paper-without which few before could write much, or printing afterwards be of real Fitter in some respects for a professor's chair than a throne, "capax imperii nisi imperasset," he too often neglected substances for shadows, and like the Greek astronomer, who gazing upward fell into a ditch, and searching for Ariadne's crown in the heavens risked his own on earth; again this Spanish Solomon, while putting in rhyme his discovery of the philosopher's stone, found himself a bankrupt. Unfortunate in life, justice has been done him in the grave. His poetry, or rather his productions in verse—for although like Solon he wrote verses, he lacked true poetic spirit—consisted chiefly of chaunts in honor of the Virgin, written in the dialect of his youth, the Gallician, which the pilgrim city of Santiago rendered peculiarly devotional, and which was continued and used for gentler themes long afterwards—bearing a relation to the Castilian not unlike what the Doric did to the Attic. As king of Castile, he chose the Castilian for his history, works in prose, and translation of the Bible; and by requiring its use in public acts and tribunals, set an example followed afterwards, in 1362, by our Edward III. His noblest monument consists of his code of laws, finished in 1265, and called Las Siete Partidas, from the seven divisions. His father, St. Ferdinand, had had the forecast to direct the Visigothic Code, the Fuero Juzgo (the forum judicum) to be translated, but left to his son to promulgate one better fifted to Christian Spain, which he had so much enlarged and consolidated. Alonso was assisted in the compilation by competent jurists, as Napoleon was in our time, but the individual and master mind of the Justinian of Castile is irrefragably stamped on this remarkable work. Strictly speaking, it is less a collection of statutes and ordinances on legal points, than a series of moral and philosophical essays. The result has been eminently successful; the composition settled the Castilian to be a real and living language, as the poems of Dante subsequently did the Tuscan, giving both literary pre-eminence over other dialects previously of equal pretensions. It imparted to it from its very birth a grave, didactic, characteristic tone; no prose for two centuries afterwards was produced so pure and idiomatic--while, even as a code, it forms to this day the basis of jurisprudence in Spain and South America, ranking as a sort of common law. Thus precocious Spain took precedence over the rest of Europe in a vernacular and national language, in literature, and in legislation; -- a startling contrast to the later times, in which she has been outstripped from reposing proudly on her pedestal, and retrograding, when not motionless, under the incubus of vicious institutions.

A contemporaneous poem of above ten thousand tiresome verses on *Don* Alexander the Great—a favorite paladin of medieval Spain, and the shadow that coming knighterrantry cast before it—although by some

attributed to Alonso, was written by Juan Lorenzo Segura, a priest of Astorga. In this production, which, like our "King Alisaunder," gauges—so to speak—the learning and taste of its period, the classical and mythological are mixed up with the Christian and Castilian, and the Greek is dressed in a Spanish costume, with marvelous disregard of history, propriety, and probability; but Spain was then and long remained too credulous and uncritical, too ignorant and inexperienced to be startled by deviations in matters of faith or fact.

The Conde Lucanor was written soon after in prose by Don Juan Manuel, nephew to Alonso, a soldier and statesman, and for a while co-regent. At all times among Spain's best writers have been men, who devoted to the pen moments snatched from the sword, and brought into the studio a knowledge of the world gained from the discipline of obedience and command. The Conde Lucanor, fortunately, has been preserved in its original state; anterior to the Decameron of Boccacio, and oriental in frame-work and purpose, it consists of forty-nine Enxiemplos, or ethical "ensamples," told to amuse and instruct a prince, by his counsellor Patronio, after the fashion of a calif and his vizier. Each tale is wound up with a moral distich. These, and proverbs, popular oracles of condensed experience, have always had a charm for the sedate Moro-Spaniards, in whom, independently of their oriental predilections, a serious moral under-current runs strongly, and who, from long submission to despotic church and state, prefer receiving ethical opinions from others to forming them for themselves; indolently glad to shift on others the grievous burden of responsibility, and have rules of conduct ratified by superior authority. The library of Spain is very rich in works on proverbs, which have been laboriously explained, glossed, and commented on. It is in the tale of the Moorish Marriage in the Conde Lucanor that the germ of our poet's Taming the Shrew i is to be found. We submit one specimen of Don Juan's worldly wisdom and verse to English capitalists who meditate on Spanish speculations:—

No aventures mucho tu riqueza
Por consejo de ome que ha pobreza.

On pauper's counsel lean not, friend of mine,
In making large investment of thy coin.

In 1340 Juan Ruiz, Archpriest of Hita, and of truly original mind, put forth the first blossoms of the burlesque, for which Spaniards have such a remarkable turn. In an

allegorical satire, of mixed metres, and under the personages of Don Breakfast, Doña Venus, and so forth, the besetting sins of the period were depicted with considerable freedom and humor. This Spanish Petronius describes the war, long waged and still waging, between hungry Lent and Carnival cakes and ale, which eventually are victorious. It furnishes a curious revelation of the manners of the age and private life of the Archpriest; but reflects more credit on him for arch wit and sly observation than for his morality, and still less for that of his heroine, Trota Conventos, who trots from convent to convent bearing love-messages. The olla podrida is interspersed with tales taken from fabulists and facetiæ; many of which last, to Protestant notions bordering on the irreverent and licentious, have time out of mind been relished in Catholic Spain, where men, sincere and simple, who never jested with creed, indemnified themselves by laughing at avaricious and profligate priests. Juan Ruiz is compared by Mr. Ticknor to our Chaucer: while by others he has been considered the prototype of Cervantes, like whom, at all events, the archpriest wrote his best works in a prisonhaving been confined from 1337 to 1350 by the primate for his unclerical irregularities. The Danza General de los Muertos, written about this time in seventy-nine octavo stanzas, partakes also of this spiritual and temporal masquerading. These dances of Death, in which every class of society joins, were very attractive to painters and poets of those days, and then contributed as much to pious edification and mortification as they now do to Douce and Massman erudition. The original text, together with a singular Morisco poem on Joseph, based on the version of the Koran, and consisting of twelve hundred lines, composed in the Spanish language but written in Arabic letters—a by no means unusual practice in writings and coins in Spain, where so many Christian Mosarabs lived among the Moors and vice rersa-are-with El Libro de Rabi Santob, four hundred and seventy-six stanzas addressed by this Jew of Carrion to Peter the Cruel—printed by Mr. Ticknor for the first time from copies of the rare originals furnished him by Don Pascual de Gayangos—a gentleman well known to all Anglo-Hispano students as the first Arabic and Spanish scholar of his country.

Not resting on the half-historical, half-fabulous metrical chronicle of Fernan Gonzalez—or the shrewd didactic *Rimado del Palacio*, or rhymed experiences touching the evils of courts and the duties of kings and

counsellors, strung together by the Chancellor Pedro de Ayala—we must remark that the early metrical productions hitherto mentioned were written by and for the upper and learned classes, and were called Versos de Arte Major-verses of higher art (Germanice, Kunst Poesie) in contradistinction to the inferior compositions de arte menor, of lower art (Volks, Poesie), current among the peo-The stiff dactylics and Alexandrines, which like wounded snakes drag their slow length along, originated in the corrupted hexameters and monkish Leonine verses. Rhyme, syllable echo, which the ancients, who had a prosody too fine for northern ears, sedulously avoided, was then altogether prized, and thought so difficult as of itself to transmute into poetry what in truth was and is now felt to be most undeniable prose; nor did the shrewd nation at large ever sympathize with these learned elaborations attempted to be forced on it by court and cowl, which have now become food for bookworms, while the compositions to which it clung bid fair to be immortal. The people of Spain, who submitted cheerfully and by their own choice to authority in church and state, resisted with sturdy independence all dictation in their intellectual recreations, and ended like the English with a victory. In their ballads, drama, and novels, the best branches of national literature, and in regard to which they have little to fear when compared with any other nation, they carried their point against the aristocracy of letters, far more democratically than the French or Italians. From the beginning these isolated descendants of the Goth, their dearest and proudest pedigree, preferred the Teutonic and romantic style to the classical; nor has time effaced the original tint, predilections, or prejudices. The literature of Spain has throughout-Don Quixotte excepted—been too Spanish, too individual, if one may say so, to influence Europe in general or universal mankind, nor did the haughty Spaniard care for the approbation of the foreigner whom he either contemned or ignored.

Spanish ballads, the wild flowers of the native soil, looked down upon for a time by prince and prelate as vulgar, or trodden under as inartificial by the heel of conventional critics, have now reared their fragrant heads and taken their rightful rank. Mr. Ticknor evinces a delightful feeling for these racy relics of old Spain, of which his new country can never boast. North America was "raised" when unimaginative calculators and political economists—poetry's worst foes—were in the

ascendant; she had no national infancy; born like Minerva, armed to the teeth, and big enough to be fed on prose, she had no gradations, no antecedents, no Druids, Normans, Robin Hoods, and ballads, no superstitions or ignorance; her matter-of-fact Franklin, with a bar of prosaic iron, struck the poetic thunderbolt from the hand of Homer's Jove.

In Spain, as with other ancient nations, men were poets before philosophers, acted before they speculated, and expressed before they explained. Spain, we are satisfied, although Mr. Ticknor is not of that opinion, had indigenous bards from the earliest period. Strabo records the metrical laws of the Andalucians, as Silius Italicus does the rude songs and saltations of the Gallicians. Music and the dance, twin sisters, everywhere in the beginning were allied to verse, the most agreeable form for oral currency: a predilection for ballads — doubtless of Phœnician or Jewish origin—continued through the Roman period, and was strengthened by the Teutonic invaders, whose laws and annals in verse were noticed by Tacitus. Spain, again, early in the fourth century produced Juvencus, the first Christian poet and versifier of the Scriptures; and early in the fifth, Prudentius, in whose religious poetry the subsequent Obras de Devocion and the form of the national seguidilla are foreshadow-These were the first streaks of dawn breaking over the Iberian Parnassus, whose Castalian streams, gushing from pure sources, and kept fresh by their own flow of genuine nationality, soon found an all-sufficient channel and theme in the fall of Gothic Spain, and in the stages of its restoration, from Pelayo to the crowning catastrophe, the capture of the Alhambra, after seven centuries of stirring realities in church, battle, and bower. The half-fledged poets, concentrated in the crusade at their very nest, did not venture far in their early flyings. Ultra-Christian, all the past, with its myths and memories. was blotted from their tablets. They neither looked back to paganism, nor beyond the Peninsula, for subjects or heroes: they had neither heart nor time for the foreign or the artificial. They rhymed in the camp, and inscribed their bulletins with the sword; hence the flashing, the energy, the enthusiasm, the Chevy Chase dash of these vivid reflections of things as they really were; hence the daylight and local color of those sketches made out of doors, which no midnight lamp can They dealt with effects, not causes; with deeds and passions, not their philosophy or anatomy. One of the intrinsic charms of these picturesque ballads is the utter absence of even the appearance of fiction or imitation; they for the most part are plain, unvarnished pictures of single situations, drawn with sharp and rapid precision, to the literal interest of which the authors trusted, declining to add anything of their own, from a fear of destroying traditionary credit. Thus they embodied thoughts that burnt in the bosoms of thousands, who could feel but not express, and became the mouth-piece, the vox populi, and as it were the free press of the age. Appearing at a time when Spain was the forlorn-hope of Christendom, when every man was a soldier, when the Cross was pitted against the Crescent, and a holy war to the knife waged for creed and country, pro aris et focis, this expression of hymns, mingled with battle cries, came home to every heart, and nerved every arm: written in a simple language, which all understood, in a form easily remembered, and sung from the cradle, they consolidated the fine old Castilian characteristics,—Fear of God, Honor of King, and Love of Lady. In them woman took her proper social position, which antiquity and the East denied her; a position more, we suspect, the consequence of Mariolatry than of her legal rights of dower and inheritance.

The metrical form is probably no less in-Some have maintained, with digenous. Condé, that it was taken from the Arabs; others think it arose from the simple bisection of the pentameter, which has a marked break, a cæsura, in the middle, and which would give nearly the two short octosyllabic verses of four trochaic feet. We agree with Ticknor and Clarus-who cites specimens preserved from antiquity (i. 144)—that the present form would and did naturally suggest itself from being entirely suited to easy, flowing redondillas (roundelays, rondeaux) intended to be sung, not read; and in criticising the words this must always be remembered. The exact tunes have been lost, from want of notation. Their type, however, survives in the monotonous, melancholy airs of the muleteers and performers in every venta, the national opera of Spain. The natives, from the times of the howlings of Tarshish, have never evinced a taste for melody and learned musical composition; with them song has seldom been divorced from the dance, which, more marked indeed with energy than grace, is to Spain, as Mr. Ticknor observes, what music is to Italy, a necessity. A cantatory, albeit inharmonious disposition, was aided by a certain fineness of southern ear which is satisfied with the asanonte or imperfect of purest ray, Careful details of the history

rhyme, wherein the concurrence of vowels only is sufficient, so clear and distinct is each sound. This form and metre, of purely Spanish invention, is so adapted to the genius, organs, and language of the nation, that it has prevailed, in the theatre especially, from

the beginning to the present times.

Where the poetic instinct and the facilities of language and rhymes were so great— Iriarte found 3,900 complete ones, and where subjects and listeners in the vein were so plentiful, supply kept pace with demand; ballad bards rivaled Cicadæ in swarms and song: and as the Achillean heroes relaxed in verse, so a reaction led the warlike Spaniards from the austere to the gentle. There were, as Lope de Vega said, Iliads in the Peninsula without Homers; for the objective authors, too full of their theme to bestow one thought on the ego or self-glorification, cast their bread on the waters, finding a sufficient and the best reward in giving vent to feelings that were welling up within. Their names are unknown. To ascertain them, and fix the respective priorities, has baffled German industry; and we must be content to class them according to subjects—just remarking that it is a mistake to refer the earliest to Provençal and still more to Arabian types. Ultra-Christian and uncommercial, these relics are antioriental in every thought and turn, and far too serious for the light-hearted gaya siencia. Those joint influences operated later. It was not to be expected that the primitive ballads should have come down in the homely garb of their original diction. This necessarily changed with the times, and was accommodated to the tongues of the reciters, and the old body re-clad: when printed, they were further "beautified and repaired" by fastidious editors, who, if they respected ideas, showed no mercy to obsolete phraseology. The floating ballads were first collected for print in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and published just as they were met with, some from memory, others from single broadsides, without any attempt at order or classification. These early romanceros appeared in commonest form: destined for the coarse thumbs of the masses at home and the armies abroad, they have almost perished in their use, and are now so rare in the Peninsula that Spaniards must cross the Pyrenees to see their own old books, the value of which they have learnt from foreigners, and only when too late and lost. The surviving copies, thanks to English appreciation, rank among bibliographical gems and editions of these ballad rarities will be

found in Mr. Ticknor's Appendix.

The oldest are the simplest and finest: albeit dealing with traditional heroes, they give the true form and pressure of the age, its hopes and fears, which the Bernardos, Laras, and other semi-fabulous Paladins, most familiar to Spaniards and unknown elsewhere, so faithfully represented, that they were accepted by patriotic faith, and to this day are embalmed in popular hero-worship. They are entitled to take a higher place than our ballad worthies, as a much greater stake was in question—the recovery of a kingdom, not a border or poacher fray. Of the whole romancero, the series relating to the Cid, is the most complete: his ballads occupy a space proportionate to the hold he has on the hearts of his countrymen. class of ballads, which extend down to Charles V., is more strictly authentic, being based on historical chronicles; and from them the bulk of Spaniards know what little of their history they do know, as the English are said to do from Shakspeare; and what a fund of illustration would not this class of their minstrelsy have called forth, had it belonged to any other country but incurious, uncritical Spain! Even Duran, the last and best of native editors, is in critical capacity beneath notice; Spain owes her ballad reputation and elucidation chiefly to Germans, to whom the Cid is dear, as a model of the true Ritter, while the natural and romantic forms and style suit their opposition to the classical.

The subsequent ballads are inferior; while stranger and Italian influences adulterated their essential spirit and nationality, the writers, authors by profession, from a want of realities, either spun out elaborate imitations in which the breath of life was not, or diluted the pithy old originals with expository paraphrases, the truly Spanish glosas; not being scholars enough to deal with the classics, and finding it easier to comment than invent, they veneered their own ballads, poems, and proverbs, as second-rate composers spin out variations from pregnant old melodies. we skip by instinct—as we do the acrostics, Letrillas, Preguntas, playings upon words and letter difficulties, the ponderous levities

of a puny, decayed literature.

It was about these later times, when the stern North was brought into closer contact with the luxurious South, that the Gothic surcoat was sown with orient pearl, and the Toledan steel was inlaid with Damascene chasing. The hostile nations had unconsciously approximated—and when Granada

was won, Moorish themes became the fashion; a reaction of pity and interest succeeded
for a moment to merciless antagonism, and
gave birth to that charming composition Las
Guerras de Granada, by Perez de Hita, an
eye-witness of the later occurrences. This
prototype of the historical novel and Scott is
studded with Zegris and Abencerrages, sonorous names, and embroidered with a rich
tissue of Moro-Hispano ballads; but the
notion took no root in Spain; men there were
too much in earnest to tolerate any travestie
or tampering with historical glories, nor were
pleased to see the Moors made heroes, or the
cruelty and bad faith of Spaniards revealed.

In this part of his book Mr. Ticknor has occasionally attempted metrical versions, but we are sorry to say that our able prose author appears to us to have little ear for poetic harmony, and less command of appropriate diction. We readily admit, however, that much of the Romancero is untranslatable; a great deal of the essential simplicity and fine aroma of all real minstrelsy vanishes in such a process; but especially where the original language is so musical and pregnant, is it difficult to preserve sound and sense in translating into another which is less so. be thoroughly relished, this poetry must be read in its own tongue, and we had almost said on its own soil and site; the foreigner, in his distant easy chair, can hardly expect to understand, from any course of study, the full force and flavor of expressions which speak home to the inmost heart and blood of those native and to the manner born-with whom a word, like the magic Sesame, opens a treasury of hived-up associations, and fires at once a prepared train. Be that as it may, Spain actually possesses a treasure of primitive and genuine historical lays, such as Mr. Macaulay has conceived must have existed in the first stages of Rome's existence, and which, at all events, he has so admirably supplied. Neither can any nation vie with Spain in the extent and excellence of lyrical poetry: her miscellaneous ballads, whether touching on private life or the burlesque, furnish details on points which grave history thought beneath its notice, and whatever their mean or end, they are all and altogether Spanish and national.

From them to the rich range of the Chronicles of Spain the transition is easy; the spirit and intention is so cognate that many of our preceding remarks are applicable to both; they told the same tale and each reacted on the other. It is evident that the earliest chronicles were made up from songs pre-

viously current, and were fused and formed | into a prose so poetical and picturesque, that in after times this very prose was reconverted into ballads, when they were all the fashion, by the Sepulvedas and others, who restored the incidents to their former versified structure. Naturally, when the growing kingdom of Castile took more shape, courtly and learned leisure, dissatisfied alike with creeping legends in monkish Latinity and with the ballad history that contented the people, demanded a class of reading more solid and substantial. Accordingly, the first genuine prose chronicle was compiled and partly composed by Alonso el Sabio, whose example was more or less followed down to Philip II., when Spain hastened to its fall, and chroniclers, ashamed and afraid of what they must record, were silent. Alonso himself carried his story down to his father's death in 1252. In this passage from poetry to prose, from the traditional to the historical, the early portions are tinctured with the unprofitable and legendary learning of the period; but towards the conclusion an approach is made to sober narration. This book, with the prose Chronicle of the Cid, its cotemporary (so excellently rendered by Southey), became subsequently a storehouse for balladmongers and dramatists, who drew from them incidents of romance and adventurous scenes. Alonso XI. (1312-1350) first created the office of Royal Historiographer, whose duty was to keep up these books of kings, and who continued to do so down to Charles V. The authors of the early and most interesting chronicles were men of high rank and eye-witnesses; thus the chief justiciary Juan Nuñez de Villaizan—a medieval Lord Campbell-wrote for Henry II. (1379)—and the ex-chancellor Pedro de Ayala (1332-1407) chronicled the four extraordinary reigns during which he held the highest situation. Although he could not quite drop the idol of the den, the lawyer, parts of his graphic record of the Spanish war of the Roses under Peter the Cruel are hardly less interesting to English readers than the delightful pages of Froissart. The chancellor, who bore Peter's standard at Najera, 1367—the Vitoria of its day—was then taken prisoner by our Black Prince and carried to England, where he beguiled his captivity with his pen. As he brought to the task talent, classical learning, and experienced knowledge of the affairs in question, more genuine materials for authentic history, some allowances being made for partisanship, cannot well exist; and he may fairly be con-

sidered the earliest modern-historian. The Chronicle of Juan II, (1353-1454) compiled by various authors, portrays that age of tournaments and troubadours; nor are records of particular events wanting. We would note for instance the minute details penned on the spot by Delena, and abridged by Juan de Pineda, of the Passo Honroso, or Passage of Honor, held in 1434 at the bridge of Orbigo, by Suero de Quinones, to ransom himself from the fancied bondage to his mistress of wearing a chain every Thursday, when 627 real life and death encounters took This extraordinary and authentic account is well worth the study of our highspirited Eglintons and stalwort Campbells of We know of no book to compare it Saddle. with, except our own Scrope and Grosvenor trial for the right of a coat-of-arms. Again, to specify another hardly less remarkable example, in the Segura de Tordesillas, or Pledge of Tordesillas, in 1439, when Pedro Fernando de Velasco guarantied the conferences between Juan II. and his rebellious son and nobles, we have these turbulent and mistrustful days daguerreotyped by "the good Count" himself.

Among the chronicles of particular persons, that of Pero Nino, an eminent soldier and sailor, was written by his faithful squire, Gutierre Perez de Gama. The "royal serviteur" of that Castilian Bayard records the ravages committed about 1390 by Spanish fleets on the English coasts from Falmouth to Poole!! Still more stately and Shakspearian is the Chronicle of the Constable Alvaro de Luna (ob. 1453)—the work of an unknown retainer, who faithfully and affectionately vindicated the memory of the great man he had served and loved-as the Usher Cavendish did by his Cardinal Master afterwards. To these may be well added the outline of the life of Gonzalo de Cordova, the Great Captain, sketched by his comrade, Hernan Perez del Pulgar-el de las Hazanas = him of the deeds; the pious and intrepid soldier who fixed the Ave Maria on the mosque of Granada while yet Moorish. This person, so celebrated in Spanish song and the drama, must not be confounded with Fernando del Pulgar, the courtier chronicler of Ferdinand and Isabella, to whom Mr. Prescott has given his supersedeas. chronicle of Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijos, the eminently Spanish ambassador in 1403-1406 to Tamerlane, does not suffer in comparison with those of our first travelers, Mandeville and Roe. These chronicles, with the brief I remains of Columbus, gracefully touched on

by Mr. Ticknor, (i. 188), wind up a series extending over two centuries and a half, and unrivaled in variety, picturesque and poetical element, constant and consistent nationality. In those freer days, there was no attempt to imitate antiquity. Men only began to think of style when plain truth was a libel. Had our Šir Walter been familiar in youth with this rich and unexplored mine, with what a truthful spirit and gorgeous pomp would not the ore have been extracted, refined, rendered current and European! The black letter editions of 'these chronicles form most enviable treasures to the collector, while for mere readers the modern reprints of Madrid and Valencia will be found more intelligible as well as more accessible.

These kingly and knightly Chronicles, destined for instruction and example, led to productions of less stately gravity, and composed for purposes of mere amusement. From the Chronicle of Don Roderick, the last of the Goths, mixed up as it is with fabulous personages and incidents, now familiarized to us by the notes to Southey's last and perhaps best epic, there was but one step to romances of chivalry proper and of professedly pure inventionand that step was no difficult one with a people whose authorized legends were stuffed with ridiculous absurdity-for no romance is so full of lies as the life of a saint-and whose actual antecedents and practice were so full of the heroic and marvelous elements as to require only the lapse of time to pass as they now do, into the unquestioned domain of "fairy fancy." In proportion as the conquests of Spain extended on the Moor, and real heroes grew scarcer, the Paladins of England and France found favor in the Peninsula. Hence arose that extraordinary family whose descendants, says Cervantes, became innumerable. these, Amadis de Gaula is the head and type, and, as in the case of the Poema del Cid, at once the first and best: it was written by the Portuguese knight Vasco del Lobeira (obt. 1403). Its success was immediate and universal, and oddly enough rivaled in popularity its subsequent extinguisher, Don Quixotte. For two centuries, however grave seniors like Pedro de Ayala lamented the loss of time in perusing such "pleasing nonsense," it was more read than any book by any chancellor or ex-chancellor ever was or will be. The purport was to depict a perfect knight, in his essential qualities of courage and chastity, and, however professedly fictitious, the tale was true to the then existing age. We,

in this epoch of rail and steam, are wearied-Southey's versions and verdicts notwithstanding-with lengthy repetitions, which of themselves were considered a merit in an idle, unscientific period. It is due to Lobeira to say that in his Amadis the interest is less frittered away than in many of its successors, and with all its uncertainties in dates and geography-all its imaginary facts and personages—it is justly pronounced by Mr. Ticknor to be a literary phenomenon from its great and enduring influence. This leader was followed by countless imitations, in which Esplandians, Palmerins, and so forth, pass the Banquo glass; and the Church, ever jealous of rivals in public favor, and on the watch to marshal into her service any promising recruit, soon came forward with religious and celestial knights, hoping to supersede the profane, and monopolize this popular branch of literature. These tiresome, interminable romances, whether lay or clerical, have had their day. Peace to their ashes, and forgiveness, for to them we owe Don Gunpowder practically reduced knighthood to the ranks; and Cervantes, in his immortal work, laughed Spain's chivalry away, and dissipated the glorious dream; yet the very masterpiece that scheduled them to the collector's shelf, testified the extent of their previous vitality, and how intimate the acquaintance with them of Cervantes wasnay, how deeply they had engaged the young sympathies of the essentially chivalrous nature of the fatal genius—is evident in every chapter of Don Quixote, as was first and for ever settled by the researches of the indefatigable Bowles, whose learned edition has pioneered the way to every subsequent one of any pretension, whether Spanish or foreign.

Thus far Castilian literature, born in troubled times, had waxed in strength amid real dangers and difficulties. From Alonso the Wise down to Juan II., which forms the first period, whether clothed in verse or prose, it was the genuine, full-toned expression of nationality, free from foreign admixture, for even the Provençal was but on the surface. The long reign of Juan II., from 1407 to 1454, favorable to the development of letters, marked an epoch of change. His was the age of style. The arms of Spain, which might better have been employed against the Moor, were too often turned against herself, and the cause of crown and country risked in civil dissensions. The refined and indolent sovereign-a popinjay among mail-clad baronspassed his days, like his contemporary James 1. of Scotland, "yn redyn of romans, yn

synging, yn harpyng, and yn alle other solaces of grete plezaunce and delyghte." His court was the centre of show and song. While wailing raged outside, he hedged in his golden crown with all who were most intellectually distinguished, and was their example and idol: literature became a fashion and a passion; poetry a social necessity, to the exclusion almost of other arts; every hill rose to be a Parnassus, every fountain a Hippocrene. To his letters, not arms, Juan owed his safety and crown, by their attracting powerful grandees to him personally. Thus the sword was parried by the pen, and the clang of hostile trumpets was drowned in the songs of troubadours, whom these tournaments inspired, as the Olympic games had Pindar's: the peace-loving Juan, who took no joy in the stern reality of combat, could not sympathize with the rough, unsophisticated frankhess of soldiers, and hoping to polish a style rusted and stained by the battle-field, turned wistfully to the "gay science" of Provence for tenderer themes, or to Italy for more artificial forms of composition.

In Provence—the Provincia par excellence of Rome-from peculiar and fortunate position and politics, cultivation first marked a language growing out of the Latin. spoiled child of song and love-here raised to be the religion of the heart—born in Arles, where female beauty is still a weed, nursed in a soft clime and peace, naturally was the first to influence neighboring Spain. When Provence, in 1113, became subject to the Counts of Barcelona, the troubadour and wandering minstrel, welcome in hall, spread the yay saber in the Peninsula. But in 1469, when Arragon was merged in Castile, Zaragoza, the then head court of the consistory of love, sunk from being a capital into a provincial town; and the delicate Provençal language, unfit for the grand and serious, when brought into closer collision with the strong and storm-bred Castilian, succumbed: it had grown too quickly, and was too beautiful to be long-lived, and having blossomed with the fairest prospects, was now doomed to perish ere it fruited. We would name among the best specimens of this dialect-spoken still but seldom written—the single-hearted, Froissart-like chronicle of Jaime, the great conqueror of Valencia, written by Ramon Muntaner, and the poems of Ausias March (obt. 1460), the chief Limosin troubadour of love and sensibility, and the Petrarch of Catalonia.

A sufficient insight into the spirit of this period may be gained from the Centon Epistolario, or collection of 105 gossiping letters,

purporting to have been written between 1425 and 1454 by Fernando Gomez de Cibdareal, follower and body physician of Juan II. We agree with Mr. Ticknor in thinking the work apocryphal, and a jeu d'esprit composed many years afterwards-probably by Vera y Zuñiga, a diplomatist of Philip IV.; but se non e vero e ben trovato, and it presents a lively and well-imagined picture of the manners and worthies of the court. It is too artificial, too elaborate, to say nothing of chronological errors, to be genuine; such epistles evidently were not written to be Like the curious volume of letters of Peter Martyr of Angleria, which give the secret history of the times of the Catholic Kings, but whose authenticity has also been questioned, it will bear no comparison with our undoubtedly genuine Paston letters (Henry VI., Edward IV.). Safer biographical notices will, however, be found in the Generationes y Semblanzas of Fernan Perez de Guzman (1400-1470), a writer of poor poetry but better prose, in which thirty-four principal persons are vigorously sketchedand in the Claros Varones de Castilla, nervously and concisely written by Fernando del Pulgar (obt. circa 1495). The thirtytwo letters of this Spanish Plutarch are also well worth perusal; they are only too brief, and we long for more details.

Juan II. and his courtly versifiers, ashamed of the homely effusions of their predecessors, hoped to render poetry more attractive by making it more learned, and to elevate it by greater ingenuity in invention and tact in composition. Soon laborious efforts succeeded to the first sprightly runnings; lyrics were overlaid with pedantic erudition and puerile allegory; and the old Gothic Christian proportions, dear to the nation, were abandoned for the classical, mythological, Of the chief poets in this and Italian. group, of which Juan II. formed the prominent figure, suffice it to name Enrique, Marques de Villena (1384-1434), who strove in 1412 to bring back from Arragon the guilds and usages of the gay science, then at its highest and final celebrity, and on which he wrote a treatise. Villena was the first to be a Mæcenas in Castile; his affection for learning in all its branches, his venturing to think for himself, and his advance in alchemy and metaphysics, far beyond the ignorant and superstitious age, led him to be accounted a necromancer—insomuch that at his death the fine library which he had formed, like "our good Duke Humphrey" soon afterwards, was burnt and scattered by priests

who could neither understand nor even read the contents. Villena translated the Æneid and Dante (1265-1321) into prose, and produced an original poem on the labors of Hercules, a demigod always popular in a country where people love to call on others to help them out of difficulties. By him also we have a didactic poem, El Doctrinal de los Privados, in which the ghost of Alvaro de Luna descends or rises to reveal secrets touching kings and favorites. The judicious Marquis combined gastronomy with learning, and in 1423 composed a treatise on the art of carving, which may be compared with the "Forme of Cury," compiled in 1390 by the master cooks of our Richard II. Villena suffered much from gout, the penalty of repeated experiments on his culinary theories. He was contemporary with Lydgate, and preceded the rising of Chaucer, our morning star of poetry. So far was Castile then in advance. It was in Villena's household that his squire, Macias, fell in love with a brighteyed lady, and though she had been married in his absence to a knight of Porcuna, yet continued his devotions. Imprisoned at Arjoncilla for the sweet sin, and while actually singing a sonnet in her praise, he was killed by the offended husband, who thrust his lance through the dungeon bars; thus he perished, swan-like, with her name and his love on his lips. Embalmed in Spanish verses, Macias el enamorado became proverbial—the synonym and model of troubadour and true lover, the course of whom never yet ran smooth. Four only of his songs, written in the Gallician dialect, remain; yet like Sappho, who burnt and sung, however limited his works in number, he has left a reputation extended and undying. romantic end so affected his friend Rodrigo del Padron, that he retired to a cloister, and died of mere grief-a malady now and then fatal, but never contagious.

It was in these good old times, about 1433, that Villena endeavored to enlist in his "gay" ranks a greater soldier author, Inigo Lope de Mendoza (1398-1458), Marques de Santillana, and generally known in Spain as the Marquis. This progeny of illustrious ancestors and parent of mighty sons, in whose family letters and their patronage long continued hereditary, was among the first grandees to maintain that the horseman's spear was not blunted by science, and that learning, long scorned by the descendants of true Goths as effeminate, pusilanimous, and clerk-like, was not incom-

collector of books and MSS., then the rage in Italy, and was so remarkable in every way that foreigners came to Spain only to see him, as in ancient times a Spaniard went to Italy to have a glance at Livy. Of Santillana is preserved a critical historical letter or essay, written about 1445, and giving an account of the original of Spanish poetry. He has also left us a collection of proverbs -somewhat biblical, but noticeable as the first and oldest attempt of the kind in Spain, and preceding our Lord Rivers' "Dictes and Sayings." It was destined for the education of the son of Juan II. Santillana, moreover, indited a metrical record of the disastrous naval action at Ponza in 1435, which he called a Comediata, in compliment, no doubt, to Dante. It is a sort of vision in Italian octaves, in which the sad present was soothed by a reference to a glorious past and prospect of brighter future, -an ancient and incorrigible Spanish habit. Besides writing pretty Serranillas, imitating the Provencals, he was the first to try the sonnet "after the Italian fashion," a form, however, too artificial and elaborate ever really to take hold on the nation at large. All his critical notions directed him towards Italy; his ambition was to dress his Spanish feelings, which he never abandoned, in Tuscan forms, and to ennoble, as he thought, poetry with classical allusions and allegory, extra-weighting Pegasus.

These royal and amateur authors were seconded by Juan de Mena (1412-1456), who, by some, has been termed the Ennius of Spain-in derogation, we think, to earlier and better poets. Besides being a sort of professional laureat, he was historiographer to the King, so close was the connection between verse and prose. De Mena, on his return from Rome, a thorough Dantista, was taken up by Juan II. and Santillana. Basking in palatial sunshine, and a true courtier, he chaunted the eulogies of the great people, and, like Dante, recorded the most striking events of his day. His chief work, El Laberinto, was also called Las Trescientas, from the number of its stanzas. The King, in the full spirit of the time, wished sixty-five more to be added to the three hundred, in honor of the number of days in the year. Only twenty-four, however, were produced, and nobody, says our pebble-hearted professor, now wishes the poem to be longer than it is. The labyrinth, intricate enough, as infinite commentators have found, professed to present an allegorical picture of the course of patible with prowess. Santillana was a great I human life. In imitation of the framework

of Dante, the poet is conducted by Providence to three wheels of fortune, past, present, and future, by which opportunity is furnished for introducing a variety of national incidents, deductions, and reflections. vogue was great-and many passages are popular to this day—e. g. the "Deaths" of the Conde de Niebla and Alvaro de Luna. Juan de Mena, as a poet, was deficient in the true mens divinior, nor could he escape the inveterate turgency of his native Cordova. Dissatisfied with the advance of the Castilian, now a really malleable language, and a decided innovator and euphuist, he sought to obtain a more polished style by changing old-fashioned words, and hoped to enlarge and enrich Spanish by coining new ones and Latinisms. He was not very successful often sacrificing Gothic force for Italian finesse, and overlaying natural simplicity with conceit, pedantry, artifice, and affectation. Mena was killed by a fall from his mule, and buried by his patron Santillana, who wrote his epitaph, as he had before celebrated in song his love-victimized squire Macias.

In regard to his multitudinous tuneful contemporaries, whom Ticknor and posterity willingly will let die, we may consult the collection of Alphonso de Baena, a converted Jew, and private secretary to Juan II., who, at his desire, got together the works of some fifty poetasters between 1449 and 1454, in which Villasnadino, once all the fashion and now properly forgotten, figures prominently. That "light of poetry" wrote poetry to fine ladies for dull lords who could not. MS., one of the treasures of the Escurial, was reported "missing" during the Buonapartist invasion, but turned up in 1824 among other rare bibliographical "gatherings" at the sale of Antonio Condé, the author of the History of the Arabs in Spain, and an Afrancescado, or partisan of the It was bought by Mr. Heber, passed at his death into the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, and has never yet been printed, although long announced by Mons. Michel of Bordeaux. The Israelite Baena's collection has one great merit—it paved the way for the infinite Cancioneros and Romanceros.

Many circumstances, which now and afterwards contributed to the influence of Italy, had been for some time silently and imperceptibly in operation. The languages were cognate. The hereditary prestige of the temporal power of ancient Rome had always been kept up by the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, "the ghost of the Roman empire;" but this old and pious connection was

strengthened by commercial intercourse, when Sicily and Naples became subject to the crown of Arragon. The learned halls of Padua had long attracted Spanish students and travelers, who, on their return, translated Dante (twice so early as 1428) and Petrarch, the true restorer of classical taste, and then idolized in Italy; thus was offered to Spaniards a higher model than the troubadours of Provence. Italian influence was fixed under Charles V., with whom the middle ages end; his vaulting ambition poured into foreign parts the bone and marrow of Spain, hitherto concentrated in the home struggle with the Moors, but which was now deprived, by the capture of Granada, of any internal safety valve. This occurred about the epoch when Italy was the guiding star of Europe in arts and letters, when Lorenzo spread a passion for the antique, and the Classical under Leo X. wrestled with the Christian in St. Peter's A ray could not fail penetrating beyond the Pyreenes, transmitted by Spaniards imbued with the taste and culture of the Italians, to whose manners they had approximated, and who, rude, ascetic, and ignorant of comforts at home, had now tasted the Capuan pleasures of the then head-quarters of refinement and luxury, when it was the fashion for all foreign finished gentlemen to have swam in a gondola. Individuals did for Spain, too suspicious to tolerate assembled bodies, what academies had done for Italy. Spain then, from being a racy original, became a copyist and a repeater of what others had said; first of forms, and next—and how much substance is interwoven with formsof ideas and subjects.

The Italian sonnet, attempted by Santillana, was brought again to Spain by an accident—whereby so many other things are mainly influenced. In 1526, Andrea Navagiero, the Venetian envoy, by whom we have so curious an itinerary of Spain as it then was, suggested at Granada to Juan Boscan Almogaver, a Catalan hidalgo, to exchange the Gothic lyrical form for the sonnet. Boscan was well fitted for the work;-familiar with the best Greek and Latin authors-Horace and Tibullus particularly—he had rendered into Spanish part of Euripides, and the Cortegiano of Castiglione, most idiomatically. Tired, as he said, of the 'low vanity of translations,' and passing a quiet, unostentatious existence, happy with his sweet wife, books, and home, he now solaced with sonnets the 'heavy passages of life,' which will occasionally overshadow mortal felicities. While, however, he took the ancients for

models of style, and Petrarch of form, he preserved, as many of his countrymen to their honor did, his individual tone of thought, and the peculiar, specific, undeniable borracha, the gout de terroir, so to speak, of the Peninsula. He at one bound, such is the just influence of a master-mind, engrafted corrected taste in Spain, already prepared for its reception, and a Catalan, writing in Castilian, sealed the fate of his native dialect. Time has scarcely diminished the effect he produced on his contemporaries. Spaniards have readily accorded him the reputation worthily due to all first founders and originators. He lived to see his experiment fully carried out, and surpassed by his friend and disciple, Garcilaso de Vega (1505-1536), who superadded the Virgilian pastoral, and has been called the Sannazaro of Spain. Although his brief life was divided between gayety and hardy action, he delighted in Arcadian themes; in practice a courtier and soldier, in theory a shepherd, his tone was soft and sad, his style simple and appropriate, sweet and delicate, and with far more grace than Boscan's. He was killed in an escalade at Frejus, to the great grief of Charles V. The works of this "Prince of Poets," as Cervantes termed him, have been often printed, and overlaid by commentators, in his own country; they have also been not long since "done in English" by Mr. Wiffen, far, however, from successfully, as Mr. Ticknor, a brother translator, observes.

Thus Boscan and Garcilaso acclimatized these Italian exotics. Sturdy Castilejo and Castilian critics of good old Gothic principles inveighed against Petrarquistas, and their leaden feet, as no less guilty of high treason to national poetry than Luther was to orthodox Catholicity; but they labored in vain. Even the autocrat Charles V. bowed to the fashion, and got his prose translation of the Chevalier Determine turned into stanzas by the Portuguese Fernando de Acuña, who washed, ironed, and got up the imperial linge sale," as Voltaire did many a heavy basketful for Frederic the Great.

We have neither space nor patience for mediocrities, and can only briefly mention San de Miranda, another Portuguese (1495-1548), who approached in his pastorals to Theocritus; his simple bucolics and eclogues abound in local color. He doted on the beautiful country and his ugly wife, for whose loss, good man, he died. Another Portuguese, Jorge de Montemayor (1520-1561), had the honor, as Cervantes says, to introduce to Spaniards the pastoral romance, as

Vasca de Lobeira, a Portuguese, also, had introduced the chivalrous. Montemayor, on return from traveling in the musical band of Philip II. when prince, found, like Macias, his lady-love married to another, and thereupon recorded in his Diana, under the name of Marfida, her infidelity and his sorrows, embroidering his harmonious prose with tender verse. In this fanciful framework he depicted romantic constancy and the philosophy of love-and in spite of manifold improbabilities, the truth and reality of feeling inspired a redeeming interest, for, self-taught, and no scholar, he drew from his own heart and the fresh field; left unfinished, it was continued by Gil Polo. This Diana, saved by the poetical justice of the curate from the burning, set an example to Cervantes and Lope de Vega, whose Galatea and Pastores de Belem were also left unfinished, which none who like us have tried to read them through can regret. The late Lord Holland was, we believe, the only man who ever actually got through Lope's entire "Arcadia." We may just add Fernando de Herrera of Seville (1534-1596), called the "Divine" by Spaniards, ever fond and prodigal of titles and decorations. This reformer of style, sufficiently skilled in the mechanism of language, endeavored to distinguish and set apart phrases fitted for poetry from those adapted to prose. He aimed also at imitative harmony by selecting words whose sounds agreed with their sense; but, however admired by Spaniards for his lofty dignity, in his exalted love-worship and vehement sufferings, his overstudied language infers a greater attention to the manner of expressing than to the sentiments felt. He had not art enough to conceal his art. To our mind the single ode on the Ruins of Italica by his countryman Francisco de Rioja (obiit 1659) is, like Gray's Elegy, preferable to many a huge tome of The low, minor, and melancholy tone which pervades it-alas! for the fleeting fabrics of human pride—is in true accord with the dominant key in Spanish temperaments. Infinitely superior again to Herrera was his other countryman Luis Ponce de Leon (1527-1591). This creator of the Spanish Ode was an Augustine monk and doctor of theology at Salamanca. Although sincerely pious and orthodox, and of austere and reserved habits, for only having translated into Spanish, and that for his private exercise, the Song of Solomon, he suffered five years' imprisonment, by which his health and spirits were destroyed. As with Tasso, and so many of the best geniuses of Spain, the muse

alleviated the sorrows of his cell. Scarcely 1 conscious of possessing poetic talents of a very high order, he thought their exercise almost unsuited to his sacred profession; an excellent Oriental and classical scholar, his Hebrew inspiration took the form of the lyrics of Horace, whom he fully felt, writing Christianity, as it were, with pagan pen. His prose was no less poetical; in his treatises on the Names of Christ and on a Perfect Wife. humble faith and strong enthusiasm are poured forth with the truest Castilian spirit. Released at length from the dungeon of the Inquisition, his talents and sufferings, his piety and patience under persecution, consecrated him alike in the eyes of foes and friends. Generally speaking, the devotional compositions of Spaniards were based on the frigid system of the prevalent scholastic theology. Where all was fixed immutable, as in the creed and art of ancient Egypt, no room could be left for fancy or imagination. Poetic feeling was fettered and crushed, whether in the pulpit or in the higher class of sacred song. How devout and dull is the Carthusian Padilla-how much more tending to tedification than edification are the Villancicos, the chants of Shepherds at the Nativity, and the infinite Loas, Autos Sacramentales, dramatized Scriptures, mysticisms and ecstatic hallucinations--on which, through the patronage of the powerful Church, so much versification has been wasted by Lope de Vega and others in Spain, many of whom no doubt wrote them to conciliate the clergy, and in order to be permitted to put forth compositions more mundane!

Of the Pastoral, the first impulse came from Naples, and in spite of its unavoidable, intolerable insipidity, it long continued fashionable with the literary aristocracy of Spain. This rechauffe of the baked meats of the ancients—who naturally anticipated the best images of the limited subject, and had the merit of being both truer and shorter-was the reaction of the weariness of court and camp, the disgust of wars waged for foreign politics, the palling of false manners, overexcitement, and action, which would bark trees with love-sick sword, and exchange the crook for the lance, the oaten pipe for the brazen trumpet, and yearned for rural repose, simplicity, purling brooks, cool groves, and babbling about green fields, which a hot cli-The interest so languid to us, mate endears. was then heightened by the introduction of real persons under feigned names; this new fancy filled the city with silly sheep, Watteau lovers, and the feelings and language of the

most refined porcelain of civilization were placed in the mouths of the veriest clods of the earth, whose natural talk is about long horns and short horns. Although nothing can revive the pastoral, the humble subject was so executed by her Arcadian Sir Philip Sidneys, that no modern region can compete in it with Spain. The nation at large, accustomed to herd together in walled towns for safety, has never really known or appreciated the charms of country life, such even as they are in the deceptive mirage of tawny, salitrose Castile. They feebly sympathized with Bucolics, still less could they respond to conventional love warblings. With little taste for the delicate and tender, born under an ardent sun, their fierce Arab passion for a real object could not comprehend the metaphysical abstractions, the unsubstantial Platonisms of Petrarch; the cold consolations of clerical celibacy, fervid in metaphor, ice in Again, in the national character, an honest sense of and sorrow for sin lies deeper than the scoffing, incredulous, voluptuous Italian, who, intoxicated with the beautiful, bestows but little thought on the moral, and never less than in erotic themes. The Spaniard, with a greater perception of the serious than the æsthetical, albeit unable to resist temptation, never can forget the crime. fears the Siren beauty, and dares not sacrifice to Venus and the Graces with undivided allegiance. Hence, as Bouterwek remarks, a struggle between passion and reason, where the force of the one is heightened by the weakness of the other. This moral sentiment, misplaced in the mouth of the warm lover, tells really and appositely in the elegies of Spaniards, which, dictated by affliction and affection, at once are true and tender. Take for example the "Couplets" of Jorge Manrique, written about 1476, on the death of his father; in them the pathos and simplicity of the earlier ballads is tinged with a melancholy leaf in the sere tone of a "passing bell tenderly touched" on the mutability of love and earthly happiness. Some translations of these by Mr. Longfellow well deserve Mr. Ticknor's praise. Jorge, in whose family arms were long allied to letters, was a gentle, adventurous knight, "steel to man and wax to lady." In his temperament the dominant note was low and sad, as in many of his gifted countrymen, whose constitutional tendency, when active life is over, and the desengaño, the disenchanting or finding out the cheat, the vanity of vanities, has begun, seeks for a new spiritual excitement in repentance and retirement. This feeling has peopled cloister and hermitage with Spain's choicest spirits. Jorge was killed in 1477, in a skirmish, and in his bosom were found unfinished verses on the uncertainties of human hopes—the ruling

passion strong in death.

The literature of Spain, with all these happy antecedents, was blighted at the moment, apparently, of most promise. the end of the fifteenth century the mind of Europe was arising from a long, dark sleep; printing was giving wings to thought, and Columbus had thrown into Spain's lap the gold of a new continent, large enough for her awakened enterprise. Ferdinand and Isabella prepared the tide of their country's greatness-short-lived alike in arms, arts, and letters. Consolidated at home by the union of Castile and Aragon, freed from the infidel by the conquest of Granada-" the central point of her history"—Spain now stretched her wings for a bolder flight, and, in possession of kingdoms on which the sun never set, aspired to be mistress of the old and new world. At this very nick of time her intellectual progress was arrested by the Inquisition. That masterpiece of the mystery of iniquity was organized from motives of policy and finance by Ferdinand, who cared neither for letters nor for religion, was sanctioned by Isabella from sincere though mistaken piety, and was fixed and enlarged by her confessor and minister, Ximenezwho was backed by the universal applauding nation. Spain has ever gloried most in her greatest shame; with her, bigotry and patriotism had long been synonymous. Stern and life-reckless by nature, to destroy the infidel had ever been the delight and hearthardening duty of her children; and now, with suicidal alacrity, did they hail an engine armed ostensibly against unbelievers, but destined by a just retribution, when the gold and blood of heretics were exhausted, to recoil, Frankenstein-like, on themselves.

The transition from burning men to burning books was easy—in libros sævitum. Isabella, it is true, at the introduction of the new art in Spain, in 1474, when the press was busy only with devotional works and the classics, had encouraged grammarians and learned men; but ere long she raised obstacles that her successors swelled to prohibition—for she gave ready ear to the warnings of Rome, which quickly foresaw the incompatibility of the free press with a system built on lies; and this peril was fully revealed aftewards by Luther, when he held up to the world his symbol of religious liberty, the Bible in print—a symbol no less

hateful then to the esthetic Leo X. than now to the liberal Pio Nono. The second Index Expurgatorius ever printed was the Spanish one of Charles V. in 1546: under his son Philip II. a priestly censorship was so firmly riveted that the publication of free thought in its highest ranges became almost impossible; and mind, driven to lower channels, sank, after expiring struggles, into an apathetic collapse, until all was still—adempto per inquisitiones et loquendi et audiendi commercio.

The Inquisition, so congenial to Spanish character, interfered less with the pre-existing popular reading, and works of fancy and imagination. It hoped, by amusing, to prevent serious inquiry, and to fix the habit of letting the few think for the many. Hence amid the nearly 8,000 authors catalogued by Nicolas Antonio, the true pioneer of Spanish literary history, how meagre the list of those who dared to search for truths, much less ventured to tell them!—

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

The nation, "allowed to riot in a world of imagination, was kept out of that moral and physical truth;" men were compelled to respect the most terrible and ridiculous abuses of prescriptive authority, and forced to bow down to false gods; unavoidably, therefore, the literature of Spain is defective in all that deals with intellectual phenomena. Spanish Copernicus or Galileo, both of whose works figure in Rome's liber expurgatorius, fixed or enlightened the solar system of Castile; no Bacon, with his inductive experimental tests, did for nature what Descartes did for man; no Locke anatomized his understanding-no Vesalius was at freedom for his body. This father of dissection was persecuted out of the world by the Inquisition for defacing God's images. The forbidden physical and exact sciences were overridden by subtilities and dogmatism, Aristotelian metaphysics, which the Arabs had so rooted in Spain, and filthy casuistry of the Sanchez and Suares school. Pregnant inquiry was choked by the chicanery of logicians and wranglers, when things were argued from words, and points in dispute lost in definitions of terms.

Referring to Mr. Ticknor for details, if we examine the leading branches of Spain's subsequent literature, we shall find, as regards the *epic*, that the *Poema del Cid* had many followers, but few rivals. The Spaniards assign the first rank to the *Araucana* of *Alonso*

de Ercilla, a Biscayan (1533-1595). Certainly, although only a fragment, it is a third longer than the Iliad; and if quantity be quality, the title of the Spanish Homer was not improperly bestowed on the author by Sismondi. Ercilla's European reputation is, in fact, owing to Voltaire, who had not read him. He might rather have been compared to Lucan, a favorite but fatal model to Spaniards; but modern events seldom succeed in Epos. He lived at a moment of exaltation, when the gigantic scale of nature and events in the new world stirred up Spanish character, and recalled their heroic ages in some degree; for now, masters abroad and slaves at home, war was waged for gold, lust, and ambition, against naked Indians, and not for God and country against scimitar-flashing Moslems. Ercilla, present at the subjugation of Arauco, a mountain province in Chili, wrote on the spot, and "in the spirit," says Mr. Ticknor, "with which he fought;" but, however indisputable his descriptive talent, his over exactitude was ill suited to poetry, and fettered fancy and invention. His epic, in spite of episodes, is almost a personal narrative, a versified bulletin, and is moreover somewhat prolix and stilty; particular passages may interest, but the subject cannot: our sympathies are with the brave savages struggling for their homes with savager Spaniards, men of iron fronts indeed to the foe, but of harder hearts to the conquered. Again, the poem, in the words of Byron, "wants a hero." Ercilla, from a pique against Mendoza, who had arrested him in a fray, kept the General-in-chief out of sight; an army without a head is, we admit, less unusual in the things of Spain than in Iliads, which demand an Achilles.

We pass over the infinite Caroliads, Austriadas, Pelayos, Numantias, Lepantos, and other tedious, turgid parallels to our Blackmore epics, which owe, says Mr. Ticknor, "more to patriotism than poetry," and are now deservedly dead. Nor can foreign readers be expected to wade through other rhymed compositions of mere local interest, or flattering to Spanish prejudices; and none less than the wearisome religious narratives, e. g., lives of St. Francis by Mata, of St. Benedict by Bravo, or 30,000 lines on the Redemption by Blasco; prolixity is the besetting sin of Spanish literature. Perhaps we might except from the burning the Bernardo of Dr. Bernardo de Balbuena, a Mexican, whose poem of 45,000 lines, large and unequal as his continent, is based on the deeds of the semi-fabulous paladin Bernardo del Carpio,

the impersonation of Spain's antagonism to France, at all times the most inveterate foe to her independence and nationality. Spaniards not less willingly rescue from the flames the Monserrate of Captain Christoval de Virues, so overpraised by the good-natured Cervan-This spiritual epic deals, in twenty cantos, with the soul-saving miracle of Catalonia's holiest high place. Its hero is the hermit Guarin, who in one moment canceled a virtue of a century's duration by the seduction and murder of the Count of Barcelona's daughter. The cowled and bearded Lothario, doomed for his ill deed to graze on all fours like a beast, is ultimately pardoned by the Virgin. This gross legend, fitter for monks than muses, was borrowed from the Eastern Santon Barsisa, and is current also to this day in the Santo Boccadoro of Italy, although no Dante has grounded on it a Divine Comedy. Thus we find in Spain a reverend doctor writing a military romance, and a captain versifying a legend of pains and penalties; but peninsular clerks are of the Church militant, and the tendency of Spanish soldiers, when no longer fit for service, is to retire on full penance.

Nor can we dwell on the didactic poetry of Spain, whether written on things in general by Luis de Escobar, on painting by Pablo de Cespedes, on poetry by Juan de Encina and Vincente Espinel, or on medicine by Francisco de Villalobos; feeble throughout, and no masters of the arts they professed to teach, these stringers together of commonplace truisms, dear to the oriental Spaniard, want alike the wit and worldly knowledge of Horace, the elegant finish and point of Pope.

Among professedly burlesque and mock heroics, the natural reaction of stilty bombast, unworthy childish things, albeit sanctioned by the Batrachomyomachia and Culex of the classics, may be noted the Mosquea, or war of flies and ants, by Villaviciosa, and the Gatomuchia of Lope de Vega-an overdone contest between two cats, which disturbs rather than delights quiet students; nor perhaps will many such now place in a very different class the gravely designed Dragontea of the same author, written in ten cantos of octave stanzas soon after the failure of the Invincible Armada. Here we have the new variety of a solemn epic dedicated to the dishonor of its hero; violent and coarse throughout, it teems with scandal against Queen Elizabeth and her gallant Drake, and it is difficult to determine whether the poor performance be most frantic or false; at all events, it proves, as Mr. Ticknor says, how "familiar

and formidable" to Spaniards was the name of the singer of their King's whiskers. Lope in 1599 wrote 10,000 lines on San Isidro, the ploughman patron of Madrid, whose work, when alive, was done for him by angels, and whose bones, when dead, restored Philip III. to health. The age of chivalry of Juan II. was not less portrayed by the Passo honroso, than that of credulity under the bigoted Philip III. was by this hagiological bucolic.

If we pass to history, real, philosophical, and truth-telling --- in Spain, however grave and dignified, however it might assume the forms of antiquity, the living spirit was wanting; throughout it kept parallel with politics; manly and free in the earlier chronicles, now it became silent as regards the hazardous present, and, fearing to look forward, either fell back on the safe past—as in the hands of Ocampo, Morales, and Zurita; or shrank into a partial partisanship, dealing with effects, not causes; or, deserting hazardous heights, crept into local annals, lives of saints, histories of monastic and military orders-the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture-antiquarian, heraldic, and topographical investigations. These branches, which offer very curious indications of national character, have not been very much welcomed into the library or estimation of Mr. Ticknor, whose chief end and object are the belles letters; but fortunately the blank may be supplied by reference to his predecessors Ford and Stirling. Again, bearing in mind the literary and gastronomic tastes of Villena, the earliest Mæcenas and carver of Spain, a page might have been enriched with her blackletter culinary treatises, collectors' gems. The history of olla podridas has yet to be written: let us hope some German professor, Helluosissimus Librorum, may soon have stomach for them all.

Perhaps the first place among the historians of Spain must be assigned to Diego Hurtado de Mendoza (1503-1575). This highborn and richly endowed soldier-scholar was ambassador of Charles V. at the Council of Trent, and his stern and efficient Governor of Siena, and upholder of the Imperial party against the Papal. A Spaniard to the backbone from the cradle to the grave, his tone of thought was firm, decided, and energetic, his style classical and picturesque, his eloquence unadorned and free from trick; with him also originated the Picaresque, the peculiar novel of Spain, of which more anon. He was the friend and patron of Aldus, who, by reducing the ponderous folio to a handy form, so much facilitated reading. Mendo-

za's solace and companions were his books; these with ancient MSS. he collected sedulously and left to the Escorial. and his pen-fidis sodalibus-he confided, like Lucilius, his joys and sorrows; thus when at the mature age of 64, he, still amorous and testy, had thrown a rival out of a window in Philip's palace, he beguiled his imprisonment for contempt of court by writing redondillas to his lady's eyebrow; and when exiled at last to his native Granada, he there composed his masterpiece, the History of the Wars against the Moriscoes from 1568 to 1570. Called by his countrymen the Spanish Sallust, he professedly imitated Tacitus in many passages, and being a soldier and man of the world, he dared to discard the traditionary and legendary, with which Spanish history is too often overlaid. Not so Juan de Mariana (1536-1623), held in Spain to be the "Prince of Historians," and their Livy; although imprisoned by the Inquisition when 73 years old, he had never, we should say, trespassed in his history against the prudence that might have been expected from a Jesuit; hampered by Tubal Santiago and Pope-authorized miracles, which possibly he believed, and certainly did not dare question, and taking a narrow but safe view, he distinctly professed only to collect what had been before said, and put it into a better shape, in order to make his country's history better known beyond the Pyrenees; and the Inquisition should have approved for in doing so he meritoriously abstained from any critical or irreverent sifting or analyzing of his authorities. He wrote his work first in Latin and for the learned of all countries, imitating Bembo, and then, like him. translated it into his vernacular. His style is pure and clear, and breathes Castilian gravity and nobleness. "His work," says Mr. Ticknor, "if not the most trustworthy of annals, at least is the most remarkable union of picturesque chronicling with sober history that the world has ever seen."

Among the rest of Spain's so-called historians, perhaps the name best known beyond her limits is that of Antonio de Solis, (1610–1686,) who having written fair poetry and not bad plays in his youth, divided his age between devotion and the Conquest of Mexico. He, too, is compared by Spaniards to Livy—methinks there be six Richmonds in the field—while, from the copious, sustained eloquence of his work, it is styled, by Mr. Ticknor "an historical epic." It was very popular—because flattering to the national vanity and showing no sympathy for the

poor Indians. It is from the contrary feeling that the works of their apostle and defender the good Bishop Las Casas (1474—1566) excite such interest out of Spain. The other writers on the leading events in the new world—Diaz, Herrera, &c.—have been too recently and skillfully brought before readers by Irving and Prescott to require supplementary notice from us. The History of the War in Catalonio under Philip IV., written by the Portuguese Francisco de Melo (1611—1667), is held to be a classic in the Peninsula. The subject is of limited local interest, but treated freshly, quaintly, and with

very considerable power.

It will be easily understood that where liberty of speech was denied, where justice was deaf, except when furnished with golden ear trumpet, and the Cortes dumb, save when royal speeches were to be seconded, forensic and deliberative eloquence could not flourish: it might seem stranger that in so ultra-Catholic a land the pulpit should be scarcely less silent than the bar; but here the essential points of la Fé, the faith, were too unchangeably laid down, were held too sacred to require explanation; no discussions were tolerated—novelty even of illustration was heresy. The countless churchmen who contributed so large a portion to Spanish literature, the authors of those dark folios which moulder in cloistered libraries, were occupied with casuistry, scholastic theology, and mystical divinity. Two exceptions deserve notice, Luis Ponce de Leon, (1528-1591), whose fine odes we have mentioned, and Luis de Granada, (ob. 1588). Leon, Horatian in style, though not epicurean in principle, was free from all gloomy views: he, like Santa Teresa, saw love only in religion, while Granada, a devout and mystic Dominican, choosing the sacred books for his example, declaimed in a higher, bolder tone, and practised rather on the fears than the hopes of his congregation: or else, "changing his hand," indulged in a de-pressing, melancholy sentiment, dear, but dangerous to Spanish temperaments, in which a Soofi oriental notion was and is that the soul, an emanation of the Divinity, may, even after the most deadly sin, be reunited by asceticism and contemplation. Both these good and able men, notwithstanding their eloquence was pure and fervid, their piety sincere and orthodox, became in their turns inmates of the Inquisition, which preferred for popular preachers blatant friars of the mendicant orders, apostles of obscurantism, who filled the multitude with stones instead of bread. Their glaring offences against religion as well as taste induced the celebrated Jesuit Padre Isla, (1703-1781), (the same that translated Gil Blas into Spanish and then claimed it for Spain), to put forth the History of Fray Gerundio, in whom he drew the portrait of these itinerants. As Cervantes had laughed knighterrantry away by Don Quixote, he hoped to give these illiterate ranters their quietus by a book, but he miscalculated. He took the sense of the question, and was put out of court and pulpit by his opponents, who pandered to the craving for nonsense of their flocks, "who will have it so." The idea of the Gerundio was well imagined, and the execution clever, but overdone. The Spaniard rarely leaves anything in the inkstand. Time in the Peninsula never had any value.

That great fact being otherwise in other parts, we shall not now enlarge on the Drama of Spain, which has been treated in historical and critical detail by Morartin, Schlegel, and Schack, and already reviewed in our Nos. 49 and 117. Mr. Ticknor devotes nearly a volume to careful and accurate recapitulations; 193 pages are given to Lope de Vega, whose multitudinous works and peculiarities had been made familiar to English readers by Lord Holland, and commented on in a separate paper of our 35th number. Suffice it to say that in Lope and Calderon the form and pressure of the Spanish theatre is to be found; these tritons among minnows overwhelmed all competitors, and ruled the boards for nearly a hundred years. The golden age was during the reign of the pleasure-loving Majo King Philip IV., who fiddled while Spain was consuming away. He silenced the opposition of the Church, always bitterly histriomastix, much from dislike to the stage as immoral, and more because a formidable rival in the favor, i. e., purse of the public. The germ of the Spanish theatre is to be traced in the satirical dialogue of Mingo Revulgo (Domingo Vulgus), written in 1472, and still more in the very free pages of "Celestina," "the Spanish Bawd," composed in Seville about 1490 by Rodrigo Cota. This tale, or tragic comedy, from its dramatic novelty and seductive interest, for a long time formed the favorite reading of all classes and both sexes. The impropriety of its previous scenes was said to be justified by the retributive catastrophe of its profligate personages; but many, no doubt, read their progress more to be amused, and may be

corrupted, than to be benefited by the moral 1 of the conclusion. Be that as it may; its viciousness, intrigue, busy plot and action passed into the stage, and became a taint of race which has always characterized the Spanish theatre. This was advanced by Juan de Encena (1468-1534), who exercised great literary influence in his day, and by Gil Vicente (reviewed in detail in our Number 157), the first, best, and last dramatist of Portugal, to read whose works Erasmus is said to have learnt Portuguese. A careful enumeration of all the plays anterior to Lope de Vega will be found in Moratin's Tesoro. In vain Cervantes, who in his Numantia approached Æschylus, and who has given us so curious a sketch of the rise of the Spanish drama-would that Shakspeare had done so much for ours!in vain the erudite party strove to rear the young theatre according to classical forms. The common sense of the people decided, and wisely—what's Hecuba to them? -in favor of subjects and styles that they understood and enjoyed. It revolted at narrowing theatrical illusion by conventional unities. Lope, who settled the question, knew the offence of breaking classical canons, but felt, when writing somewhat apologetically on the art, that the pit which paid had the best right to pronounce, and that they who lived to please must please to live. Hence the marked nationality of the Spanish theatre, where everything, costume and character, however gross the anachronism, was Castilianized to the fashion of the moment.

Lope Felix de Vega Carpio (1562-1635) began life a soldier, renounced the sword for the pen, and died a priest. His excessive popularity arose from his being the impersonation of his period, and its mouthpiece, whether dramatizing sacred, profane, or national history. He tried every branch of composition, but reached in none above the excellence of mediocrity-for he was deficient alike in true poetic feeling, as in thought, power, and knowledge of the human heart. Lope, like a spoiled child, ran riot—his extemporaneous improvisatore flood was unexampled-but there was nothing deep in this babble of a summer brook, enlivened as the dashing riplets might be with play and sparkle; his stans pede in uno facility, was fatal to his future fame. None, however, can refuse him the full credit of having most successfully wooed and won his Madrid-but he neither sought to please the foreigner nor futurity; nor can Northerners fully estimate the delight produced on Southern ears by mere metrical harmony and mellifluous words for sound's sake, independently of sense and sentiment. The number of his written verses is said to exceed twenty-one millions.

While the theatres of Spain and England agreed in rejecting the classical forms, they differed essentially in substance. With our masters-or, to speak correctly, our one master and his infinitely feebler followers—the study of man and character was paramount, the action secondary; with Spaniards, words and tricks take precedence of ideas. The leading object of their authors—although so many clergymen dignify the list—was to interest and amuse, not instruct or elevate; they strove to excite curiosity and gratify the natives by stage effect, complicated situations, and by holding up the mirror of local existing life, manners, and sentiments, and those of a city the most profligate, when the epoch of Philip IV. was reflected in that of Charles II.—the reactions of the austere sway of their saturnine Philip II. and our sour Puritans. With them the real development of a human nature was seldom aimed at; the person yields to the plots, and we see the joys and pains of the body, not of the soul. Accordingly, when the ephemeral pageant is past, full as it may be of animal spirits and ups and downs, we carry nothing away that abides. The Spanish drama is to be beheld, not read; and this may be partly tested by the imitations of Dryden (1631-1700), so meagre in character, so stuffed with fidgety intrigue, so larded with wordy bombast, and on the whole so unworthy of his wonderful talents; but he too wrote for bread, and made himself man-of-all-work to the caprices of the hour.

The rival and successor of Lope, Pedro de Calderon de la Barca (1600-1681), was also a soldier and a priest. Fertile in autos, loas. and plays lay and religious, his Oriental ornament and meteoric brilliancy of language fascinate, while his melodious fluency somewhat redeems hyperbole of character, faulty morality, mistaken point of honor, and sacrifice of all propriety. Serene and gentle in spirit, kindly and benevolent in practice, Calderon carrried out the principles of Lope with greater refinement—he had also more power of inspiring terror; he lighted up his scenes with the last ray of Spanish chivalry, and with him—see our remarks in vol. xxv. -the curtain may be said to have fallen on his country's stage. Of other play-writers -the name is legion-we can now allude to two only. Guillen de Castro (1567-1631)

began a soldier, turned author, and died a l pauper. His name is best known by being linked with the immortality of the Cid, and Corneille, who borrowed from his "Mocedades" a Spanish subject, that we cannot think was improved by French unities and perversions of fact, by which Ximena is travestied into the tragic coquette Chimene, who marries her father's slayer the self-same day of the murder! The other, Gabriel Tellez (ob. 1648), was an ecclesiastic, and, under the name of Tirso de Molina, wrote El Burlador de Sevilla, whose hero, Don Juan, has been rendered European by Beaumarchais, Mozart, and Byron. How little now remains of this theatre, once the model and pride of Europe! Its celebrity, however wide, is traditional and taken for granted, rather than ascertained by actual reading the originals. Lope, the "phenix" of his time, never will rise from ashes: he has strutted his day on the boards and vanished-stat magni nominis umbras He was for a time, and has lasted it; while the "thousand-souled" Shakspeare, Nature's darling, who was for all time, lives and will live as long as the human heart, which he probed and agitated, continues to beat.

In approaching the novels of Spain, one of the richest and most national branches of her literature, we feel the objection which will naturally be made, on the name of Cervantes, the noblest in her wide martyrology of genius, being omitted in these remarks—the part of Hamlet left out:-but our remaining space is far too limited for so large a subject, and we hope at some future time to devote a paper to his especial consideration. Meanwhile, Mr. Ticknor presents in 63 pages a careful synoptical view of his hard and chequered life, his various works—pastorals, plays, poetry, and

novels.

An easily understood reaction led from the stately fictions of chivalry, by the simpler pastoral, to novels, the romance of private life, sketched with truth from nature, in which lies the secret of enduring interest and hold. The restraints on higher branches of letters, to which we have adverted, drove intellect into lower and unprohibited ranges; genius, cribbed and confined, took refuge in humbler themes, which neither alarmed nor offended the powers that were, but pleased them by exhibiting scenes and persons far below them, and held up as helots for their amusement and instruction. As half the world is said to live without knowing how the other half dies, the purple-clad classes, who fare sumptuously every day, turn curiously to the sayings and doings, the ragged starvings of poor humanity in its lowest condition and their antipodes. Contrast is welcome after toujours perdrix. The tales of scoffing, skeptical, licentious Italy were far from being popular with the serious, earnest, decorous Spaniard, whose taste was formed more on his gnomic Conde Lucanor, written to instruct, than on the Decameron, which aimed only to amuse; accordingly, Cervantes professedly wrote his exemplary novels as a better substitute for Boccaccio's

delightful book and its kind.

Italy was then the most refined country in Europe, but the least military. Priestly, commercial, and utilitarian, she could have but little enthusiasm or high aspiration. Cut up into petty principalities, and with no one nationality, her delights were æsthetic, indolent, and Sybaritic. She opposed mind to matter, intellect to brute force, Machiavellianisms to fair play, and, coward-like, stabbed in the back the foe whom she dared not assail face to face; without ballads and with few great epochs, she looked to style rather than subject. Mixing with the world, and scrutinizing from behind the scenes the dirty pulleys of the Vatican, her Pulcis and Aretinos perceived the ridiculous side of much that was hallowed by the grave, isolated, and distant Spaniard. By mere force of contrast, of all things the stately and solemn lends itself easiest to parody. Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas; and that step in Spain was taken by Diego Hurtado de Mendoza (already dealt with in his higher walk), the originator of the Picaresque, or low rogue's march novels, of which his Lazarillo de Tormes was the type—the Roman Comique of Scarron, and our Fielding's and Smollett's felicitous stories, the offspring—Gil Blas the perfection.

The campaigns of Charles V. filled Italy with Spaniards, whose hereditary occupation was gone after the fall of Granada; the majority who returned, crippled in body and purse, were unfit for anything but to stalk about, bearded like pards, with cloak and rapier, con capa y espada, impersonations of poverty, and pride in idleness, too proud to dig, but not ashamed to beg, borrow, and scout as base the slave that pays. Nor is their breed extinct. These disbanded Bezonians—true Bisoños—wanters, were let loose to prey on society, and share with clever sharpers the gold ill-gotten in the New World, worse spent in the Old one, where it corrupted all it touched. In the biographies and adventures of these chevaliers d'industrie—the industry always best practised in Spain-a mirror was held up to the time, which, like I the drama, reflected its real form and pressure, and in nothing more than revealing the poverty and privations, from the palace to the private dwelling, of Spain— $(\Sigma_{\pi\alpha\nu\alpha} = Paupertas,$ Egestas)—whose career at her best and all periods has been impeded, as the Duke said, by "a want of everything at the most critical moment." The panoramic diorama is exhibited in all its chameleon variety, in the Lazarillo of Mendoza, published in 1553, but written earlier; in the Guzman de Alfarache of Mateo Aleman, 1599; the Picara Justina of the monk Andreas Perez de Leon, 1605; the Rinconete y Cortadillo of Cervantes, 1613, but written in 1604; the Murcos de Obregon of Vicente Espinel, 1618, but written earlier; the Gran Tacaño of Quevedo, 1627; the Garduña de Sevilla of Solorzano, 1634; the autobiography of Estevanillo Gonzales, 1646 -and in many others; especially let no student of the Picaresque neglect the works of Salas Barbadillo and Alonso Castillo Solorzano, whose truly Spanish merits have not been sufficiently estimated beyond the Pyrenees.

In general the novels of Spain are not exempt from the besetting sin of prolixity, and the overlay of wise saws and tedious preachment, lugged in to conciliate the censors; even in Italy the inherent licentiousness began about this time, under the Bambellos and Cinthios, to be tempered by tiresome reflection: but all these and infinite heavy lumber were judiciously thrown overboard by Le Sage, in his Gil Blas, the epitome, cream, and flower of the Picaresque, and far superior to all its Spanish prototypes. Llorente has shown with laudable minuteness the amount of plagiarisms—but in truth the brilliant Frenchman, conscious how much his hand improved whatever it touched, had not made much mystery as to his sources. He with subtle alchemy extracted the gold from Spanish ore, and, rejecting the dross, picked the kernel from the husk, and winnowed the grains from the multitudinous chaff. Gil Blas is far too clever, neat, and sustained, ever to have issued from Spanish pen, and bears throughout French polish, spirit, and the inimitable power of light and agreeable writing which characterizes a lively land, whose wise men practise and preach the wholesome doctrine, Glissez, mortels! n'appuyez pas. The English, contented to translate from the Spanish these picaresque pictures of a foreign private life, remained for a long time strangely unaware of their own undeveloped capacity for such themes, of their powers of caricature, humor, and nice home-delineation in which none can vie with them; but in the appointed

season Hogarth came, and with him the literary masters already named, of whose genius we are fortunate enough to see some flashes at least in our own dimmer period.

One word only on Francisco Gomez de Quevedo (1580-1645), whose name is no less known than his works are little read. His life too was sad and chequered—Cosas de España. By an unjust imprisonment of more than four years for a suspected libel, his health was broken and temper soured: of a lively, versatile genius, cultivated although superficially, he restlessly passed from prose to poetry, from the gay to the stern-all things in their turn, and nothing long; shrewd and caustic by nature, and rendered cynical by ill fortune and ill usage -facit indignatio versus-his pen was pointed against every permissible object; and, as the fairest marks of satire were forbidden, he lashed bad poets, bad physicians, bad tailors, paupers, and all who have no friends. Quevedo may be compared to Juvenal for severe sarcasms, and to Swift for irony, humor, and dirt, for he revelled in picturing low life, drawing from his experiences in garrison and cell. He is compared by Sismondi to Voltaire—but he was neither so infidel, so obscene, nor so witty. As a writer he is too difficult for foreigners to understand or relish thoroughly, since he indulged in slang—Germania—the lingo of the brotherhood-and in euphuistic purisms, called Gongorisms from the heresiarch Luis de Gongora (1561-1627.)

The name of this true son of ambitious Cordova has become a byword in literature, like that of Charriguera in architecture; the one tortured words, the other bricks. a very pretty quarrel as it stands between the Italians and the Spaniards-a question left open by Mr. Ticknor, who thinks much may be said on both sides—whether Marina (1569-1625) or Gongora had the dishonor of originating this cultismo, a contagion which spread over Europe in the seventeenth century, when men, as Sancho Panza has it, wanted better bread than could be made from Optima corruptio pessima—the decline from excellence is always worse than the rude efforts which train up to it. Even in the title-pages of books printed at this period, a sign is held out of the straining at the quaint and unnatural within; but le dégout du beau, amène le goût du singulier. Gongora, like the Ronsards of France, the Lillys of England, aspired to create a new phraseology, and tried to mask poverty of idea by tinsel of conceit; and yet both Quevedo and

Gongora were fitted by nature for better things, and in their earlier lyrical productions breathe a higher, more poetic feeling than can be recognized in either of the brothers Argensola—(Lupercio, 1565-1613—Bartolomé, 1566-1631—although these came, said Lope de Vega, "from Arragon to Spain, to teach Spaniards to write Spanish." taken to Naples by the Mæcenas viceroy, Count de Lemos, who thought "keeping a poet" an appanage of his state, and each appointed by him to a place, which everywhere gilds commonplace, poor Cervantes flattered these men in office, in the hopes of picking up some crumbs from their table, which he did not. These so-called Horaces of Spain, whether writing lyrics, or didactic truisms on stilts, libels on Flaccus, were but pompous prigs, without vigor, genius, or originality-

Coldly correct and classically dull.

For the other lyrical authors of Spain we must refer to Mr. Ticknor, who possesses the works of no less than 123 poetasters after Charles V., or to the tiresome Laurel of Lope de Vega, or the entertaining Viaje of Cervantes, wherein the tuneful legions are enumerated, and whose numbers and length

warn us to hold our hand.

They ushered in their country's fall. With Charles II., feeble in mind and body, the worn-out Austrian dynasty and best nationality of Spain fell like Lucifer. The decline announced by Italian influences was completed by the intrusive Bourbons, who brought into the cold and severe Escorial the language of the gay and gaudy Versailles, which was no less repugnant to the fixed, formal, and lofty Castilian idiom, than the tastes and characters of the speakers; in both the antipathy of an antithesis is absolute. The seed of royal academies founded in order to purify the dictionary, when none could write, was sown by the poor creature Philip V., who wanted nothing but a wife and a massbook; and the crop produced its usual stub-It is unfortunate in the history of Spain's literature, that the subject deteriorates as it advances, and all interest is lost before the catastrophe, as the feudal German Rhine terminates in the swamps and sands of plodding Holland. The pure old Castilian metal rings dull and dead when alloyed with Ganlicisms, French translations, and their frozen Spain, from whence even Corneilles and Molières were once proud to borrow, is now reduced, like a poor gentleman, to subsist on scraps doled out by the children of logue, where quantity must exceed quality,

those whose forefathers she had enriched, and whom in her heart she hates. As the national mind sank, arts and letters, the exponents, kept pace. Under Charles III., born at Naples, and destined by nature to be a gamekeeper, Mengs (eclectic mediocrity in art) became what wooden West was to our George III., who knew not Reynolds and Wilson. In Spain wiser heads, who governed while Charles hunted, restrained the Inquisition and expelled the Jesuits, who now walk about England. But darkness still brooded over the Peninsula. There the Benedictine Feyjoo (1676-1764) passes for a philosopher, because in the eighteenth century, and a hundred years after our Browne's exposition of vulgar errors, he had ventured to show that the sun did not stand still to prolong Spanish bush-fightings, nor the event-portending bells of Velilla ring of themselves. Salamanca, the venerable Alma Mater of Spain, when urged to reform her antiquated course of studies, replied in 1771, "Newton teaches us nothing that would make a good logician or metaphysician, and Gassendi and Descartes do not agree so well with revealed truth as Aristotle does."

Among the few names deserving of note, petty oasises in the wide Zahara, are those of the Padre Isla (1703-1781) already mentioned in connection with Gil Blas, and of Juan Valdez Melendez (1754-1817), in whom Spanish nature for a moment cast off France, but was not taken up by Spain, for this charming Burns of the Tormes died in exile and poverty, and not even an exciseman. Gaspar Melchior de Jovanellos (1744-1812), a good man, a worthy magistrate, and a prudential reformer, was also a respectable author, but one considerably overpuffed by English Whiggery. When the Boston censor, either from good nature, or a desire to conciliate-for we acquit him of irony—eulogizes Quintana, the quintessence of commonplace, or Martinez de la Rosa, the impersonation of the moderate in letters and politics, or his colleague and compeer the Duque de Rivas, it is high time to conclude the History of Spanish Literature.

It is in the multitude of mediocrities that Mr. Ticknor's difficulty must have consisted, when elaborating a complete companion and guide to the Spanish library. From necessity he was compelled to deal with a wide swoop, of good, bad, and indifferent. extensive work, destined for constant consultation, will in some degree partake of a cata-

and the entertaining give way to the useful. But infinite credit is due to our author for the great number of rare and curious books which he has pointed out, for his careful tracing of their editions, and the exact indications of chapter and verse on his margin. Those only who have gone over the same ground can duly estimate the amount of unpretending industry, the absence of secondhand quotation, and the prolonged labors condensed in his thousand foot-notes. We sometimes have fancied that the amiable American, from over-intimate knowledge and ove of his subject, has become impregnated with Spanish prolixity and monotony; to our tastes an occasional sun-lit tower, the shadow of a dark rock in a thirsty land, the dancing sparkle of a rivulet, pleasant companion to the high dry road, gives life to table lands-but in truth our well-beloved Transatlantic brethren are somewhat too business-like, too utilitarian, to cultivate the gentler amenities which restore the indolent sated old world. Young in the literary race, and timid, perhaps, from fancied inse-

curity of position, they scarcely venture to descend from the dignified propriety of the chair, and prefer instructing like Don Manuel to enlivening like Boccaccio. Occasionally we could have wished that our pilot had guided the helm with more decision, and sounded with bolder plummet the philosophy of his subject; where a cursory reader may be satiated with facts, the thoughtful one, who hungers for causes, may be sent away. Mr. Ticknor's gentlemanlike and elegant remarks, couched in a calm tone, and expressed in a clear, unaffected style, seem framed more on the Addisonian models in the Spectator than after the sifting, searching criticism of the present age; if, however, he dives into no unfathomed depths, soars to no unscaled heights, he never creeps the ground, but pursues with sure and modest success the even tenor of his way;—neither aspiring to the suggestive originality of Bouterwek, nor to the terse and powerful analysis of Hallam, he has produced a record which may be read with general satisfaction, and will be lastingly valued for reference.

SALE OF A ROYAL GALLERY.—Kings, it seems, may be brought to the auction, as well as their betters. The valuable collection of pictures, statues, &c., belonging to the late King of Holland, has been recently exposed to public sale; and we have in the British periodicals an account of the principal pictures disposed of, the prices, the persons to whom sold, &c. The total sum realized, during five days' sale, for the collection, "independently of the Raphael drawings and the sculptures," was about 96,000l.; and a great interest of the occasion arose from the active competition between an English noble—the Marquis of Hertford and the Emperor of Russia, who, by their agents, were on the spot and contended for the best pictures. In this contest the Briton came off conqueror, beating his Imperial opponent, so far as we can find, in every struggle; not a little, it would appear, to the delight of the audience, who cheered when the Marquis obtained his great triumph, which was the purchase of two portraits by Vandyke at the price of 63,600 florins. The following prices, at which the chief pictures by the old masters sold, will give an idea of the way such treasures are now valued in

Quinte Metzys, the bust of Christ, and the bust of the Virgin, 2,350 florins.—Jean

Metzys, "Portement de la Croix," 2,450 florins.—Holbein, portrait of a lady of quality, 5,000.—Murillo, The Assumption, 36, 000, and the Holy Family, 4,450.—Velasquez, portraits of Philip IV and the Duke of Olivarez, 38,850.—Spragnoletto, the Holy Family, 8,500.—Rembrandt, portraits of John Pellicorne and his son, and of Madame Pellicorne and her daughter, 30,200.-Fra Bartolomeo, a Virgin, 14,000-An. Caracci, Dead Christ, 2,300.—Carlo Dolci, "St. Luke," 5,900.—Guido, St. Joseph, 7,900. -Guercino, Martyrdom of St. Catharine, 10, 100,—Perugino, "St. Augustine," 7,400; Holy Family, 23,500—Seb. del Piombo, Christ at the Tomb, 28,000.—Raffaelle, Holy Family, 16,500,-An. del Sarto, Holy Family, 8,500; and the famous piece, deemed his chef-d'œuvre, La Vierge de Pade, (bought by the Marquis,) 30,250 .- Titian, Philip II., 10,000.—L. da Vinci, Leda, 24, 500.-Rubens, Christ giving the keys to St. Peter, 18,000; the Holy Trinity, 7,000; the Tribute Money, 8,950; and the Chasse au Sanglier, 20,000.—Vandyke, portraits of Philippe le Roy and Madame le Roy, 63,600; and a Magdalen, 2,500. The famous picture of Hobbema, the Water Mill, deemed his masterpiece, was also bought for the Marquis of Hertford; but by some inadvertence, the price does not appear.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE HUNTER IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

THERE is no country so rich in sport as the wild region lying around the Bamangwato mountains, in the interior of South Africa. There the endless forests are still full of elephant herds; lions roam in troops over the plains; the rhinoceros, with armed snout, turns up the earth in the woods; the hippopotamus flounders in the river; and myriads of antelopes, varying in size from that of an ox to that of a fallow-deer swarm in a wilderderness where water and pasturage abound. The poetical narratives of the "Thousand and One Nights" describe a "Land of Beasts," where animal life teemed to an extent beyond the power of fancy to imagine; but this unexplored territory would seem to rival, if not to surpass, the fabulous creation of the Arabian romancer, if it be not identical with it. It is the sportsman's paradise, the happy hunting-ground, where men learn to despise deer-stalking in the Highlands, and even tiger-shooting in the jungles of India. For ourselves we have little sympathy with the lovers of sport; delighting more in the spectacle of the antelope herd grazing on the rich green pasture, than in the idea of galloping along the line and slaughtering the animals, from a mere desire to extinguish life. Yet this feeling is uncommon. Its contrary appears an instinct; and, to those possessed of that instinct, no region offers such a field as the far interior of South Africa.

The late Sir William Harris, who carried a rifle through many districts of the great forest-covered continent, exulted in its plenitude of game, and has recorded his adventures, as well as illustrated the objects of them, in a collection of magnificent plates.

Another gentleman has now come before us, with an account of his achievements, in imitation of Nimrod. He carries away the palm from his predecessor, whose trophies he has outrivaled: and the narrative of his adventures, now under review, is of unequal interest and originality. He may be said to have carried on a great war against the wild beasts of South Africa; laying the plan of his campaign, furnishing his wagons with abundance of provisions, and collecting a small number of followers, with all the necessaries for a protracted sojourn in those desolate wilds. Such scenery as there opened to his view was to him more pleasant than the fairest prospect in a civilized and peopled land -wild plains, bordered with mighty forests, full of gloom, and teeming with the elephant, the lion, the rhinoceros, the sea-horse, the

gemsbok, and the brindled gnoo.

No traveler had hitherto penetrated into

the Bamangwato country, and our hunterenjoyed thus a double pleasure. Magnificent objects of sport abounded, and a new region continually widened to his view, as he wandered through the savage and desolate wood, climbed the blue-peaked mountains, or chased the hippopotamus down the waters of some winding stream. Such, however, was the tone of our traveler's mind, that little was attractive to him but the game he destroyed. Landscapes of beauty and grandeur were unnoticed, and few accounts are afforded us of the tribes, with the singular features of their life; for, interesting as is the work of Mr. Cumming, it owes its charms to the adventures he fell in with, related in a lively manner, without inspiring us with respect for the hero of them. Fitted by nature to use a rifle, and kill wild beasts, he appears to have chosen the only path where his genius would shine. To some one gift is given, to some another; and to Mr. Cumming, skill in the slaughter of the savage brute and the

^{*} Five Years of a Hunter's Life in South Africa. With Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the Chase of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c. With Illustrations. By ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING, Esq. Two Vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

gentle antelope may make up for the absence

of nobler qualities.

Not entering into a detail of all the coffee, brandy, meal, and the thousand other articles with which the traveler stored his capacious Cape wagons, we may glance at the armament he carried for his campaign against the denizens of the wilderness. With such provisions, aided by the courage, nerve, and skill, with which the modest narrator emphatically informs us he has been liberally blessed, the issue of the war could be little Three double-barreled rifles; three stout double-barreled guns, for rough work; and a heavy German rifle, carrying twelve balls to the pound; lead-ladles, bulletmoulds, loading-rods, shot belts, powderflasks; three hundred weight of lead; half a hundred weight of pewter, to harden the bullets; ten thousand prepared leaden bullets, fifty thousand percussion caps, two thousand flints, and four hundred pounds of powder. Such was the formidable equip-

ment of the single hunter. But, if his preparations were great, the results were equal. He shot more than a hundred large elephants, scores of lions, hippopotami, and rhinoceroses, knocked over buffaloes without end, and elands, rheinboks, rheeboks, gemsboks, and springboks, beyond calculation. The tall cameleopard many times laid its lofty head on the grass at the bidding of his rifle; and the mailed crocodile, struck in the nostril by a rifle-ball, found, like Achilles, that a creature, vulnerable in one part, cannot escape the skill of a determined enemy. Nearly thirty tons of skins and horns are now piled up, as the hunter's trophies, besides a more practical reward in the coinage of the realm. We may, therefore, imagine that a narrative of such a huntsman's career, admirably told, must be exciting to an unusual degree. We may take an Asmodean flight over the far interior of Southern Africa, and descend to join the hunter in a few of his encounters with the four-footed inhabitants of those beautiful regions. They were not, however, the sole denizens of the country. Races of men, as wild as the lions whom they dreaded, dwelt at intervals in the provinces through which the traveler passed, especially among the Bamangwato mountains, where a king-a personage found invariably among savage races-held his court, surrounded by the hereditary wisdom of his realm, embodied in indolent vagabonds of the forest, and bartered his stores of ivory for the muskets of the North, where he imbibed a love of deer-stalking, and learned also the philosophy of Iago—"Put money in thy purse." He sold his muskets to the African king at a profit of three thousand per cent.!

During the early part of the journey ostriches were frequently observed. Our traveler affords a curious account of them:—

"If a person discovers the nest, and does not at once remove the eggs, on returning he will, most probably, find them all smashed. This the old birds almost invariably do, even when the intruder has not handled the eggs, or so much as ridden within five yards of them. The nest is merely a hollow scooped in the sandy soil, generally among heath, or other low bushes; its diameter is about seven feet; it is believed that two hens often lay in one nest. The hatching of the eggs is not left, as is generally believed, to the sun; but, on the contrary, the cock relieves the hen in the incubation. The eggs form a considerable item in the Bushman's cuisine; and the shells are converted into water-flasks, cups, and dishes. I have often seen girls, who belong to the wandering tribes of the Ualahadi desert, come down to the fountains from their remote habitations, sometimes situated at an amazing distance, each carrying on her back a kaross, or a network, containing from twelve to fifteen ostrich egg-shells, which had been emptied by a small aperture at one end; these they fill with water, and cork up the hole with grass.

"A favorite method adopted by the wild Bushman for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game, is, to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich, until within range, when, with a well-directed poisoned arrow, from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. When a Bushman finds an ostrich's nest, he generally ensconces himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilized world."—Vol. i. p.

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vinced that the rumors he had heard of the ! exhaustless numbers of wild animals in these regions were not fabulous; and, therefore, was content with his first essay, unsuccessful as it had been. During the succeeding day's journey, the flats were observed to be covered with thousands of skulls and bones, in miniature resemblance to Sinbad's elephant burial-ground, indicating the number that lived and died in this finely-pastured province. Another interesting sight to the sportsman was the jackal in chase of the antelope; both creatures being marvelously swift of foot, the gentler generally falling a victim to the fangs of its carnivorous pursuer. Far into the interior Mr. Cumming was assisted, in his chase of a gigantic bull-buffalo, by three lions, who overtook the mighty beast, and assisted in his destruction. Two of them were shot.

Chasing the springbok, the hartebeast, the giraffe, and the ostrich, with considerable success, the hunter panted for nobler game. He was, therefore, rejoiced on learning that he was approaching the country where lions were numerous. Some men met him with the intelligence that two had been shot by the Boers, and were lying in front of a farmhouse further on. Hastening to view the victims, our sportsman was surprised to find them extended on the grass, their skins completely riddled and spoiled by the balls, and their heads literally knocked to pieces with This is the custom among the bullets. Having shot a lion, they fear to approach the victim until perfectly assured of his death, so they pelt him with lead till his hide is worthless. On one occasion, a man having dismounted to discharge his gun, was knocked over by the lion before he could regain his saddle. The brute did not injure him, but stood over his prostrate form shaking his shaggy mane, lashing his tail, and growling angrily, while the unfortunate hunter's comrades, fearing to approach, opened a regular rifle-battery from a distance—shot the man, missed the lion, and returned home without the satisfaction of either saving their friend or revenging his death.

While he pursued his way, however, towards the elephant's forest, in the Bamangwato country, the hunter did not neglect the sport that offered itself on the route. The whole region teemed with animal life, and many a wild chase took place after the bounding antelope and the graceful rheinbok. One day, a huge boar was started, and Mr. Cumming rode after him for two miles; arriving within gun-shot, he resolved to

drive the game towards the wagon, that the men might have little trouble in securing its flesh. The brute steadily ran along, appearing to know the way well. Surprised at this, the hunter galloped ahead of him, confident that he had but to dismount when he chose and bowl him over. Still the boar trotted behind the horse like a hog. Suspecting he had some impenetrable covert to fly to, the traveler pulled up amid a labyrinth of enormous holes, the burrows of the ant-bear. The wild boar stopped opposite one of these, faced his enemy, foaming at the mouth, and glaring through his small malicious eves, backed into it, and was lost to the sight of the disappointed hunter.

His next great encounter was more successful. A number of vultures was remarked ahead, a troop of jackals below, feeding on a dead steinbok, and a huge lioness sharing their repast. Mounted on his best horse, the huntsman started away in the direction of the game, and the splendid brute immediately charged off, carrying her tail erect, and sweeping swiftly over the bare and level plain. Presently she pulled up, roared aloud, sat down, and gazed on the horseman as he approached, as much, says the writer, as to say, "Does this fellow know who he is after?" Having thus rested a few moments, as though meditating a plan of operations, the lioness sprang up, moved her tail rapidly from side to side, showed her teeth, and growled fiercely. Then she made a short, forward run, as though to intimidate the hunstman, who firmly kept his ground. Uttering a loud, rumbling noise like thunder, the majestic brute stretched out her ponderous arms, and lay down on Mr. Cumming, with his two the grass. Hottentot attendants, then dismounted, and all three prepared their fire-arms. lioness appeared to attach some significance to this movement, for she sat up and moved about uneasily, now looking backward, as though meditating an escape, now forward, as though calculating the chances of an assault. The Hottentots were fearfully alarmed, shaking like aspen leaves; their dark skins paled as the mighty brute advanced and stood within about sixty yards of her enemies. The hunter fired; his ball crippled the lioness in the shoulder. One of the attendants pulled a trigger also, but the piece exploded in his hand, and the third "danced about like a duck in a gale of wind." In a moment the infuriated animal had made a leap, and inflicted a gash twelve inches long in the flesh of Mr. Cumming's

horse, quitting her hold, however, instantaneously, and trotting near the dismounted sportsman. He discharged his second barrel, and, in another second, the lioness was stretched dead on the ground. In the agonies of death she turned on her back, extended her neck and forearms convulsively, and then fell on her side; "her lower jaw fell, blood streamed from her mouth, and she expired."

We shall allow Mr. Cumming himself to tell our readers how he first fell in with and

shot a cameleopard:

"Galloping around a thick bushy tree, under cover of which I had ridden, I suddenly beheld a sight the most astounding that a sportsman's eye can encounter. Before me stood a group of ten colossal giraffes, the majority of which were from seventeen to eighteen feet high. On beholding me they at once made off, twisting their long tails over their backs, making a loud switching noise with them, and cantered along at an easy pace, which, however, obliged my horse to put his best foot foremost to keep up with them.

"The sensations which I felt on this occasion were different from anything I had before experienced during a long sporting career. My senses were so absorbed by the wondrous and beautiful sight before me, that I rode along like one entranced, and felt inclined to disbelieve that I was hunting living things of this world. The ground was firm and favorable for riding. At every stride I gained upon the giraffes, and, after a short time, at a swinging gallop, I was in the midst of them, and turned the finest cow out of the herd. On finding herself driven from her comrades and hotly pursued, she increased her pace, and cantered along with tremendous strides, clearing an amazing extent of ground at every bound, while her neck and breast coming in contact with the dead old branches of the trees, were continually strewing them in my path. In a few minutes I was within five yards of her stern, and, firing at the gallop I sent a bullet into her back. Increasing my pace, I next rode alongside, and placing the muzzle of my rifle within a few feet of her, fired my second shot behind her shoulder; the ball, however, seemed to have little effect. I then placed myself directly in front, when she came to a walk. Dismounting, I hastily loaded both barrels, putting in double charges of powder. Before this was accomplished she was off at a canter. In a short time I brought her to a stand in the dry bed of a watercourse, where I fired, at fifteen yards, aiming where I thought the heart lay, upon which she again made off. Having loaded, I followed, and had very nearly lost her; she had turned abruptly to the left, and was far out of sight among the trees. Once more I brought her to a stand, and dismounted from my horse. There we stood together, alone in the wild wood. I gazed in wonder at her extreme beauty, while her soft

dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me, and I really felt a pang of sorrow in this moment of triumph for the blood I was shedding. Pointing my rifle to the skies, I sen a bullet through her neck. On receiving it she reared high on her hind legs, and fell backward with a heavy crash, making the earth shake around her. A thick stream of dark blood spouted out from the wound, her colossal limbs quivered for a moment, and she expired."—Vol. i. p. 271.

In this way the hunter proceeded on his journey towards the elephant forests in the Bamangwato country, now chasing the giraffe, now the eland, now the gemsbok and the gnoo; occasionally, also, he fell in with pleasant, and sometimes with disagreeable adventures with the natives. They wondered much at the arrival of the white man. They gazed in marvel at his wagon and his camp fire, and the stores which he displayed; but, more than all, they were astonished to see him in full chase of the wild beasts that had long shared with the human kings the sovereignty of that wild and savage land. Another source of utmost wonder to them was the skill of the stranger's rifle. His balls seemed guided by a miraculous power. To strike the nostril of a crocodile, to shoot a flying-bird with a single ball, to] plant a bullet precisely on the desired spot in the skin of a giraffe at the gallop, were achievements which they deemed the work of magic, and more than one solemn chief sought to be inoculated with this envied power. Nor was our traveler loath to gratify their credulous fancies, while he maintained the prestige of his own preternatural skill. He, therefore, on one or two occasions, consented to perform on the chief a ceremonial operation which would gift their guns with an unerring aim. Their arms were lanced, the wounds rubbed with turpentine and gunpowder, and bandaged, while the white man pronounced sentences at once pompous and meaningless, which sounded in the native ear as the powerful voice of an oracle. However, though they trusted in his incantations, they believed they could improve his gunpowder-and they paid for their presumption. The anecdote is worth relating.

Having procured a quantity of powder, with some guns, the Bechuana people began to test its qualities. They loaded loosely, placed the piece in position, looked away from the barrel, and fired. Consequently the balls invariably went anywhere but at the animal aimed at. Not a shot ever

told. The fault was ascribed to the powder. ! A council of great men was called at Booby Darn, to decide on the measures to be adopted, and the peers voted a want of confidence in the white man's ammunition. The convicted material was placed in the centre, and condemned to pass under a process of mysterious incantations. This was continued harmlessly enough until one of the hereditary dignitaries of the great Booby nation declared that the presence of fire was necessary—indispensable. Accordingly, a blazing censer was passed to and fro over the pile of dry powder, a spark fell, and an explosion, as it needed no prophet to foretell, took place. The whole of the great men were knocked head over heels, as sand, and many of them died from the effects of the burns. Still the powder was to blame, for hereditary wisdom is slow to convict itself.

In the course of his campaign against the brute creation of South Africa, Mr. Cumming expended large quantities of ammunition, and the natives stole the pewter with which he had provided himself to harden the balls used against the larger game. was now, therefore, compelled to cast his snuffer-tray, spoons, candlesticks, teapots, and drinking cups, into the ladle, and they served his purpose. Thus reinforced, he was rejoiced one day to discover a herd of mighty elephants tearing in single file across a wide and sloping plain, dotted with thickets of thorny bushes. Riding into them, he selected the finest, a patriarchal bull, of vast dimensions, who, as is usual with the oldest beast, brought up the rear. He was separated from his companions, and driven in the direction of the traveler's camp. Skill is required for this task. To approach too near and shoot at the brute, will bring him furiously charging upon your horse; to keep too far behind runs the risk of his escape. In the present chase the elephant fled far away, until the traveler, putting his steed to its finest pace, closed with him, and dared him to the charge. This he did, and rushed furiously towards his enemy, who cantered to and fro, and thus perplexed the unwieldy brute, maintaining all the while a brisk fire from his rifle. Within a quarter of an hour twelve bullets were lodged in his fore-quarters: he trembled, and gave evident signs of approaching dissolution, catching up the dust with his trunk, and flinging it in clouds above him. This is a common device with elephants, even before they are seriously wounded; and they appear to do it with the object of screening

themselves. It is dangerous to approach the brute when thus injured, for though nearly dead, he can charge with tremendous violence. Anxious to put an end to this scene, the hunter now dismounted, and fired two shots right and left from behind the cover of a minosa clump. The dying animal then backed among the trees, and walked slowly away. While reloading, our hunter heard a heavy fall, betokening the death of his mighty victim; at the same time that shock denoted the fracture of one of his magnificent tusks. This was a disappointment to Cumming, who loved profit as well as sport, for he collected valuable stores of ivory, and made large profits by his trading transactions.

Perhaps the most extraordinary hunting adventure described in this or any other work, is that with the hippopotamus in the Limpopo river. The sportsman shall himself relate it to our readers. He reached the banks of the stream and saw a group of four standing in the water, which came up to their sides, in a broad part of the river.

" I took the sea-cow next to me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and then occasionally remained still, sitting for a few minutes on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle, two of the others took flight up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river; they trotted along like oxen, at a smart pace, as long as the water was shallow. I was now in a state of very great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared that she would get down into deep water, and be lost like the last one; her struggles were still carrying her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter, I accordingly fired a second shot from the bank, which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye; she then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle, in the middle of the river. I had great fear of the croccodiles, and I did not know the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation; so, divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the water, which at first took me up to the armpits, but in the middle was shallower.

"As I approached Behemoth, her eye looked very wicked. I halted for a moment, ready to dive under the water if she attacked me, but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the slightest, and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her cir-

cular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail. Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and cutting two deep parallel incisions in her skin, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle; and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing and sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time, and I holding on to her like grim death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank. Here the bushman quickly brought me a short buffalo's rheim (a kind of lasso) from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree. I then took my rifle, and sent a ball through the centre of her head, and she was numbered with the dead."-Vol. ii. p. 173.

Proceeding through a varied and beautiful country, occasionally richly adorned with flowers, the hunter committed tremendous havor among game of all sorts and sizes, from the springbok to the elephant, and his magnificent rival, the royal and ravenous lion. One of them he shot while the majestic brute was in the act of dragging away a wild beast recently killed by the hunter. despatched him; he lay down for a moment, rose and stumbled away, growling fearfully, but mournfully, and stretched himself out to die. His magnificent, hard, and shaggy head, terrible in its unequaled beauty, his heavy and massive paws, his clean, tawny hide, his splendid mane, his sharp yellow claws, his immense and powerful teeth, his perfect symmetry of form-all these are described by the triumphant Nimrod, with a rapture of enthusiasm, as the "noblest prize that this wide world could yield to a sportsman." fire was kindled on the plain for him to gaze on his victim by, as it was night. The scene, well portrayed, would make the reputation of a painter; but art has resumed its leading-strings, and artists are too timid to paint what has not before been painted. A scene from "Don Quixotte," between the Knight, his Squire, and the Duchess—a group from "King Lear" -- a view off the Goodwin Sands -or a landscape comprising one field, one bush, one cottage, and a country girl—these are the limits of the ambition within which the minds of our Michael Angelos move. They are sadly in want of a subject. Let us suggest it to them; and the Royal Academy, as well as those who throng, with conventional words of applause on their lips, to view its yearly show, will owe us thanks :--

A rugged plain, intersected by low ridges, and dotted by dark pools of water, with the

black canopy of night above, and the gloomy woods around, while the moon throws patches of quivering light on forests, plains, and miniature lakes. A vast lion, old and powerful, extended in rigid grandeur of death upon the ground. Close to him the bright flames of a freshly-kindled fire leap up and shed their ruddy glare over a small circle, within which a white man, with two or two Hottentot attendants, bends down to view the magnificent brute, laid low by a single shot from his rifle. All the elements of the picturesque would be here, but the scene would be novel,—a quality sufficient to condemn it before a council of the Royal Academy. A pile of horseflesh, and a patch of blue cloth, with a duke's head above it, or a hyæna-like "good doggie," form the limits of our Titian's aspiration.

Sometimes the traveler dug a deep hole near a place where the lions and elephants were wont to congregate at night to drink. This afforded him many a fair chance, and well did he avail himself of his opportunities. We have heard an anecdote of him, to which in this work he does not allude. Crouching in his covert under favor of darkness, he once fell asleep and was wakened by a terrible concert, like that which Humboldt describes in the wilds of South America, amid which the roar of the lion was pre-eminent, though the trumpet-tone of the elephant was occasionally sufficiently terrible to attract notice, even from the voice of the forest king, -so named from his preying on all the weaker races. Opening his eyes and peering from his cover, he saw six lions pacing round the top of the pit, and all of them were calmly gazing down, as though wondering what the stranger could want there. Cautiously grasping his rifle, the courageous hunter took a deliberate aim, and in an instant one of them had bounded backward and fallen dead upon the earth. The rest, scared by the noise, took to flight.

We have in the volumes, however, an account of another nocturnal adventure with half a dozen lions, whose magnificent forms, creeping in the moonlight round the still pool, formed a picture of admirable novelty and striking character, very effectively suggested by the talented artist employed to illustrate Mr. Cumming's work.

Of a similar nature was the night adventures with the elephants, of whom our hunter shot eight in one evening. They were wont to congregate round the pools to quench their thirst. One old brute took the matter easily, approached with most stealthy caution, ex-

amined the place well, and then cooled himself before he drank, by throwing a few copious showers of water over his head upon his back. Poor wretch, it was his last draught, for the Scotchman's rifle, after pelting him with many balls, brought him to the earth dead.

Four-footed beasts were not the only victims of this dauntless Nimrod. An enormous rock-snake was one day observed gliding near where Mr. Cumming was stationed. Anxious to secure it as a trophy, but not wishing to discharge his rifle, to frighten the other game, he cut a stout cudgel eight feet long, seized the monster by the tail, and sought to drag it from its place of retreat. In vain, the snake was too powerful. Then a lasso was thrown around his body, and assisted by his followers, the hunter tugged away in good earnest. The reptile finding this too much, relaxed his coils, and suddenly turning about his head, flung it forward with the swiftness of thought, gaping with its large mouth, and displaying his hideous fangs, which he snapped within a foot of the huntsman's naked legs. Leaping aside, and arming himself with his bludgeon, Mr. Cumming pursued the rock-snake as it glided swiftly away towards another hiding-place. With three tremendous blows he checked the monster's progress, and by a succession of similar assaults compelled him to stand. He then hanged the reptile by its neck to the branch of a tree, and in about fifteen minutes it seemed dead. When the operation of skinning, however, was commenced, it again began to writhe in every variety of contortions. But the hunter was too well inured to scenes of animal suffering to experience any sensation at this, and he apparently continued his task with undisturbed nonchalance. Another snake soon after flew up at his eye and spat its venom into it; washing the part at a fountain of clear water, he saved his sight, but endured considerable pain for several hours.

In the course of his royal progress through these hitherto untrodden wilds, where he roamed with the authority of a prince, and assumed the tone of one (flogging and knocking down his servants, as well as native chiefs, one of whom he threatened to shoot in a squabble about ivory,) he frequently, nevertheless, encountered great perils, and one life was sacrificed in the course of his career of sport. The camp had been formed near a kraal. The night was dark and stormy. Gusts of wind were frequent, and howled loudly over the surrounding wilderness. By the side of a bivouac fire the hunter sipped

his barley broth, and near another his attendants disposed themselves for rest. Fuel was scarce here, and the fires burned low and dim.

Suddenly the muderous roar of a lion burst through the stillness, and called up a succession of reverberating echoes from the surrounding hills. It was followed by mingled shrieks, again succeeded by another and louder roar. Cries of "The lion! the lion!" broke through the night, and a man rushed towards the fire, wild with terror, and shrieking out, "The lion! the lion! he has got Hendrick! he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brand, but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead! O God, Hendrick is dead!" A confused clamor succeeded. All shrieked and ran wildly to and fro, until Cumming angrily bade them be quiet, let loose the dogs, and pile the billets on the fire. Then he shouted Hendrick's name; but all was Satisfied that the man was dead, he collected his people, who sat in an agony of terror until the dawn broke, and light, the most loved companion of the timid, gave them courage to go in search of the wild beast and his victim.

"It appeared that, when the unfortunate Hendrick rose to drive in an ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely lain down, when the brute sprang upon him and Ryter (for both lay under one blanket) with his appalling murderous roar, and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the back and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backwards, round the bush, into the dense shade.

"As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man, he faintly cried, 'Help me! help me! O God, men, help me!' After which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus (an attendant) had lain, with his back to the fire, on the other side, and on hearing the lion he sprang up, and, seizing a large flaming brand, had belabored him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not take any notice of him.

"The next morning, just as the day began to dawn, we heard the lion dragging something up the river side, under cover of the bank. We went to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the lion had lain consuming his prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendrick, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes were all stained with his blood, and fragments of his pea-coat lay around. Poor Hendrick! I knew the fragments of that old coat."—Vol. ii. p. 215.

The dangers of hunting in this region, indeed, are only equaled by the excitement which leads men to try them. The wounded elephant is a fearful antagonist. The wounded buffalo, once turning upon his enemy, will never quit him. We have heard of a hunter who attacked a buffalo on a bare plain, and, failing to wound him mortally, was pursued by the maddened brute, and compelled to fly for safety. One solitary tree stood at some distance. To reach it was his only chance of life. The buffalo, bending its helmeted head to the earth, came thundering along, and rapidly nearing him. He flung down his gun, and ran for life, reaching the tree soon enough to place himself behind, but too late to climb it, he stood at bay. For five hours the bull guarded the spot, making desperate plunges at the terrified man, who avoided them by active leaps from side to side; armed only with a clasp-knife, he made continual thrusts at the head of the beast, and, after five hours of terrible fear, succeeded in blinding and killing it. The hunter's hair, in that short period, had whitened, and he had lost the power to laugh.

In another instance, a man was pursued to a tree by one of these animals. He climbed it; but it was of stunted growth, and allowed him to stand only so far above the ground as to be safe from the buffalo's horns, though not from its tongue. The brute licked at the man's legs, and, with its rough tongue, had torn away the flesh and laid bare the bone. Succor came too late, and the unhappy

hunter died.

One of Mr. Cumming's own servants, riding in attendance on him, was charged by a buffalo and thrown. The brute fortunately slipped in the mud, and came over with a tremendous summersault, or its horns would have impaled the frightened Hottentot, but, as it was, the man escaped, though his horse

was desperately gored. The buffalo, after receiving a shot from Mr. Cumming's rifle, took up its station in a thicket, and appeared likely to prove so terrible an enemy, that our hunter was afraid to stand the charge of its tremendous horns, and "declined the engagement."

Such are the dangers of a hunter's life in

South Africa.

We have thus borrowed from Mr. Cumming's narrative, for the purpose of illustrating our remarks on the originality and interest of that narrative, as well as of affording to our readers, who may not enjoy an opportunity of perusing his work, an idea of this Nimrod's experience in the distant wilds of Southern Africa. Major Rogers shot two thousand elephants, and then forgot to count his victims. Cumming shot rather more than a hundred; but, taking all his adventures together, we may say that, since the day when the Nemean lion was slain by the ancient hero, not many have equaled, very few have surpassed, the achievements of our author. His is a fame no intellectual or lofty mind will envy; but it is a fame among a certain class. The adventures of Mr. Cumming were wonderful, and the narrative of them deserves the same epithet. We have merely indicated the nature of the volumes before us, and analyzed their contents. To all who would peruse an account of wild life among savages, lions, elephants, and all the array of beasts to be found in that extraordinary region, as well as accompany a bold and enterprising man through a career of romantic adventure, we recommend the reading of the work itself. It is a startling narrative, full of incident, and abounding in curious information. All who are interested in the habits of wild animals should read it; for Mr. Cumming intersperses his sporting relations with many notices of "forest society," well worthy the attention of the naturalist.

Female Miniature Painter.—Miss Sarah Biffin, celebrated as a miniature painter, and who was born without hands or arms, died on the 6th of October, in Liverpool, at the age of sixty-six. She was born near Bridgewater, in Somerset, in 1784, and manifested, in early life, a talent for drawing and painting which she afterward cultivated with remarkable success. She was initiated in the

first rudiments of the art by a Mr. Dukes, and was further instructed by Mr. Craig, a gentleman of much eminence in his profession as a miniature painter. Under his tuition, she attained to a very great skill, so much so, indeed, that in 1821, the "Society of Arts and Commerce," for one of her pictures presented her with a prize medal, through the late Duke of Sussex.

From the Quarterly Review.

LOUIS PHILIPPE. LAST DAYS 0 F

Une Visite au Roi Louis Philippe, Pp. 32. Paris, 1849.

WE have in our successive numbers traced so closely the political life of Louis Philippe, even from his earlier days to his recent exile, that our readers will, we think, expect us to follow him to the tomb with the interest and respect due to one of the most extraordinary men of modern times. A general reference to the articles containing successive portions of his history must dispense us from repeating on this occasion the various phases in which we have seen his character. There have been portions of his conduct, and of his policy, for which we have not concealed our regret, and even disapprobation; but we have, on the other hand, had more frequently the satisfaction of doing ample justice to his many great qualities, his varied talents, his vast public services, and the unblemished virtues of his private life. Indeed, we cannot better remind our readers of our feelings toward him than by extracting the following passage from the conclusion of an article on French literature, in our Number for April, 1836:--

"Our best, we had almost said our only hope of France's being saved from a catastrophe of which we see so many various symptoms-light and grave-is, we confess, in the personal character of the King. We know not whether he was quite blameless in all the circumstances which have led to the present alarming state of affairs; we incline to believe that he was; but we are satisfied that he is now desirous, and we trust that he may be able, to arrest the mischief. He is a man of talents, of courage, and of virtue; his whole life has been a series of trials, through which he has passed always with respectability, generally with honor; he has been a good son, a good husband, a good father, a good prince-and, we trust we are justified in adding, a good Christian; he was so in his youth, and no man ever lived, we believe, whose experience was more calculated to strengthen religious convictions. If we are not mistaken in his character, and if it shall please God to continue to preserve his life, and to fortify his heart, there is still hope for France and the European world."-Quarterly Review, vol. lvi. p. 130.

This opinion, which was confirmed by every successive event of his public life, will have sufficiently prepared our readers for-not our surprise indeed, for we never quite ceased to expect, but—our sincere regret at his fall, and our sympathy in his misfortunes.

Our Number of March last conducted Louis Philippe from the Tuileries to Claremont; we now propose to follow him into

his retirement and to his grave.

On their arrival in England, the King and Queen assumed the incognito of Count and Countess de Neuilly; and though within their own circle all the respect and some, though very little, of the etiquette of royalty were maintained, the King fell easily, and indeed we may say naturally, into the character and manners of a private gentleman. The vicissitudes of his earlier days, and the very circumstances under which he accepted the crown, had confirmed the innate simplicity of his personal tastes; and no man certainly that ever existed could have stepped from a throne into the mediocrity of private life with less sacrifice of his ordinary habits than Louis Philippe. We must, however, add, that he (and indeed the whole Royal Family) was everywhere in England, and by all classes, treated with the most respectful sympathy.

The course of his day was this. He was not an early riser-it being his habit to write and do a good deal of his business at nightand so to go to bed late. He breakfasted with his whole family about ten or eleven. He then read his letters or the newspapers till about one, when he received visitors, of whom, both French and English, there was a pretty constant succession, and with whom he conversed upon all subjects with a fluency and propriety of diction and a copiousness of information, and, above all, with an unreserve

and a frankness that surprised those who were not already intimate with him, andwhen the subject happened to be peculiarly important or exciting-would occasionally astonish even those who were.

Of one of these conversations we have a curious account in the little pamphlet which affords its title to this article, and from which we shall make some extracts, because, being as we believe substantially accurate, it gives not merely a lively idea of the King's style of conversation, but is from his own mouth as it were a defence of some portions of his conduct which have been unfavorably criticised both in France and England. pamphlet is anonymous, but it contains so many details as to the author's visit that it was not difficult to find that he was a Monsieur Lemoine. He tells us himself that he had no previous acquaintance, nor, in fact, any business with the King; but that, having been commissioned by a friend in Paris to convey to the London post-office some letters for Louis Philippe and the Princes, and hearing on his arrival in London (on the first day of November, 1848,) that some kind of epidemic illness (occasioned by the oxydation of a leaden cistern that supplied the water for domestic use) had attacked all the inmates of Claremont, and the Queen most seriously of all, he resolved to proceed to deliver the letters in person, and to inquire after the health of the Royal Family—not without some diffidence as to being allowed to reach even the aide-de-camp in waitingbut with no intention or expectation whatsoever of seeing the King himself. We shall abridge (but always preserving his own expressions) his account of what followed, which is in every way characteristic of the exiled monarch.

The visitor, whose memory associated the King with the faste of the Tuileries, was surprised at the easy access to the royal residence :-

I knew not a word of English, but at the Esher station, on hearing the words Clèremont, Cleremont, eagerly pronounced by a crowd of fly drivers, I guessed-with that intuitive sagacity that distinguishes every Frenchman-that by getting into one of their carriages I should probably reach my destination without having to speak a word. My conjecture was right. After a drive of fifteen minutes through a delightful country, which was in all its details as trim and as gay as the landscape scene of an Opèra Comique, I saw that we had arrived at the iron palisades and gates of a handsome domain, and here I expected to be stopped. But no. The gates were wide open; the fly driver drove boldly through; and when I

put my head out of the window to propitiate the porter that had emerged from his lodge, we had already passed the gate, and his good-humored countenance and a friendly wave of his hand indicated that a Frenchman was not an intruder at Claremont. As we pursued the avenue that winds through the park, I expected to meet some sentinel, or at least some servant on the watch. saw nobody. The last asylum of the Royal Family appeared to be wide open to whoever might please to enter. At last the carriage stopped at a high and wide flight of steps; my coachman said a few words, probably of well intended directions, but my reader guesses why I made him no answer. Seeing nobody, I ascended the steps and found myself in front of a large glass door, half open, that seemed to invite me to enter; I did so, and found myself in a fine vestibule, in a corner of which a servant in the Orleans livery was fast asleep. I took the liberty of waking him and asking whether I could see one of the aides-decamp.-P. 9.

The only "aide-de-camp then in waiting, General D——" (no doubt the King's faithful and intelligent friend and constant attendant, General Dumas), happened to be at the moment watching by the bedside of poor M. Vatout, who died a few days after; but the servant took M. Lemoine's card and showed him into a library, where he had hardly time to look about him when in came the King himself, and a conversation took place, of which, as it extends over a couple of dozen pages, we can only extract some of the most characteristic passages:-

The King had my card in his hand, and addressed me-"Good morning, Mr. L-; they tell me that you have been so kind as to come to Charemont to inquire after all our healths. thank you for your kindness, and I am come to answer you in person. Have you a quarter of an hour to spare? Sit down and causons. . . . Causons de la France. Let us talk of France. Poor France!" and covering with his hand that countenance of which neither age nor misfortune had changed either the great lines or the strong expression, he was for a few moments silent, and then suddenly went on as if in continuation of his silent thought.

"And what do they say of me?"

"Who, Sire, your friends or enemies?"

"Oh, as to my enemies I know pretty well what they think of me, and care very little; but I am

anxious about the opinions of my friends."

I hesitated a moment; the King saw it, and tapping me with a gracious familiarity on the knee, said, "Do you doubt that I can bear to hear the truth? I never feared it; and now, more than ever, have a right to hear it. Come tell me."

"Well, sir," said I, frankly, "your friends complain that in those days of February you gave up the game too soon."

He gave a sudden start back on his chair, and,

with a vivacity that one would not expect at his

age, he exclaimed-

"There, again !--twice within these twentyfour hours I have heard this reproach! Well, to you I answer as I did to Z-, who came here yesterday from Paris, and held me the same painful language. Never was there a more unfounded reproach. They don't know then—(on ne sait pas donc) what really happened. They don't know then-that everybody-ministers, friends, servants -everybody, I repeat, told me, 'If you yield, not a drop of blood will be shed!' They don't know then-that it was by this persuasion that I was at first induced to change the ministry. They don't know then-that it was by this persuasion that my abdication was obtained! Could I-ought I to have done, in opposition to everybody, otherwise than I did? It was urged upon me that we were upon the brink of a civil war. I would not have the crown at the price of a civil war. They told me, 'The National Guard demand Reform; if it is refused them blood must flow-the blood not of the émeutiers, of the agitators only, but of the National Guard; the well-disposed workmen, the honnêtes gens-the real people; all these are bent, rightly or wrongly we will not stop to inquire, but they are bent on reform; give them a reforming ministry and all will be settled—all, not a shot will be fired.' It was then that I consented to sign the order for the retreat of the troops, to prevent the pretext for a collision. When that had been done, everybody—do you hear?—everybody-said that the insurrection was over, and that in a few hours all would be quiet."-P. 14.

Here we suspect that M. Lemoine's recollection failed him, or that he misunderstood the King, for we know that he has often said that he was not aware of the orders given for the non-resistance of the troops; that they were given by the new ministry without even consulting him. He no doubt must constitutionally have concurred in the order if his ministers had insisted on it; but, in point of fact, he did not hear of it till it had been done. The King went on:-

"You know how this promise was kept! The same persons soon returned to tell me that the 'National Guard was exasperated-that it would be no longer satisfied with a Thiers-Barrot Ministry-that my own abdication was now the ultimatum.' They added, that 'it was true that resistance was still possible—that the troops would be eventually successful -but that it would cost dear, and be the commencement of a civil war.' That idea decided me. . . . Some pamphleteers have said that I was under the influence of personal fear—they did not believe it—none but blockheads could—no, no one in France, in Europe, not even my most rancorous enemies."

M. Lemoine attempted a corresponding compliment, but the King interrupted him by saying, that "so low a calumny was not worth a second word." What seemed to touch him more nearly was the silence, the indifference with which his abdication and departure had been regarded, or rather disregarded.

"When I was on the throne they would say to me—'Sire! you are the key-stone of the arch on which rests the peace of Europe and the world.' I smiled internally at the exaggeration, and thought my shoulders hardly broad enough 'to support the peace of the world.' These, I said to myself, are either flatterers or over-partial to myself, are friends who exaggerate my influence. Well; a day came that seemed in some sort to justify that opinion. I fell; and at that moment an explosion of revolutionary wars burst forth throughout Europe-at Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Munich-in Sicily, Lombardy, and Hungary; yet not a voice -not one-was heard to ask whether 'this man. whom we have just condemned to die in exile, had not, after all, some little share in that general tranquillity and prosperity of nations which were so generally and so deplorably interrupted by his fall.' Was there due to him no parting word of condolence—no regret—not even a remembrance—nothing?"

In uttering these last words, the King, excited by his feelings, had risen from his chair, paced rapidly up and down the library, and seeming to forget that there was any witness of his emotion, while I followed with a wondering eye the vigor and activity of one whom our Opposition papers had long ago described as in a state of caducity. I could not but admire the energy of that iron frame, the strength of that sonorous voice, and the mingled vivacity and dignity of his air and gestures. . . I ventured to say that France might yet enjoy many happy days under his influence. "France," replied he, with a smile, "does not seem to care for happiness. They are so very Athenian, that they get tired of being made happy, as the Athenians were tired of hearing Aristides called the Just." Then, resuming his gravity, he went on. "I may have some reason to complain of the apathy of my friends, and to wonder at that of the better-informed periodical press-but it would be hardly just to blame the people of France. They, indeed, saw my fall, and were indifferent to my loss-they saw me go, and showed no regret at my departure. It was quite natural. For eighteen years they had been taught to despise, to detest, the personification in me of that public authority which is the real safeguard of the people. For eighteen years they had been told daily by a hundred journals, and in every variety of form, that the King was the living summary of every vice-that the King was greedy and miserly—that the King was faithless and shameless-that the King's heart was cold and unrelenting-and, finally, that if successive ministers failed to ameliorate the condition of the suffering classes, it was all owing to the narrow, severe, and selfish policy of the King. So when the people saw me go, it was without hatred, without anger, but with a perfect belief in the

creed they had been taught, that I was the obstacle to their happiness. 'All our sufferings,' thought' they, 'are at an end! The King is gone, and with him vice, despotism, the sufferings of the people—the shame of the country; above all, that plague, which France has been taught to consider as the most intolerable calamity and disgrace—authority. Authority is gone—all's right! 'Who can say that poor people were wrong in reasoning thus on the fall of a King whom everybody attacked every hour of his life, and whom nobody ever defended?"—P. 19.

He then went on to complain of particular misrepresentations which he never could persuade his ministers to rectify, as, for instance, those concerning the *Programme of the Hotel de Ville*, and the other republican promises and pledges alleged to have been given to facilitate his usurpation. On this point he said—

"The truth is, I ascended the throne with reluctance—with a sort of presentiment of what would be the consequence. It required the urgent instances of all those in whom I had confidence, and the most decisive assurances that I, and I alone, could save the country from the horrors of anarchy."—P. 21.

When the King complained so feelingly of the neglect of his successive ministers in making his personal defence on such points, he did not, perhaps, take sufficiently into account the individual share that most of those ministers had had in the July revolution, and how personally some of them must have felt the awkwardness, and perhaps the danger of pulling down any of the scaffolding by which they themselves had risen into power. liam III., of England, made much the same kind of complaint of the ministers that had originally placed him on the throne; and in both cases it must be remembered, in justice to all parties, that the ministers were the representatives of the democratic principle on which the revolutions had been made, while the monarchs very soon convinced themselves of the necessity of restoring and asserting the monarchical principle, and of exercising an authority which their ministers had formerly opposed in James II. and Charles X.

The following passage of M. Lemoine's conversation illustrates this theory. M. Lemoine said that he had imagined that the King had always managed his ministers as he pleased.

"Ah!" replied he, "there you are, like all the rest! You have read so much about the invincible tenacity of the King to his personal opinions, that you believe that I always had my own way—

but not so. My opinions were opposed on all points, and by all sides-and it was right that they should be so. I had, no doubt, my own personal views of political subjects, and when questions were debated before me in the Cabinet, I endeavored to support that side which in my conscience as King and as a Frenchman, I thought the best; but my suggestions were always freely and often very warmly opposed by those of the Cabinet who differed, and when I was in the minority, I, of course, gave way. This happened very frequently on political questions, great and small-but it happened always on points that concerned me personally. For instance, on that very question of the pretended Programme of the Hôtel de Ville, I made incredible efforts to have it publicly and authoritatively refuted. I never could succeed; at last, wearied out by this neglect or delay, I took up my own defence, and wrote with my own hand an answer to the charge, which I signed Un Bourgeois de Paris, and intended to print, but I thought it right, out of a constitutional scrupulosity, to show it previously to Casimir Perier, then my first minister. Casimir Perier read my paper, and praised it highly. 'It was admirable, unanswerable.' Very well, said I, then let us have it printed. 'Printed!' exclaimed he, 'God forbid! What! subject the King's work, his name, his person, to polemic discussion!' But I don't give my name. 'What of that? It will me known immediately to be yours. In these days everything is known, particularly what one tries to conceal. Everybody will know that le Bourgeois de Paris is no less than His Majesty Louis Philippe, and then what attacks, what sarcasms!' You are right, I answered, but how then shall we publish the fact? for I am resolved not to lie any longer under this falsehood; it will grow to be a truth, and that I will not endure. The dignity of the Monarchy, of authority which needs respect even more than Perier, 'give me the paper, and I promise you shall have entire satisfaction.' Then you'll publish it? 'Yes, I'll publish it!' So that all France shall read it? 'All Europe! for I shall read it from the Tribune of the Chamber as part of a very important speech which I am preparing.' Excellent!—said I, this is much better than my own plan, and I thank you sincerely for the suggestion. Casimir Perier took my paper and put it into his portfolio-whence it never reappeared."—P. 24.

It is not, to us, at all surprising that Casimir Perier, and still more some of his colleagues, should have thought it very inconvenient to revive any discussion on the falsehoods promulgated at the Hôtel de Ville. But the King had often, he said, to complain of a like neglect when there could be no such excuse. There had been a long account current between the Civil List and the State, which the King wished to settle, and obtain a quietus. The Opposition, both in the Chambers and the newspapers, laid hold of

this affair to charge the King with an enormous fraud on the public.

"You remember," said the King to M. Lemoine, "the violent debates on the affair of the quietus, which afforded such a good opportunity for attacks on my cupidity—that vice from which even my friends do not venture to defend me, for the cupidity of King Louis Philippe is become a proverb. The Minister of Finance struck a balance by which it appeared that the King was indebted to the State in four millions of francs [£160,000.] M. de Montalivet, the Minister of the Civil List-who knew the real merits of the case-appealed from this decision to the Council of State, where it was strictly examined; and lo! that great affair, which had made so much noise, was never again heard of. Do you know why? Simply because the Council of State, after an investigation of the accounts, reduced the balance from £160,000 sterling against me to about £2,000 in my favor. When the Minister of Finance communicated this result to me, I asked him when he intended to bring forward this affair for the ratification of the Chamber? 'Never,' said he, 'for if I was to talk to the Chamber of the quietus, but still more, if I was to venture on such an audacity as to assert that we were £2,000 in your debt, we should find black balls enough in the ballot-box to overthrow on the spot the Ministry, of which I have the honor to be a part.' This was policy, ministerial policy, and you see what it has produced. It discredited the Monarch -it prepared the fall of the Monarchy. It traced a channel for the torrent of February, and you have seen with what facility this incredible overthrow was accomplished.

" Nay, you have seen that, even after my fall, which one might have expected to appease calumny, it still pursued me. We all left France in absolute penury—we had nothing: but the public press endowed me with millions, which foreseeing my misfortune, I had, forsooth, sent abroad to insure myself a golden exile. These gentlemen knew to within a few francs how many millions I had in America and in England. They had my bankers' names. They could point out the street in New York, nay, the Square in London, which I had bought with the immense savings of my Civil List! And—as such a foreign Crœsus could, of course, have no possible want of anything from France, they sequestered all my property—the patrimony, the private fortune of my children. Poor children! what had they done? Is there in France any one citizen, I say any one, high or low, who can love his country better than they do? Is there a soldier who has been more ready to shed his blood for it? But they were my sons-that was crime enough. Public vengeance required that those great criminals-the King, the Queen, and their children—the House of Orleans, in short, should suffer want in addition to exile. Well, this vengeance has been satisfied. We have suffered want. Not, good God! that in this noble country, which has afforded us refuge, we have not also had offers of whatever other assist-

ance we might need. These generous propositions crowded upon me, disguised under the kindest and most ingenious and most delicate forms-but I declined them all. I preferred its being known that King Louis Philippe, who had raised in Versailles so magnificent a monument to all the glories of his country, had been reduced -he and his-to suffer real privations, and that because the new Governors of France would satisfy themselves, before they restored a doit of his property, as to the full extent of the wealth of the European nabob. Sagacious curiosity! for it turned out on examination by impartial men -or who, at least, were no friends of minethat the parsimonious nabob had so strangely exercised his economical talents that he descended from the throne with, by their accounts, thirty millions [near a million and a quarter, sterling] of debt."-P. 29.

On this latter point we may add that the King has often been heard to say that, when he ascended the throne, he did not owe a We may also add that, subsequent to this conversation, he was authorized by law to contract a loan on the credit of his patrimonial estates for the immediate payment of his debts, bearing an interest of 5l. per cent., and a sinking fund which is to pay it off in eleven years. We are not informed of the details of this affair, but we have heard that, by the too ready admission of debts for which the King could not be equitably held responsible, as well as by other hard measures, the liquidation will be exceedingly and unjustly onerous to the House of Orleans. M. Lemoine thus concludes his narrative :--

I want words to describe the vivacity, the energy, the obvious and unmistakable sincerity of the King during the whole of this latter portion of the conversation. Sometimes the voice, usually so clear, faltered under an emotion which the noble old man strove in vain to conceal. Sometimes, too, his eyes filled-but it was a momentary feeling-the resolution of the King mastered the sensibility of the man. . . . While I was under the charm of this allocution, so abundant, so facile, so rich in its varied intonations, and so curious and interesting in its matter, General D ___ appeared to announce that Lord John. Russell was in the saloon. "A minister!" said the King, smiling; "I never kept one waiting in France, and still less will I do so here."

 leave of me with a gracious wish to see me again--P. 34.

That, however, did not happen. When M. Lemoine was about to return to Paris he repeated his visit—but to the Star and Garter Inn, at Richmond—where, however, he did not venture to ask to see the King, who was attending the bedside of the Prince de Joinville, then seriously ill from the cause before mentioned. M. Lemoine was somewhat scandalized at finding the Royal Family of France cooped up at an inn; but his indignation was much inflamed when he happened to return to Paris on the day of that "snowy, flowy, blowy"* fete of the Constitution.—"I had left royalty," he exclaims, "in a village inn, and I found M. Marrast under a canopy of state!"

We have made large extracts from this this little pamphlet, because we have reason to believe that, bating some little mistakes, from which the recollection of so long and varied a conversation could hardly be exempt, it is accurate enough in its general character and style; and we know that Louis Philippe was in the habit of talking very much in the same strain and spirit to other visitors when the conversation happened

to take the like turn.

His conversation was, however, as diversified as his visitors, and, amusing and often instructive to all, it was appropriate to each. His own life was a fruitful topic, on which he was always ready to speak with frankness, and with a singular indulgence to the curiosity or even the criticism of his auditors. Like kings much his inferiors in general powers, he had an excellent memory for family history, as well as for the events of his own long and varied times. His mere book learning he had not, it seems, much improved since his early days; but he was familiar with current literature, and surprised his English friends by a more accurate acquaintance with, and habitual quotation from, Shakspeare, than they had heard from any foreigner, or, indeed, from many well-educated Englishmen. the last few weeks of his life, M. M. Scribe and Halévy came to England to bring out their opera, founded on The Tempest. Louis Philippe had a fondness for the theatre, and took a great interest in this opera, not merely as a work of art, but for the sake of the authors, for one, at least, of whom it

seems he had some private motives of kindness. He received them at his bedside, at Claremont, and entered into all the details of their piece, and made a judicious critique on their work as compared with Shakspeare's original, some passages of which he explained to them; and he then ran through some other of Shakspeare's plays-Henry VIII. for instance—in which he saw great operatical capabilities, and he opened the matter so vividly to them, that we have heard that M. Scribe immediately set about realizing his idea. A little before these gentlemen took their leave, an English visitor came in, with whom he continued in English the conversation on Shakspeare, with a feeling for the poet's characteristic excellences which his auditor would probably never have suspected but for his accidental arrival when the subject happened to be on the

In truth, the King both spoke and wrote English with singular correctness. There are sentences in the account of his escape, in our last March number, which were entirely written by him, and which are not, in point of Anglicism, distinguishable, we think, from the rest. He certainly had acquired a more idiomatic use of English than any we ever knew of the many thousand emigrants whom the first revolution threw upon our shores. This may be specially attributed to the early proficiency that he attained in our language under the judicious direction of Madame de Genlis, (though she herself hardly knew three words of English,) and from his subsequent residences in America and England. But he had a natural and general turn for languages. He spoke, we are assured, like a native, German, Italian, and Spanish; and we have heard that last year, at a private concert, he surprised Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, by making her a compliment in very good Swedish. We have heard a curious anecdote, which was brought to light by a gentleman's jocularly calling him Mr. William Smith, in allusion to his having made his escape from France in that character, which his knowledge of English enabled him to support so well. "Oh!" said the King, gayly, "I have another and earlier English name: I am also Mr. George White, at your service." "How so, sir?" "Why, after the Hundred Days, I drew up a relation of my own share in the transactions of that time, and I wished to have it printed for a very limited and confidential circulation to a few friends. So I had a press set up in my house at Twickenham, and hired a couple of

^{*} Our early friend Mr. George Ellis's translation of the Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose of the Republican calendar.

journeymen printers, who worked it under lock and key; but after all these precautions, I was taken quite aback, by being told that if any single copy should get, either by treachery or negligence, into strange hands, the volume might be reprinted and published with impunity; and that the only remedy for this was to enter the book at Stationers' Hall. So I lost no time in hastening to Stationers' Hall, where for, I think, the fee of two shillings, I entered my work as the property of George White, of Twickenham."

This is the work of which some copies were found in the sack of the Tuileries by the mob, which the poor Archbishop of Paris especially eulogized for its "respect for property;" and one, falling into the hands of a printer, has been republished in two volumes, under the title of "Mon Journal—Evénemens de 1815, par Louis Philippe d'Orléans, Ex-

Roi des Français."

But we must return to Louis Philippe's daily life in his exile. After some hours thus employed in receiving visits or on business, he took, in fine weather, a walk-frequently a long one-with the Queen, and almost in all weathers a drive with her Majesty and one of her ladies-ordinarily in an equipage only remarkable for its plainness. Amongst the first remittances of property that he received from France was one of his handsome carriages; but that was seldom used. half-past six dinner was served—in the first days, like all the rest of his domestic establishment, of extreme frugality—which he alludes to in his conversation with M. Lemoine. Subsequently it was like a good country gentleman's table-plenty of plain good things, but no ostentation or profusion. All his children and grandchildren, even the very youngest, dined at the same time and table with him. He had something particularly fatherly in his character, and was never so happy as when he had his children about him. It was something new to a visitor's eye to see all these children, two or three of them almost infants, sitting at table intermixed with the elder members of the royal family, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and a few English and many French occasional guests. King (whether from an early imitation of English manners, we know not) always carved (as he used to do at the Tuileries) the piece de resistance, and seemed to take a kind of good-humored pride in the dexterity and attention with which he helped everybody all round the table. He himself was moderate, though not abstemious, both in eating and drinking; and immediately at the

end of the dessert all moved from table at a movement by the Queen, and followed their Majesties into the saloon.

When there, coffee was immediately served, and afterwards a tea-table. was the joyous hour for the children. One of the elder Princes would amuse them with some new toy-a magic lantern, a lottery, or some general game-or they would riot about the room, and escalade and storm the King's chair as if it were a breach in a fort-This seemed to delight the King. The Queen, the Princesses, and the ladies worked at a round table: sometimes her Majesty had a table of whist. The King generally sat in another part of the room, and either read the newspapers or conversed -especially with any visitor. If amidst the vast variety of his conversation a doubt should happen to occur on any topic, he would appeal to the excellent memory and judgment of the Queen, on which he seemed to place the most entire reliance, or to such one of the Princes as he thought likely to be best acquainted with the topic in hand;-to the Duke de Nemours on general subjects of policy-to the Duke d'Aumale on points of antiquity, or literature, or of Africa-to the Prince de Joinville on naval or mechanical matters, or places that he had happened to He seemed to take a see—and so on. pleasure in bringing forward the special accomplishments of each, and they in general answered his appeals with an intelligence and accuracy that justified his paternal pride, which was evidently one of his strongest feelings. It was impossible to be half an hour in his company without seeing some indication of his remarkable respect for the Queen and affection for his children.

In spite of the heavy thoughts that must have weighed upon his mind, his conversation had a strong tendency to cheerfulness and even gayety; and he enlivened even graver topics by a ready abundance of pleasant illustrations and anecdotes of all the remarkable men he had seen or known—and he had seen and known every man who has made any figure in the world for the last seventy years; except, we believe, Buonaparte—about whom, however, he had a considerable store of anecdotes.

He was, chiefly perhaps from his original temper, but partly no doubt from the vicissitudes of his own life, very lenient in his opinions of others, and placable even towards his enemies. One unpremeditated and unostentatious instance of this feeling is worth preserving. One evening at Claremont

when the French papers had brought an account of the National Assembly's having passed the law of banishment against the House of Orleans—a measure which every individual of the family felt to be "the unkindest cut of all "-the person who was reading the paper began with, of course, the list of the majority who had carried the vote of exclusion, and very soon came to a name that ought not to have been on that side; at this name one of the Princes made an exclamation of surprise and indignation-"Comment-celui-la?" The King quietly interposed, saying to the reader, " Laissez la cette liste; passez à ceux qui ont voté pour nous"-(and turning to the Princes), "oublions les autres."

His body had always been as vigorous as his mind. He had of late years begun to stoop a little; but he was remarkably active and firm on his limbs, and showed more of the peculiar vivacity of his country in his movements than, we think, in any other point. This, as well as his nice tact and courteous temper, was strongly shown by a visit which he paid to Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor in the winter of 1848. When the illness of the Royal Family rendered it advisable to remove from Claremont, Sir Robert had, very considerately, placed Drayton at their disposal; the King, though he did not accept the offer, was very grateful for such an attention, and thought he could not more appropriately acknowledge it than by a visit, which would afford Sir Robert the opportunity of showing him the place itself, of the creation of which, and the collection of the works of art it contained, he was justly proud. Accordingly, and to mark the compliment more strongly, he made the journey and back-about 260 miles-in one day: almost the shortest of the year, the 18th of December, leaving Claremont in the morning and returning at night-a great effort for a man of seventy-five!

This state of strength, health, and spirits seemed, to ordinary observers at least, unimpaired till about the end of February last, when he was slightly indisposed, and removed to Richmond for change of scene. He returned to Claremont in March, apparently much improved; in the first week of May, however, he was seized with a general debility, but particularly of the legs, which, without any considerable pain of any diminution of his mental activity, had so immediate an effect on his countenance, that a person who revisited him after a week's absence was much shocked with the change. He for a

short time kept his bed; but he seemed to rally again, and on the 22d May removed for a few weeks to St. Leonard's; and as no positive complaint was apparent but the weakness of his legs, and that his spirits and general health seemed to maintain themselves, there was no very serious alarm felt, or at least publicly avowed—though certainly his physicians and his confidential attendants had been from the beginning of the year apprehensive that there was some organic disease; and it is to the impression of some immediate danger that must be attributed the visits paid to St. Leonard's in the course of the month of June by MM. Thiers, Guizot, and Duchâtel; but even those gentlemen left England, we believe, with hopes that the danger had been exaggerated, and that a recovery was probable. On the 18th July he left St. Leonard's for London, where he was particularly anxious to assist at the first communion of the young Count de Paris. The ceremony-which took place in the French Chapel on the 20th of July-besides its high religious import, was striking. On one side of the choir were the venerable aspects of the King and Queen, with their numerous family and attendants; on the other, opposite to them, a number of young gentlemen of noble families-contemporaries and former play-fellows of the Prince -who had come expressly from France to be witnesses of the rite. It looked like a kind of inauguration of the heir of the monarchy. This was the last appearance of the King in anything like public. On his return to Claremont he seemed to improve; there was at least no visible increase of apprehension; though no doubt the fears of his more immediate attendants must have been little diminished. On the 23d he dined as usual with his family—for the last time.

On the evening of the 24th August a lady for whom the King had a particular regard dined at Claremont. He did not appear at table, but, anxious to show her attention, he came after dinner into the saloon, and conversed with his usual cheerful affability. But the exertion was too much for him; and just as he was about to retire from the saloon he fainted, but very soon recovered his senses, and being put to bed, had above ten hours of placid and refreshing sleep. He said he had never before in his whole life slept so long and so soundly. But it was doomed to be his last repose in this world.

About noon, on the 25th of August, his physician found that a sharp fever had supervened, and with great tact discovered at

once that the fatal hour was at hand. After a short deliberation, he resolved to communicate the intelligence to his patient, which he did in presence of the Queen. The King received the announcement with-for a moment-something of incredulous surprise and regret, but quickly recovered his sang-froid, and accepted his destiny with the calmness and resolution which had characterized his whole life. He remained alone with the Queen for some time: no one can tell what passed between that royal couple, than which there, perhaps, never existed one in any rank of life so long, so uninterruptedly, and so entirely happy in each other-bound together by so many domestic ties—by the participation of such exalted fortunes, and by the dearer trials of such reverses and vicissitudes. When at last one of the King's confidential attendants was permitted to enter the room, he saw the aged couple—the King sitting in his usual chair, and the Queen standing opposite to him-motionless and tearless, with eyes fixed on each other--like Not a word was spoken till the King, with a firm yet interrupted voice, said to him (we give the account in the very words repeated to us,) " Vous arez, sans doute, mon ami, appris ce qui vient de se passer . . . On m'a donné mon congé Il faut partir : . . . Il faut se séparer . . . Il parait que le bon Dieu va me rappeler à lui." This he repeated with an increasing tenderness of voice two or three times. He then recollected that about four months before he had been writing some notes—relative (we believe) to his return to France in 1814—and said that he had stopped in the middle of an anecdote which he wished to have finished. He asked for the bunch of keys he always wore, and told General Dumas, who was now at his bedside, to go to such a cabinet where he should find the paper. The General seemed not to know which key to use, upon which the King said with a smile, "I could never teach you to distinguish my keys," and, taking the bunch with a trembling hand that did not answer to the energy of the mind, he took off the key, and gave the General exact directions as to the shape and place of the paper. When the paper was brought, the King said, "My hand is already too cold to write, but I will dictate to you." The General sat down at the bedside and began to write; and then followed two small incidents which showed the perfect -the minute-possession of his faculties even in this supreme moment. Without looking at the paper, or asking what was the

last word he had written, now four months since, he went on with his narrative with the very next word that the sense required; and when he saw the General writing, as he thought, on his own original paper, he said, "You are not writing on my manuscript, I hope;" but the General showed him that it was a loose sheet which he had only placed on the manuscript to enable him to hold it more steadily. We have gathered that the anecdote itself was of no great importance, and was one which he had often told; but in the manuscript it had broken off in the middle of a sentence, and as it completed a chapter of his Memoirs, he did not choose to leave

it imperfect.

When this affair, which occupied but a short time, was over, he dictated to the Queen a kind of codicil to his will, "to leave testimony of his affectionate remembrance of the services of some of the oldest and most faithful of his friends, followers, and servants." He then announced his desire to receive the Sacraments of the Church—caused his chaplain, the Abbé Guelle, to be summoned—and desired that all his children and grandchildren then at Claremont, with his and their attendants, and in short the whole household, should be assembled to witness these last acts of devotion; and in their presence "he discharged," says the official announcement of the event, "all the duties of religion with the most perfect Christian resignation, a stoical firmness, and a simplicity which is the real evidence of human greatness." The Queen and all their children remained for a long time, kneeling, weeping, and praying around the bed, the King appearing perfectly sensible and tranquil, and recognizing with a look of affection every eye that occasionally was raised to him. The fever increased in the night, but did not in the slightest degree affect his mental composure: nay he seemed at one moment to feel so much better as to give a gleam of hope, which he accepted with alacrity. About four o'clock in the morning of the 26th he called his physican, and said "En vérité, Docteur, je me trouve bien-je crois que vous vous trompez, et que je ne partirai pas cette fois-ci." The Doctor's answer was only to feel his pulse and to shake his head; but the King replied with some vivacity, "Ah, mon cher Docteur, ceci n'est pas un fair trial (so), car je viens de tousser, et cela agite le pouls"-so clear was his mind and so tenacious of hope. These were nearly the last words he spoke; but even after he ceased to speak, his eye distinguished benignantly the persons around. At length he closed his eyes, and after an hour of sighs, but with no apparent pain, he expired (at 8 A. M.), still surrounded by his family and friends. "It est mort," repeated to us an eye-witness of the scene, "comme un Chrétien doit mourir—comme un sage et un soldat savent mourir."

It was observed as a kind of consolation, that he did not expire on the 25th—the day of St. Louis, a great family festival—the fète, indeed, of his whole race, of all that have borne, or are to bear, the name of Louis—over which his death on that day would have thrown a long and gloomy shade.

His remains were conveyed on Monday, the 2nd of September, with as little parade as possible, to a private Roman Catholic chapel at Weybridge, and there deposited temporarily, in the expectation that the reproach to an ancient republic may not be in this case applicable to France—"Ingrata patria, ne quidem ossa habebis," but, on the contrary, agreeably to the hope expressed in the inscription on their present resting-place-"Hic jacent donec in patriam, avitas inter cineres, Deo adjuvante, transferentur"-that they may be hereafter conveyed to the Chapel of Dreux, which his piety had raised over the remains of his maternal ancestors, where he had already laid some of his children, and where he hoped that he himself, his partner, and their descendants, might ultimately re-

Some sensation was made by the sympathy evinced by the Count de Chambord ordering the celebration of the rites of the Church for the soul of his deceased kinsman; -this was decent and becoming, and what might be expected—but a still more serious one has been produced by masses spontaneously celebrated in several parts of France-at Versailles, in the cathedral of Amiens, and many other important places, but, above all, one ordered by General Changarnier in the Chapel of the Tuileries, and attended by a number of the most distinguished men in France, under circumstances that give it, as well as other demonstrations, considerable political importance as a solemn protest against the Revolution.

The singular anxiety to finish the anecdote which he had been writing has given rise to an idea that he has left a Journal, day by day, of his whole life. This we understand is not exactly so. Our readers know that one of the points of the singular but admira-

ble education that Madame de Genlis gave Louis Philippe and his brother was to teach them to examine and regulate their mind and conduct by the keeping of a Journal; and this Louis Philippe had done, not, we suppose, continuously, not even perhaps for the greater part of his busy life, but for particular periods—during seasons either of peculiar interest or of unusual leisure. A fragment of his early Journal, extending from the autumn of 1790 to the summer of 1791, was lost or stolen in the tumults and pillage of the first Revolution, as the memoirs of 1815 have been in the late one, and, like these, were published by an illegitimate possessor. That most curious little tract had become very rare—so rare, indeed, that Louis Philippe himself had not a copy, till a friend of ours lately presented him the copy from which we ourselves had made a translation, which was published in extenso in our article on The Personal History of Louis Philippe. (Quar. Rev. vol. lii.) The King had also written and printed the Journal of the Hundred Days, just mentioned; and we were permitted to see and make extracts in our last March Number from his Journal of February and March, 1848. It is known, too, that during his residence at Claremont, as at former intervals of repose, he amused himself in recording his recollections; but no information has yet transpired of the extent (either as to bulk or time) of what he may have left -beyond the conjecture (which is, however, only founded on an accidental expression of his which was repeated to us some months ago) that the portion which he was so anxious to complete related to his return to France in 1814. We confess, however, that we have in any case less curiosity about recollected memoirs than about those written from day to day in the frankness of youth, or under the vivid impression of the living events. The former class must inevitably partake somewhat of a more partial or perhaps controversial character. But whatever Louis Philippe may have left, it will still be curious and valuable as the production of so powerful a mind, always engaged in, and for a long period actually directing, the most extraordinary series of events in the history of the modern world. Its publication, however, must be of course a matter of great delicacy, and of mature deliberation, and we have not as yet heard even a rumor on the subject.

From the English Review.

HUNGARY AND THE HUNGARIANS.

Ar any other moment than that of the late apparently imminent triumph of democracy throughout Europe, and overthrow of all thrones and time-honored institutions; when Vienna's self lay, or had but just lain, at the mercy of a triumphant mob; when red republicans were trumpeting far and wide the inauguration of the new era of Equality; at any other moment, we say, the fall of the gallant Hungarian nation beneath the arms of invading Russia would have called forth a burst of indignant execration from the whole of the civilized world; an execration, which would probably not have exhausted itself in cries and groans, but have demanded and enforced, arms in hand, the just liberties of Hungary, driving back the interloping vassals of the Czar to the boundless steppes of their barbaric territory.

There can be no doubt whatever that n the main question at issue betwixt the house of Hapsburg and the Hungarian nation, or let us say the Magyars, the latter had right on their side; and that despotic power alone has crushed Hungary, as it once did Poland, almost without a semblance of law or of rea-

We repeat that England, more especially, and the English nation, were prevented from protesting against Russian intervention, and enforcing that protest by arms, mainly by the almost universal dread of democratic violence which prevailed throughout the educated classes of this country, and which, for the time being, was even a stronger feeling than our national hatred of despotism and sympathy with freedom—sympathy, let us say, with a bold and gallant nation defending its hereditary liberties, secured to it by as honored and as time-worn a charter as our own. We believe that at a calmer era England would not have suffered this oppression of Hungary, one of the oldest constitutional monarchies in Europe, with political institutions bearing the strongest affinity to our own. But the whole "situation" was so complicated and peculiar that our national sympathies were weakened, nay, well nigh annihilated, for the time; so l

that the nation, upon the whole, was best content to be a passive looker on, and not to interfere in any of the foreign quarrels betwixt kings and people.

And who that remembers the alarming prospects of that hour can feel suprise at this circumstance? In France republicanism was triumphant; red republicanism seemed near the goal of victory; in Italy almost every ruler, save the King of Naples, had for the time been virtually or formally deposed and banished; in Germany most of the minor princes in a body had resolved to abandon their hereditary dominions; Dresden and Berlin had been saved from republican sway only after many days' fighting in the streets, and in the latter city the king had been compelled to throw himself upon the mercy of the mob; even in the capital of civilized autocracy, (for Russia is "hors de ligne,") even in Vienna, the old system was overthrown; the revolutionists, arms in their hands, had obtained possession of the city, from which its emperor had fled; in fact, throughout Europe the total overthrow of order appeared imminent, and the supremacy of red republicanism—anarchy of the most fearful nature appeared to be the danger of the time.

Upon the whole, therefore, the educated classes of this country, though they knew that much of oppression was implied in autocratic sway, desired to see the democratic movement stayed throughout the world at whatever cost; to have these billows of popular emotion cast back for a while from the rock of authority; and they made up their minds to the infliction of wrong in some particular cases, rather than that all the monarchies of Europe should be crushed by the impending storm.

And thus it came to pass that the Hungarians and the Romans were alike treated with the grossest injustice, and suffered to be thus treated without any effectual protest from our nation. It was difficult, it seemed impossible, to isolate these cases amidst the general whirl of events, when the first principles of all law and government lay at stake,

when crowns were shattering, mobs yelling, blood flowing in streams from fiercest civil strife. At such an hour, what could the Goddess of Freedom do but blush, and stand, her face averted, listing unwillingly to the echoes of such a strife? And, perhaps, this attitude best befitted England, as freedom's representative, at that stern hour.

In politics, especially in foreign politics, we rarely seem able to do that which is positively best; there is no such best to find; we must be contented to choose the lesser of

two evils!

The issue of that great struggle was the temporary restoration of order, coupled, almost of necessity, with many minor acts of injustice, the very worst of which, perhaps, was the robbery of those rights and liberties of the Hungarian nation, which they had enjoyed for the last four centuries; not undisturbed, indeed, but still recognized on the whole, even by the House of Hapsburgh, and gloried in by the Magyar race. Yet we are bound to admit, that the question as between Hungary and Austria was one of a somewhat complicated nature; and we may as well add that our views of the subject are not derived from the study of the works recently published on the subject, which are productions of an essentially partisan character, and only show one side of every question at issue.

So much, however, is certain; Hungary has enjoyed a free constitution for at least four centuries, for the last three of which the princes of the House of Hapsburg have been its constitutional sovereigns, much after the fashion in which the Electors of Hanover, despotic in their own hereditary dominions, were the constitutional rulers of this country. The difference betwixt the two cases lay mainly in this: that while Hanover was a petty territory,—insignificant, when compared with the British empire,the hereditary possessions of the House of Hapsburg, on the other hand, surpassed Hungary in extent and importance. they could scarcely be said to do in 1549, when Ferdinand of Austria first mounted the Hungarian throne, by virtue of a false and a surreptitious election, not recognized by the nation; for Hungary had formally chosen another sovereign, John Zapolya, but finally acceded to Ferdinand's election, from the dread of a Turkish invasion, which necessarily combined all arms against the infidel.

Gradually the House of Austria prosper-

Austria became a mighty empire; Hungary, though still an important monarchy, was scarcely competent singly to cope with that empire, though the spirit of its people was never damped: and her national parliaments continued to meet and make laws, though at somewhat lengthy intervals. It was natural, it was unavoidable, that the House of Hapsburg, reigning in Austria with autocratic sway, should not willingly accept the "rôle" of constitutional sovereigns in their neigbor land: they would naturally regard with animosity those institutions which were so utterly opposed to their own Austrian course of procedure; and their efforts were sure to be directed toward the gradual, not overthrow, but rather the desuetude and disuse of those more liberal institutions.

Aristocratic these institutions were, in the highest degree. The Magyars were a conquering race in Hungary; say, some three millions in number: three or four millions more of Wendes or Sclaves lived around them, who were regarded and treated as serfs, as conquered races. Again, out of the three millions of Hungarians, only those of noble, or rather, as we should express it, of gentle blood, were competent to be electors; but then there were districts in which the whole male population, peasants and all, were counted noble in this sense, so that there were several hundreds of thousands of these citizen-nobles in the

country.

There were many abuses connected with this order of things, but so far we recognize no abuse; on the contrary, we pronounce this a most admirable form of polity. It is necessary for the liberties of any country that a portion of its citizens only should be entrusted with the suffrage; and that portion should, if possible, include representatives of all classes of society, as it did in Hungary. We have omitted to mention that the chamber of Magnates corresponded precisely with our Upper House, and was formed of exactly similar materials, many of the noblest families in Hungary not possessing what we call the Peerage. two great evils then existing were, that the class of electors, or so-called nobles, though several hundred thousands in number, paid no taxes; and that serfage was allowed to exist almost under its mediæval aspect. The consequence of these institutions, however, taken for all in all, was the existence of a free-spirited, noble-hearted aristocracy; not a limited oligarchy, like that of Venice; ed, and spread their "stakes" abroad: not a betitled and bedizened class, corresponding to the mock nobility of Germany, with its endless counts and barons; but a large and numerous body of freemen in all classes of society, from the Esterhazies and their fellows downward; the noblest aristocracy indeed in the world, save that of England's gentry and nobility, and fit to challenge

admiration by the latter's side. They who have lived for years in Austria's capital, as we have done, could not but be struck by the enormous contrast (generally speaking) betwixt the Hungarian gentleman, and the Austrian or German noble. latter was, at least, in too many cases, a serf in soul, despite his titles and his titular dignities: the former was a freeman! You saw it in his eyes, in his erect head, his bold and easy gait, his frank, manly, pleasant manner of speech. An Englishman's heart must always warm to a true Hungarian: he recognizes his fellow in an instant. have stood on the race-course at Vienna, among the leaders of Viennese fashion (almost invariably Hungarians), both male and female; and, could we have closed our eyes, we might have supposed ourselves on the grand stand at the Derby: so thoroughly English, in the best sense, was the style and manner of the company there assembled. The Hungarian lady cannot be mistaken for any other than a daughter of the free. Compare her with the languishing Russian "grande dame," or the comparatively heavy and plebeian German fair; and oh, the difference! These high and free and open foreheads, those dark and sparkling eyes, that graceful majesty of motion, all proclaim the children of a free-born race; and, the consequence is, that the Englishman, even the stiffest, feels himself comparatively at ease with them; he is, as it were, at home again! And this, which is true of Hungary's daughters, holds, as we have indicated, yet more distinctively, perhaps, of her sons; the difference is still more marked between these, and the men, the noblemen of Austria; for the women of a country generally suffer the least from the servile political institutions which may therein prevail; these do not come home to them; they feel the chain far less! A Hungarian gentleman was and is a gentleman; and this says much! We scarcely know where you will find another such upon the conti-The French marquis of the old school has delightful manners in his way, we grant; grace, and seeming "bonhommie," and smiling courtesy; and again, the Italian noble may be impulsive and interesting, and the

Spanish grandee magnificent (though we fancy that race has well-nigh passed away), and the German of the higher classes may be polished, well-informed, decidedly agreeable; the German of the far north even, bluff, and hearty; but the thorough gentleman, in tone and manners, as we understand that term, can or could be found, in perfection at least, out of England, in Hungary alone.

Of course, there was bitter and continuous warfare betwixt this aristocracy and the House of Hapsburg. Despotism or autocracy always hates aristocracy, and it has ever been its policy to unite, if needful, with the mob against their betters in the social scale. Thus the House of Hapsburg in Hungary has played a partly despotic and partly democratic game: it has striven to inflame the Wendes and Sclaves, the conquered races, against the Magyars; and again, the peasantry against the nobles; and finally, "by hook or by crook," as we may say, it has succeeded in its aims; -- it has overthrown the aristocracy of Hungary, and established its own real dominion under partially democratic forms.

From the little we have said, however, it must be abundantly evident to our readers, supposing them to have been previously acquainted with the subject, that this question of internecine warfare betwixt Austria and Hungary was one of an exceedingly complicated character; nor have we yet mentioned those more peculiar circumstances which enhance the difficulty of arriving at a really distinct conclusion on this subject. Let us, as briefly as possible, with the omission of all needless dates and details, recount the lead-

ing events of the last few years.

As the demand for more liberal institutions in Germany became more and more alarming, the Austrian government became, as of necessity, more and more hostile to the Hungarian constitution, with its parliaments, double houses, open elections, free right of speech, &c.; it strove, but of course in a great measure ineffectually, to draw the "cordon" tighter betwixt Hungary and Austria, and prevent national intercommunication of thought and action. Thus it was absolutely forbidden to report the Hungarian debates; and the sale of any MS., or printed document purporting to contain such debates, was punishable, and punished with several years' imprisonment. A "précis" or summary of these debates was forwarded however to the Austrian ministers; and of this we for some time obtained the perusal at

Vienna, and were exceedingly struck with the high tone and spirit of the speakers, both ministerial and opposition: for there were two parties there, as there are in all constitutional states; one of which was disposed to condemn every measure of the Austrian government, and the other to palliate or defend them. The liberal party in that country desired to extend the right of suffrage to the Sclaves and Wendes, Crotians, &c., a step to which the government party, from widely varying motives, was opposed. Those who were officially connected with Austria, and were in fact its creatures (comparatively few), had received their orders from Vienna, and acted accordingly; for, of course, nothing could be more fatal to the hopes of the Austrian government that they might ultimately overthrow the Hungarian polity, than to see the national breaches of Hungary alls oldered up, and the Sclavonian and Magyar races as one. But this Austrian party, alone and unsupported, would have been powerless indeed in the free Hungarian chamber of magnates. Many "old Tory" magnates supported and voted with them from natural hereditary aversion to the conquered races: from the love of the past and of the present: they were afraid of the partly despotic and partly democratic tendencies of the "Sclave" race; they feared that the democratic party, comparatively small, among the free Magyars, would be immensely strengthened by this extension of the suffrage to those who were in their eyes unworthy of it.

Perhaps this Tory party was wrong, but, at all events, there was a great deal to be advanced in favor of their views: the different Sclavonic races combined would numerically outnumber the Magyars, and would, as they believed, be ready, almost at any moment, to surrender up the long cherished liberties of their country to despotism; especially to the empire of the Czar, the natural head of all the Sclavonic races, a monarch under whom they might hope to become in their turn the conquerors of Europe. Let none of our readers therefore hastily condemn the obstruction party in Hungary under the old "régime," though they were thus induced to fight under the same banner with Austrian officials, whom they hated. We incline to think that they were wrong, and that Count Szecheny, then the leader of the liberal aristocratic opposition, was in the right; that amidst the whirl of events around them, the constitution of Hungary could not remain "in statu quo;" that it was needful for its

lovers and admirers to extend its privileges to others, or to lose all themselves. The risk was no doubt great of entrusting the hostile "Sclaves" with power; but it had become needful, as it seems to us, to run this risk, to avoid a civil war betwixt races, from which Austria and despotism could alone have profited.

Accordingly, by degrees, after long and angry debates extended throughout several years, the liberal party triumphed, despite the "Tories" at home and Austrian influence. Croatia received a constitution; the Croatians became electors; other real abuses were swept away; the Magyar nobles even consented to be taxed; and all seemed to promise fair for Hungary. In time, perhaps, the animosities of races might have died out, and Hungary might have then become one of the noblest kingdoms upon earth.

But now fell the thunderbolt! Paris gave the signal: the greater part of Europe followed it. Vienna even was in the hands of the mob. At that hour Hungary stood firm to the House of Hapsburg: all its hereditary Tory loyalty burst forth in a clear flame; it entreated the Emperor to take up his abode at Pesth, where he already reigned in the hearts of his faithful subjects. But Austrian despotism, driven from Vienna, would not seek a dwelling in hated Pesth: Ferdinand fled with his court to the Tyrol. And now began the exhibition of the most hateful system of duplicity to be met with perhaps throughout the annals of history. Stephen, son of the former Archduke Palatine, who for forty years had swayed Hungary as the Austrian viceroy, to the satisfaction of all men, started for Hungary, ostensibly to place himself at the head of the gallant Magyars, and secure order throughout the land, really and truly to strike a death-blow, if possible, at that very moment, at the Hungarian constitution—a constitution almost identified in the thoughts and feelings of the Austrian

at home.

Accordingly, secretly, with ever-to-be-execrated perfidy, Austrian gold was lavishly employed to induce the Croatians to rise against the Magyars, though there was not the slighest shadow of a plea for such injury, the Sclavonic races having been at last intrusted with all the constitutional rights and privileges so long withheld from them. Naturally enough, the events of the last two years could not be supposed to have eradicated a hatred of races which had subsisted for centuries. On this the Austrians calcu-

ministry with their own "red republicans"

lated; a civil war in Hungary, on whatever pretext, was what they aimed at, which might give them an excuse for intervening and extinguishing the liberties of that country. This was an audacious policy on their part, adopted when their tenure of power at home was in the highest degree endangered, likely indeed to be taken from them from hour to hour. But the extreme of danger prompts audacity. Where everything was to be lost, all also, they thought, might be gained; and so it has been for awhile! They knew that bewildered Europe, especially France and England, not understanding Hungarian politics, might suppose the question was simply one betwixt monarchy and democracy, and so would stand on one side as spectators, which they actually did. cordingly, as we have said, they sent spies and emissaries among the Croatians, to stir them to civil warfare, and they found a fitting tool for their vile purposes in a popular idol called Jellachich, a sensual, vulgar roysterer, and fool into the bargain, capable of being deluded into the idea that the Magvars were at that moment the Croatians' direct enemies; for, though vanity may have greatly influenced this man, we do not suppose him to have been the mere creature of Austrian titles and Austrian gold. This Jellachich, then, Baron Joseph Jellachich, (may his name survive for everlasting infamy!) was appointed by the Austrian government, unexpectedly, to the utter surprise of all the world, the Ban of Croatia, a kind of viceroy. They had no right whatever to make this appointment without the consent of Hungary; but when it was made, the Hungarian parliament and ministry, with the most unsuspecting confidence, being cajoled by the youthful Stephen, recognized Jellachich at once as Ban. The next step of this Austrian "employé" was to absorb all power in himself, to arrest all opposing magistrates, to talk loudly of liberty and equality, and to proclaim martial law against all men who held any friendly communion with the Magyars. Not satisfied with this, he convoked a so-called "parliament" of his creatures, and actually commenced a civil war, as we have said, without the slightest tangible shadow of a pretext.

And how acted the Austrian government?
—how the youthful Stephen? Loudly and indignantly they repudiated all the acts of Jellachich: nay, they went further; they declared that he had forfeited his viceroyalty; they summoned him to lay down arms; they pronounced him a traitor! Secretly, all this while, they were in close communion with

him: he was acting throughout solely and exclusively by their directions! Will such perfidy be credited by an English reader? But the farce was carried further yet. The Archduke Stephen placed himself at the head of the Hungarian or Magyar army to oppose the invading Jellachich. He departed from Pesth amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of a confiding nation, the most loyal-hearted race on earth. Within a week he had secretly deserted his army and fled to Vienna, leaving it without a leader, hoping it might then fall an easy prey.

Now, at last, the eyes of the Magyars were opened: the Austrian creatures, whom they had suffered to head them in the first conflicts, and who had invariably betrayed them, were dismissed, and a Magyar general, Moga, took their place. A battle ensued, in which Jellachich and his Croatians were utterly defeated: he fled, ignominiously deserting his van-guard, ten thousand of whom fell into the hands of the Magyars. However, with his remaining forces, he joined Windischgrätz, and, appearing before revolutionized Vienna, reconquered it for the Austrian sway and the old "régime;" for as to the bother about constitutional forms, which was then persisted in by the government, we have since learnt to know that this was only "words," and that the House of Hapsburg will stand or fall by autocracy. Meanwhile, will it be believed that the Austrian government, throwing off the mask, had the audacity at this crisis formally to condemn the Magyars for daring to defend themselves against Jellachich; that they commissioned Count Lamberg, an Austrian officer, to dissolve the Hungarian parliament, and further appointed him to the post of commander-inchief of the Hungarian army! One scarcely knows how to credit such monstrosities.

Then it was that Magyar indignation burst all bounds. Lamberg was torn to pieces on the bridge at Pesth by the mob, he presuming to make a public entrance for the avowed purpose of disarming the nation, and laying them at the feet of their enemies, and this act of popular fury was the signal for the war betwixt Austria and Hungary.

What were the fortunes of this war, our readers no doubt already know: we cannot undertake to follow them. For a little while Austria appeared victorious, but then the Magyar nation arose in its strength,—those noble four millions of men; all internal feuds and dissensions were forgotten for a while; under the valorous leaders and generals, who have earned themselves such bloody laurels

in this war,—Klapka, Georgey, Bem, Dembinsky, Guyon,—the Hungarians were everywhere victorious, and their far more numerous adversaries were actually driven from the field of conflict. The Austrians altogether evacuated Hungary. Then, at that crisis, an advance on Vienna might have given a totally different termination to the war. But it was not to be: wisely, perhaps, it was ordained, that despotism should triumph rather than democratic anarchy. For, unfortunately, the internal politics of Hungary, under Kossuth's direction, (an enthusiast, but not a practical man,) had assumed more and more of a democratic aspect. A republiceven a democratic republic-was madly proclaimed, owing, in no small measure, to Polish influence, but mainly, we fear, to the folly of Kossuth. The aristocracy was thereby, in a great measure, alienated from this popular conflict for life or death: many Hungarians were afraid to fight for their country, when the presumed issue was to be the triumph of the mob, or the dictatorship of the dreamer Kossuth. Thus, too, and thus only, a fair excuse was given to the Austrian government for the calling in of Russian assistance against a democratic and republican, an essentially anti-monarchical movement! That assistance was not refused. How should it be under such circumstances? Austria and Russia's steel-clad legions advanced simultaneously from various quarters on a land torn with internal divisions, with its best and wisest, its proper leaders driven from the national councils, and a Kossuth elevated in their stead!

Kossuth seems at this time to have monopolized all power as dictator; as far, that is, as the various generals would obey his orders, which was not often. There was little concerted action among them. Georgey felt an aversion to Kossuth, which he scarcely concealed; perhaps aimed at being himself dictator one day. At all events, all went wrong thenceforth. The Hungarians fought gallantly, indeed, perhaps more gallantly than ever: they won one or two pitched battles; but they were fighting on the retreat, and every day their position grew more difficult. Georgey, from what motives it is difficult to ascertain, unless the mere love of counteracting Kossuth influenced him, (for we do not suspect him, we cannot, and will not, of being a predetermined traitor,) placed himself and his "corps d'armée" in the most dangerous position, risking all upon one desperate battle, which he lost; and then he surrendered at discretion, the remaining generals being

all, with the exception of Klapka, simultaneously defeated in various quarters. the war was virtually at an end. Klapka still held the fortress of Komorn gallantly, and succeeded, through his moral courage and resolution, in making good terms for himself and his garrison,—and Hungary lay at Austria's mercy. Many of her best and bravest, including a wise and gallant Batthyani, were mercilessly murdered: and then a calm ensued. The free and ancient monarchy had become a mere province of the Austrian empire: her aristocracy had lost their prerogatives, and almost their existence: the noblest nationality of Europe was to all appearance sacrificed, and despotism was

triumphant.

Will Hungary, will the Magyar race, ever arise from the dead? Have they really sacrificed their existence to this phantom of a democracy and democratic republic? Time will show. Our fear is, that this great cause, the cause of national freedom, espoused and represented by one of the noblest aristocracies on earth, has been trampled down for ever and a day by the combined forces of despotism and democracy, by a Kossuth and an Austrian government; and we suspect that the home enemy was the direr foe of the twain! Has not the nation lost all confidence in its natural leaders? Are not those who are unwilling to be the serfs of Austria too willing now to hoist the red cap of democracy? If it prove not so,—if the ancient institutions and liberties of the nation can revive,-we shall rejoice indeed: for, of all our natural allies, the Magyar race is by far the most conspicuous. Constitutional liberty and loyalty have been at once their glory. They were a free and a gallant people, among whom wisdom held sway; not the voice of a single tyrant majority, that direst foe to reason and to right. Not omnipotent amongst them were "the sweet voices" of "the tagrag and bobtail," which certain politicians regard as the sure dispensers of a millennium. Carlyle, who amidst his wordy nonsense sometimes stumbles upon a truth, may read such men a lesson: "Do you expect, my friends, that your indispensable aristocracy of talent is to be enlisted straightway by some sort of recruitment aforethought, out of the general population, arranged in supreme regimental order, and set to rule over us? That it will be got sifted, like wheat out of chaff, from the twentyseven million British subjects, that any ballot-box, reform bill, or other political machine, with force of public opinion never so

active on it, is likely to perform the said process of sifting? Would to Heaven that we had a sieve, that we could so much as fancy any kind of sieve, wind-fanners, or ne-plusultra of machinery, desirable by man, that would do it!" And again: "Liberty! The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out, the right path, and to walk therein. To learn, or to be taught, what work he actually was for; and then by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing of the same. That is his true blessedness, honor, "liberty," and maximum of wellbeing: if liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices; you violate his liberty you that are wiser, and keep him, were it in strait-waistcoats, away from the precipices. Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man is but a less palpable madman: his true liberty were, that a wiser man, that any and every wiser man could, by brass collars, or in whatever milder or sharper way, lay hold of him when he was going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter." Bene dixisti, Carlyle amice! Meanwhile, for lack of a little of such government of the wise, the foolish have ruined poor Hungary, at least for a while: let us trust and pray, not for ever!

We have been led to trace this rapid summary of the internal politics and the late progress of events in Hungary, by the perusal of the two works by Gen. Klapka and Thomas

Grieve Clark, recently published. Each has its value in its way, though one is dry, and the other somewhat inflated. Mr. Clark's style is ambitious, but his matter is deficient in sound sense, and he is deficient himself in correctness of perception: he sees nothing but what is on the surface, and even that he sees not over well. And yet his little book is animated, and in a measure picturesque; he certainly loves the Hungarian people, well, if not wisely; he has a clever chapter on the past history of Hungary, and he describes amusingly enough what he has witnessed himself. We must only guard our readers against drawing any conclusion from the assertions of so evident a partisan. The gallant Klapka is scarcely as ready with the pen as with the sword. The opening retrospective chapters in his work are exceedinly well written, though they are of course one-sided, and fail to give much needful information; but the rest of the matter is unfortunately dull and dry. And yet, the theme is truly a stirring one, and of course many valuable facts and documents will be discovered in these volumes, from which the future historian must draw his materials in no small part. Indeed, few good libraries should be without these memorials of the hero of Komorn.

And so, we bid adieu for awhile to Hungary. Gallant Magyar race, down-trodden and oppressed, our hearts are with thee still! thy time may come, and if it does come, old England will hope and pray, that Hungary

may do her duty!

DECLINE OF ROYAL AND NOBLE FAMILIES.— It has often occurred to us that a very interesting paper might be written on the rise and fall of English families. Truly does Dr. Borlase remark, that "the most lasting houses have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength: they have their spring and summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline, and death." Take for example, the Plantagenets, the Staffords, and the Nevilles, the three most illustrious names on the roll of English nobility. What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, in personal achievement, our Henrys and our Edwards? and yet we find the great-greatgrandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, following the craft of a cobbler at the little town of Newport, in Shropshire, in the year

1637. Besides, if we were to investigate the fortunes of many of the inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be discovered that the aspiring blood of Lancaster had sunk into the ground. The princely stream flowsat the present time through very humble Among the lineal decendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., king of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur Mr. Joseph Smart, of Halesowen, butcher, and Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley; and among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we may mention Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's, Hanover Square. -Burke's Anecdotes of the Peerage.

From the Eclectic Review.

THELYRICAL DRAMAS 0 F ÆSCHYLUS.

ART. IV.—The Lyrical Dramas of Æschylus, from the Greek. Translated into English Verse. By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Latin Literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen. Two Vols., small 8vo. London: J. W. Parker. 1850.

For a long time past, the English public has shown great apathy towards all attempts to reproduce Greek or Latin poetry in the English language; nor can we blame them for it. Any man of taste, who passes from the perusal of Spenser or Shakspeare, Scott or Byron, Crabbe or Wordsworth, to the current translations of old classical poets, is at rnce sensible that he has lost all the raciness of nature. In Sotheby's or Pope's Homer, in Dryden's or Pitt's Virgil, in Potter's Greek Tragedians, even in Carey's Pindar, the reader finds little that he can imagine characteristic of the original. It may seem that the great object of translators has been to smooth away and conceal precisely that which the English student most desires to detect, till they have superinduced lassitude on a public which was once curious and eager. It is difficult to renew our ancient zest for good translations; yet we trust it will be renewed. A most faithful, and generally very spirited, translation of Virgil has lately appeared, from the hand of Messrs. Kennedy (father and son;) but we fear it is little known, since it is in no publisher's hands, and (we suspect) is never advertised. Perhaps, also, the type is too expensive for a wide circulation. Indeed, perfect of its kind as is the beauty of Virgil, his poems have too little variety, and too little human interest, to be adapted to revive a slumbering passion. A more powerful and stimulating poet is wanted.

Such a poet is Æschylus. In him the English reader may discern how the creed of Homer underwent incipient purification deepening every moral element, while retaining, and even amplifying, its fantastic legends. In him we see the manly thought of Greece superinduced on its childish faith, before skepticism and doubt were awaken-

ing but triumphant Athens, who had not yet learnt to abuse her sudden exaltation, filled the patriot poet's soul with a pure ambition and a virtuous pride. But Æschylus, though influenced by the atmosphere of his nation's history, had a deeply-marked character of his own. Imagination and tender feeling, bold invention, pious reverence, and sober morality, combined in him with a musical ear, and the full command of a most musical language. His taste is somewhat gorgeous, and (as might be expected from such a mind,) his metaphors are occasionally overstrained. But even these blemishes the English reader has a right to know: they will not, in the long run, lessen his pleasure in the perusal, any more than in Shakspeare; and every such proof of faithfulness in the translator increases the reader's confidence that he is obtaining a real insight into the heart of the old Grecian. The importance of this must never be forgotten. No translator can hope to rival the melody and equal the beauty of his original; but, to make up for this inevitable defect, his work borrows interest from another side, being intrinsically historical in character. Only, to make good this interest, it must be felt to be faithful.

Professor Blackie has approached his selfimposed task with great zeal, vigor, and long preparation. We judge, by some papers of his in the Classical Museum, that he would in theory agree with all that we have been urging; but it is probable that he would desire to interpret the term faithfulness, so as to save it from the idolatry of the letter. He would remind us, that, not only do Greek and English words, when seemingly identical, often involve different collateral associations, or present the same thought in different prominence; but a metaphor, ed; while the glorious attitude of self-devot- which was barely unusual in Greek, may be most offensively harsh, or even unintelligible in English; and that to translate such a metaphor literally, is not always a "faithfulness." There are such cases, no doubt. When Æschylus says, that "plunderings are near-kinswomen to runnings about," Blackie judiciously and cleverly approximates to it, by the phrase, "Plunder, daughter of Confusion;" which entirely fulfills our notion of faithfulness in such matters. More delicate questions, however, arise out of metrical peculiarities; and in some parts of the question, we find ourselves more in agreement with Blackie's former views, as expressed in some earlier numbers of the "Classical Museum," than with those at which he appears finally to have arrived. But we must commence with the principles as to which we have entire harmony with him.

How mighty an influence on the whole spirit of a poem is exerted by metre, all thoughtful critics are aware; and those who have never before thought of it, will probably at once feel, that Milton himself could not have changed his "Paradise Lost" into a four-foot measure, without seriously altering the tone of his work. Of all preliminary questions, therefore, there is none more anxious for a translator than the metres which he shall adopt; especially since, if his metre is ill-proportioned to that of the original, it will induce him to amplify and weaken. But (Mr. Blackie has truly urged) the Germans, and Germanizers among ourselves, far too hastily infer that we should, in translating, conform strictly to the metres of the origi-In literal truth it is impossible; and the most elaborate attempts have been founded on misconception. (We allude especially to the pretended dactylic hexameters by which some would Anglify Homer.) But as the Greek dactyls were dactyls of quantity,* and the English dactyls are dactyls of accent, the two are not identical, but at best an analogy; against which Blackie further urges, what is to us a decisive remark, that the Greek dactylic metre was in common (or duplicate) time, while English dactyls yield generally triplicate time. one is the measure of a march, the other of a dance; so that in a fruitless aim at what on the surface looks like the ancient metre, we lose the deeper essence. Out of this seems to rise the inference that in all cases

we are to seek for a metre, which, being of suitable compass, possesses also the *æsthetic spirit* of that which we imitate; and this, when found, is to be adopted, whether it have or have not close analogies in the number of syllables, and in the relation of our accentual feet to its musical bars.

In regard to the common measure of the Greek tragedians, it is matter of universal consent that the English blank verse is its proper analogue; and the circumstance is instructive. The consent of which we speak is not founded on metrical or musical theory, but on poetical taste and feeling; at the same time, there is found so much likeness between the two metres, that both are called iambic, though differing as quantity from The unlikeness consists in there being six feet in the Greek, and only five in the English; and it is notable that, if we here attempt a closer identity, we defeat our object. The English Alexandrine (or sixfoot iambic) wants the variety of pause found in both the other metres; and it is decidedly less suited for the translator's purpose. This, we say, is an instructive fact. Meanwhile, the existing consent concerning the appropriate metre in itself implies a conviction that the problem of good translation is a feasible one; and that, if it has hitherto miscarried, our language is not so much to blame as those who applied it unskillfully. In point of fact, the best known translator of these poets—we mean Potter often has succeeded so well in this part of his task, that, if he were always equal to his best, there would here be no strong call for a new version.

A question of principle, which cannot be stifled, underlies all these attempts. When a close translation sounds tame (which often happens), what is to be done? Most translators then endeavor too rnament and elevate; since, if they cast the fault on the original, they do not expect to be believed; or they fear to deprecate their own choice of a task, if they blame their author. Yet, to attain the right theory does not here seem difficult. The best Greek and Latin models of style are very apt to appear to a modern bald and naked—nearly as the Doric and Ionic architecture by the side of our florid Gothic. In many cases, so far from adorning the original with beauties not its own, we must claim of the reader to judge it by another law, and, perhaps, even to remodel his own taste. To endeavor to pass off an ancient classic as a modern, is as unprofitable, and as absurd, as to be ashamed of the simplicity of Greek ar-

^{*} We are informed that the only living language in Europe which retains the musical principle of constructing metre by quantity alone, is the Magyar, or Hung arian.

chitecture. We do not say that it is so rich, deep, and magnificent, as its younger rival; but it is what it is, and must be judged of for itself.

At the same time, it is most necessary to ascertain whether the Greek is likely to have seemed to a Greek at all flat and prosaic. not, we must ask, wherein was it elevated above prose? By metaphor? or by rare diction? or by the mere order of words, or composition of the phrase? Should we have neglected any of these points, our translation is not so faithful as we have fancied; and its flatness is our own defect. And, undoubtedly, herein our language is, in comparison with Greek, so inflexible, that the difficulty is sometimes extreme. The elegant compounds and poetical forms which serve to elevate the Greek style, without even the expenditure of a metaphor, are often by us inimitable; and we are driven to some analogous artifice of diction. Waiving this, there is also a certain sprightliness in the simplicity of native language, hard for the foreigner to hit, which saves it from tameness when it has no high poetry. Imagine the task which a Frenchman would find it to translate Wordsworth's poems! To have a chance of success, when the original is simple, the translator must have a power of throwing his heart into the same state in which the author wrote; or, what is akin to this, he must have imbibed the forms of expression familiar to those English poets who have had a spirit very congenial to that of the foreign poet before him. This is, in fact, Mr. Blackie's strength. The idiom of Shakspeare breathes through the whole of his dialogue: not merely in the lighter parts, where it might seem a most advantageous aid against tameness, but in the pure and strong Æchylean portions, where we think him often Shaksperian to a fault.

It may be thought a paradox to imagine that Æchylus can ever have been like Wordsworth; but, if it be considered how large a part of the lyrical songs were helped out by gesture or dancing, as well as by music, the comparison may no longer seem far-fetched. Mr. Blackie has elaborately enforced the doctrine, that Æschylus did not write tragedies, in the modern sense; but lyrical dramas, or sacred operas—in which the dialogue often became secondary; and, in fact, the large mass of the lyrical effusions at once speaks for itself on this head. In a funeral wail, consisting mainly of very short utterances, high poetry is not to be looked for; but utterances of feeling, in which no fresh and active imagination enters, but that only

which has been consecrated by old habit. Indeed, in proportion to the excitement, whether of grief, terror, or anger, the purely poetical element declines, and the oratorical rises, though always modified by metrical forms and usages. In any passages where the feelings act acutely and directly, natural and simple forms of speech appear to be essential: nor must the translator here be too fearful of being thought tame; but let him remind the reader how much liveliness was added by music and gesticulation.

This peculiarity of all the short interjectional utterances has been vividly realized by Mr. Blackie, who (in spite of the difficulties entailed by rhyme) has been very successful in the dirges both in the "Persians" and in the "Seven Chiefs." We shall dwell a moment on this, as showing that he works better under heavier pressure than when left too free. In the following lament of the two sisters, Antigone and Ismene, over their two slain brothers, the translator is forced to render line by line. So long as the compulsion continues, he goes on well; but the moment he is set at liberty by the occurrence of a longer sentence, he is tempted to amplify, and injures the work.

"Ant. Wounded, thou didst wound again.

Ism. Thou didst slay, and yet wert* slain.

A. Thou didst pierce him with the spear.

I. Deadly pierced thou liest here.

A. Sons of sorrow!

A. Break out grief!

A. Weep the slayer—

I. Sons of pain!

I. Flow tears amain!

I. And the slain.

A. Weep the slayer— 1. And the slain.
A. Ah, my soul is mad with moaning.
I. And my heart within is groaning.

A. O thrice wretched, wretched brother!
I. Thou more wretched than the other.
A. Thine own kindred pierced thee thorough, †

I. And thy kin was pierced with thee.

A. Sight of sadness!
I. Tale of sorrow.
A. Deadly to say.
I. Deadly to see.

A. Deadly to say.

A. We with you the sorrow bear.

I. And twin woes twin sisters share.

Chorus.

Alas! alas!

Mera, baneful gifts dispensing
To the toilsome race of mortals,
Now prevails thy murky hour;
Shade of Edipus thrice sacred,
Night-clad Fury, dread Erinnys,
Mighty, mighty is thy power."

In the same spirit it continues for several pages more. We have only to remark, first, that the word deadly ought to be double;

through, and to rhyme with sorrow. We do not know his pronunciation of it.

^{*} Modern poets often say, Thou wert, for Thou wast. Is not this an error? Ought we not to say only, If thou wert, as, If I were?

† Mr. Blackie ordinarily uses thorough to mean

Fate and Fury.

thus :---

the poet afterwards says deadly ($\delta \lambda_0 \dot{\alpha}$), and there also Mr. Blackie has it; but here he chose to say $\delta i\pi \lambda \ddot{\alpha}$: and, secondly, that the words in italics in the last speech quoted should all be omitted. It may seem that despotic monarchs will as soon learn to rule wisely, as irresponsible translators not to abuse the opportunity of amplifying. Perhaps we may venture to add our dislike to the foreign words Mæra, Erinnys, when we have the good English and poetical ones—

One other case remains, of style so simple as to seem tame; namely, when the poet himself intended it. Such appears to us decidedly the case, for instance, with the first speech of Ocean, in the "Prometheus," where Mr. Blackie has entirely failed, and has become stiff and affected, by trying to elevate what ought to be left flat. Ocean is to us manifestly intended by the poet as the type of a time-server; and although he begins with some grandiloquence, yet his prosaic, selfish, courtly character peeps out; and we see that he is trying to keep up the appearance of friendship and self-devotion,

while, in fact, he is heartless. His words,

rendered as close as we are able, stand

"Careering from a goal remote,
To thee, Prometheus, have I sped;
While by my will, not needing bit,
I curb this airsteed, swift of wing.
But (know) I with thy lot condole.
For this (I trow) my kindred blood
Itself constrains: and waiving kin,
There's none whom I with more devoir
Observe, than thee.
How true this is, thou soon shalt learn;
For not in vain tongue-blandishment
'Tis mine to deal. But come, denote
Wherein may I assist thy ends?
For never shalt thou say, thou hast
A friend than Ocean firmer."

The argumentative tone in which the old god proves that he must sympathize with Prometheus, (also "rob", "be assured that" I sympathize!) is strikingly contrasted with the unaffected outpouring of grief from the nymphs, his daughters; and in the result it is clear that he only wants an excuse to withdraw. But here,—if we may deviate from general considerations to a particular drama,—Mr. Blackie appears to us to have overlooked one feature of the Prometheus, namely, that while there is every possible variety of character presented in it, one and all agree in regarding Jupiter as a tyrant. This is to us irreconcileable with Mr. Blackie's

theory, who believes such a view to be only accidentally impressed upon us by our having lost the Fire-bringing Prometheus, and the Prometheus Unbound, so as to receive only the view of Jupiter enforced by his enemy. Had the poet intended to represent Jupiter (in this play) as a righteous ruler, we cannot but think that he would have made either Ocean, or at least Mercury, drop some words to this effect. But now we find Prometheus the betrayed ally of Jupiter, the Oceanides the tender and brave condolers,—Oceanus, the cautious and selfish worshipper of power, Io, the wronged maiden, Vulcan, the unwilling servant of Jupiter, Might and Force, his brutal tools, and Mercury, his accomplished minister,—one and all agree in the sentiment, that Jupiter trusts entirely to force, and does not condescend to care about right or reason. The poet does not throw in a single mysterious phrase, such as abound in his other plays, to suggest that in the long run righteousness and wisdom will be found to have been on the side of supreme force. Even superior knowledge is conceded by Mercury to reside in Prometheus, and Jupiter's great rage is excited by his consciousness that Prometheus is master of a secret which he cannot wrest from him. We cannot, in the face of these facts, adopt any other theory than the popular one, which Mr. Blackie thinks superficial. But (perhaps in consequence) he seems to us not rightly to have discerned Ocean's character, and to give a wrong turn to several expressions.

But, before laying any further remarks before the reader, it may be well to make some extracts, which will enable him to judge of Mr. Blackie's poetical vigor. Hear the description of Tydeus in the Seven

Chiefs.

"First at the Prætian portal Tydeus stands,
Storming against the seer, who wise forbids
To pass Ismenus' wave, before the sacrifice
Auspicious smiles. But he, for battle burning,
Fumes like a fretful snake in the sultry noon;
Lashing with gibes the wise Oiclidan seer,
Whose prudence he interprets dastardly,
Cajoling death away. Thus fierce he raves,
And shakes the overshadowing crest sublime,
His helmet's triple mane, while 'neath his shield
The brazen bells ring fear. On his shield's face
A sign he bears as haughty as himself,
The welkin flaming with a thousand lights:
And in its centre the full moon shines forth,
Eye of the night and regent of the stars.
So speaks his vaunting shield. On the stream's
bank

He stands loud roaring, eager for the fight, As some fierce steed that frets against the bit, And waits with ruffling neck and ears erect, To catch the trumpet's blare."

Eteocles replies:

"No blows I fear from the trim dress of war,
No wounds from blazoned terrors. Triple crests
And ringing bells bite not without the spear.
And for this braggart shield, with starry night
Studded, too soon for the fool's wit that owns it
The scutcheon may prove seer. When death's
dark night
Shall settle on his eyes, and the blithe day

Shall settle on his eyes, and the blithe day
Beams joy on him no more, hath not the shield
Spoken significant, and pictured borne
A boast against its bearer? I, to match
This Tydeus, will set forth the son of Astacus,
A noble youth, not rich in boasts, who bows
Before the sacred throne of Modesty;
In base things cowardly, in high virtue bold."

The messenger afterward describes Polynices, which occasions the following burst from his brother:—

"O god-detested, god-bemadded race! Wo-worthy sons of wo-worn Œdipus! Your father's curse is ripe: but tears are vain And weeping might but mother worser wo. O Polynices! thy prophetic name Speaks more than all the emblems of thy shield. Soon shall we see if gold-bossed words can save thee,

Babbling vain madness in a proud device.

If Jove-born Justice, maid divine, might be
Of thoughts and deeds like thine participant,
Thou mightst have hope: but Polynices, never,
Or when the darkness of thy mother's womb
Thou first didst leave, or in thy nursling prime,
Or in thy bloom of youth, or in the gathering
Of beard on manhood's chin, hath Justice owned
thee,

Orknown thy name: and shall she know thee,

Thou leadst a stranger host against thy country? Her nature were a mockery of her name, If she could fight for knaves, and still be Justice. In this faith strong, this traitor I will meet Myself: the cause is mine, and I will fight it. For equal prince to prince, to brother brother, Fell foe to foe, suits well. And now to arms! Bring me my spear and shield, hauberk and greaves."

Let us next take a passage of totally different spirit from the "Persians." The speaker is Atossa, mother of Xerxes, and daughter of Cyrus the Great.

"Good friends, whoso hath knowledge of mishap, Knows this, that men, when swelling ills surge o'er them,

Brood o'er the harm, till all things catch the hue Of apprehension: but when Fortune's stream Runs smooth, the same with confidence elate Hope the boon god will blow fair breezes ever. Thus to my soul all things are full of fear; The adverse gods from all sides strike my eye, And in my ear, with ominous-ringing peal, Fate prophesies. Such terror scares my wits. No royal car to-day, no queenly pomp Is mine: the broidered state would ill become My present mission, bringing, as thou seest, These simple offerings to appease the shades:—From the chaste cow, this white and healthful milk;

This clearest juice, by the flower-working bee Distilled; this pure wave from the virgin spring; This draught of joyaunce from the unmingled grape,

Of a wild mother born; this fragrant fruit
Of the pale-green olive, ever leafy fair,
And those wreathed flow'rs, of all-producing
Earth
Fair children."

We selected these passages, only because we knew them to be noble and beautiful in the original; and we think they will suffice to exhibit the raiciness, richness, and Shaksperian vigor of Mr. Blackie's common dialect. But we are tempted to adduce (again at random) a fine passage from the Agamemnon, where Clytæmnestra hypocritically welcomes her husband home, and in over-wrought language publicly tells her fondness for him.

"Men, citizens, ye reverend Argive senators,
No shame feel I, ev'n in your face, to tell
My husband-loving ways. Long converse lends
Boldness to bashfulness. No foreign griefs,
Mine own self-suffered woes I tell. While he
Was camping far at Ilium, I at home
Sat all forlorn, uncherished by the mate
Whom I had chosen. * * *

* * * Myself the while
So woeworn lived, the fountains of my grief
To their last drop were with much weeping
drained:

And far into the night my watch I've kept
With weary eyes, while in my lonely room
The night-torch faintly glimmered. In my dream
The buzzing gnat, with its light brushing wing,
Startled the fretful sleeper. Thou hast been
In waking hours, as in sleep's fitful turns,
My only thought. But having bravely borne
This weight of wo, now with blythe heart I
greet

Thee, my heart's lord, the watchdog of the fold, The ship's sure mainstay, pillar'd shaft whereon Rests the high roof, fond parent's only child, Land seen by sailors past all hope, a day Lovely to look on when the storm hath broken, And to the thirsty wayfarer the flow Of gushing rill. O sweet it is, how sweet To see an end of the harsh yoke that galled us. These greetings to my lord!"

These passages, we trust, will excite a

desire to make fuller acquaintance with Mr. Blackie's volumes; but we must proceed to speak on a characteristic feature in them. That Mr. Blackie is a deep scholar, in the Porsonian sense of the word, we certainly will not undertake to assert; indeed, we suspect he a little underrates the importance of a good text; his tendency is to seize the general thought of a sentence, and care too little for details. But if there be any deficiency on this head, it is more than atoned for by the great zeal and learning with which he has mastered, or at least striven after, a higher sort of criticism; which aims, on the one hand, to reproduce to the imagination the whole feeling which animated intelligent Greek auditors and spectators; on the other, to set forth the conception which filled and guided the author's mind in writing. Besides a Preface of some interest to all scholars, his first volume has a preliminary essay on the genius and character of the Greek tragedy, in which we admire the freshness of feeling with which he handles a hackneyed subject. This is followed by a life of Æschylus. besides, each play has its own Introduction, generally rather elaborate, but what is far better, always bearing the stamp of an origi-Nor has Mr. nal and thoughtful mind. Blackie, with all his admiration for Æschylus, any of that fanaticism which refuses to acknowledge his faults.* So healthy a love of truth' seems to pervade his pages, as to give double weight to his eulogies; indeed, the reader is impressed all through with the sense that the translator never tires of his author. The same sprightliness pervades every page of the book; the same unabated effort to penetrate to his author's heart is seen in the most corrupt and puzzling, as in the clearest passages. In some sense, indeed, Mr. Blackie may seem to revel in the corrupt choruses, because they allow most freedom to his own original writing; and this, we imagine, is his weak point as a translator. It is dangerous for such a one to have much power of invention; for it needs a proportionably higher control over the propensity to enlarge and invent. But we must proceed to speak more in detail concerning the choruses, not only because they

are so large a part of the dramas, but because hitherto the attempts at translating them have been, on the whole, undoubtedly failures, and also because Mr. Blackie has exerted himself so peculiarly and often so successfully upon them.

Some notice is first demanded by the anapæstic systems. These Mr. Blackie has expressed by a trochaic metre, with an occasional rhyme. We confess that to us occasional rhymes are vexatious, by exciting expectation which is perpetually disappointed; and we prefer no ryhmes to very rare and uncertain ones. As a favorable specimen, we exhibit the following from the "Furies:"—

- "Deftly, deftly weave the dance! Sisters, lift the dismal strain! Sing the Furies, justly dealing Dooms deserved to guilty mortals: Deftly, deftly lift the strain.
- "Whoso lifted hands untainted,
 Him no Furies' wrath shall follow;
 He shall live unharmed by me.
 But who sinned, as this offender,
 Hiding foul ensanguined hands,
 We with him are present, bearing
 Unhired witness for the dead.
 We will tread his heels, exacting
 Blood for blood, ev'n to the end."

The first five lines deviate too far from the form of the original to please us; we cannot see what is gained by it; but we at present confine our remarks to the metre. Blackie informs us (and we are persuaded by him), that the anapæsts of the tragedians were in march-time, and therefore ought not to be translated by English anapæsts, which are triple time. But we think this is equally an objection to the English trochees, which are too tripping a metre,-a dance, rather than a march. It is remarkable that Aristotle says this very thing of the Greek trochee ("it is πορδακικώτερον"), but as this is only an analogy, we appeal to Milton, who in writing,

"Come, and trip it as you go, On the light fantastic toe,"

certainly thought he was using a tripping metre. To us it appears that the English anapæsts may be a minuet, but the trochees are liable to be a jig. Surely the inference to be drawn from our author's doctrine is, that the four-foot iambic is our proper representative of the Greek anapæstic. Lastly, Mr. Blackie appears to us most undesirably to reverse the endings in the common ana.

^{*} We do not acquiesce in his censure of the undecided behavior of the Chorus in the Agamemnon. The poet seems to us to have represented them as divinely paralyzed, as, indeed, all hearers of Casandra were. Hence they are more and more gloomy in their songs, in spite of the happy exterior of events. The gloom increases and becomes more perplexing, until the murder is complete. [Since writing thus, we find Potter to say much the same.]

pæsts, and in their closing line. In Greek, Latin, or English, the ending is generally characteristic of a metre; and we would carefully retain the position of the closing accent or *ictus*. For instance, in the Agamemnon, we would translate in the opening anapæsts, thus:—

"And when the foliage now is sear,
Spent Age on three feet wends his way;
For war no mightier than a child,
And as a daydream doating."

We have a most distinct realization that this corresponds to the Greek rhythm; but this is

no matter for proof.

Mr. Blackie sometimes rhymes, even in the systems which represent anapæsts, as we have said. In the opening of the "Persians," he surprises us by having not only rhyme, but an English anapæstic measure! What is more, it is very effective and spirited; we wish we had space to quote much:—

"We are the Persian watchmen old,
The guardians true of the palace of gold,
Left to defend the Asian land,
When the army marched to Hellas' strand.
Elders chosen by Xerxes the king,
The son of Darius, to hold the reins,
Till he the conquering host shall bring
Back to Susa's sunny plains.
But the spirit within me is troubled and tossed,
When I think of the king and the Persian host," &c.

When the anapæsts end, the chorus break out into "Ionic a Minori," that is, into a Bacchie strain. This we had always supposed to be a very stirring metre, and we still suspect that it is; but, nevertheless, Mr. Blackie has tuned it to a sort of "God-savethe-Queen," with excellent effect; as also in his very spirited termination of the Suppliants.

"Proudly the kingly host,
City-destroying, crossed
Hence to the neighboring
Contrary coast;
Paving the sea with planks,
Marched he his serried ranks;
Helle's swift rushing stream
Binding with cord and chain,
Forging a yoke,
For the neck of the main," &c.

There are so many choruses admirably executed, that we should overfill our pages if we attempted to denote all that best pleases us. Yet when we call them admirable, we do not mean that they fulfill our best idea of faithfulness. Very frequently far from it—rhyme forbids! Nevertheless, they are at

worst general similarities, and, more or less, in Æschylean spirit. To make one general criticism, we think Mr. Blackie is far too fond of the trochaic metre; and our notion of what is a good trochaic line is more severe than his; we do not like what is called an initial trochee* to be a better iamb than trochee. Nor are we without many questionings of his interpretings of the text. But we must restrict our remarks, in order to observe reasonable limits, to a single drama, and in it shall avoid minute scholarship. We select the Choephori (Choephoræ, he calls it), as very corrupt, and therefore giving Mr. Blackie much scope, besides that it is less hackneyed; and we must be satisfied to remark on his execution of the lyrical parts.

In the first chorus, he has not succeeded in making the personification of Terror very clear. The poet says, "for clear-speaking Terror, with hair erect, the dream-seer [i. e. dream-interpreter] of the house, breathing wrath out of sleep, spake from the recesses an utterance in the untimely night." But

"Breathing wrath through nightly slumbers,
By a dream-encompassed lair,
Prophet of the house of Pelops,
Terror stands with bristling hair.
Through the dark night fitful yelling,
He within our inmost dwelling
Did the sleeper scare."

hear Mr. Blackie:

Many readers will have to peruse this twice, and even three times, before they understand it. Terror is not made prominent in the beginning of the sentence, as by Æschylus: the second line is hardly intelligible,—(the desire to get a rhyme has foisted in the lair)—the ambiguous preposition by so perplexes the reader that he cannot at first tell whether prophet is vocative or nominative. Altogether, it wants directness, and therefore power. In the end of the chorus we cannot at all find in the Greek his sense:

"I for my mistress' woes must wail, And for my own beneath the veil."

The poet merely makes the leader of the churus say—"I weep beneath my veil at the undeserved calamities of my lords, (Agamemnon and Orestes,) with nothing at all about her own woes.†

*As: "My vex'd heart on grief is feeding;" where we know not how to get the accent on my, which properly belongs to vex'd.

† We are not satisfied with the very first word of the hymn, "Missioned," for $i\alpha\lambda\tau\delta\varsigma$. ' $I\dot{\alpha}\lambda\lambda\omega$ is rather antique and naïve, we think, than grandiloquent.

The second is a short chorus, rather difficult, but not in the last sentence. The poet there wrote—"Where is the spear-strong man to disentangle the house, a Scythian and a war-god, brandishing in fight back-stretched [or back-bent] weapons, and hand-on-hilt wielding arms for close combat?" Mr. Blackie expresses it:

"O that some god from Scythia far,
To my imploring,
Might send a spearman strong in war,
Our house restoring!
Come, Mars, with back-bent bow, thy hail
Of arrows pouring,
Or with the hilted sword assail,
And in the grapple close prevail
Of battle roaring."

We are here sorry to miss the Æschylean identification of the Scythian with the wargod, and the loss of condensation is the loss both of an Æschylean and of a classical quality. But we say not this in censure, except of adhering to rhyme; for that it is which necessitates the expansion.

There next follows an interesting and most curious Hymn of Sorrow, on the mechanism of which we hoped for some comment from the stores of Mr. Blackie's erudition. not a wail of fresh grief, like those before alluded to, over one recently dead, but it is an elaborate waking-up of old sorrow, and impresses us with the fancy (which we cannot confirm by references) that the Greeks must have indulged in sacred poetic laments, artificially constructed, perhaps, on the recurring anniversaries of a parent's death. The strophes and antistrophes are not ejaculatory, but of moderate length, and are so intertwined as at first to appear in total confusion; but, on closer examination, we find an order that cannot have been accidental. Let the reader study the subjoined diagram :-

After which follows:-

 θ ; θ χ χ λ λ CE O E OE OEC E C

When a Greek letter is repeated, as γ and γ , we of course use them for strophe and antistrophe. C, O, E, are the initial letters of the speakers, viz., Chorus, Orestes, Electra. In the first system, it will be seen, that the mesode, or central song, is sung by the chorus; it is not antistrophic. But on each side

of this are two similar systems, having each its mesode, γ , but the two gammas are antistrophic. These also are sung by the chorus, and like the principal mesode, are perfect anapæstic systems. Observe, farther, that each B is a mesode in detail, yet the two betas are antistrophic, and are sung by the chorus; and the same applies to $\zeta \zeta$. other songs fall to the two children, with the arrangement, however, that before the mesode, Orestes leads and Electra responds; which is reversed after the mesode. There is in the "Œdipus Coloneius," a hymn of similar complication, but as the responses are shorter, they were not so readily discerned to be antistrophic, and the text is less perfectly preserved. It is unimaginable that Æschylus can have invented for the occasion an artificial system which would have been unintelligible and distracting to the hearers; it must have grown up. Was it possibly a part of the "Arian mourning" alluded to in this chorus, where Mr. Blackie has changed Arian into Persian in order to be more popular? We conjecture that the whole depended on a scheme of dancing, and that Electra and Orestes exchanged places during the mesode, so as to reverse their parts; but the Choregus always sustains her central and presiding In the second system there is doubt concerning the speakers of strophe θ , and there is a breach of analogy observable. x x, the voices succeed quick, and in the former, the Chorus tell us that they sing in

Concerning Mr. Blackie's execution of this whole piece, we find room for both praise and blame. How much sweetness and variety he can command, the reader will see from the following specimens:—

" Electra. Hear thou our cries, O father, when for thee

The frequent tear is falling.
The wailing pair, o'er thy dear tomb, to thee
From their hearts' depths are calling;

The suppliant and the exile at one tomb Their sorrow showering,

Helpless and hopeless, mantled round with gloom:
Wo overpowering."*

Again,

"Chorus. Like a Persian mourner
Singing sorrow's tale,
Like a Cissian wailer
I did weep and wail.
O'er my head swiftoaring
Came arm on arm amain:

^{*} It is printed overpowring; but the Greek, as well as the rhyme, suggests misprint.

The voice of my deploring Like the lashing rain. Sorrow's rushing river O'er me flooding spread, Black misfortune's quiver Emptied o'er my head,"

The reader may, perhaps, here see the truth with which Mr. Blackie styles the "Dramas of Æschylus" sacred operas. It would be curious if the Italian Opera should be traced historically to the Arian, Kissian,

and Mariandynian mourners!

Mr. Blackie is not quite enough on his guard against phrases which make grief ridiculous to men of German race; among whom it is honorable for "women to weep, and men to remember;" but we forbear to quote. Occasionally, he is too indirect, or obscure, and we have some smaller questions with him, into which* we cannot enter; but we are annoyed by one ambiguity. The chorus says, that Agamemnon is "In the únder-world revér'd," "a chieftain míghty and brilliant;" out of which Mr. Blackie makes, that Agamemnon "marched to Hades dread, the monarch of the awful dead;" giving the reader to suppose that Hades (i. e. Pluto) is the monarch intended. An easy and great improvement is, to write, "a king among the awful dead;" but the word Hades should be avoided, because its personification is common. Here, as elsewhere, we feel confident that a still closer translation in the unrhymed parts (the anapæstic systems) is not possible only, but easy; and might be more melodious and more Æschylean than Mr. Blackie's trochees. He too much approaches our vulgar ornamental amplifiers, when he expands, "by Scamander's channel," into, "where far Scamander rolls his swirling flood;" and he is unfortunate in translating μ er' $\ddot{\alpha}\lambda\lambda\omega$ $\lambda\alpha\ddot{\omega}$ "with many brothers," where it is a phrase of contempt, "with the vulgar herd;" but brothers (alas!) was wanted to rhyme with others.

The fourth chorus is splendidly executed; at once thoroughly Æschylean and thoroughly English. Its directness and simplicity add vigor to its beauty. We object only to one phrase, "the bristling line" for $\delta / \eta \omega_S$ "the foe;" it wants simplicity and clearness, and offends even one who does not know what is the Greek (such, indeed, was our

own case in reading); but here, also, line is wanted to rhyme with divine!*

The fifth chorus is dreadfully corrupt, and Mr. Blackie has taken advantage of this to launch out in his own way, producing an elegant and striking piece of poetry, far more interesting than the vexatious original, which, nevertheless, has suggested every line of the translation. We were amused with his dexterity in remoulding a line, in which Æschylus has always seemed to us to provoke the skeptic's laugh most unseasonably. As we translate, it stands "(Apollo), if he pleases (χρηζων), will show many other secrets. When he speaks an aimless word, he brings before the eyes night and darkness; but in (his) daylight he is nowise clearer." But hear Mr. Blackie:-

"Dark are the doings of the gods; and we,
When they are clearest shown, but dimly see:
Yet Faith will follow
Where Hermes leads, the leader of the dead,

And thou, Apolio."

But we deprecate this remodeling and elevating of their religious sentiment, for it spoils the historical truth, and hinders the English reader from confiding in his translator. We do not think Mr. Blackie prone to this fault.

The last choral hymn is not quite so corrupt, and we propose finally to quote it as a specimen of Mr. Blackie's anapæstic metre, and as a trial of his faithfulness. By accidental error it is marked as not antistrophic; indeed, we think that what is given as an epode should be antistrophically arranged. With this exception Mr. Blackie has it thus:

Str. "Hall of old Priam, with sorrow unbearable, Vengeance bath come on the Argive, thy foe: A pair of grim lions, a double Mars terrible,

Comes to his palace that levelled thee low. Chanced hath the doom of the guilty precisely, Even as Phœbus foretold it, and wisely

Where the god pointed was levelled the blow. Lift up the hymn of rejoicing! The lecherous Sin-laden tyrant shall lord it no more:

No more shall the mistress so bloody and treacher-

Lavish the plundered Pelopidan store."

Ant. "Sore chastisement came on the doomed and devoted,

With darkbrooding purpose and fairsmiling show;

And the daughter of Jove the Eternal was noted Guiding the hand that inflicted the blow;—

^{*} Does not $\theta s \delta_s \propto \gamma \rho / \eta \zeta \omega v$ mean, "God if he will? Is $Z s v \delta_s d\mu \omega \theta d\alpha \lambda \eta \delta_s$ anything but "Jove, in the fullness of might?" or does he take it to mean, Patron of children of both sexes?

^{*} We must add: The poet regarded Skylla as actuated not by love, but by avarice and vanity, to sell her father's life to Minos.

Bright Justice; -- of Jove the Olympian daughter: | But blasted they fell with the breath of her slaughter

Whose deeds of Injustice made Justice their

Her from his shrine sent the rockthroned Apollo, The will of her high-purposed sire to obey, The track of the bloodstained remorseless to follow.

Winged with sure death, though she lag by the

Epode. "Ye rulers on Earth, fear the rulers in Heaven:

No aid by the gods to the froward is given. For the bonds of our thraldom asunder are riven,

And the day dawns clear. Lift up your heads! From prostration untimely Ye halls of the mighty be lifted sublimely! All-pérfecting Time shall bring swift restitution, And cleanse the hearth pure from the gory pollu-

tion,

Now the day dawns clear.

And blithely shall welcome them Fortune the fairest,-

The brother and sister,—with omens the rarest. Each friend of this house, show the warm love thou bearest;

Now the day dawns clear."

The metre of the original is dochmiac. At the end of the first antistrophe, the text is corrupt, and we deviate from the common view of its structure, which Mr. Blackie follows. At the end of the hymn is another contested place; we there agree with our author's structure, but not with his adoption of Stanley's conjectural change, out of which he seems to have hammered his penultimate We translate the whole (far more line. literally than is usual even in prose) into a metre closely analagous to the original. the reader choose to count it prose, let him so count it; but we have found that the ear of a lady, guiltless of classical lore, at once recognized it as a peculiar and effective metre. At the end of the first antistrophe we read nostro periculo:-

> τῶπερ ὁ Αοξίας μέγαν ἔχων μύχον χθονὸς ἐποχθοίη, τῶδ' ἀδόλως δολίαν βλαπτομέναν πόδ' έν χρόνοις τίσιν ἐποίχεται.

The τάπερ, which others change into τάνπερ, we have made τῶπερ. We have omitted δ Παρηάσιος as a prosaic gloss reduntant to the metre, yet naturally added, because the description of Apollo might serve as well for Pluto. We have arbitrarily added mod' as needed by sense and metre. We have

changed the absurd desidav into ridiv, Vengeance, and the portentous ἐποχθειαξεν into έποχθοίη, τῶδ'. We suppose έποχθέω to be coined by Æschylus from the Homeric ὀχθέω, and to be equivalent to the later $\xi \pi \circ \chi \theta i \zeta \omega$, προσοχθίζω; but the word being new to transcribers, led to this strange corruption. We regard sixn as the nominative to έποίχεται. In the epode we suppose a line lost, and by a slight transposition we then find antistrophic stanzas. Otherwise, we nearly follow Scholefield's text; but, in the first line, omitting παρά as a gloss, we insert δέ before πως, metri causa; and afterwards keep θρευμένοισ instead of Stanley's conjec-With these explanations, we get the following result: *-

Str. 1. "There came wo at last On old Priam's

Heavy and terrible meed.

And came twó-fold War Tó Agamem'non's halls In twain lion-form.

Announc'd clear from Py tho,-The fugitive, urg'd from high

By wise heav'nly words, Has full-drawn the

Utter a wild shout, Hó, O'ver the lordly house,

Fór its escape from wo, An'd from a waste of weal

By a defil'd and curséd pair ;-Sorry and doleful doom!

Ant. 1. "For ló, shé to whom Stealthy attack is dear,

Sly Retribution came.

An'd the resistless maid, A true child of Jóve, Her hand stretch'd to fight ;-

We mén cáll her Jústice, With happily-guided

tongue:-Who on the enemy breathes A wrath charg'd

with Fate. Whomé'er Lóxiás Dwelling in ample dell Of earth spurns with hate, On him she be-

Vengeance array'd with guileless guile, Limping and alway late.

Str. 2. "Supréme pów'r itsélf Forbidst pów'r supréme,

To help évil works.

Fítting it is to adóre A héav'n-rúling sway. Visibly shines the light,

* Will the reader keep all the accents in musical time by tapping with his finger as he reads? If he will not so far humor us, then let him read slowly and steadily, according to the sense, and carefully

and avoiding to force the words into any known metre.

† Literally: "Divine power is, somehow or other, under prohibition," &c. The adverb, so unbearably prosaic with us, we take to have been Æschylus's way of hinting at the mysterious law from within

to which even Godhead is subject.

An'd from a mighty curb The house now is freed. Rise from the dust, O House! Mány a weáry dáy Próstrate hást thou láin too lóng.

But all-fin'ishing Time Shall now speedily pass

Ant. 2. "Thro' the ancestral porch, And from the hearth shall drive

The foul pow'rs of sin' By pure spélls that charm Ev'ery pest away,

Visibly shines the light, [And from a mighty curb The house now is freed.] *The néw lor'ds within, In stránge rig'hts install'd, Groan to tell the shameless past.

Chánces agáin for thém With fáir fáce shall fáll."

Without assuming that any of our interpretations are more correct than Blackie's, we venture to think that a mere English reader would have, in a version like ours, more instructive materials for study than from any possible rhymed translation, not excepting that before us. If, indeed, a reader is perversely set against perusing what is not in rhyme, the case is closed; but a really literal rendering, such as we pledge ourselves here to have presented, is matter not for mere perusal, but for actual studyfor repeated contemplation. How much more characteristic is it! how marked, direct, and simple! Who does not see the grave and simple Ancient more clearly, than when his form is obscured by our modern garments? We further remark the clearness with which the use of Guile on the side of Justice is vindicated by the poet, ("Sly Retribution to whom stealthy attack is dear" -and "Vengeance with guileless guile,") which is not prominent in Blackie. See, then, the terseness and simplicity, and freedom from idle epithets or commonplace: see also the clearness with which Retribution is personified, and the strength of the metaphor "Vengeance limping and always late;"-which, though borrowed from Homer, and adopted by Horace, Blackie softens away, fond as he really is of Æschylus's blunt and strong words. Nay, he has equally given us "bonds of thraldom" instead of the "curb" or "snaffle" of the house. Nor can we approve of inventing for Æschylus such contrasts as "whose deeds of injustice made Justice their foe:"—" ye rulers on earth, fear the rulers in heaven." Yet there is no avoiding these

things, if people must have rhyme; and we believe that Mr. Blackie sins less in this way than his predecessors. We remember that Potter expands the line, "Man by man with spear is slain," into the following:-

"The brave, who midst these dire alarms, For their lost country greatly dare, And fired with vengeance rush to arms, Fall victims to the bloodstained spear;"

where he has not even rewarded us with two

good rhymes.

We did not select this chorus in order to disparage Mr. Blackie, but for his rendering of Dochmiac metre. However, on reviewing the case, we are disposed to think this is not a favorable average of his faithfulness, and that the reader will not be right in judging of him by this sample. We have neglected to say, that in the hymns of the "Prome-Mr. Blackie does dispense with rhyme; and this suggests that we must, before closing this article, lay a specimen before the reader, though we have already occupied so much space:-

Str. 1. "Thy dire disasters, unexampled wrongs, I weep, Prometheus.

From its soft founts distilled, the flowing tear My cheek bedashes.

'Tis hard, most hard! By self-made laws Jove rules,

And 'gainst the host of primal gods he points The lordly spear.

Ant. 1. "With echoing groans the ambient waste bewails

Thy fate, Prometheus! The neighboring tribes of holy Asia weep For thee, Prometheus;

For thee and thine! names mighty and revered Of yore, now shamed, dishonored, and cast down, And chained with thee.

Str. 2. "And Colchis, with her belted* daughters, weeps For thee, Prometheus:

And Scythian tribes, on earth's remotest verge, Where lone Mæotis spreads her wintry waters, Do weep for thee.

Ant. 2. "The flower of Araby's wandering warriors weep

For thee, Prometheus:

And they, who high their airy holds have perched On Caucasus' ridge, with pointed lances bristling, Do weep for thee.

Epode. "One only vexed like thee, and even as In adamant bound,

^{*}We have been forced to amplify the political metaphor μετοίχοις. Also, literally: "Declare with moaning, that they have seen and heard what-not (τὸ πᾶν)." So Schutz rightly interpreted it. The To may nihil-non, or what-not, alludes to all that is "shameful;" hence we have introduced this word.

^{*}Æschylus does not say belted, but intrepid in battle. We fear that belted will not be so understood.

A Titan and a god scorned by the gods, Atlas I knew.

He, on his shoulders the surpassing weight Of the celestial pole stoutly upbore, And groaned beneath.

Roars billowy ocean, and the deep sucks back Its waters when he sobs; from earth's dark caves Deep hell resounds;

The fountains of the holy-streaming rivers

Do moan with him."

The hymns in the "Prometheus" were judged by Mr. Blackie peculiarly able to dispense with rhyme, and he will protest against our inferring from his success in them that he might have succeeded as well in all. It is too much now to expect him to burn and recompose the others, on which he has bestowed such labor; yet we shall not believe that the task of translating Æschylus literally into an unrhymed version, acceptable to the English public, is impossible, until it has been tried, and has failed, for one who possesses Mr. Blackie's enthusiasm for Æs-

chylus, his metrical skill, musical ear, command of pure mother English, familiarity with English poets, new and old, and classical lore.

Till then, we have before us a version which will give English readers a far better* idea of Æschylus than was before attainable; which is generally excellent, often admirable, and indicative of genius, even in the liberties which it takes with the original. We do hope that the public will take care to give the opportunity of improvement, in a second edition, to one who has devoted so much time, effort, and rare power, to the unpretending and unhonored task of translation.

* We have thought it invidious and useless to compare Mr. Blackie with contemporary translators of a single play. As for good old Potter, his lyrics have so little to distinguish Æschylus, as to prevent our murmuring when he renders whole masses of choral poetry in blank verse. He undertook a vast task, to translate the whole of the three great tragedians,—and did not adequately feel what was to be aimed at.

SUGAR, TEA AND COFFEE.—Returns have just been issued of the quantities of sugar, tea, and coffee, foreign and colonial, which have been imported into the United Kingdom during the three past years ending January 5, 1850, from which it appears that in the quantity of unrefined sugar, imported from the British possessions in the year 1849, there was an increase of about 200,000 cwts. as compared with the year preceding, and a decrease of upwards of 580,000 cwts. as compared with 1847. The importations of refined sugar and sugar candy from the colonies had, on the other hand, greatly increased, having been, in 1849, about five times as large as in 1847. For the three years, the quantities were respectively as follows:—11,941 cwts., 31,114 cwts., and 55,794 cwts. The importations of sugar of all sorts are given at almost the same figure as those of unrefined sugar. The quantities for the three years were respectively as follows: -5,812,487 cwts., 5,045,456 cwts., and 5,267,994 cwts. The aggregate importations of sugar from the colonies, in 1849, amounted to 10,535,988 cwts. quantities of colonial sugar retained for home consumption, in 1849, amounted to 10,938, 138 cwts., on which duty to the amount of about 6,850,000l. was received. The unrefined sugar imported from foreign countries, in 1849, was diminished by nearly one-half from the quantity imported in 1847; the re-

fined sugar and sugar candy importations were, in 1849, nearly three times as great as in 1847; and in the importation of sugar of all sorts there was a very considerable diminution, as compared with 1848, and still greater as compared with 1847. aggregate quantity imported in 1849 from foreign countries was 3,947,494 cwts., being nearly 7,000,000 cwts. less than the quantity imported from the British possessions. The quantity of foreign sugar retained for home consumption in 1849 was 1,023,510 cwts., on which duty to the amount of 974,018/. was received. The aggregate import of coffee, the produce of British possessions, in 1849, was 40,339,245 lbs., being a large increase on the imports of the two years preceding; 29,739,754 lbs. were retained for home consumption, and the duty received thereon was 520,414l. From foreign countries 22.987,742 lbs. were imported, of which only 4,659,620 lbs. were retained for home consumption. The duty received on foreign coffee in 1847 was 273,933l.; in 1848, 182, 538l.; and in 1849, 122, 106l. The importations of tea from all parts amounted in 1849 to 53,459,469 lbs., of which China alone contributed 53,102,915 lbs. The next largest imports were from the British possessions in the East Indies, which amounted to 188,701 The duty received on the tea retained for home consumption, in 1849, amounted to 5,471,422l.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE UNITED STATES.

1. A Second Visit to the United States of America. By Sir Charles Lyell. 2d edition.

2. The Western World, or Travels in the United States in 1846-7; exhibiting them in their latest development—social, political, and industrial—including a chapter on California. By Alexander Mackay, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 3 vols. 1849.

3. Reed and Matheson's Visit to the American Churches. 2 vols. 1835.

If books are now like the sea-sand, good and true books are but as the rarer shells; and voyages and travels having passed on beyond the interest of mere discovery, are to be estimated by those deeper qualities which make civilized nations *truly* acquainted with each other.

To this end, judgment and candor are more than all the arts of composition, and true candor is perhaps even more than judgment. Sir Charles Lyell's books upon the inexhaustible field of America are distinguished by both these qualities, but more especially by the last, and are worthy therefore to be studied for real increase of knowledge.* They comprise observations upon everything in that theatre of great experiments which would naturally attract the attention of a liberal and cultivated Englishman, possessing those advantages of access and intercourse which were at the command of a man not only eminent in science, but conversant with the best society of Europe, a gentleman by station, and a gentleman by nature. He has visited the United States twice, (which would not be so pleasant for many writers upon them to do,) and had the advantage, therefore, of revising his first impressions, and also of noting many signs of progress made during his absence, which indicate how fast the social tree will grow in virgin soil. Mr. Lyell crossed the Atlantic first in pursuit of his geological vocation; and we can imagine the interest of the New World to him in its mere physical features-for a

geologist looks at a continent as an anatomist looks at an animal—he sees with his mind's eye the internal organization, and the fire and the water in digestive action, and the peristaltic earthquakes, and thinks that he knows what the monster was like in its infancy and youth, and what it will be like in its old age-he sees the valleys rising from the sea, and the mountains rising from the plain—he sees nature laying in her coal measures, and commonwealths coming down in the mud of primeval rivers—he looks backward to the Saurian aborigines, and onward perhaps to undefinable developments of the type of man. A geologist, thus full of the great generalizations of his proper science, will hardly confine himself within the sensible horizon when he comes to the historical period. The kingdoms, constitutions, creeds, and rituals of men, he will be apt to regard as less permanent than Niagara, which is itself no immortal cascade. Yet these he investigates as phenomena, with the fidelity of a naturalist, and applies the inductive method to thoughts no less than to things. There can be no doubt of the light, as well as the impulse, which physics have lent to metaphysics, and nature to divinity, since Pascal declared for Galileo, and Newton became a saint in the English calendar, and since the Protestant schools and churches have given so many professors to geology.

The sun at the centre, and the earth among the stars, and that star of ours in unceasing mutation and development, are suggestive of thoughts which are themselves but developments—which must revolve with man, who must revolve with his world, which is

^{*} We can very honestly say the same for both Mr. Mackay and Messrs. Reed and Matheson.

invisible from the Great Bear. Geology includes the whole visible creation, and is neutral ground on which all students meet, and all philosophies must adjust themselves to nature's dimensions, and historians and politicians learn to recognize other occult agencies and dynamic forces, besides the climate of Montesquieu, underlying the institutions and controlling the schemes of men! It is, at any rate, unquestionable that political speculations are now largely turned from the dramatic, dynastic, and personal interests of history, to the life of nations, the destinies of races, and the ultimate prospects of mankind—our fathers' generation and our own have been marked by changes so vast and rapid as to strike the least imaginative minds with an anxious sense of temporal instability, and to fill the most imaginative with solemn instincts of an undeveloped providence, and dim visions of a future which no theorems of the schools and the churches will contain. So much for the aptitude, in our estimate, of a geological professor to report upon the social stratification of the great North American Republics.

The book, in point of arrangement, like Sir C. Lyell's account of his former visit, is of the nature of a diary, taking up subjects as they arose by the way, or were suggested in conversation. But as his first visit was chiefly scientific, his second is chiefly popular, the mixture of geology and natural history giving the same variety of interest to the reader which it must have given to the daily progress of the traveler. "It is an agreeable novelty," he says, "to the naturalist, to combine the speed of a railway, and the luxury of good inns, with the sight of the native forest; the advantages of civilization with the beauty of unreclaimed nature: no hedges, few ploughed fields, the wild plants, trees,

birds, and animals, undisturbed. Landing at Boston, he begins with the New England States, where lies the interest that most comes home to us. The foresight of Bacon could not have predicted what would come of those Pilgrim Fathers within 200 years; but observers of far inferior penetration, on looking back, may discern and trace downward a natural expansion from that vigorous root. There was cast at once into fresh earth the seed of civil liberty, and the seed of independent belief, both included in that indomitable Protestantism which fled from the bondage of Europe to worship God in the wilderness. The Mayflower carried over to new shores the germ of a great nation, wherein, physically, there was nothing strange to experience; but she carried over

also a spiritual venture of vaster capabilities under less visible promise—universal toleration latent in the most inhuman of schoolborn theologies—universal religion in a husk of Calvinism! No rational observer of the United States will now overlook that grain of mustard-seed in studying the moral phenomena of the Anglo-American nations.

Anglo-Saxon America is the land of progress, whatever the end of it is to be; and in that respect, and not for any results yet attained, is so deserving of our attention. The vigor of population corresponds there to the scale of nature. All the wants of civilized men are developed, and all the means of satisfying them are within reach; the war against the wilderness keeps all energies alive, feeding them with victory and hope; and all the experience of the Old World comes in aid, to guide, to encourage, and to warn. If freedom be doomed to end in rebellion against God and anarchy among men, America will unteach the world an error of 2,000 years. If, on the contrary, self-government be the secret of society, or the right way toward it, America is the land of promise, and the object of highest hope as well as of liberal curiosity.

But without presuming to decide this momentous question, or to assume it, let us hear Sir Charles Lyell's evidence. He is very curious about all religious manifestations, as every wise man must be, who knows how much may be inferred from them as to popular intelligence, and the state of education, and the moral heart of a community. The faiths of the multitude must be studied by those who would know their own times, and the thoughts of the wise by those who would foresee the coming time. The convictions of the many are the laws of the living worldthe negations of the few mark the spiritual path which the next generations will follow; for the fear of God in the hearts of the wise tends ever to enlarge itself, to reject school definitions, and to purge the popular creed. To the ancient vates every part of nature was a separate God; to the modern poet universal nature is but a part of God. Consider the decline of faith, yet the progress of truth, in the Church, the schools, and the world, from Tertullian to Bishop Butler, from Ptolemy to Sir J. Herschel, from St. Louis to the King of Prussia! Now sectarianism is the beginning of the end of a blind reverence for human authority; and as Old England is the land of sects, compared with Europe, so New England is the land of sects, compared with Old England; and the sects of America, like her factions, have the salient energy of youth. It requires a true philosopher to report of them fairly, and the habits of a natural philosopher to investigate them calmly and piously, as he would the interesting peculiarities of animals. Behold, these are some of God's creatures, and these are some of their

New England is, in truth, a museum of sectarian curiosities; no maternal church keeps down fanaticism, and no court manners suppress or chasten the free expression of it by word and by deed. Here, if any where, we must be careful to learn what such a state of things naturally comes to-whether to internecine war, or to mutual forbearance and gradual comprehension. It is a most practical question for all Christendom. Portland, in Maine, Sir C. Lyell found "a happy family" of sects-all, except the Roman Catholic and Episcopalians, of Puritan derivation—but all, without exception, reconciled to live and eat together in the same cage. The late governor had been a Unitarian, the present governor was a Roman Catholic! Now, according to the theory of exclusive truth, and a State conscience, either these sectaries cannot be sincere in their differences, or they have no sense of the awful gulf that lies between the Church and the world; and, in either case, that State has no conscience. Yet, judging the tree by its fruit, here is an impartial observer who finds himself bound to report well of it, and to prefer a friendly diversity to an intolerant uniformity. Sir C. Lyell enumerates eight sects in this town of Portland; and the American Almanac for 1849 gives twenty-eight in all for the United States, with an estimate of their respective numbers. Statistics, however, are a rude and must be a most vague measure of spiritual quantities; but take the Roman Catholic Church on the one hand, which strives to be the same in all lands, and multitudinous Protestantism on the other, and among the popular heresiarch's of the Union in our generation, let Dr. Channing stand at the top and Mormon Smith at the bottom, and then let us consider the gradations of faith and polity that must lie between them. If amity be an accomplished fact in such a conflux of opposites, the spirit of peace must be strong, after all, in the world, and the problem of "happy families" no longer des-The variety of sects is, in truth, not a subject either for satire or for tears, unless we could say how religion could otherwise adapt itself to the unequal growth of intellect in society. The polity of the Roman I

Church was perfect in itself, and for its own purposes. It grasped the whole body of the State, and left no grade or member of it uncared for. But when heresy broke into the fold, and conviction, instead of submission, was made the basis of the new Church, and every man had to choose his creed, or at least the keeper of his conscience, uniformity became impossible, and sects inevitable. Then arose the proverb, ubi una ibi nulla! And if a civilized commonwealth is ever again to be one fold, under one Shepherd, it must be by getting through the sectarian stage, as the individual mind can best do, and resolving moral as well as material phenomena into general laws and a universal providence.

To this end, the first step is not that sects should cease to be,—far from it,—but that they should agree to be. And this is what we rejoice to learn has been brought to pass in New England, as exemplified in the above-mentioned instance in the State of Maine. The same phenomenon is repeated and recurred to in many places; and instead of exaggerations and contrasts, Sir C. Lyell endeavors to give us things in their natural colors and proportions, the result of which is, a more intelligible picture of religion in America, than we usually meet with. Revivals, and camp meetings, and fanatical excesses are reported too, but not in a satirical style or spirit, nor with undue inferences drawn from them as to national character. Such fanaticism is the religion of an uninstructed but awakening vulgar. It is religion, however, having reference to conscience and the moral condition of man. A fixed superstition belongs to a wholly ignorant and stationary people. The free enthusiasm of a democracy is error in agitation and transition, and we may hope will correct itself on the

Revivals are made up of all the arts of excitement and some of the arts of fraud, which mingle strangely together in spiritual zealotry. Sir C. Lyell quotes from a New York paper the following advertisement:-"A protracted meeting is now in progress at the Church in — - Street: there have been a number of Conversions, and it is hoped the work of grace has but just commenced. Preaching every evening. Seats free!" At a revival in Bethlehem, attended by sixteen ministers, Methodists, Baptists, and one Orthodox, "there were prayers and preaching incessantly from morning to night, for twenty-one days." Sir C. Lyell was assured by a Boston friend, that, when he once attended a revival sermon, "he heard the

preacher describe the symptoms which they might expect to experience on the first, second, and third days previous to their conversion, just as a medical lecturer might expatiate to his pupils on the progress of a well known disease; and the complaint, he added, is indeed a serious one, and very contagious when the feelings have obtained an entire control over the judgment, and the new convert is in the power of the preacher; he himself is often worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to have lost all command over his own heated imagination." But such a preacher belongs to a well-known genus in church history. The most memorable of them was perhaps Peter the Hermit. Religious madness is also a form of mania well known in lunatic asylums and out of them. "It is admitted, however, and deplored by the advocates of revivals, that after the application of such violent stimulants, there is invariably a reaction, and what they call a flat or dead season; and it is creditable to the New England clergy, of all sects, that they have in general, of late years, almost

discontinued such meetings." Then we have an account of the Millerites, followers of one Miller, who had appointed the 23d of Oct., 1844, for the final destruction of the world, and who found such faith on earth that, in the autumn of that year, many of his neighbors would neither reap their harvest nor let others reap it, lest they should tempt Providence in that awful hour: and, after the 23d of October, though they saved what they could, or had it saved for them by the parochial authorities, yet the failure of the prediction was resolved into miscalculation merely, and the sect continued to flourish and believe, and Boston shops advertised ascension robes for going up to Heaven; and an English bookseller at New York assured Sir C. Lyell "that there was a brisk demand for such articles even as far south as Philadelphia, and that he knew two individuals in New York who sat up all night in their shrouds on the 22d of October!" "Several houses were pointed out to us between Plymouth and Boston, the owners of which had been reduced to poverty by their credulity, having sold their all toward building the tabernacle in which they were to pray incessantly for six weeks previous to their ascension." In this tabernacle-which was afterward sold and converted into a theatre—the Author saw Macbeth; and was told by some of his party "that they were reminded of the extraordinary sight they had witnessed in that room

on the 23d October of the previous year, when the walls were all covered with Hebrew and Greek texts, and when a crowd of devotees were praying in their ascension robes, in hourly expectation of the consummation of all things."

Now, fanatical excesses like these have been worked up with much effect by satirical and declamatory writers, as evidence against the general intelligence of American society; but when Sir Charles Lyell alleged the numerous followers of Miller and Smith to a New England friend, as "not arguing much in favor of the working of their plan of national education," he received, we think, a very sensible reply, which, without vindicating the younger world, laid upon the elder its due share of the reproach.

" As for the Mormons, you must bear in mind that they were largely recruited from the manufacturing districts of England and Wales, and from European emigrants recently arrived. They were drawn chiefly from the illiterate class in the Western States, where society is in its rudest condition. The progress of the Millerites, however, though confined to a fraction of the population, reflects undoubtedly much discredit on the educational and religious training in New England; but since the year 1000, when all Christendom believed that the world was come to an end, there have never been wanting interpreters of prophecy who have confidently assigned some exact date, and one near at hand, for the millennium. Your Faber on the prophecies, and the writings of Croly, and even some articles in the Quarterly Review, helped for a time to keep up this spirit here, and make it fashionable. But the Millerite movement, like the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, has done much to open men's minds; and the exertions made of late to check this fanatical movement have advanced the cause of truth.

"The same friend then went on to describe tome a sermon preached in one of the north-eastern townships of Massachusetts, which he named, against the Millerite opinions, by the minister of the parish, who explained the doubts generally entertained by the learned in regard to some of the dates of the prophecies of Daniel, entered freely into modern controversies about the verbal inspiration of the Old and New Testament, and referred to several works of German, British, and New England authors, which his congregation had never heard of till then. Not a few of them complained that they had been so long kept in the dark; that their minister must have entertained many of these opinions long before, and that he had now revealed them in order to stem the current of a popular delusion, and for expediency, rather than the love of truth. 'Never,' said they, can we in future put the same confidence in him

"Other apologists observed to me, that so long as part of the population was very ignorant, even the well educated would occasionally participate in fanatical movements; for religious enthusiasm, being very contagious, resembles a famine fever, which first attacks those who are starving, but afterwards affects some of the healthiest and best fed individuals in the whole community."

This last observation and similitude, which Sir Charles Lyell thinks "plausible and ingenious, but fallacious," seems to us to have both force and truth in it. All excitability beyond the bounds of reason is a matter of temperament, and subject to strange sympathies, which reason can neither control nor explain. But whoever seriously believed the end of the world to be at hand, would be in a state of reasonable excitement; and the doctrine of literal inspiration had, long before America was known, seemed to give all men an absolute warrant for that belief. The behavior of the New England sectaries under such persuasion was natural enough. opinion was a delusion; but if one honest sermon proved sufficient to dispel it from the minds of one congregation, let the theology both at home and abroad, which dares not speak plainly to the people, and hardly dares to open its own eyes, bear the blame of all such epidemic extravagance.

But we must follow Sir Charles Lyell further into this subject, on which, in his 12th chapter, he has written fully, earnestly, and wisely, in a tone that can give just offence to nobody. And if we can draw more general attention to that chapter alone, we shall render a seasonable service to truth and charity on both sides of the Atlantic.

Religion is rightly assumed, by all who believe in a power above them, to be the basis and soul of education. Yet religion, as moulded by most schools of theology in Europe, is found in unnatural opposition to free teaching; and it puzzles the wisdom of senates to discover how this fatal schism is to be healed. But in New England the problem has been solved already. There are free schools there and independent sects in amicable fellowship; and it is well worth further inquiry whether toleration has produced the schools or the schools have produced toleration. Sir Charles Lyell quotes. from the farewell charge of Pastor Robinson to his congregation at Leyden, before they set sail in the Mayflower, the following pas-

"I charge you before God, and his holy angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail

the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their first reformation; the Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whetever part of his will our good God has imparted and revealed unto Calvin, they will die rather than embrace it, and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented; for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God: But were they now living, they would be as willing to embrace further light as that which first they received. I beseech you to remember: It is an article of your Church covenant, that you will be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known unto you from the written word of God. Remember that, and every other article of your most sacred covenant."

Now the principle which is contained in these pregnant words it is probable that neither the preacher himself nor the most reflecting of his hearers would have been ready to follow out to its destined results. The zealous exiles were as positive and intolerant under their new heaven as the brethren they had left behind them under But no philosopher ever stood wholly clear of his own times and associations-how much less any religious enthusiast. The progress which Pastor Robinson foresaw was something that should enlarge only, and enforce, but not confute, or altogether outgrow, the teaching of Calvin. was indeed a great step to admit that Calvin himself saw not all things. It is a further and greater step to admit that Calvin saw many things that were not, and that the progress of truth includes unlearning much as well as learning more. It is Coleridge, we think, who remarks of political disputants and parties, that, seeing half the truth, they are generally right in the principles which they assert, and wrong in those which they deny; -in the same sense in which opposite proverbs are the complements of each other -both true, and yet both false. much can hardly be said of religious sectsfor, in religion, the positive, from the nature of the case, is far more likely to be wrong, because the horizon there is infinite; and we have no data for a doctrine of the moral sphere. The Pastor's rule, however, "be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known unto you," though it has already led whither he would not, is a rule for all times, and will outlive all the systems in the world. Then how, and by what steps, has it led the posterity of the Puritan pilgrims so

wide of their fathers' pathway, and rolled | out their narrow Calvinistic synagogue into this umbrageous confederation of Gentile Christianities? Sir C. Lyell ascribes it all to the peculiar polity of the congregational churches, and to the natural recoil of religious feeling from the strain of Calvinism. A notable example of such reaction at the fountain head has been seen in the church and clergy of Geneva; but the spiritual independence of every separate congregation is among the issues of Protestantism, which it was reserved for New England to sanction by law, and to make the basis of an extensive ecclesiastical discipline. It is a principle, indeed, inconsistent with truth, if religion be a catechism and a confessor; but if it be a compound of instinct, reflection, faith, and experience—a light of the soul itself-it must feed upon free meditation; and the independence of any body of consenting worshipers is but the natural right of so many individual minds to obey the laws of thought and the conditions of their intellectual being. Now, by insight, foresight, self-assertion, or self-defence—or why not by the providence of God ?-- the Puritans of New England, before they were tolerant themselves, adopted the essential polity of toleration, and also of progress. The law gave effect to it; and in every congregation, if the creed of the majority change, the minority must secede and set up no rights of freehold against rights of conscience. Such is the principle of the congregational churches, of which, according to the list in the Almanac of last year, there are in the United States 1,727, with 1,584 ministers called orthodox, and 300, with 250 ministers called Unitarian. Sir C. Lyell says that the separate congregational churches in England, both Old and New, are, in all, above 3,000; which would seem to indicate a greater proportion for New England than we should have inferred from the figures in the Almanac. But whatever their number may be, they were the true root of American Protestantism, and of American education; and Sir C. Lyell gives a very interesting account of them in both those relations:

"It is now," he says, "the settled opinion of many of the most thoughtful of the New Englanders, that the assertion of the independence of each separate congregation was as great a step toward freedom of conscience as all that had been previously gained by Luther's reformation. To show how widely the spirit of their peculiar ecclesiastical system has spread, I may state that

even the Roman Catholics have, in different States, and in three or four cases, (one of which is still pending in 1848,) made an appeal to the courts at law, and endeavored to avail themselves of the principle of the Independents, so that the majority of a separate congregation should be entitled to resist the appointment by their bishop of a priest

to whom they had strong objections.

"But to exemplify the more regular working of the congregational polity within its own legitimate sphere, I will mention a recent case which came more near home to my own scientific pursuits. A young man of superior talent with whom I was acquainted, who was employed as a geologist in the State survey of Pennsylvania, was desirous of becoming a minister of the Presbyterian Church in that State; but when examined, previous to ordination, he was unable to give satisfactory answers to the questions respecting the plenary inspiration of Scripture, because he considered such a tenet, when applied to the first chapter of Genesis, inconsistent with discoveries now universally admitted respecting the high antiquity of the earth, and the existence of living beings on the earth long anterior to man. The rejected candidate, whose orthodoxy on all other points was fully admitted, was then invited by an Independent congregation in New England to become their pastor; and when he accepted the offer, the other associated churches were called upon to decide whether they would assist in ordaining one who claimed the right to teach freely his own views on the question at issue. The right of the congregation to elect him, whether the other churches approved of the doctrine or not, was conceded; and a strong inclination is always evinced by the affiliated societies to come, if possible, to an amicable understanding. Accordingly, a discussion ensued, and is perhaps still going on, whether, consistently with a fair interpretation of Scripture, or with what is essential to the faith of a Christian, the doctrine of complete and immediate inspiration may or may not be left as an open question."

Now the close connection of all this with the moral culture of a people cannot be questioned upon general grounds; nor can anybody turn away from it, as remote from the business of life, who reflects upon our actual religious difficulties at home, upon our public divisions and our domestic estrangements, all springing from the old passion for doctrinal uniformity.

The love of truth is honorable in all; and with the disciples of an infallible church we will not dispute. But there can be only one infallible church; and if the Protestant world be but seeking for that through free inquiry, then the freer the inquiry, the greater the hope of ultimate unity. In the present state of the world, unity is irreconcilable with freedom; and, in default of unity, the outward simulation of it is plain falsehood. We may agree that sincerity is

not everything in religion; but insincerity, even on the right side, must be something worse; and how much of that there is in Old England, we should be sorry to see computed in a question of national character. Religious insincerity, commonly called cant, is one of our special vices; and yet it does not seem natural to us, but results insensibly from our conservative love of old forms of speech which have survived their meaning, and ancient rites that have no life left in them. This is notable in Church and State alike; in our constitutional and legal fictions; in our public testimonials, tributes, toasts, epitaphs, and oaths, no less than in our solemn creeds, confessions, and thanksgivings. Consider, for example, in things sacred, our universal conventional indifference to the vows of sponsors in baptism, although the awful old service is scrupulously retained. So of the Ordination Ser-Consider, also, the weekly recitation of the fourth commandment, and the response to it, without one word of comment or qualification on the part of the Church, notwithstanding that nobody believes a Jewish Sabbath to be either binding upon Christians or possible in modern life; and not the strictest Puritan of us all, not Scotland herself, even thinks of observing it as such. The immense variance between the letter of this law and the most rigid practical interpretation of it, confounds all English ideas of Sabbath keeping and Sabbath breaking; creates unnecessarily an awful malum prohibitum; and lays snares in the path of innumerable honest and devout men and women. If the fourth commandment be, indeed, a law of the Christians, it is too certain that all Christians deliberately break it; but if it be a law of the Jews only, then all the scandal is chargeable upon those who, professing to have divine truth in their keeping, recite this law weekly from the altar, as if it were part of the sermon on the Mount. In the same way, chapters from the Old Testament and from the New are read out to a congregation, with no other distinction than that one is the first, the other the second lesson.

Such inconsistencies, to those who will reflect upon them, will appear far more important and more fruitful of evil consequences than most of us are aware of. Then there are the deliberate dishonesties of the learned, imposing upon the people what they do not believe themselves, for the sake of the end it is supposed to answer: Sir Charles Lyell adduces at length the text of the three hea-

venly witnesses, which no scholar, since Porson's investigation of it, professes to believe genuine, but which is still, nevertheless, retained in our Bibles, and also in those of the Episcopal Church of America, notwithstanding their opportunity of expunging it when the American Episcopalians revised the liturgy and struck out the Athanasian creed. This disingenuous timidity has long been a reflection upon all our religious teachers. It is now becoming extremely dangerous to their influence and authority. There is no meeting an age of inquiry except in the spirit of perfect candor. The question which lies at the root of all dogmatic Christianity is the authority of the letter of Scripture; yet, strange to say, that question is neither a settled nor an open one even among Protestants. All the clergy of almost all sects are afraid of it; and the students of nature, intent only upon facts that God has revealed to our senses, have to fight their way against the self-same religious prejudice which consigned Galileo to his dungeon. The geologists, following in the track of the astronomers, have made good some very important positions, and number among them many eminent churchmen of unquestioned fidelity to their ordination vows. It is now, therefore, admitted that the text is not conclusive against physical demonstration. Is the text conclusive against moral induction and metaphysical inquiry? Let a layman put that question, and an awful silence is the least forbidding answer he will receive. No minister of a parish, no master of a school, no father of a family in England, feels himself free to pursue any train of instruction that seems in conflict with a familiar text or a dogmatic formula, excepting only the subject of the opening verses of Genesis. He is either fearful of the ground himself, or he cannot clear his own path for others, without opening a discussion, which is discountenanced on all sides, and branded with reproachful names. He, in spite of himself, must take refuge in evasions and reserve, and close a subject of perhaps the liveliest interest to the most reverential minds, lest the works of God should seem to be at variance with his word. Here is the dilemma which will be found at the bottom of the education question in England. This is what is consciously or unconsciously meant in many important quarters by the cry against secular instruction. This is why the natural sciences were so long frowned upon in our grammar schools and colleges, and ancient knowledge preferred to modern as a sounder and a holier lore. The Theology of the Vatican was at home among the Pagan | other witnesses whose works are enumerated mythologies, the Aristotelian physics, and the Hebrew cosmogonies, yet stood in awe of "the Tuscan artist's optic glass," and the spirit of the ancient Church has ever since been true to that instinct. But Protestantism, we say again, and printing, have admitted the light of nature into the schools, and, in the unlimited ecclesiastical freedom of the United States, religion and education go hand in hand.

"Certainly," says Sir C. Lyell, "no people ever started with brighter prospects of uniting the promotion of both these departments than the people of New England at this moment. Of the free schools which they have founded, and the plan of education adopted by them, for children of all sects and stations in society, they feel justly proud, for it is the most original thing which America has yet produced."

The Puritans introduced the congregational polity—the Puritans introduced also the free schools. In the log huts of the early settlers in Massachusetts were commonly found the Bible and "Paradise Lost."

"Full of faith," says Sir C. Lyell, "and believing that their religious tenets must be strengthened by free investigation, they held that the study and interpretation of the Scriptures should not be the monopoly of a particular order of men, but that every layman was bound to search them for himself. Hence they were anxious to have all their children taught to read. So early as the year 1647, they instituted common schools, the law declaring 'that all the brethren should teach their children and apprentices to read, and that every township of fifty householders should appoint one to teach all the children.' Very different was the state of things in the contemporary colony of Virginia, to which the cavaliers and members of the Established Church were thronging. Even fifteen or twenty years later, Sir William Berkeley, who was Governor of Virginia for nearly forty years, and was one of the best of the colonial rulers, spoke thus, in the full sincerity of his heart, of his own province, in a letter written after the restoration of Charles the Second :-

'I thank God there are no free schools or printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought heresy and disobedience, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both."

Such are two opposite views of the value of learning which still agitate the world; and the question between them is no speculative question, but by many degrees the most practical of all the questions of our time. But here it seems right to call in the

at the head of this article, that no conclusion in this important inquiry may rest upon any prejudice of ours, or of any single writer, however discerning or dispassionate. The problem of the civilized world is, how to promote the continual improvement of our race by means of free institutions; for there is no sign that the principles of despotism either in Church or State can do it. Let the admirers of the absolute in human affairs mark the contrasts of history and of the living world. The political order of China is to British and American disorders like a cage of tame animals to the lords of the forest; the civic order of Rome is to the civic order of Boston like a cage of untamed animals to a park of friendly deer

Anglo-Saxon polity was extant 1800 years ago in the forest of Germany. "De minoribus rebus principes consultant; de majoribus omnes; ita tamen ut ea quoque quorum penès plebem arbitrium est apud principes pertractentur." The "de majoribus omnes" has developed into Parliament and Congress; the "apud principes pertractentur," into Downing street and Washington cabinets. But the principal of jury trial appears also in that ancient picture, "Licet apud concilium accusare quoque et discrimen capitis intendere:" and the principle of election was applied to their State Governors or Sheriffs and Lords Lieutenant, "Eliguntur in iisdem conciliis et principes qui jura per pagos vicosque reddunt." This popular polity, we say, is historically traceable from Tacitus to Blackstone, and from the Rhine and Danube to the Potomac and the Hudson. And what results has it not brought to pass in things spiritual as well as things tempo-There are Eastern despotisms and Eastern idolatries over boundless realms, the same to-day as they were when the Druids sacrificed in Stonehenge; but the Druids and their followers are transformed into Romanists and Protestants, into learned Tractarians. devout Baptists, followers of Chalmers, followers of Channing, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Independents, and Universalists. Messrs. Reed and Matheson, two pious English dissenting ministers, have written each a volume on religion and education in America; and in Mr. Mackay's very copious and sensible work, there is a chapter on each of those subjects. We have also before us the tenth annual report of the Massachusetts system of Common Schools, 1849; and all these authorities agree in representing the

United States generally, but the New England States in particular, as excelling all other nations in the general education of the people. Reed and Matheson were deputies from the Congregational Union of England and Wales to the American churches, in 1834—devout, earnest Calvinistic dissenters—not unprejudiced, therefore, but very honest and open-hearted; and from Mr. Matheson's letter on "general impressions," we select the following passage, remembering what Sir. C. Lyell, a witness of such a different class, has said to the same effect:—

"Allowing, as I did, for the difficulties of a newly settled country, and for the disadvantages of emigration, the state of education, morals, and religion, was decidedly better than I expected to find it; indeed, I have never visited a country in which I have seen them equalled. England herself suffers painfully in the comparison. There are undoubtedly some points in politics, in science, and in domestic life, in which the advantage may still be with the parent country; but on the subjects in question, and which are legitimate to this inquiry, the advantage is with America. Education with us may, in certain cases, be more refined and recondite; but it is not spread over so large a surface, and is less in the sum total; and if, as Johnson says, the state of common life is the true state of a nation, the nation must be considered to be better educated. In morals, too, you are constrained to receive the same impression."

Such is the testimony of the pious dissenting minister, looking at everything in the light of religion. Take next the verdict of the English barrister, looking at spiritual things from neutral ground, with a feeling by no means irreligious, but wholly unsectarian, liberal, and humane,—half philosophic, half worldly wise:—

"There is much in the general polity of America to strike the stranger with surprise, but nothing more calculated to excite his admiration than the earnestness with which education is there universally promoted by the State, as a matter in which the State has the most deep and lasting interest. The American government is one which shrinks not from investigation, but covets the intelligent scrutiny of all who are subjected to it. It is founded neither on force nor fraud, and seeks not therefore to ally itself with ignorance. Based upon the principle of right and justice, it seeks to league itself with intelligence and virtue. Its roots lie deep in the popular will; and in the popular sympathies is the chief source of its strength. It is its great object, therefore, to have that will controlled, and those sympathies regulated by an enlightened judgment. It thus calls education to its aid, instead of treating it as its foe." (Mackay, vol. iii. p. 225.)

Again: - "The results of the general attention to popular education characteristic of American polity, are as cheering as they are obvious. It divorces man from the dominion of his mere instincts, in a country the institutions of which rely for their maintenance upon the enlightened judgments of the public. Events may occur which may catch the multitude in an unthinking humor, and carry it away with them, or which may blind the judgment by flattering appeals to the passions of the populace; but on the great majority of questions of a social and political import which arise, every citizen is found to entertain an intelligent opinion. He may be wrong in his views, but he can always offer you reasons for them. In this how favorably does he contrast with the unreasoning and ignorant multitudes in other lands! All Americans read and write. Such children and adults as are found incapable of doing either, are emigrants from some of the less favored regions of the old hemisphere, where popular ignorance is but too frequently regarded as the best guaranty for the stability of political systems." (Ibid. vol. iii. p. 238.)

Now surely this, in all unjaundiced European eyes, ought to seem the noblest and most hopeful political spectacle which the world affords. It is giving democracy the fairest of trials, and goes far to explain and justify the great part which seems assigned to the Anglo-Saxon race in the occupying and civilizing of the earth. For allowing fully the advantage of an unlimited territory, and unlimited employment, as contrasted with the perennial pauperism of old countries; yet here is a nation which takes measures beforehand against the degradation of the people, by making the ignorance, which is the main source of it, impossible. Of course, if anybody doubts the progressive destiny and continual improvability of our race, and thinks, with Lord Byron, that "man always has been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal," it is easy to point to rocks on which American civilization must suffer shipwreck. The union will be rent asunder by factions and slavery-population will at last overflow the temperate regionspauperism will overwhelm polity-and society must start again round the old circle. But what if there be no such circle? or if the true circle be an ever-enlarging one, and the measure of it beyond historical ken? The power of knowledge has never yet been tried upon the majority—the old world has not dared to try it. But thoughtful men are looking now-some it may be with doubt, and some with fear, but every one of them with the deepest interest-to the issue of that "experiment solitary" in America. As for the system and machinery of American

education, it is of less importance than the principle, but of great importance notwith-All the authors we have named give us detailed accounts of it; but we had better resort to the Massachusetts report itself, where the system is most perfect, and the results the most satisfactory. Horace Mann, the compiler of the report, is ardent in the cause; and some allowance must be made for a style covered by enthusiasm; but this volume is indeed a noble monument of a civilized people; and if America were sunk beneath the waves, would remain the fairest picture on record of an ideal commonwealth! From the second section of the fifth chapter of the constitution of Massachusetts, he gives us the following passage:-

"Wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue, diffused generally among the body of the people, being necessary for the preservation of their rights and liberties; and as these depend on spreading the opportunities and advantages of education in the various parts of the country, and among the different orders of the people, it shall be the duty of the legislatures and magistrates in all future periods of the Commonwealth, to cherish the interests of literature and the sciences, and all seminaries of them; especially in the University of Cambridge, public schools, and grammar schools in the towns; to encourage private societies and public institutions, rewards and immunities for the promotion of agriculture, arts, sciences, commerce, trade, manufactures, and a natural history of the country; to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry, and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings; sincerity, good hamor, and all social affections and generous sentiments among the people."

In England it is the doctrine of a certain school of liberal politicians (we fear a large one), that education should be as voluntary as religion, and that both should be left to supply and demand. But we have in the United States the authority and example of the freest republic in the world in favor of a very different principle, viz., that religion should be free, and education compulsory—that the state should train all its subjects to the duties of men and citizens, upon a basis of absolute religious equality. And we venture to say that this rule has its root in reason, as well as in the essential conditions and necessities of a Protestant commonwealth.

Take the following article from the "Massachusetts Declaration of Rights:"—

"It is the right, as well as duty, of all men in

society, publicly, and at stated seasons, to worship the Supreme Being, the great Creator and Preserver of the universe, and no subject shall be hurt, molested, or restrained, in his person, liberty, or estate, for worshiping God in the manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience; or for his religious professions or sentiments, provided he does not disturb the public peace, or obstruct others in their religious worship." (Art. 2.)

"All religious sects and denominations demeaning themselves peaceably, and as good citizens of the Commonwealth, shall be equally under the protection of the law; and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law." (Amendments to the Constitution of Massachusetts. Art. 11.)

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." (Constitution of the United

States. Amendments, Art. 1.)

"The School Committees shall never direct to be purchased or used, in any town schools, any school books which are calculated to favor the tenets of any particular sect of Christians." (Revised Statutes, c. xxiii. sec. 23.)

Now, a State Religion would be acceptable to all men, if there were one religion only in the State; but where there are many, it is difficult to conceive it consisting with religious liberty, and with a universal or harmonious system of public education. We know too well our own dilemmas upon this subject, from which we vainly attempt to escape by compromises which invade both theories, and give satisfaction to nobody; and we see, as a matter of fact, that the United States have delivered themselves from our difficulties, by altogether rejecting a State Religion, and putting all sects upon one footing.

Upon this foundation is built the great system of which this Massachusetts Report is a full and complete delineation; and we must confess that the pilgrim fathers were truly prolific men, and that their free schools have spread as far and wide, and outgrown the original type, as much as their first The area of Massa-Puritan churches. chusetts is about 8,000 square miles, divided. into 314 towns or cities. Each town and city is a body politic and corporate, required by law to provide one or more schools for the free admission and free education of all its children; and is indictable for not doing so; the law fixes the minimum, but not the maximum of schooling. And though fact so often follows law with tardy and unwilling steps, yet in Massachusetts this law has been superseded by the zeal of the people to obey it !-- " the towns taxing themselves for an amount of schooling many times greater than the law requires." "In this respect," says Mr. Mann, "the towns are like a righteous man who acts from a higher motive than a legal mandate—who does right because it is right, and has no occasion to think of penalties."

To the same effect Sir C. Lyell says:—

"My informants in general were desirous that I should understand that the success of their plan of national education does not depend so much on the number and pay of the teachers as on the interest taken in it by the entire population, who faithfully devote more time and thought to the management of the schools, than to any other public duty. About one million of dollars is spent in teaching a population of 800,000 souls, independently of the sums expended on private instruction, which in the city of Boston is supposed to be equal to the amount levied by taxes for the free schools, or 260,000 dollars (55,000l.) If we were to enforce a school rate in Great Britain, bearing the same proportion to our population of twenty-eight millions, the tax would amount annually to more than seven millions sterling, and would then be far less effective, owing to the higher cost of living, and the comparative average standard of incomes among professional and official men."

The system of Massachusetts, from the building of a school to the choice and qualifications of the master, is most elaborate and complete; and supported at every step by acts of the legislature and decisions of the Courts, and the co-operation of the whole community. Democracy works it all!

Each town, in public meeting, determines its school districts; votes the money, collects and deposits it in the town treasury, determines the distribution of it, for-1. The wages of teachers; 2. The board of teachers; 3. Fuel for the schools: then appoints what is called a "Prudential Committee," i. e. one person or three, charged, like our churchwardens, with the care of the school fabric and furniture, also at the public expense; then elects a School Committee of three, five, or seven persons, "to have the general charge and superintendence of all the public schools in the town." The members of this last important committee are entitled to one dollar a day for their actual working days, and their duties are prescribed by law; viz. to keep a record book of all their own proceedings; to select and contract with teachers; to examine them and certify to their qualifications, 1, in respect of morals: 2, in respect of literature; 3, in respect of "capacity to govern;" and 4, in respect of "good behavior," i. e.

good manners; also to visit the schools at least quarterly, and to prescribe the books that shall be used in them. Then we have a "Board of Education, whose duty is to obtain information respecting the true principles of education, and the best means of promoting it, and to diffuse that information among the people." And to this end we have school registers, directions and explanations, inquiries and returns, school committees' reports, school abstracts, reports of the Board of Education and its secretary, school libraries and apparatus, State normal schools, teachers' institutes, aids and encouragements toward universal education, teachers' association, county associations of teachers, schools for the Indians, for the deaf and dumb, for the blind, for idiots, for prisoners, and a State reform school, "for the instruction, employment, and reformation, of juvenile offenders."*

Into the details of all these of course we cannot enter; but the foregoing summary is enough to show that here is no republic of barricades, or of national workshops, or of twenty-four hours' pillage, but a most earnest endeavor after a commonwealth of intelligent, industrious, just, and humane men.

"He who studies," says Mr. Mann, "the present or the historic character of Massachusetts, will see—and he who studies it most profoundly will see most clearly—that whatever of abundance, of intelligence, or of integrity—whatever of character at home or renown abroad she may possess—all has been evolved from the enlightened, and at least partially Christianized mind, not of a few, but of the great masses of her people."

If there is national pride here, it is surely pride that has much to say for itself—"a noble passion, misnamed pride"—and we must not forget what our four English witnesses have testified to the same effect, and generally in favor of the state of society in New England. It is a country without native pauperism and without native ignorance; a country where domestic peace, wealth, science, piety, and the refinements and charities of life, have flourished for seventy years under an absolute democracy.

Of course there is no perfection in the case. National follies and vices are the follies and vices of those who compose the nation. But the way to judge a nation justly

^{*}We wish our Educational Committees would look at a volume on School Architecture, by H. Barnard, Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island. We have no such book, even for the Lodges of Country Seats.

is the way to judge a man—to look not at his virtues alone, still less at his vices alone —but at the whole of his character, and the general tenor of his conduct. There are democrats who applaud everthing in America, because there is universal suffrage and ballot there. There are Tories and high churchmen who condemn everything in America, because they have cast off the crown and the mitre; and Whigs who judge them because they have not got rid of slavery; and men of taste, because the odor of Puritanism is yet strong upon them, and because in two hundred years of pioneering through the forests of a hemisphere, they have not advanced with equal steps in court graces, the belles lettres, and the fine arts. But all Englishmen should remember this, that these, their brethren of the New World, have sown the institutions of Alfred, and the language of Shakspeare, broadcast, from the Atlantic to the Pacific! that in the north-eastern States at least, they have cherished and improved upon the virtues of their fathers, and outgrown many of their vices; that the slavery of the southern States is a legacy from the parent land, and that all the ignorance and pauperism of New England is an overflow from Europe!

Thus far we have confined our views to the moral aspects of American societytaking material developments for granted. The industrial, commercial, mechanical, business-loving, money-making virtues and vices of the British race are conspicuous throughout the world, and are the indispensable groundwork of whatever other and higher conquests that race may have achieved. But if to feed and clothe and lodge himself better and better were the whole duty of man upon earth, history would soon lose its interest for us. It is what he will make of the world when he has won it, that we look to with anxious and curious eyes; and New England is, we think, a hopeful specimen of what at least he is aiming at in the western world. number and energy of the sects there, bespeaks the life of religion among the people; and popular religion is popular philosophythe love and study of wisdom—the cultivation of the spiritual part of man-the counterpoise and corrective of mere animal existence; and the amity of so many zealous and independent sects is an answer we think to the question-Can the majority be just when it is supreme? Every sect is a small minority, among a multitude of rivals-yet the conscience of every sect is respected both by the

law and by society—and nobody appears afraid of free inquiry and the light of knowledge. We say, therefore, that society in New England is at least as civilized and as secure as in Old England. "There is no country," says Sir C. Lyell, "where a woman could, with so much comfort and security, undertake a long journey alone." And when he was animadverting upon the evils of universal suffrage, the turbulence of demagogues, and the strife of elections perpetually going on, he was asked in reply, "whether any of the British colonies are more prosperous in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, are doing so much to promote good schools, as some even of their most democratic States, such as New Hampshire and Maine? Let our institutions, they said, be judged of by their fruits. To this appeal an Englishman, as much struck as I had been with the recent progress of things, in those very districts, and with the general happiness, activity, and contentment of all classes, could only respond by echoing the sentiment of the Chancellor Oxenstiern, "Quam parvâ sapientâ mundus gubernatur." How great must be the amount of misgovernment in the world in general, if a democracy like this can deserve to rank so high in the comparative scale! Perhaps a juster reflection would have been, that it is not upon what we call government that the world essentially depends; but upon certain laws of nature and of Providence, which the more that men will study and submit to, each in his private sphere, the more the world will go as its Creator designed it to do: and to this end it is essential that thought, and inquiry, and conscience, and worship should be free.

And now let us glance at the question of the federal government, and see whether we gather from our witnesses more grounds for fear that the south will break with the north, or for hope that the civilization of the north will peaceably spread to the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, and the union continue to hold together this great brotherhood of British nations.

Mr. Mackay, upon this, as upon all other points, is abundant in details and inferences, and has one chapter which he is adventurous enough to entitle "a peep into the future." But Sir C. Lyell is more cautious, and so far a better pilot in unknown seas. The following passage we have noted particulary in chapter nine, just after an account of a Whig caucus, and a moderating speech from Mr. Webster in reference to the Oregon dispute

with England, and also to certain party di-1 visions in the Union:—

"It was satisfactory to reflect that in Massachusetts, where the whole population is more educated than elsewhere, and more Anglo-American, having less of recent foreign admixture, whether European or African, the dominant party is against the extension of slavery to new regions like Texas, against territorial aggrandisement, whether in the north or south, and against war. They are in a minority, it is true; but each state of the Union has such a separate and independent position, that, like a distinct nation, it can continue to cherish its own principles and institutions, and set an example to the rest, which they may in time learn to imitate. The Whigs were originally in favor of more centralization, or of giving increased power to the federal executive: while the democratic party did all they could to weaken the central power, and successfully contended for the sovereign rights and privileges of each member of the confederation. In so doing they have perhaps inadvertently and without seeing the bearing of their policy, guarded the older and more advanced commonwealths from being too much controlled and kept down by the ascendancy of newer and ruder States."

Here then is a source of moral strength latent in the very weakness of the federal bond; for we take for granted that it is the influence and example of the more enlightened States that gives tone and dignity to Congress; and those centres of civilization would lose their proper light and heat, if their domestic administration were dependent upon the will of a ruder democracy. This will be manifest to any one who makes for argument's sake an extreme supposition in the matter of slavery. Suppose the south strong enough not only to withstand the opinion of the north upon that subject, but also to impose the institution of slavery upon New England! The whole civilized world would then pray for the dissolution of the Union for civilization's sake. In such a march of allied nations through the wilderness, all depends upon the rear following the front; and unless not only the white man can govern the black and the red, but the wiser whites can lead the ruder, and light prevail against darkness by its own inherent power, the western world must relapse almost into its original condition; and what vantageground has the old world from which it could look undismayed upon such a fall?

But we are hopeful of American civilization and of American democracy, which two must stand or fall together; and we would not willingly believe the slavery schism so

habitual ties which bind the southern States to the common interests and glory of the It is not only material interests against moral, which can never prevail in the long run; but, the material interests of the present against the material interests of the future. A republican league upon the basis of slavery, or a war of independence for such a cause, could not prosper in the modern world. The north would hold its own, and the south would fall a prey to civil discord and servile war. This, we think, must be so clear to reflecting men on both sides, that in the last extremity it will save the Union. On the one hand are the great natural ties of blood and language,—similar political institutions,—the same proud memories of the past,—the same high anticipations of the future, -one Washington, -one thanksgiving day,—one star banner,—one Mississippi! On the other hand, only the black man, and the unblest dominion over

No wise man will predict the future of America; and yet to avoid speculation wholly, we must shut our eyes upon the most interesting phenomena of the living world: and to see American civilization swallowed up in barbarism would chill the hopes of the most sanguine friends of man, as they have never been chilled hitherto in the darkest era of the past. Doubtless there are dangers; and the peril of the Union supersedes at this moment every other question in the United States. For though the cause of civilization is not bound up with the present confederacy, a dissolution would involve wars and backslidings, and a century of lee-way, and would react heavily upon the fortunes of Europe.

Let us look, therefore, if there be no elements of hope in the conditions of the question as it now stands.

We began our survey of the United States on their bright side, where, in New England, civilization has achieved its greatest triumphs, and achieved them under a democracy: from which we drew this inference, that civilization is compatible with democracy. And if so in the North, why not in the South? If in the East, why not in the West? It is at any rate more a question of blood and breed than of latitude and climate. There are great races of men in the world that have never shown a genius for polity. But our race has shown it eminently under every sky, and for 1000 years, from Alfred to Washington, has never for any considerable fundamental, as to sever all the natural and linterval been retrograde. The English tongue

is a compound of all languages, and British institutions are a compound of all the polities of the world. The war against the American wilderness is the same now as it was from the beginning; or, if upon a vaster scale, with corresponding advantages of experience and power. Consider how greatly physical and mechanical apparatus have been brought to bear upon civilization: and if parish boundaries in America are meridians of latitude and longitude, let us remember the steam-ship and the steam-press, the electric post and the flying train! The scale of operations is nothing if the ways and means be commensurate; and in the rasa tabula of America those ways and means have only the natural intractability of men to contend with, and not the adventitious obstacles of the prejudices and prescriptions of the Old World. Should the civilization of the old and free States be but secure, their character cannot suffer by those accessions from the backwoods which lower the average character of the Union. It is incident to popular government, and still more to federal constitutions, that the nation in its collective form and action is a balance of the best and worst sense which it contains; and the United States must pay this penalty for the glory of subduing a continent; their progress will be constantly retarded and checked from time to time by the influx of wild brethren and of raw levies from the far West. But what help is there for this, except in the constant resistance and protest kept up against it? No sharp line of demarkation can be drawn; no moment of maturity can be predetermined for the admission of a new State. It is the task of tame elephants to subdue the wild. It is the very commission of the civilized States to leaven the mass, and to annex that they may leaven. And has not so much hitherto been done and made good in that way as to forbid despair at this or any other season? It is Texas and slavery which have raised the present excitement, brought on the present crisis.

But the ferment, we think, is more likely to be healthful than destructive. To every bane there is an antidote. As the spirit of the slave interest is embittered, the moral spirit of abolition is reanimated and reinforced; and as the barbarism of the West presses upon Congress, the civilization of the East puts on its armor and stands on more vigilant guard. Then in the West itself, against Texas is to be set off California and New Mexico, "which," says Mr. Webster, in his great speech in the Senate of the United States, on the 7th of March last,—

-" are likely to come in as free. What I mean to say is, that African slavery, as we see it among us, is as impossible to find itself, or to be found, in California and New Mexico, as any other natural impossibility. California and New Mexico are Asiatic in their formation and scenery. They are composed of vast ridges of mountains of enormous height, with broken ridges and deep valleys. The sides of these mountains are barren, entirely barren, their tops capped by perennial snow. There may be in California, now made free by its constitution, and no doubt there made free by its constitution, and no doubt there are, some tracts of valuable land. But it is not so in New Mexico. Pray what is the evidence which every gentleman must have obtained on this subject, from information sought by himself; or communicated by others? I have inquired and read all I could find, in order to acquire information on this important question. What is there in New Mexico that could, by any possibility, induce anybody to go, there with possibility, induce anybody to go there with slaves? There are some narrow strips of tillable land on the borders of the rivers, but the rivers themselves dry up before midsummer is gone. All that the people can do in that region is to raise some little articles, some little wheat for their tortillas, and all by irrigation. And who expects to see a hundred black men cultivating tobacco, corn, cotton, rice, or anything else, on lands in New Mexico, made fertile only by irrigation? I look upon it, therefore, as a fixed fact, to use an expression current at this day, that both California and New Mexico are destined to be free, as far as they are settled at all, which," I believe, especially in regard to New Mexico, will be very little for a great length of time,-free by the arrangement of things by the Power above us. I have therefore to say, in this respect also, that this country is fixed for freedom, to as many persons as shall ever live in it, by as irrepealable, and more irrepealable, a law than the law which attaches to the right of holding slaves in Texas; and I will say further, that if a resolution, or a law, were now before us to provide a territorial government for New Mexico, I would not vote to put any prohibition into it whatever. The use of such a prohibition would be idle, as respects any effect it would have upon the territory; and I would not take pains to reaffirm an ordinance of Nature, nor to re-enact the will of God."

Now, though Mr. Webster thinks that New Mexico will be slowly peopled, yet the rush of adventurers upon California will certainly raise up some rapid masses of population there—and of population trained in the Old World, and in the oldest parts of the New—so that the Union will have some groundwork for allegiance, and many peaceful interests, already established on the Pacific, and the backwoods may be attacked in the rear. Then among moral agencies, to say no more of the Protestant sects which sow some seed of christianity everywhere, we would not overlook the Romanist religion

of the French races in the valley of the Mississippi. The Church of Rome, though no friend to intellectual freedom, and therefore to the progress of mankind, has always been the nursing mother of humanity in rude times and regions. Compare, for instance, her missionaries and ours, even in China! Her pastoral system is benign and all-embracing, and, for simple men, her ritual the most elevated of all mythologies. Mr. Mackay is alarmed for the Protestanism of Western America.

"The Church of Rome," he says, " has in a manner abandoned the comparatively populous States of the sea-board, and fixed its attention upon the valley of the Mississippi. In this it has discovered a far-seeing policy. Nineteen-twentieths of the Mississippi valley are yet under the dominion of the wilderness. But no portion of the country is being so rapidly filled with population. In fifty years its inhabitants will, in number, be more than double those of the Atlantic States. The Church of Rome has virtually left the latter to the tender mercies of contending Protestant sects, and is fast taking possession of the great valley.

"In her operations she does not confine herself to the more populous portions of the valley, her devoted missionaries penetrating its remotest regions, wherever a white man or an Indian is to be found. Wherever the Protestant missionary goes, he finds that he has been forestalled by his more active rival, whose coadjutors roam on their proselytizing mission over vast tracts of country into which the Protestant has not yet followed him with a similar object. Catholicism is thus, by its advance guards, who keep pace with population whithersoever it spreads, sowing broadcast the seeds of future influence. In many districts the settler finds no religious counsellor within reach but the faithful missionary of Rome, who has thus the field to himself, a field which he frequently cultivates with success. In addition to this, seminaries, in connection with the church, are being founded, not only in places which are now well filled with people, but in spots which careful observation has satisfied its agents will yet most teem with population. Ecclesiastical establishments, too, are being erected, which commend themselves to the people of the districts in which they are found, by the mode in which they administer to their comforts and their necessities when other means of ministering to them are wanting. The Sisters of Charity have already their establishments amid the deep recesses of the forest, prescribing to the diseased in body, and administering consolation to the troubled in spirit, long before the doctor or the minister makes his appearance in the settlement. By this attention to the physical as well as the moral wants, the Roman emissaries, ere there are yet any to compete with them, gain the good-will of the neighborhood in the midst of which they labor, and proselytism frequently follows hard upon a lively sentiment of gratitude."

We cannot but regret that this pleasing picture should be dashed with any shade of Protestant jealousy. A thousand synods of Thurles shall not provoke us here. It exhibits the Church of Rome on what has ever been her bright side,—the pastoral and not the theological. She has always been the friend and guardian of society in its infancy, in its desolation, in seasons of famine, of pestilence, and of secular oppression. In Europe, for many centuries, amid the darkness of evil generations, she was the sole sanctuary of peace, of mercy, and of female innocence. And now for her labors of charity, not for the first time, in the American wilderness, we are very willing to forget her prospective policy, and that eye to business which Mr. Mackay forewarns us of. In the Roman Catholic missionaries of the great valley let us welcome present instruments of good, whom Providence has not sent there for nothing.

And thus whoever casts a comprehensive eye over the vast and varied picture of the United States, will discern signs of growth, change, transition, conflict, and compensation on every side, and agencies of man and nature apparently in opposition, that are really working together to some general end. The four races of men, too, which compose that vast population,-the Saxon, the Celt, the Negro, and the Indian,—whatever their separate fortunes, must mingle their blood, more or less, together; and as nature makes nothing in vain, we know not what political results may come of that. Dr. Arnold, many years ago, in some historical disquisition, assumed that European society must work out its destiny with the means already in its possession, and had no new ingredients or infusions to look for; upon which a writer in the Westminster Review remarked that the Negro race had not yet played its part in the world, and was perhaps destined to supply the Pacific and Christian counterpoise to the martial and pioneering virtues of the northern races. Of course we do not propound this as any serious theory of our own; but when we study Lavater, and read Blumenbach and D'Israeli upon Caucasians, Mongolians, Ethiopians, and the type man, there is nothing absurd in suggesting that nature may have designed ultimately to fuse her three original types into one, and that the last and highest man may be something higher than a Jew.

There is an opinion in Europe that American democracy has outlived the virtues of its founders, and has become corrupt and acquisitive, envious, factious, and insensible to

honor. But if this means that America is suffering, upon the whole, a moral decline, the opinion seems to us inconsistent with the high and progressive civilization of many of the older States. We would ascribe the evil to growth rather than decay; or at the worst to that relative deterioration which is involved in the rapid increase of independent constituencies. The national point of honor may easily stand lower now than it did in the first years of independence, when the population was more compact, more united by a common sentiment, and more under the influence of the eminent and disinterested men who laid the foundations of the republic. pioneers of the west have not been trained in courts or camps; and the questions which now agitate the Union, like the questions which agitate all governments, are calculated to bring out the fiercest passions of the popu-Yet the true question is not simply as to the existence and vivacity of democratic vices in America, but whether such corruptions are the permanent and increasing tendency of popular institutions; -- for if they be, then men of virtue, as well as men of taste. will "fly from petty tyrants to the throne," or, if need be, even to the shelter of hierarchies and of castes. But let institutions be judged by their fruits,-the good and the bad together. In every country there are examples of any kind of moral character from which a writer may choose to generalize. If we were to judge at home of the quality of the waters by the scum of the surface, or by the dregs at bottom, what inferences should we draw from election mobs, parliamentary intrigues, and railway morality? are undeniable disgraces, but they are not the whole of England. There are readers who never crossed the Atlantic, who figure to themselves all America to be spitting on the carpet, all American religion to be that of a Smith and a Miller, and all American law to be that of Lynch,—the truth being that Americans do spit more than is approved of in England; that Lynch is still an indispensable man in the backwoods; and that the Mormons have founded a State: but the truth being also, that the best society and manners are to be found in the States; that the gradations of law rise from Lynch, through Kent, up to Story, one of the first of modern jurists; and gradations of religion from the fanaticisms of Smith up to the Christian theism of Channing, for whom even the Roman Catholic chapels tolled their bells as his coffin passed to the grave.

In the Union, besides freedom and slavery,

we have all stages and varieties of the social condition—the town life of Boston, the town life of New York and of New Orleans, and the town life of San Francisco,-rural life in the valley of Connecticut, rural life in the valley of the Ohio, and rural life in the valley of the Sacramento, and all in both kinds that lie between those extreme and intermediate We own that when we reflect upon points. such diversities of civilization, all under highpressure democracy, our admiration is great at the births of time which some seventy years have seen in the western continent, and our hopes no less of what the coming centuries will bring forth. There is a corresponding strength in the vices and virtues of freedom. No European moralist could inveigh with more severity against the corruption of opinion and practice in the United States, than Dr. Channing, in writing upon Texas and slavery. And touching the press, which indicates as accurately as anything the spirit of a reading democracy, hear Webster, in the speech before referred to.

"Again, sir, the violence of the press is com-plained of. The press violent! Why, sir, the press is violent everywhere. There are outra-geous reproaches in the North against the South, and there are reproaches no better in the South against the North. The extremists in both parts of this country are violent; they mistake loud and violent talk for eloquence and for reason. They think that he who talks loudest reasons best. And this we must expect, when the press is free, as it is here, and I trust always will be; for, with all its licentiousness, and all its evil, the entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of government on the basis of a free constitution. Wherever it exists there will be foolish paragraphs and violent paragraphs in the press, as there are, I am sorry to say, foolish speeches and violent speeches in both Houses of Congress. In truth, I must say, that in my opinion, the vernacular tongue of the country has become greatly vitiated, depraved, and corrupted by the style of our congressional debates. And if it were possible for those debates to vitiate the principles of the people, as much as they have depraved their taste, I should cry out 'God save the Republic.'"

This, from the mouth of the first orator of the Union, we take to be a wise and discriminating view of democracy, as it proclaims and asserts itself in speech: and applicable to many other of its phenomena, if not to the whole thing. Democracy is vehement, turbulent, overbearing, and often overreaches itself. It is, however, the toil and struggle of men engaged, with various fortunes, in the battle of life; for the world is a warfare

throughout, and the Church herself militant on earth.

Mr. Webster being now again in office, his sentiments have increased interest and significance; and we think the following passage contains a most just estimate of the twofold duty of a representative in the united legislature of a federal government, and preserves the true balance between the independence of the component parts and the common rights of the whole:—

"Complaint has been made against certain resolutions that emanate from legislatures at the North, and are sent here to us, not only on the subject of slavery in this District, but sometimes recommending Congress to consider the means of abolishing slavery in the States. I should be sorry to be called upon to present any resolu-tions here which could not be referable to any committee or any power in Congress; and therefore I should be unwilling to receive from the Legislature of Massachusetts any instructions to present resolutions expressive of any opinion whatever on the subject of slavery, as it exists at the present moment in the States, for two reasons: because, first, I do not consider that the legislature of Massachusetts has anything to do with it; and, next, I do not consider that I, as her representative here, have anything to do with it. It has become, in my opinion, quite too common, and if the legislatures of the States do not like that opinion, they have a great deal more power to put it down than I have to uphold it: it has become, in my opinion, quite too common a practice for the State legislatures to present resolutions here on all subjects, and to instruct us on all subjects. There is no public man that requires instruction more than I do, or who requires information more than I do, or desires it more heartily; but I do not like to have it come in too imperative a shape. I took notice, with pleasure, of some remarks upon this subject made the other day in the Senate of Massachusetts by a young man of talent and character, of whom the best hopes may be entertained. I mean Mr. Hillard. He told the Senate of Massachusetts that he would vote for no instructions whatever to be forwarded to members of Congress, nor for any resolutions to be offered, expressive of the sense of Massachusetts, as to what her members of Congress ought to do. He said that he saw no propriety in one set of public servants giving instructions and reading lectures to another set of public servants. To their own master all of them must stand or fall, and that master is their constituents. I wish these sentiments could become more common,—a great deal more common. I have never entered into the question, and never shall, about the binding force of instructions. I will, however, simply say this: if there be any matter pending in this body while I am a member of it, in which Massachusetts has an interest of her own not adverse to the general interest of the country, I shall pursue her instructions with gladness of heart, and with all the efficiency which I I can bring to the occasion. But if the question be one which affects her interest, and at the same time equally affects the interests of all the other States, I shall no more regard her particular wishes or instructions than I should regard the wishes of a man who might appoint me an arbitrator or referee, to decide some question of important private right between him and his neighbor, and then instruct me to decide in his favor. If ever there was a government upon earth, it is this government,—if ever there was a body upon earth, it is this body, which should condsider itself as composed by agreement of all: each member appointed by some, but organized by the general consent of all, sitting here under the solemn obligations of oath and conscience, to do that which they think to be best for the good of the whole."

If the statesman who spoke thus, and the colleagues who support him, and whom the death of the late President has restored to power, can maintain their ground and their principles, we too cry, God save the Republic, in confidence rather than in fear; for upon those conditions we think the Union will not split upon the rock of slavery, and will not be run down by the democracy of the backwoods.

In the foregoing survey we have endeavored to follow the outlines of the subject rather than its subdivisions and details,because the difficulty of keeping such a field in sight betrays many judgments, otherwise fair and just, into narrow views and partial conclusions; and we believe these two books of Sir C. Lyell's and Mr. Mackay's to be the most comprehensive, as well as impartial, that have been published in England upon the United States. Sir C. Lyell is by nature and habit a searcher after truth, -and Mr. Mackay treats every subject in the spirit of a man intent upon conveying faithful and correct impressions to his read-"It is time," he says, "that caricature should cease, and portraiture begin," and we trust that future travelers will bear this rule in mind, and follow this good example.

There are many particular subjects of great interest connected with the internal polity of the United States, into which we should be glad, if space permitted, to enter under the trusty guidance of our authors. In particular, we are sorry not to follow Sir C. Lyell into the slave States, of which he gives a more cheerful picture than we have been accustomed to, together with many proofs of the improveability of the negro race, and some physiological reasons for believing them capable, in successive generations, of unlimited development. Then there

are Mr. Mackay's statistics of agriculture, manufactures, and trade,—the increase and migrations of the people,—the foreign immigration,—the chapter on California,—and the international, commercial, and literary interests of the old and new world. It is altogether such a scene of political youth, strength, excitement, inexperience, opportunity, enterprise, and hope, as the world presents nowhere else between the poles. To treat such a subject wisely is a task for the best faculties of the wisest men. To treat it with supercilious dogmatism or with national ill feeling, must be discreditable to any writer of any country-but most of all to any writer who speaks the English tongue.

Amid the difficulties which beset all

governments, and the uncertainties that hang over the future of all nations, it would be rash and presumptuous to pronounce that the civilization of America is doomed to no reverses, no revolutions or mediæval eclipses: that democracy will commit no crimes or blunders entailing penalties upon unborn generations; that even under the best human guidance, the reclaiming of a moral, as well as material wilderness can be one march of victory and triumph. But this much we will venture to say, that, as the conditions of the problem manifest themselves at present, the United States have no greater lions in their path than the ignorance, misery, and depravity of the plebeian populations of

Completion of the Britannia Bridge. - | echo. The following (not hitherto published) After some years of unremitting labor, the engineers connected with this great work safely lowered the "last" of the Britannia tubes to its permanent resting-place on Fri-The Carnarvonshire end of the tube was lowered three feet, the opposite end being joined on to the Anglesea large tube in the interior of the lower on the Britannia rock, and, obedient to the law of the novel operation, the centres of both tubes, as before, were raised up several inches. The Government officer will be down on an early day to inspect the entire structure preparatory to its permanent opening. thing beyond a mere fractional deflection has been observed to take place in the tube that has been opened since March, and which has been subjected to the constant transit of heavy trains and traffic. Some curious acoustic effects have been observed. Pistol-shots, or any sonorous noises, are echoed within the tube half a dozen times. The cells of the top and bottom are used by the engineers as speaking tubes, and they can carry on conversations through them in whispers; by elevating the voice, persons may converse through the length of the bridge,—nearly a quarter of a mile. If one end of the cells be closed, they return a powerful echo: but although a whisper is thus distinctly repeated, the loudest whistle does not appear capable of returning any

is an official return of the cost of the entire structure:-Pedestals and abutments on Carnarvon side, £17,459; Carnarvon-tower, £28,626; Britannia Tower, £38,671; Anglesea Tower, £31,430; pedestals and abutments on Anglesea side, £40,470; lions, £2,048; total, £158,704. Wrought iron used in tubes, £118,946; cast iron in tubes and towers, £30,619; construction of tubes, £226,234; pontoons, ropes, capstans, painting materials, £28,096; raising machinery, £9,782; carpentry and laboring in floating, raising, and completing bridge, £25,498; experiments, £3,986; total, £601,865. The total weight of each of the wrought iron roadways now completed represents 12;000 tons, supported on a total mass of masonry of a million and a half cubic feet, erected at the rate of three feet in a minute.

STATUE TO HERDER-The new Bronze Statute of Herder-heroic in stature-just inaugurated at Weimar, beneath the walls of his church, is, as modern statues go, a very fine work,--large and simple, and clear of the oppressive pedantry which might almost seem to have been invited by the severity of the subject. There is more parade of a shapely leg, perhaps, than is strictly clerical: otherwise the beauty and the dignity of the subject are well conciliated. The artist is Herr Schaller, of Munich.

From the People's Journal.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

BY PARSON FRANK.

Tunc quoque materiam risus invenit ad omnes Occursus hominum. Ridebat curas, necnon et gaudia vulgi, Interdum et lacrymas.—Juvenal, Satirax.

Five years ago, Bon Gualtier, beloved of Blackwood and Tait and the Dublin University Magazines, after discussing in one of the three the merits of Mr. Charles Dickens, went on to say that he would back Michael Angelo Titmarsh against him, in his own line, for a hundred pounds—asserted that in his then existing writings there were some touches of nature that might compete with anything in our literature, and wound up by the dictum, "Titmarsh is not properly appreciated"

Now, there are a good many prophets in the world, and an astonishing proportion of them turn out to be false ones. Almost every one of us claims to be a prophet some time or other in his life: for instance, when John Brown has gone to the dogs, we look knowing, and remark that we had always and long ago foreseen and foretold that; or when Thomas Smith has won golden opinions from all sorts of men, we exclaim with a complacent chuckle that we invariably and from time immemorial predicted Smith's ultimate success. This ex post facto sort of prophecy is got up with marvelous cheapness, and on a singularly weak substratum of facts. "I always said that Thackeray was a clever fellow, and would make his way," is often enough said now that the gentleman has made his way and established his cleverness beyond a doubt. But Bon Gualtier, we beg to say, made the discovery before Thackeray had written Vanity Fair, or Pendennis, or Our Street, or Dr. Birch, or Mrs. Perkins' Ball, &c. He did not prophesy these celebrities, it is true, but he saw in a then unnoticed author the faculty which has since produced them; and we mention this because it seems to us that the comparison then ventured upon (odious as all comparisons may be, and especially to the star in the ascendant) between Michael Angelo the unregarded and Boz the world-famous, has been fairly and fully substantiated by the literary annals of the last lustrum. Titmarsh was not properly appreciated at that time—but it was not everyone who could or would then and there say so.

Still, he has made rapid strides since then. He has, during the interval, peopled the world of English fiction with some characters who stand a fair chance of living almost as long as Parson Adams, and uncle Toby, and Jeannie Deans, and Jonathan Oldbuck, and Falkland, and Nelly Trent. He has congregated in the booths and on the platforms of Vanity Fair that unique actress, consummate in her art, Rebecca Sharpe, and the too corpulent, too susceptible Joseph Sedley, and that "selfish humbug, that padded booby" (as Becky calls him), with neither wit, nor manners, nor heart George Osborne-and his devoted little wife, and the noble William Dobbin, and the household of Crawleys, and ever so many besides. What charms us so in the etchings of Mr. Thackeray is, their truthfulness, their close adherence to life as it is. His fictions are not philosophical, in pretension at least, but practical; his portraits are not ideal, but real. His heroes and heroines are not faultless abstractions, but fallible flesh and blood, who, the best of them, have their weak points, which are open to the gaze of others as well as valets de chambre. Helen Pendennis, dear soul, can be cross and a little unjust once in a way, and Laura Bell be found abetting her. Amelia Osborne can be unreasonable, pettish, self-willed. Major Dobbin has a lisp in his speech, and is an awkward looking animal, amenable to the sarcasms of refined life. But what exquisite observation of men and manners does our author manifest! The London of our own times-its higher and middle circles, at least—its merchants' drawing-rooms, its Russell-square dinner parties, its West End clubs, its fashionable slang, its Park drives and tittle-tattle, its conventional primnesses and pruderies and heartlessness, its snobs on the pave and flunkies in the servants' hall-where has it such a delinea-Dickens is undoubtedly an artist of first-rate powers, and in his own walk inimitable; but his description of upper and middle life have none of the fidelity of Thackeray, none of the ease and accuracy and vitality; they are overdrawn or underdrawn—they are forced and unreal—they have redeeming touches of nature, but that is all. Where is there a true gentleman such as Thackeray hits off in a few strokes, in the whole of Dickens's sketches, from Pickwick to Copper-Not that we are for confining the idea of a gentleman to exclusive circles in Belgravia and Tyburnia—but using the term in its technical acceptation, as the definition of a class; just as distinct and actual a class as the mercantile, or the legal, or the military. Be the cause what it may, we certainly feel that when Boz would draw a highbred gentleman, he fails, and makes instead a puffy plebeian, a parvenu, or a "walking gentleman" of the kind incident to domestic dramas and minor theatres. Whereas Titmarsh finishes off a gentleman from the inside outward, and can furnish you with specimens, in every grade of counterfeit or Brummagem gentility. The genuine article and the plated ware he is equally capable of supplying, being himself refined enough to appreciate the one, and quick-sighted enough to chronicle the other. If our great-grandchildren want to know how their greatgrandfathers and mothers talked and behaved, what the ladies of A.D. 1850 conversed about after dinner, and the gentlemen down stairs over their claret—in fact to have a bird's-eye view of British society in its internal and domestic aspects at this present period—they cannot do better than consult the pictures of this cockney Michael Angelo; -remembering, however, that it is the Vanity Fair characteristics, to which the limner specially devotes himself, which will explain the continued vein of irony in which he indulges.

Mr. Thackeray's earliest productions won him some hearty and hopeful admirers, but they were comparatively few in number. They rejoiced in his Irish Sketch Book, with its familiar personalities and vivacious descriptions—in the Paris Sketch Book, with its tasty observations on the Fine Arts, and its smart criticisms on George Sand and other French authors—in his frequent contributions to Frazer, including the Great Hoggarty Diamond (since republished, and quite as much commended as it deserves, or perchance a little more), the Yellow-plush Correspondence, the Shabby Genteel Story, Going to see a Man Hanged, in reference to the execution of Courvoisier, and many amusing jeux d'esprit on letters and the Fine Arts. came his connection with Punch, and wise men exulted in the quiet, healthy philosophy abounding in Jeames's Diary, and the Book

of Snobs.

Happy is the name, and most spirited and life-like are the characters of Vanity Fair. Of the many and diversified people who keep stalls there, how many have we actually met, talked with, dined with, feared, or despised! Nothing can be more real than some of the descriptions. If Mr. Dickens was simultaneously assailed by an irate legion of Yorkshire schoolmasters, by whom his embodiment of that abominable Squeers was regarded as a gross personal libel, how many of all classes must be ready to pounce upon Mr. Thackeray with a similar charge! People who manage to live elegantly on nothing a yearpeople who keep on dropping per coach at your lodge-gate the most exciting tracts, such as ought to frighten the hair off your head—people (of the fair sex) who are handsome and fall in love with the utmost generosity, and ride and walk with half the army, though they draw near to forty, and still remain in the spinster department—people of the diplomatic attaché genus, who write a full and particular account of the dinners with which English hospitality regales them, the names and titles of all the principal guests, the service of the table, the size and costume of the servants, the dishes and wines served, the ornaments of the sideboard, and the probable cost of the "feed," say fifteen or eighteen dollars per head—all for insertion in some popular periodical to which the attaché is a paid contributor-people who, their complexion being quite preposterons, affect to rub their cheek with their handkerchief, as if to show there is no rouge at all, only genuine blushes and modesty in their case, whereas the observer knoweth that

there is some rouge that won't come off on a pocket-handkerchief, and some so good that even tears will not disturb it-people (still of the sex) who hide from their husbands surreptitious milliners' bills, having gowns and bracelets which they daren't show or which they wear tremblingly-people of a dashing and distingué order, who are waylaid by bailiffs on their way home from a brilliant evening at my lord Steyne's; and people, also of a dashing and distingué order, who, being appealed to on the spot for the loan of a miserable hundred, swear (with a "good night, my dear fellow,") that they've not got ten pounds in the world-although if you had hinted such poverty on their part under other circumstances, they'd put a bullet into you at the earliest opportunity. Becky Sharp, alias Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, is one of the most finished and masterly characters of modern fiction; we see her at all angles of her polygon nature—thanks to the shrewd, perceptive powers of the admirable artist in whose portfolio she is the chef-d'œuvre. We see in the very first chapter that we have made acquaintance with no ordinary demoiselle, when Beckey insults the majestic Miss Pinkerton, and flings out of window the parting school-present, to wit, the immortal "Dixonary" of England's and Miss P.'s great lexicographer. And odious as the adventurous little puss really is, one can hardly refrain something of a liking for her amid her stratagems and spoils; now angling for fat and foolish Mr. Joseph Sedley-now twining all the Crawley family round her little finger-now inflaming Brussels with admiration on the eve of Waterloo-anon fleecing Parisian trades-people, fascinated by so enchanting a madame—and then in the very highest society of fashionable London, vis-a-vis with Gentleman George himself, the observed of all observers, the glass of fashion, and the mould of form. But farther with her we cannot, may not go. Ere we quite leave her, which we do with a shudder, we feel that unhappy Jos. was right in calling her a terrible woman. The second title of Vanity Fair is "A Novel without a Hero:" but there is one gentleman in it, and only one, who deserves more hero-worship than a great many who play first fiddle in your ordinary romances; and who does not himself receive much of it until the last chapter-and that is good, honest, faithful William Dobbin. God bless you, Mr. Thacheray, for enlisting our love, and sympathy, and respect, and admiration, on behalf of a man who lisps, who has large hands and feet (ay, but not I the five pounds. Thrifty, who is good, wise,

so large as that warm heart of his!) who blushes like a peony, is laughed at and snubbed by all the ladies, except unmarried ones of a certain age, and is ready for to go, for to fetch, for to carry, &c. &c., to any extent, when commanded, however imperiously, by one he loves. The scene where he confronts Rebecca at Amelia's, and, after vainly protesting, abruptly leaves the latter, is remarkably fine, and beautifully true to nature from first to last. Amelia is one of the women our author loves to paintwomen of whom their female acquaintance say, "Pleasing enough and good-looking, but there's nothing in them"-but whose gentle, and patient, and ardent feelings, he brings out a merveille. Old Sir Pitt Crawley certainly seems a caricature, and a sufficiently disgusting one. The Osbornes are a repulsive set, but are to be found in Russell and other squares at this hour. Jos. Sedley's fat shoulders are scarcely able to sustain the comic business laid on them, and he flags with the mirth now and then. Nor are the O'Dowds quite the thing; they have seen too much (novel) service already.

Mr. Thackeray is one of those authors from whom one can extract such neat and piquant bits of satire, ready made for isolated quotation, and corresponding fragments of tender pathos and of thoughtful sentiment—the very thing for a collector of choice excerpts. We must cite one or two of the kind to which we refer—though many of them have been installed in the corner of scores of newspapers, month by month, as Vanity Fair and Pendennis came out in their effulgent gamboge covers:-"Who knows but Rebecca was right in her speculations—and that it was only a question of money and fortune which made the difference between her and an honest woman? If you take temptations into account, who is to say that he is better than his neighbors? A comfortable career of prosperity, if it does not make people honest, at keast keeps them so. An alderman coming from a turtle feast will not step out of his carriage to steal a leg of mutton; but put him to starve, and see if he will not

purloin a loaf." Again: - "There is scarcely any man alive who does not think himself meritorious for giving his neighbor five pounds. Thriftless gives, not from a beneficent pleasure in giving, but from a lazy delight in spending. He would not deny himself one enjoyment; not his opera-stall, not his horse, nor his dinner, not even the pleasure of giving Lazarus just, and owes no man a penny, turns from a beggar, haggles with a hackney-coachman, or denies a poor relation, and I doubt which is the more selfish of the two. Money has only a different value in the eyes of each."

Or this, of a frivolous, home-neglecting fine lady:—"Sometimes, once or twice a week, that lady visited the upper regions in which the child lived. She came like a vivified figure out of the *Magasin des Modes*—blandly smiling in the most beautiful new clothes and little gloves and boots...O, thou poor lonely little benighted boy! Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children; and here was one who was

worshipping a stone."

This again is Titmarsh all over:-"It is awful that servants' inquisition! You see a woman in a great party in a splendid salon, surrounded by faithful admirers, distributing sparkling glances, dressed to perfection, curled, rouged, smiling and happy:-Discovery walks respectfully up to her, in the shape of a huge powdered man with large calves and a tray of ices-with Calumny (which is as fatal as truth)—behind him, in the shape of the hulking fellow carrying the waferbiscuits. Madam, your secret will be talked over by those men at their club at the public-house to-night. Jeames will tell Chawls his notions about you over their pipes and pewter beer-pots. Some people ought to have mutes for servants in Vanity Fairmutes who could not write. If you are guilty, trembe. That fellow behind your chair may be a Janissary with a bowstring in his plush-breeches pocket. If you are not guilty, have a care of appearances, which are as ruinous as guilt."

What merciless truth in this doctrine:—
"Little boys who cry when they are going to school—cry because they are going to a very uncomfortable place. It is only a very few who weep from sheer affection. When you think that the eyes of your childhood dried at the sight of a piece of gingerbread, and that a plum-cake was a compensation for the agony of parting with your mama and sisters, O my friend and brother, you need not be too confident of your own fine feelings."

The next is worth thinking over:—"This lady (Amelia Osborne) had the keenest and finest sensibility, and how could she be indifferent when she heard Mozart? The tender parts of Don Juan awakened in her raptures so exquisite that she would ask herself when she went to say her prayers of a night, whether it was not wicked to feel so much delight as that with which "Vedrai Carino"

and "Batti Batti" filled her gentle little bosom? But the Major, whom she consulted upon this head as her theological adviser (and who himself had a pious and reverent soul), said that for his part, every beauty of art or nature made him thankful as well as happy; and that the pleasure to be had in listening to fine music, as at looking at the stars in the sky, or at a beautiful landscape or picture, was a benefit for which we might thank heaven as sincerely as for any other worldly blessing."

Once more; this sketch of Miss Crawley ill in bed is admirable—"How peevish a patient was the jovial old lady; how angry; how sleepless; in what horrors of death; during what long nights she lay moaning, and in almost delirious agonies respecting that future world which she quite ignored when she was in good health. Picture to yourself, oh fair young reader, a worldly, selfish, graceless, thankless, religionless old woman, writhing with pain and fear, and without her wig. Picture her to yourself, and, ere you

be old, learn to love and pray!"

The latter qualities are eminent in his recent works. He is in the very vanguard of those who are assailing the Shams of the day. He does not storm and fret, as some of his fellow-crusaders do, about the dignity of their mission, the intensity of their purpose, and all that sort of thing, which is as apt as any other hackneyed topic to become itself a thoroughbred Sham; but he, as much as any of them, has heard a voice above him, appointing him his work, and saying, This is the way, walk thou in it; and he too, in deeds not words, has answered and said, Yesverily, and by God's help so I will! "Hehas striven manfully," says a recent critic in the North British Review, "to write down the Shams of the world. He has done it more effectually because more intelligibly than Mr. Carlyle. He has done it in a morecatholic spirit—as a man without any violent prejudices, any overflowings of bitterness against the great, simply because they are great." He has no truce with the heartless cruelties and petty tyrannies committed in society under the veil of worldly wisdom and conventional propriety. He can expose with perfect good-humor but unsparing candor the evils he knows how to detect with such practised nicety. He is penetrating in inquiry, and fearless in his verdicts. He reminds us, in his scorn for narrow, mean, sneaking ways, of Doctor Fenk, in Jean Paul's Unsichtbare Loge, that never finished romance of German society-". Niemand als er, hasste so brennend

das Enge, das Unduldsame und Kleinstädtsche der Unterscheerauer, womit sie sich ein so Kurzes Leben verkürzten und ein so saueres versäurten." We fancy that Currer Bell, who dedicated Jane Eyre to Mr. Thackeray in words of glowing and evidently cordial eulogy, is not alone in regarding the object of her panegyric as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things. Daily are recruits flocking to his standard, who, if not converted by him, do at least read him, and that they cannot do without benefit-for his aim is earnest enough, merrily as he smiles while prosecuting it: as a deceased satirist says-

From mental mists to purge a nation's eyes; To animate the weak, unite the wise; To trace the deep infection that pervades The crowded town, and taints the rural shades; To drive and scatter all the brood of lies, And chase the varying falsehood as it flies.

The powerful novelist just mentioned remarks, in her preface to a second edition of the famous Autobiography, that the comparison of Thackeray with Fielding is not very suitable-"He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture: Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humor attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius that the mere lambent sheet-lightning playing under the edge of the summer-cloud does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb." Still, there is nothing savage or truculent in the showman of Vanity Fair and the dissector of Snobbism. He says bitter things with the composure and smiling phiz of his own Becky Sharp, when taking down Lady Bareacres and other noble friends. He is a satirist, but no cynic. It is possible that he may keep up his ironical laugh too long, and indulge it too often: some critics say he ruins his moral by laughing in holy places;—it is truly said that there is nothing so sad as a constant laugh; "laughter becomes wearisome when too much prolonged—for then it is a sort of blasphemy against the divine beauty which is in life." But we must allow for a professed and systematic satirist, whose clear and unmistakeable purpose is benevolence. His sarcasms well out from a heart full of love for all that is best and most pure and tender in our nature. A kind booby, a shrinking woman who can love and do nothing else, excellent at a sick bed but utterly

Countess Hahn-Hahn—how warmly he speaks of them, and how stoutly for their sakes he beards the Belgrave lion in his den, the May-Fair Douglas in his hall! The curl on his lip, never call that a sneer; there is nothing in him of the genius of Mephistopheles, on whose face it stood written that he never loved a living thing. What living thing that is natural, and real, and as God meant and made it, does Thackeray not love? It is just because his heart clings to the tender and the true, that it loathes all which would help to banish the tender and the true from God's earth. How a frank and trustworthy man abhors a lie! How womanly purity recoils from the contact of paddling How tranquil home-love dreads the hollow sophistications of fashionable excitement! And therefore does our good, kind, manly "Michael Angelo" wage war unto the death with the pretences and falsities and cruel mockeries around him. He does well to be angry; but then in his anger there is not a spark of rancor or malice or uncharitableness. The nature of his subjects may have led him to deal largely, almost exclusively, with worthless people, with blacklegs, demireps, fribbles, nincompoops, coxcombs, and consummate humbugs—as is the case in Vanity Fair far more than in Pendennis. But the man's real being is unfolded in those frequent bits of pathos in which no living writer excels him. If there still exist dissatisfied persons who consider him wanting in feeling and barren of sentiment, and who set him down as nothing more than a perpetual grumbler, a nineteenth century Diogenes, a skeptical, sarcastical Montaigne, and so forth, let them once again consult his pages, and read over the biography, year by year, of Amelia Osborne, her intense self-devotion to husband and child, her quiet, bitter, unobserved struggles during her adversity in her father's home at Brompton-let them turn to the description of old Osborne in his study, after the rupture with his son, taking down the family Bible, and blotting out thence George's name—let them peruse the last days, sickness, and death of the elder Sedley -on those many scenes of affection in which the prima dona is Helen Pendennis. Mr. Thackeray is too ardent a panegyrist of woman to be a mere case-hardened satirist. Objector, pause and hear him rhapsodize for a few seconds: - "I think it is not national prejudice which makes me believe that a high-bred English lady is the most complete of all heaven's subjects in this world. ignorant of the Quarterly Review and the whom else do you see so much grace and so

much virtue; so much faith and so much tenderness; with such a perfect refinement and chastity? And by high-bred ladies I don't mean duchesses and countesses. Be they ever so high in station, they can be but ladies and no more. But almost every man who lives in the world has the happiness, let us hope, of counting a few such persons amongst his circle of acquaintance-women, in whose angelic natures there is something awful as well as beautiful to contemplate; at whose feet the wildest and fiercest of us must fall down and humble ourselves, in admiration of that adorable purity which never seems to do or think wrong." more, here is a sweet passage :-- "So Mrs. Shandon went to the cupboard, and, in lieu of dinner, made herself some tea. And in those varieties of pain of which we spoke anon, what a part of confidante has that poor tea-pot played ever since the kindly plant was introduced among us! What myriads of women have cried over it, to be sure! What sick beds it has smoked by! What fevered lips have received refreshment from out of it! Nature meant very kindly by women when she made that tea plant; and, with a little thought, what a series of pictures and groups the fancy may conjure up and assemble round the tea-pot and cup! Melissa and Sacharissa are talking love secrets over it. Poor Polly has it and her lover's letters upon the table—his letters who was her lover yesterday; and when it was with pleasure, not despair, she wept over them. Mary comes tripping noiselessly into her mother's bed-room, bearing a cup of the consoler to the widow, who will take no other food. Ruth is busy concocting it for her husband, who is coming from the harvestfield...One could fill a page with hints for such pictures." And a pleasant page too, Mr. Thackeray, if you had the filling of it.

Is our author faultless, then? Oh, sir, we, who sometimes see spots in the sun of Shakspeare's genius, do not venture to say that. He is probably less of an artist than several who are far behind him in fame as well as

merit. He does not always keep up the consistency of his characters, and seems to lack unity of purpose and definiteness of plan sometimes. He may be guilty of little peccadillos of composition now and then, and of parentheses in the narrative more protracted and pointless than need be. But it is a capital style, after all. As one of his reviewers observes, "He never frames and glazes an idea. The simplest words, and in the simplest manner, are used to bring out his meaning; and everything seems to flow from him as water from a rock. We may add that when he chooses to be pathetic, a quality of the same kind gives wonderful effect to his pathos." All that he says is fresh and natural, unforced and unaffected. He is open to every impression of nature, and can chronicle with imitative accuracy some of her crude and unpolished efforts, without laughing at them. nay, with a real liking for them. How well he copies a lady's letter,* with the scored lines, and the tiny bits of sentiment! He can afford to show us Amelia's epistles, with all those characteristics so true to reality, but which another author would not dare to expose in the instance of a favorite character. But you like Amelia none the less for it, and Thackeray all the more—or if you don't, you deserve a section in his Book of Snobs.

May he go on prosperously in his defence of virtue and goodness and truth, and in his aggressions against folly and fraud, immorality and cant! There is plenty of work for him to do; and we can ill afford to miss his monthly and weekly philippics against social anomalies, absurdities, and sins. A heathier casuist it were hard to find in the whole

range of our popular literature.

^{*} Such things too as the imitation of a schoolboy's theme he does to perfection—witness Georgy Osborne's thesis on "Selfishness." No one excels him, again, in ingenuity of mis spelling and heterography—witness the Yellow-plush papers. And he is clever at a title for Debrett—such as the Countess of Southdown, and her daughter, lady Jane Sheepshanks.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

THE tragedy of which Paul I. was the victim, called Alexander to the throne of all the Russias in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He had been carefully educated under the eye of his grandmother, the able Catharine. Her choice of a preceptor in La Harpe, a Swiss republican, who had fraternized with the Revolutionists of France, was a problem the sovereigns of Europe could not solve; but after all, republicanism cannot be very far removed from despotism, if we may judge from its consequences, since history shows us that republics end in despotic sovereignities. Catharine was doubtless aware of this fact when she gave La Harpe the direction of her grandson's education. It was prudent to avoid Russian ascendancy in a matter so important to herself, for Catharine was a foreigner and a usurper, a fact of which a native instructor might have availed himself to her disadvantage. In educating her grandsons, the great empress excluded the fine arts. She wished to make them rulers, not professors of music and painting; and she was right: La Harpe inspired, it is said, his imperial pupil with lessons of generosity and truth it was no easy task to eradicate during his eventful life. The policy of Catharine made her determine to give wives to her grandsons as soon as they were marriageable. Her jealousy, or her profound judgment, made her overlook Paul in the succession of Russia, by a mental but not a public exclusion. Alexander was destined by her to the throne of which she had robbed his father Constantine; she proudly hoped to place him on one she designed to win from the Sultan, an ambitious desire which was never

Three German princesses came to the court of St. Petersburgh in order that Catharine might make choice of suitable brides for her grandsons. The empress thoughtfully expected the arrival of her guests, whose approach she watched from a window of her palace.

The empress, whose motions were dignified and graceful, attached great importance

to deportment; she formed her opinions of young people by that standard. The destinies of these princesses were decided the instant they alighted from their traveling carriage. The first leaped down without availing herself of the step. The empress shook her head, "She will never be empress of Russia, she is too precipitate," was her internal remark. The second entangled her feet in her dress, and with difficulty escaped a fall. "She is not the empress, for she is too awkward," and Catharine again turned her eye on the carriage with anxious curiosity. The third princess descended very gracefully; she was beautiful, majestic, and grave. "Behold the future Empress of Russia," Catharine. This Princess was Louisa of Baden.

Catharine introduced these ladies to her grandsons, as the children of the Duchess of Baden Durlack, born Princess of Darmstadt, her early friend, whose education she wished to finish at her court, since the possession of their country by the French had left them without a home. The great dukes saw through this artifice, and upon their return to their own palace talked much of Catharine's élèves.

"I think the eldest very pretty," said Alexander.

"For my part," rejoined Constantine, "I consider them neither pretty nor plain. They ought to be sent to Riga to the princes of Courland; they are really quite good enough for them."

The Empress Catharine was informed, that very day, of the opinion of her grandsons. The admiration of Alexander for Louisa of Baden sympathized with her intentions. The Grand Duke Constantine had done the personal attractions of this young princess great injustice, for Louisa of Baden, besides the freshness of her youth, had lovely fair ringlets, hanging in rich profusion on her magnificent shoulders, a form light and flexible as that of a fairy, and large blue eyes full of sweetness and sensibility. The following day, the empress brought the princesses to the

palace of Prince Potemkin, which she had appointed for their residence. While they were at their toilette, she sent them dresses, jewels, and the cordon of St. Catharine. After chatting with them upon the topics she considered suitable to their age, she asked to see their wardrobe, which she examined, article by article, with interest and curiosity. Having finished her scrutiny, she kissed the princesses, and remarked with an emphatic smile,

"My friends, I was not so rich as you when I came to St. Petersburg." In fact, Catharine was very poor when she arrived in Russia, but she left her adopted country a

heritage in Poland and the Crimea.

The predilection of Alexander for Louisa of Baden was responded to by that lovely princess. The grand duke at that time was a charming young man, full of benevolence and candor, with the best temper in the world, and the young German did not attempt to disguise her tenderness for him. Catharine, in announcing to them that they were destined for each other, believed she was rendering them perfectly happy.

The behavior of the bride was admirably adapted to the circumstances in which she was placed. She acquired the Russian language with grace and facility, and accepted a new name with the tenets of the Greek religion. She received those of Elizabeth Alexiowena, the same borne by the imperial

daughter of Peter the Great.

Notwithstanding the fortunate presages of the Empress Catharine, this early marriage was not one of happiness. The inconstancy of Alexander, indeed, withered the nuptial garland while yet green on the brow of the bride, and made it for her a crown of thorns.

The tragedy that elevated Alexander to the throne restored to the devoted wife the wandering affections of her husband. His profound grief made her sympathy necessary to him, and the young empress, almost a stranger to Paul, wept for him like a true daughter. The secret tears of Alexander were shed at night on the bosom of his consort, whose tender concern for him consoled him for the restraint he imposed upon his feelings during the day.

The regretful remembrance of Alexander for his father outlasted the reviving affection he had during that dolorous period felt for

his wife.

The empress, still a young woman, was an old spouse, and the emperor had inherited the passionate and inconstant temperament of Catharine. But, gracious and smiling as he always was with the ladies, or polite and

friendly to the gentlemen, there crossed his brow from time to time a gloomy shadow, the mute but terrible memorial of that dreadful night, when he heard the death struggle of his father, and was conscious of his agony without the power to save him. His perpetual smile was the mask beneath which he disguised the anguish of his mind, and as he advanced in life, this profound melancholy threatened to deepen into malady. He did not yield, however, without maintaining a warfare with his remorse. He combated memory with action. His reforms, his long and laborious journeys, had but one aim. In the course of his reign, he is supposed to have traversed fifty thousand leagues. But, however rapidly he performed these journeys, he never deviated from the time he fixed for his setting off or return, even by an hour, and he undertook them without guards and without an escort. He, of course, met with many strange adventures, and was amused with rendering his personal assistance whenever he met with accidents or encountered difficulties by the wayside. In his journey to Finland, in company with Prince Pierre Volkouski, the imperial carriage, in traversing a sandy mountain, rolled back, notwithstanding the efforts of the coachman, upon which the emperor jumped out, and literally lent his shoulder to the wheel, leaving his companion asleep.

The rough motion of the carriage disturbed the slumbers of the prince, who found himself at the bottom of the carriage and alone. He looked about him with astonishment, when he perceived the emperor with his brow bedewed with perspiration, from the effects of his toil in assisting to drag him and the vehicle to the top of the mountain, the precise point at which he had awakened

from his sleep.

At another time, while traversing Little Russia, while the horses were changing at a certain station, the emperor expressed his determination to travel on foot for a few miles, ordering his people not to hasten their arrangements, but to let him walk forward. Alone, with no mark of distinction, dressed in a military great-coat, that gave no clue to the rank of the wearer, the emperor traversed the town without attracting attention, till he arrived at two roads, and found himself obliged to inquire his way of an individual who was sitting before the door of the last house smoking a pipe. This personage, like the emperor, wore a military great-coat, and by his pompous air seemed to entertain no small opinion of his own consequence.

"My friend, can you tell me which of | these roads will bring me to ----?" asked

the emperor.

The man of the pipe scanned him from head to foot, apparently surprised at the presumption of a pedestrian, in speaking to such a dignitary as himself, and between two puffs of smoke he growled out very disdainfully the ungracious reply, "The right."
"Thank you, sir" said the emperor, rais-

ing his hat with the respect this uncivil personage seemed by his manner to command. "Will you permit me to ask you another

question?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Your rank in the army, if you please." "Guess," returned him of the pipe.

"Lieutenant, perhaps?"

"Go higher.

"Captain?" rejoined the emperor.

"Much higher;" and the smoker gave a consequential puff.

"Major, I presume?"

"Go on," replied the officer.

"Lieutenant-colonel?"

"Yes, you have guessed it at last, but you have taken some trouble to discover my rank."

The low bow of the emperor made the man with the pipe conclude he was speaking to an inferior; so, without much ceremony, he said, "Pray, who are you? for I conclude you are in the army."

"Guess," replied the emperor, much

amused with the adventure.

"Lieutenant?"

"Go on."

- "Captain?"
- "Much higher."

"Major?"

- "You must still go on." "Lieutenant-colonel?"
- "You have not yet arrived at my rank in the army."

The officer took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Colonel, I presume,"

"You have not yet reached my grade." The officer assumed a more respectful attitude. "Your excellency is then Lieutenantgeneral?"

"You are getting nearer the mark."

The puzzled lieutenant-colonel kept his helmet in his hand; and looked stupid and alarmed.

"Then it appears to me that your Highness is Field-Marshal?"

"Make another attempt, and perhaps you will discover my real position."

officer, trembling with apprehension, and dropping the pipe upon the ground, which was broken into twenty pieces.

"The same, at your service," replied the

emperor, laughing.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

The poor lieutenant-colonel dropped upon his knees, uttering the words in a pitiful tone, "Ah! sire, pardon me,"

"What pardon do you require?" replied the emperor. "I asked my way of you, and you pointed it out, and I thank you for that

service.—Good day."

The good-tempered prince then took the road to the right, leaving the surly lieutenantcolonel ashamed and astonished at the colloquy he had held with his sovereign.

He gave a proof of intrepidity and presence of mind during a tempest which befell him on a lake near Archangel, when, perceiving the pilot overwhelmed with the responsibility his imperial rank laid upon him, he said, "My friend, more than eighteen hundred years have elapsed, since a Roman general, placed in similar circumstances, said to his pilot, 'Fear not, for thou hast with thee Cæsar and his fortunes." I am, however, less bold than Cæsar; I therefore charge thee to think no more of the emperor than of thyself or any other man, and do thy best to save us both." The pilot took courage, and, relieved from his burden by the wisdom of his sovereign, guided the helm with a firm hand, and brought the tempesttossed skiff safely to the shore.

The Emperor Alexander was not always so fortunate. He met with several dangerous accidents, and his last journey to the provinces of the Don nearly cost him his life. A fall from his droski hurt his leg, and left him incurably lame. This misfortune was aggravated by his disregarding the advice of his medical attendant, who prescribed rest for some days; but Alexander, who was a strict disciplinarian, did not choose to delay his return to St. Petersbnrg an hour beyond the time he had fixed. Erysipelas attacked the limb, and the emperor was confined to his bed for many weeks, and never recovered from his lameness. The sight of his wife, pale and melancholy, whom his infidelity had injured, increased his mental despondency. That princess watched over him with the conjugal tenderness which no neglect could extinguish, but her fair face had for ever lost the smile which once lighted up, like a sunbeam, every beautiful feature, and he felt himself the cause of that secret sorrow which had banished the bloom from "His Imperial Majesty!" exclaimed the her cheek and the smile from her lips. Elizabeth had borne him two daughters, but her children had not survived their fifth and seventh years. A childless mother and forsaken wife, Elizabeth the Empress resembled no longer the bright Louisa of Baden, the object of Alexander's first love. The princess had shed tears of happiness when the joyful start and impassioned look of her lover had assured the Empress Catharine how willingly he accepted the hand of the princess she had destined for him. The heart of the wife had never swerved from her devotion; her love had increased with time, but she knew not how to share his affections with a rival.

Alexander was solitary in his habits; repose was necessary to a man who loved privacy, and hated those prestiges of power which had surrounded him from infancy. He had inherited his imperial grandmother's love for Tzarsko Zelo, a palace situated between three and four leagues from St. Petersburg. This palace stood upon the site of a cottage formerly belonging to an old Dutchwoman named Sarah, a person well known to Peter the Great, with whom that mighty prince was accustomed to chat and drink milk.

The fruitful plains covered with grass and waving corn, lately redeemed by the plough from their native sterility, pleased the legislator, who was an habitue at the abode of Sarah, and at the death of the old woman, he presented the cottage to the Empress Catharine, with the surrounding lands, as a suitable situation for a farm-house. Catharine, as simple in her tastes as her imperial consort, gave her architect proper direction respecting this grange. He, however, thought fit to build her a fine mansion. Her daughter, the Empress Elizabeth, found this house too costly for a farm-house, and too mean for an imperial residence. She pulled it down and built a magnificent palace, after the design of Count Rastreti. This Russian had the barbarous taste to gild the building within and without. The bas-reliefs, statues, cariatides, roof, and basement, glittered with a waste of this precious metal. The count wished to make this palace surpass Versailles, and so it did in wealth undoubtedly. Empress Elizabeth invited the French Ambassador to the fête she gave at the inauguration of her golden house, which outshone even the celebrated one built by Nero. palace of Tzarsko Zelo was considered by the whole court the eighth wonder of the

The silence of the Marquis de Chetardie surprised her majesty, who with some pique

requested his opinion, adding, he appeared

to think something was wanting.

"I am seeking for the case of this jewel, Madam," dryly replied the ambassador; a bon mot which ought to have gained him a sitting in the academy of St. Petersburg, where wit was a surer passport than learning.

The golden roof of Tzarsko Zelo was ill-calculated to stand the rigor of a Russian winter. The noble architect had built it for summer. Cold had been forgotten in his calculation. The expensive repairs every spring brought in its course, compelled Catharine the Great to sacrifice the gilding. She had scarcely issued her orders, before a customer appeared for the article she was excluding from her palace, for which a speculator offered her an immense sum. The empress thanked him for a liberal offer none but a Russian sovereign would have declined, assuring him with a smile, "that she never sold her old chattels."

This empress loved Tzarsko Zelo, where she built the little palace for her grandson Alexander, and surrounded it with spacious gardens, which she was aware he loved. Bush, her architect, could discover no supply from whence he could obtain water in the immediate neighborhood, yet he prepared lakes, canals and fish-ponds, upon the responsibility of the empress, being sure that his reservoirs would not long be empty if she ordered water to come. His successor Baner did not leave the empress to discover its source. He cast his eyes upon the estate of Prince Demidoff, who possessed a superabundant quantity of the precious fluid the imperial gardens wanted. He mentioned the aridity of Tzarsko Zelo, and the courteous subject dutifully bestowed his superfluous moisture upon the imperial gardens. In despite of nature, copious streams rushed forward, and at the bidding of the architect rose into cascades, ran into cannls, filled fish-ponds, and spread in expansive lakes. The Empress Consort, Elizabeth, upon beholding these wonders, playfully remarked, "We may fall out with all Europe, but we must take care not to quarrel with Prince Demidoff." In fact, that obliging noble could have killed the whole court with thirst, by stopping the supply of water he allowed to the imperial family.

Educated at Tzarsko Zelo, Alexander was attached to a place filled with the recollections of his infancy. He had learned there to walk, to speak, to ride, to sail, to row. He had passed there the brightest and happiest part of his life. He came with the first fine days, and only left his favorite resi-

dence when the snows of winter compelled him to take up his abode in the winter palace.

Even in this luxurious solitude, where the emperor wished to enjoy the repose which affords to princes the same pleasure amusement offers to persons of less exalted rank, Alexander found his privacy invaded and his attention claimed by those who had the temerity to break through the invisible circle with which Russian etiquette fenced round a despotic sovereign.

A foreigner, at St. Petersburg, in the summer of 1823, ventured to seek the Emperor Alexander in the delicious gardens of Tzarsko Zelo, in order to present a petition, with which delicate commission he had been charged by a friend. He thus relates his

adventure :-"After a bad breakfast at the Hotel de la Restauration, I entered the park, into which the sentinels permitted everybody to walk without opposition. Respect alone prevented the Russian subject from entering the gardens, I knew, yet I was about to break this boundary and to intrude myself upon the emperor's notice. I was told he passed a great deal of his time in the shady walks, and I hoped chance would obtain for me the interview I sought. Wandering about the grounds, I discovered the Chinese town, a pretty group of five houses, each of which had its own ice-house and garden. In the centre of this town, which is in the form of a star, whose rays it terminates, stands a pavilion, which is used either for a ball or concert-room, which surrounds a green court, at the four corners of which are placed four mandarins, the size of life, smoking their pipes. This Chinese town is inhabited by the aide-de-camps of the sovereign. Catharine, attended by her court, was walking in this part of her garden, when she beheld, to her surprise, the mandarins puffing forth real smoke, while their eyes appeared to ogle her, and their heads to bow in the most familiar manner in the world. She approached in order to find out the cause of this sudden animation on the part of these statues. Immediately the loyal mandarins descended from their pedestals, and made Chinese prostrations at her feet, reciting some complimentary verses to the imperial lady, to please whom they had transformed themselves into the images of the men with pig-tails. She smiled, and quickly recognised them for the Prince de Ligne, Potemkin, Count Segur, and M. de Cobentzal.

"Leaving the Chinese town, I saw the huts

of the lamas, where these inhabitants of the south are kept and acclimated to a temperature very different from that at the foot of the Cordilleras. These animals were presented to the emperor by the Viceroy of Mexico, and their original number of nine has been reduced, by the rigor of the Russian winters, to five; from which, however, a numerous race have succeeded, who bear the cold much better than the parent stock.

"In the middle of the French garden stands a pretty dining-room, containing the celebrated table of Olympus, imitated from a whim devised by the Regent Orleans; where the wishes of the guests are supplied by invisible hands from beneath. They have only to place a note in their plate expressive of their desire, when the plate disappears, and in five minutes after reappears with the article required. This magic originates in a forecast which anticipates every possible want. A beautiful lady finding her hair out of dress, wished for curling-irons, feeling assured that such an odd request would defy even the enchantment of the Olympian table to procure. She was astonished at finding her plate return with a dozen pair. I saw the curious monument raised to commemorate three favorite greyhounds, pets of the Empress Catharine. This pyramid, erected by the French ambassador, Count Segur, contains two epitaphs: one, by himself, is a sort of burlesque upon the old eulogistic style so prevalent in the last century; the other is by Catharine, and may be literally translated into English:-

"' Here lies the Duchess Anderson, Who bit Mr. Rogerson.'

"I visited successively the column of Gregory Orloff, the pyramid erected in honor of the conqueror of Tchesma, and the grotto of Pausilippo, and passed four hours wandering along the borders of lakes, and traversing the plains and forests enclosed in these delicious gardens, when I met an officer in uniform, who courteously raised his hat. I asked a lad employed in raking a walk 'the name of this fine gentleman,' for such he appeared to me to be. 'It is the emperor,' was his reply. I immediately took a path which intersected that he had taken, yet, when I had advanced about twenty steps, I stopped upon perceiving him near me.

"He divined, apparently, that respect to his person prevented me from crossing his walk; he therefore kept on his way, while I awaited him in the sidewalk, holding my hat

in my hand. I perceived he limped in his gait from the wound in his leg, which had lately re-opened; and I remarked as he advanced the change that had taken place in his appearance since I had seen him at Paris, nine years before. His countenance, then so open and smiling, bore the expression of that deep and devouring melancholy which it was said continually oppressed his mind, yet his sorrowful features still were impressed with a character of benevolence, which gave me courage to attempt the performance of my hazardous commission. 'Sire,' said I, advancing a single step towards him.

"'Put on your hat, sir,' was his kind and gracious reply; 'the air is too keen for you to

emain uncovered.'

"" Will your majesty permit ---?"

"'Cover your head, sir, then; cover your head;' but, perceiving my respect rendered me disobedient to his commands, he took my hat from my hand, and with his own imperial one replaced it on my head. 'Now,' said he, 'what do you wish to say to me?'

"'Sire, this petition,' and I took the paper from my pocket, but the action disturbed

him, and I saw him frown.

"'Sir, why do you pursue me here with petitions? do you know that I have left St. Petersburg to be free from such annoy-

ances?'

disguise the boldness of an attempt for which I can only expect pardon from your benevolence. This, however, seems to have some claim to your majesty's consideration, since it is franked.'

"'By whom?' inquired the emperor, with some quickness in his manner.

"'By his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine, your majesty's august

"'Ah!' exclaimed the emperor, putting out his hand, but as quickly withdrawing it

"'I hope your majesty will for once infringe your custom, and will deign to accept this

supplication.

"" No, sir; I will not receive it; for tomorrow, I shall have a thousand, and shall
be compelled to desert these gardens, where
it seems I can no longer hope to enjoy privacy." He perceived my disappointment in
my countenance, and his natural kindness
would not suffer him to dismiss me with a
harsh refusal. Pointing with his hand
towards the church of St. Sophia, he said,—
"Put that petition into the post-office in the
city, and I shall see it to-morrow, and the
day after you will have an answer."

"I expressed my gratitude in animated

terms.

"'Prove it,' was his quick reply.

"I declared my willingness to do anything he required, as the test of that feeling.

""Well, tell nobody that you have presented me a petition and got off with impu-

nity,' and he resumed his walk.

"I followed his advice, and posted my paper, and three days after received a favorable reply to my petition."*

GERMAN TASTE.—The Germans have a strange taste in the selection of titles for their political and satirical journals. The following amusing list is given by Madame Blaze Bury. "The Spanish Fly, The Hornet, The Wasp, The Bee, The Gad Fly, The Nest of Gad Flies, Day Must Break, The Torch, The Gaslight, The Lantern, The Snuffers, The Eternal Lamp, The Bawler of Torgau, The Berliner Jaw, The Braggart of Berlin, The Barricade News, The Street Times, The Redcap, The Sans Culotte, The Ship of Fools, The

Devil, The Devil on his Travels, The Devil let Loose, The Church Devil, The Revolunary Devil, Kladeradatsh, Hurrah! the Prussians are Come! The Universal Wash, The Political Ass, &c." The greater portion of these belong to Berlin—some to Vienna. In the small towns, and in the country villages, almost all take the name of the people as their basis; as,—The People's Messenger, The People's Friend, The People's Companion, The People's Mirror, The People's Voice, The People's Pulpit, and so on, ad infinitum.

^{*} Translated from the works of Alexander Dumas, with omissions and additions, by Miss Jane Strickland.

From the Prospective Review.

AUGUST NEANDER.*

Berlin has been again excited by the spectacle of a public funeral. The last solemn procession which swept through her streets conveyed to the grave the bodies of those who fell in the riots subsequent to the Revolution of March, 1850. It was a procession sufficiently impressive to all who beheld it: stirring military music at a religious ceremony: long files of armed citizens following to the tomb citizens like themselves, who had courted and found a violent death by their own doors: faces where hatred and revenge had usurped the place of sorrow—all directed the observer's attention less to the present loss, than to the promises they contained of future storm. The contrast between this and the last public funeral was very marked. The Bible borne in solemn procession: the Academy of Arts and Letters represented by its officers: the University, by seventy professors and a long train of students: the City, by many of its most respectable citizens, seemed to testify to some great public loss. There was more respect, and less passion; more resignation, yet less hope. For to take the place of the citizens, who had fallen, as they thought, in defence of constitutional liberty, there were thousands ready: to fill the Professor's chair of him whom Berlin had now lost, Europe could find not one. Professors mourned the death of the ever gentle colleague, whose learning cast a reflected lustre on their own body, and whose loving wisdom promoted their harmonious co-operation. Students deplored the venerated teacher, yet still more the kind and patient and sympathizing friend. Even the people felt they should miss from their streets his peculiar figure, whose charity and whose eccentricities were alike the subject of their daily gossip. The religious public of Ger-

many felt that they had lost much in losing

August Neander.

Another circumstance contributed to deepen the general sorrow. Neander was the last of the theologians whom, when young men, Frederick William III. had invited to make and establish a reputation for his infant University at Berlin. Schleiermacher, the eldest, and in some sense the teacher of all, Preacher and Christian Philosopher, had first departed. Then Marheineke, less celebrated abroad, yet not less known at home as the exponent of Lutheran doctrine. Prussia, in the days of flourishing despotism, had cast, out De Wette, whose deep and various learning had conquered the whole domain of Biblical Criticism, and in 1849 he died at Basle: having more than once refused to quit a city which had sheltered him in his adversity, for an ungrateful mother country. And now Neander, the Historian of the Church, had soon followed his old colleague -and it was felt that the theological faculty of Berlin was wholly dependent for its reputation on the talent, the learning, and the piety of another generation. The important influence of individual professors, on the well-being of a University, can hardly be understood from the analogy of English Life. The death or removal of its best mathematical teachers would not lessen the number of students at Cambridge: nor would Oxford fail if all her professors were simultaneously to migrate to the University of London. There is too little competition in England for a University to undergo many variations of prosperity. But in Germany, where almost every capital of every petty principality boasts its High-School: and where the complicated machinery of private tuition, which serves to sustain at an equal level the general character of a place of education, is unknown—a celebrated Professor draws after him, whereever he goes, a crowd of students. They do not expect the personal attention which a

^{*} Zum Gedachtniss August Neanders. Berlin, 1850. Deutche Zeitschrift für Christliche Wissenschaft und Christliches Leben. Berlin, July 27, August 3, 1850.

tutor at Oxford, or a Professor in University College, London, devotes to the capabilities and defects of each member of his class. Their object is to listen to the men most celebrated in each particular branch of science. And while an Englishman would look for such in the church, at the bar, or at all events not in University Lecture-rooms, the German knows that they will almost invariably be found employed, really or ostensibly, in the work of tuition. A Rückert may read a lecture every third year, and report himself absent the other two: a Lepsius may spend session after session in Egypt, while his name still graces the list of professors, but their nominal connection with the University is the pretext for a state pension under the name of salary. And thus, while a Professor of talent and reputation commands a full audience like an Athenæum or Mechanics' Institute Lecturer with us, it is not to be wondered at that the labors of a teacher like Neander, whose learning had won him an European reputation, whose writings were read wherever Church History was studied, who had no equal in the conscientiousness with which he discharged his public duties, or in the unwearied kindness which characterized his private intercourse with his pupils, -should be intimately bound up with the success and reputation of the theological teaching in his University. We shall endeavor, in the following pages, to describe him as presenting almost the whole characteristics of a Christian Teacher.

Johann August Wilhelm Neander was born at Göttingen, January 16th, 1789. parents were Jews, and educated their son in their own religious principles. When he was very young, they removed to Hamburg -a city which Neander always regarded as his home, and to the excellent institutions of which he was indebted for great part of his education. As his relations were wretchedly poor, and had great difficulty in providing for his support at College, even according to the very moderate scale of a German student's expenses, we may conclude that most of his early training was gratuitous. In his sixteenth year he was converted to Christianity, and proceeded to study first at Halle, and afterwards at Göttingen. Of his University life we know little. His physical disadvantages, combined with his sensitive modesty, made him shy—but he bore the reputation of great learning, and piety, rare in one so young. An anecdote of this period of his life is so characteristic of the man of whom the youth was father, that we cannot forbear to narrate

it. Neander was, as we have said, very poor —nor let the idea of a poor student be a sizarship at an English University, or a lodging in London, with the smallest possible share of English comforts. Goethe, in his "Dichtung und Wahrheit," tells of a student who went to bed at dusk, because he could not afford lamp oil: and we have ourselves known one, who, when he could no longer endure the intense cold of a German winter, did the same, because unable to pay for a fire. Such instances are not uncommon: as is proved by the fact, that the young Neander, suffering thus, found a student so much poorer than himself as to be in actual danger of starvation. It was discovered not long after-accidentally, for Neander would never have revealed it—that he had divided his scanty store with his absolutely penniless acquaintance, and that both had lived for six weeks on bread and water only. It is such quiet heroism of self-denial as this, which the "Father who seeth in secret" will one day openly reward.

From Göttingen he returned to Hamburg, where he resided for a short time. But in 1811 he removed to Heidelberg, and occupied himself in writing his first work, "The Emperor Julian and his age," published at Leipzic in 1812. It was now at once seen that he possessed no ordinary talent for the study of Ecclesiastical History. In the same year he was appointed Extraordinary Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, and invited after a few months to become Ordinary Professor in the same faculty, in the infant University at Berlin: where he labored assiduously and successfully for 38 years. His life, during that period, is void of all events, save the successive publication of his very numerous works, and the steady growth of his reputation. It was free even from those domestic vicissitudes—by which most men reckon up their joys and sorrows-for he never married. His sister-who was old enough to have watched over him when young, and still survives to lament her irreparable loss-tended him with unwearied love, and exercised an influence over him, compounded of reverence for his virtues and talent, and of authority arising from her superior knowledge of the world, which perhaps no wife could have successfully assumed. And thus, like Elia and his sister Bridget, they lived together in uninterrupted harmony: and like them, too, commanded universal respect on the score of their mutual love, and their simple and gentle kindliness to others. There are stories enough of the annoyances to which the wives

of literary men have subjected their husbands; of the cavalier predilections of Milton's first wife, and the follies of Dryden's aristocratic helpmate—but the theological world has reason to thank the sister of Neander, that she never sought to deter her brother from the life of literary quiet, where he achieved so much distinction, by drawing him, for her own gratification, into the round of social pleasures for which he was singu-

larly ill fitted by nature and habit. Yet these thirty-eight years of deep diving into the Fathers, and exploring old libraries, and writing Church History, and exposition of Scripture, though affording little to relate in detail, were laborious enough, and not without result. To this a goodly range of octavos on very many periods of Christian History—from the Life of Christ to the Life of St. Bernard: pamphlets and monographs of every variety of subject difficult of enumeration: daily lectures on every conceivable Theological topic—Philosophy, Doctrine, History, Biblical Criticism: and the numberless hearts he won-hearts now mourning his loss all over Germany, and England, and America—abundantly testify. Indeed a chief characteristic of the man, was his capacity for continuous labor. Work was an essential part of his religious faith and practice. It is true, his whole soul was in his vocation, and, therefore, toil was delightful to him. characteristic manifested itself not only in the magnitude of his literary achievements, but even more in his daily habits and conduct. The students remarked that Neander was somewhat of a hard master—for he conceived himself wanting to his duty, if he availed himself of even the most valid excuse to omit a lecture, short of absolute necessity. In a German University a Lecturer does not hold himself very strictly bound by the legal definition of the length of a session, but Neander's holydays were always shorter than those of any one else. The latter part of his life was full of touching examples of this characteristic. When worn by disease, and so far blind as to be unable to write more than his name, he dictated Popular Expositions of the Epistles for the periodical which stands at the head of this article, and which was conducted by one of his pupils. attacked by his last illness, he persisted in his usual labors, and answered the expostulations of his sister with an impatience very strange to his usual saint-like temper:-"Leave me Cannot every day laborer work when he will, and wilt thou not let me do the same?"

pronounced the symptoms highly dangerous —he was with difficulty persuaded to issue a notice for the suspension of his lectures, and then limited the suspension to a day. Even at last, when his mental powers were impaired, he fancied himself in the University, and commenced a lecture on New Testament Exegesis:—then called for paper that he might commit to writing the subjects of his lectures in the ensuing session—and finally, dictated for some time a portion of his unfinished History, taking up the subject where he had left it a few days before, and carrying it forward, in a regular connection of ideas, to the end of a chapter. Then, with the words, "I am weary, and will go to sleep; good night,"he fell asleep indeed. Was there ever a more touchingly characteristic close to a life of conscientious labor? The Christian Soldier died in harness.

This conscientiousness was nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in the performance of his University duties. As we have before said, a connection with a University is an object of ambition to the German man of letters, as giving him a position in the world, and a fixed though often small income. This once obtained, many of them, and especially men of literary celebrity, are content to perform merely routine duties: to read year after year the same courses of lectures, and employ the leisure thus gained to extending and establishing their reputation. If that reputation be but wide enough, they will be sure of full classes, even though—as we know to be true of a distinguished living scholar sons should hear the lectures their fathers heard before them. The case was widely different with Neander. He did indeed regularly go through, in a fixed number of courses, the whole subject of Church history. But this was only a small portion of his public labors. He devoted fully as much time to other theological topics-perhaps with a preference for Christian Morals, and the Exposition of the New Testament. Nor did these latter prelections form part of any cycle: at least, if so, the cycle was so large, that observing students never discovered the law of their recurrence. He seemed to consider Theological Education as his chief work, and first duty: and thus, whatever new train of thought arose in his own mind, whatever new investigation occupied his time-was soon carried to the University for the benefit of his pupils. And when there, it was plain that his heart was in the work. His lecture was no hour's mechanical and lifeless reading, When, on the same night, his physician had I from a worn and discolored MS. It was

extempore, and the bystander could not but wonder as he poured forth names, dates, facts, and even long quotations from the capacious storehouse of his memory. Once behind the well-known desk, and with the accustomed array of benches before him, -and the shy student, who glided along the passages of the University with downcast eye, and stealthy step, as if to shun recognition-might have excited ridicule by the odd enthusiasm of his gestures, had he not at once disarmed it, by the evident sincerity which glowed within. Nor was this labor, at least, without reward. His lecture-room, the largest in the University building, has been known to contain a class of 400 students.

His influence over his pupils was, however, acquired and exercised far less in the lecture-room than beyond its walls. He sought every opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with each. The custom of a German University compels every student to wait personally upon the Professor he intends to hear. This occasion Neander always seized to inform them, that his society, his advice, if need be his helpwere ready for each. One evening in the week was spent with a chosen few in reading some Greek or Latin father, and in discussion on a subect previously announced, which Neander himself led. On another occasion he kept open house for all who attended his classes. A curious scene his library was, on such Saturday evenings. Shelves piled to the roof; doors, and even window-frames, hung with prints; bird-cages hung from the ceiling; folios on every table but one, and on nearly every chair; busts and models whereever possible. In the midst of this confusion sat the kind old man, in his tattered library gown, with a smile and warm grasp of the hand for every comer. Forms there were No introduction was necessary; if unknown, the guest merely stated his name, and stumbled to a seat as best he might, over prostrate Fathers of the Church. table, not book-laden, held the materials for tea: each helped himself: and the host discoursed, or conversed, as the case might be, on topics chiefly of religious or social interest -everas ready to listen as to speak. Again, no Sunday passed, but a company of Students, with others, assembled round the Professor's hospitable board: the company somewhat more select, and the topics of conversation more varied. These may seem to some persons trivial details. They are nevertheless the facts which account for Neander's extraordinary influence for good over his pupils.

Few teachers have ever been loved as he was. Nor can any details of so noble an influence, so holy a life, be rightly considered trivial by the student of the Christian character.

There was, however, one characteristic of his mind, peculiarly adapted to engage and secure both love and confidence:—namely, the child-like simplicity and guilelessness of his kindness. As an old pupil enthusiastically says:—

" All that he said and did was truth. The peculiarity of his demeanor was simply this-that without concealment or embarrassment, he was himself. The inner and outer man were in him the same. Naked, unprotected, guileless as a child, he stood before the world-guarded from every rude touch only by the atmosphere of Divinity which surrounded him. * * It was this openness which kept all that was merely outward at a distance from Neander. With him nothing was only a form. What other men do because they are more or less accustomed to it, received at his hands the spirit which had at first originated it. His grasp of the hand, his greeting, his inquiry after your health, were all real and true. At his how do you do? it was impossible to preserve the indifference with which one usually hears the question; his voice and manner showed that he was really anxious to know. And he had too a gift of observation and remembrance of accidental indications of this kind, which neither savoir vivre, nor general kindliness of heart, but only love, can give."-Deutsche Zeitschrift, &c., Aug. 3.

A little incident once witnessed by ourselves, though somewhat laughable, strongly shows this childlike kindliness of heart. one day received a letter from the wilds of Western America, from a correspondent, who, to the characteristic assurance of the Yankee, joined the share of that quality usually possessed by the collector of autographs. He was a perfect stranger to our good Professor, yet had written to make the three modest requests following: that Dr. Neander would send his autograph: that the said autograph should be in the form of a long letter giving a sketch of the then state of Theology and Religion in Germany: and that the Professor would also procure and send the autographs of Niebuhr and A. von Hum-Would Dr. Whewell or any other Cambridge notability, believe that Neander not only immediately set about executing the commission, but refused to be persuaded by an English friend that there was anything impudent or unreasonable in the request? But to return to the serious part of the subject. Can we wonder that this man won the hearts of all who knew him, and was the subject of their most enthusiastic admiration, when we remember that he added to this simple kindness a self-denying benevolence, which knew no bounds, save the entreaties and expostulations of his friends. Let the following anecdote display the man: the self-denial was exercised on behalf of the student whom we have above quoted, then lying on his death-bed:—

"Our departed friend had been long ill, and was unable to procure the comforts necessary for his condition. In this necessity, the friend who nursed him went with heavy heart to Neander. He, when the former had endeavored to break the matter to him with some little circumlocution, went up to him in great trouble, and begged to be told the plain state of the case. The friend named the sum which would be necessary. Neander rubbed his hands together, anxious and perplexed. He never had any money at his own disposal. He went up and down his library, and looked at his books, one after another, as a father looks at his children. All at once he stopped before a large volume in costly binding, one of the most valuable books in his library, and all the more valuable, from the fact that only a few copies had been printed and distributed by the author. He took the book, laid it in the hands of the applicant, and said, 'Money I have none: but take this, and try to sell it-but take care to do it secretly-no one must know.' The seal is now taken from the mouth, so long closed. He alone who knows what his books were to Neander-how he denied himself the necessaries of life to be extravagant in books, what a bond of love and gratitude existed between him and them, can fully estimate the magnitude of the gift, when he offered on the altar of his God the dearest treasure which his house contained."-Deutsche Zeitschrift, &c., July 27.

We have lingered so long over the character of the Christian Teacher, as to have left ourselves but little time for the Church Historian and the Theologian—yet as the former, Neander is most widely known out of Germany. And the first characteristic of the Historian we remark, is a Christian impartiality, produced by the childlike simplicity of love which we mentioned as displayed in his daily habits. Church history has too frequently been written with a definite dogmatic purpose; with fixed intent to find in the progress of Christianity—ever moulding itself to the specific wants of the age and nationality of its disciples-only the development of a creed. Others again have treated it-not as if there were but one truth and no other, but as if there were no truth at all: as if Cerinthus and John, Manes and Augustine, Leo and Luther, were developments of

Christ equally worthy of consideration and regard. Whereas, we conceive that it can be rightly written only by one, who, himself apprehending the essence of the Gospel apart from dogmatic forms, having been made free by "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus," "from the law of sin and death," is not only willing but anxious to trace the operation of the same Spirit in the lives of those whose conception of "the form of sound doctrine" is different from his own. For neither indifference, which is careless of truth, nor bigotry, which is ignorant of love, can write the history of those Good Tidings, which are at once both truth and love. such a spirit, if we apprehend him rightly, did Neander write the history of the Church. His vast learning made him familiar with the whole data of Church History. The dry bones were all there—how to inform them with life? And for the accomplishment of this problem, his heart, so filled with a wide and generous love of all fellow disciples real or so-called; his mind, so humble, so childlike, so divested of all forms and prejudices, were peculiarly fitted. Hence the power of entering into the peculiarities of the Christian Life—so manifested in his popular "Memorabilia of the Christian Life in the first centuries." Hence too the reproach sometimes made against him, that he he has written the history of the invisible rather than of the visible church; of the Kingdom of God silently making its way among the hearts of men, rather than of the hypocrisy, the worldliness, the unreality, the untruthfulness, which have too often disgraced so-called Christian sects.

In the form of his History, Neander did not display the qualties of an artist. He had bad examples before him, and a somewhat cumbrous instrument with which to work. German style is-from the very nature of the language—very generally deficient in point and liveliness: and German scientific works are too often written in happy ignorance of the necessity of style at all. The student of Neander's History must not therefore expect to find in his pages either the epigrammatic liveliness of Gibbon, or the easy perspicuity of Hume. He had neither the imagination requisite to make him a word-painter, nor the fervid rhetoric which so often strives to supply its place. But he succeeds in building up his vast mass of materials into a simple and harmonious, if not a splendid edifice. The reader's attention is not unduly called, for the general effect, to the consideration of unimportant details. The results of profound learning and patient investigation are presented in an unpretending and intelligible form: there is little controversy with his fellowlaborers in the same field, and no animosity against them: and the decisions between rival theories, and conflicting statements, are those not only of a mind not only unprejudiced, but itself clear and sound. Yet, most of all, the reader is enticed on by the conviction, which cannot but dawn upon him from every page, that he has to do with one, who is not writing for love of lucre or reputation, but because he is one in spirit with the invisible Head of that Church whose annals he records—who writes of Christianity, not as a remarkable historical phenomenon, the progress of which will make a good book-but as God's appointed means for bringing all mankind to a knowledge of Himself.

It is necessary that we should say something of the theological opinions of one, who by his writings and personal intercourse has exercised so wide and deep an influence over the present generation of German theologians. The task is by no means easy-nor are we aware that it is likely to lead to any profitable result. We will therefore be very brief. Neander occupied a middle position between the two contending schools of extreme Supernaturalists and extreme Rationalists: between the school which assumes Scripture, as the organ of Revelation, to be the basis of religion and the criterion of Philosophy, and that which altogether subjects the Bible to the abstract conclusions of the human intellect. Whether or not he consciously strove to occupy this position we know not. It was the fortune of his life to have to contend alternately against the extremes on either side of him. At one time he was vindicating the liberty of Biblical criticism, at another defending it from license. But the truth is, that the historic and the philosophic mind are rarely conjoined in one person. The historian is too dependent on the statements and conclusions of others: too much accustomed to weigh evidence, and extract an average of truth, to be able to follow boldly and independently a train of abstract reasoning to its ultimate consequences: especially in a case where the adoption of such consequences results in opposition to a great majority of thinkers on the same subject. No doubt there are subjects in which the "in medio

tutissimus ibis" is justly applicable to the discovery of truth. But even in those it is rather practically safe, than theoretically true; and in the case of Religious Truth, above all others, can lead only to ill-founded principles, vague statements, and hasty assumptions. Such, we say it reverently, have seemed to us the practical faults of Neander's theological opinions, so far as his somewhat cloudy written statements and evident disinclination to converse on doctrinal subjects allowed a student or observer to form a conclusion. He recoiled from the orthodoxy which he himself disbelieved; yet recoiled equally from the heterodoxy to which his own principles, logically carried out, would inevitably have led. Something, too, may be attributed to the fears of a spirituallyminded and deeply religious man, lest in departing too far from the form of doctrine in which he had originally received Christianity, he should lose those practical benefits which were the blessings of his daily life. And as we do not the less love Howard for his narrow-minded Calvinism, nor Fletcher for his enthusiastic Methodism-so in this case, too, we will not quarrel with the Saint, because he was not Prophet too.

One word more, and we have done. Neander, like many other German theologians of eminence, was a layman; and as such he presented an example, not altogether unprofitable to be regarded both in Germany and England, of one who by no means imagined that Theology may be studied on the same terms as any other science, or that the requisites for a successful theologian are no more than those for a successful astronomer. Germany there are many who take up Theology as a profession: in Germany and England there are no few, who, profaning the inmost sanctuary, make Religion a profession. too. Against such, the whole life of August. Neander is an accusing example. The saintlike purity of his daily life: his consuming devotion to the duty of Christian labor: the quiet self-denial, which was the habit of his soul, prove how sincerely he believed the truth of his favorite motto, that it is neither profoundest learning, nor most vigorous intellect, nor most fervid eloquence, but "pectus est quod facit theologum"—the heart which

makes the theologian.

From the People's Journal.

GEORGE PRINCE REGENT JAMES.

BY PARSON FRANK.

I hail every fresh publication of James, though I half know what he is going to do with his lady, and his gentleman, and his landscape, and his mystery, and his orthodoxy, and his criminal rial. But I am charmed with the new amusement which he brings out of old materials. I look on him as I look on a musician famous for "variations," I am grateful for his vein of cheerfulness, for his singularly varied and vivid landscapes, for his power of painting women at once lady-like and loving (a rare talent.) for his making lovers to match, at once beautiful and well-bred, and for the solace which all this has afforded me, rometimes over and over again, in illness and in convalesence, when I required interest without violence, and entertainment at once animated and mild.—Leigh Hunt.*

THE professed, and inveterate, and insatiable novel-reader is a personage of a kind for which we entertain profound distaste. is something offensive-shall we say distressing, in the sight of one who lives and moves, and has his or her being, in the three volumes post octavo of Colburn, Bentley, and Newby; offensive, because it implies a frivolous unreality and affected sentimentalism, an epicureanism of luxurious emotion, too fanciful to be worthy of all acceptation; and distressing, because it indicates an insensibility to the actualities and stern requirements of every-day life, and to the awful functions of every probationer for eternity. We have little sympathy with, and but meagre tolerance for, those beaux and belles whose sole talk is of some Alonzo the brave, and fair Imogen, of tragic memory, lately done into heroics by one of the familiars of old romance: and we are tongue-tied when fated to encounter those devourers of the last new novel, who pelt you with questions upon which, to their infinite disgust, they find your understanding dark as Erebus—for instance, whether John Mills has not outdone himself in Our County? whether Miss Molesworth's Claude deserves a second edition as soon as Jane Eyre? whether Mrs. Marsh wrote as well as edited Adelaide Lindsay? whether The Caxtons deserved a continuation? whether it is true that an injunction was, or was going to be, granted against Alton Loche, et cœtera, et cœtera, usque ad nauseam.

Such gossips are generally flighty beings, with little appreciation of the dignity and solemnity of life, and none of its practical import, its abounding duties, its serious destination. Their tears over the sorrows of May Fair spring from no deep underlying Their passionate interest in the Belinda of to-day is extinguished in sympathy with the silver-fork Horatio of to-morrow. With them the foundations of the earth are out of course if Mrs. Gore's pen be idle once in a way, or the "Pelham" baronet miss his periodical avatar, or Mrs. Trollope slacken her literary speed. Their world is a new world, separated from plain, homely terra firma by a sort of transcendental ocean. Their life is a fictitious life; and, while all sensibility, is yet wanting in health about the

Not that we essay a crusade against novelreading.* Having read Don Quixotte's exploit with the windmill, we soberly eschew anything so adventurous, so unremunerative. We have merely uttered a protest against the sickly abuse of novel-reading—and thereby hangs a tale in every circulating library. And now we annex our belief in the import-

^{*}To remove all charge of one-sidedness, and to illlustrate our frank impartiality, we quote the following passage from a shrewd writer, that a balance of sentiment may be struck:—"There is nothing good comes from the intellect alone. All true sentiment, all noble, all tender feeling, comes not of the understanding, but of the mind—or heart, if we so please to call it—which imagination raises, educates, and perfects. Even feelings are to be made—are much the result of education. The wildest romances will, in this respect, teach nothing wron, It is not true that such reading enervates the mind: I firmly believe it strengthens it in every respect by unchaining it from a lower and cowardly caution. It encourages action and endurance. We have not high natures till we learn to suffer. I have seen the unromantic drop like sheep under the rot of their calamities, while the romantic have been buoyant, and mastered them."—Blackwood's Magazine, October, 1848.

ance, and frequent merit, and real usefulness of this department in literature, when superintended by genius and virtue. Novels will be written; written, will be published; and, published, will be read, whether critics and censors will or nill, smile or frown. A whole legion of Hannah Mores, each with a Collebs in one hand and an extinguisher in the other, would avail nought to warn against the perusal or to put out the shining light of such writers as Mrs. Gaskill and the author of Shirley. There is a demand for fiction, and, in the nature of the case, a more than corresponding supply. With vast heaps of irredeemable trash, there also appear at intervals works of surpassing worth, which are calculated to effect extensive and permanent good, and, as we submit, do so. The philosophic Godwin, himself a novelist of no mean repute, held that fictitious history, when it is the work of a competent hand, is more to be depended upon, and comprises more of the science of man, than whatever can be exhibited by the historian. Christopher North* compares novel-writing to what has been said of the Italian language, viz., that there is none of which a passable command may be obtained so easily, and none in which real mastery asks more unwearied application; and he expresses his doubts whether even the drama demands, on the whole, either greater natural talents, or more deliberate study of the world, or more systematic investigation of the principles of art, than this form of composition. The poet Gray, referring to Fielding's Joseph Andrews, maintains, in a letter to West, that, however "the exaltedness of some minds, (or rather as I shrewdly suspect, their insipidity and want of feeling or observation) may make them insensible to these light things, (I mean such as characterize and paint nature,) yet surely they are weighty, and much more useful than your grave discourses upon the mind, the passions, and what not." Nor will we add more than a reference to the fact that the reading of good novels has recently been defended by Sheriff Alison, the well-known

historian and politician, a man of weight in such a question; and by perhaps the most scholarly and enlightened member of the episcopal bench, Bishop Thirlwall, of St. David's.

Holding, therefore, that the attempts of those who would suppress all fiction because some fiction is bad, are futile and unreasonable, and that fiction is in fact the legitimate and natural expression of one feature of our constitution-let us turn to the works of an author who has probably written far more, and, on the whole, been as largely read as any of his craft-Mr. James, to wit, "the accomplished author of Richelieu," as Lockhart calls him. What Alexander Dumas is in fertile industry to the Parisians, this too prolific novelist is too ourselves. Mr. James is proverbial in this respect. As far as an interminable succession of flowing quills is concerned, he is not a featherless biped.

Of course this injures his power. What he gains in extent, he loses in depth. so broad and enlarging a superficies, the gold must be very thin indeed-in fact, light trembling leaf. Like the man in Horace, compose he will and must:-

Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus Exspectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis; Dives, inops; Romæ seu sors ita jusserit, exul; Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.*

Happily, his readers continue to ask for more, and cheer him on in his steeple-chase against time. He has the knack of devising an ingenious plot, and of developing it by a variety of closely grouped and frequently effective incidents; describing all in that fluent way which is sure to please the mass of ordinary readers. People of an indolent turn of mind, averse to thinking for themselves, and unused to meditate upon fruitful germs of reflection, are delighted with an author so free from intellectual bathos, and pregnant hints, and earnest suggestions, and mystic speculations, as Mr. James. When once they come to relish the philosophy of Wilhelm Meister, or even The Caxtons, they begin to lose patience with the prolixity and common-places of their old favorite.

Now, inasmuch, as the vast majority of readers, taken at any one time, is composed of persons who expend little thought on what they read, but who do read notwithstanding, and that on a large scale, too, it is a matter of congratulation that works so unexceptionable in moral tone as those of Mr. James, should be popular among them. On account of this

^{*} Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. lviii. † Gray's Works ed. 1821, p. 224. In the same letter occurs the celebrated utterance—" Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon." In kindred vein Mr. Washington Irving exclaims-" A hero of fiction that never existed is just as valuable to me as a hero of history that existed a thousand years ago; and, if I may be excused such an insensibility to the common ties of human nature, I would not give up fat Jack for half the great men of ancient chronicle."-The Sketch-

eminent characteristic, one cannot but rejoice in the extraordinary circulation at present obtained by his tales in the shape of Shilling Volumes; because such a ready means of securing Darnley, and Philip Augustus, and Gowrie, must needs tend to abate the sale of cheap rubbish and penny puerilities. However deficient Mr. James may be in the loftier qualities which adorn the first-rate novelist, he is pure in doctrine, an upholder of what is virtuous and honorable, chaste and refined, generous and sound-hearted. On this ground his labors are worthy of all ac-

ceptation.

Had he, however, written a tithe only of the actual sum total of his productions, it is more than probable that he would occupy a far higher station than he does in the republic of letters. His cacoëthes scribendi sadly dims the "greenery" of his laurels. Tenet insanabile multos scribendi cacoëthes, was the complaint in Juvenal's time, and is a legitimate one still. The consequence is that Mr. James is in peril of being convicted of uniform mediocrity—the not unfrequent penalty of exuberant authorship. Writing at full speed, or employing an amanuensis, he is too hurried to do himself justice. His facility of There are composition is fatal to him. glimpses in his writings of power which has not been allowed due developement, because not put within becoming restraint. The tree is allowed to lose vigor and vitality in feeding superflous and straggling branches, which should have been pruned and kept within bounds. We rarely find in Mr. James the concentrated energy and commanding potency of spell which charms us in other weavers of fiction, and which ought to be met with in him also. Where is the genial, natural, racy description of Sir Walter Scott; the masterly scene-painting of Fenimore Cooper (though he, too, has written far more than will live;) the graceful ease and bonhommie of Washington Irving; the literal fidelty of poor John Galt; the miniature philosophy, sparkling and epigrammatic, of Sir Bulwer Lytton; the finished irony and acute observation of Thackeray; the graphic skill and grand talent pour vire of Dickens; the joyous and infectious humor of Marryat and Lever; the dramatic emotion of Mrs. Marsh; or the startling energy and vivid reality of Currer Bell? Instead of these, we have in Mr. James a lavish expenditure of inventive common-place. Instead of an islandstudded ocean, we have something approximating to a Dead Sea. True, he is often lively and excitable enough, and never at a

loss for counterplot to enhance the labyrinthine interest of his main-plot; but the excitement is not of that riveting kind which a few strokes of the pen of genius are able to create—it leaves us conscious of the fiction, conscious of the narrator at his desk, saying to himself, Now must I go ahead, and produce an effect. The rounded periods, the elaborate rhythm, the carefully sustained rhetoric, of his speakers, when they are in that extremity and excess of agitation which of all things discards the rhetorical or artificial, border on the ludicrous. Great emotions are broken and rugged in their vocabulary; they do not strut to and fro in borrowed finery, nor vent themselves in unexceptionable metre. When grief has the time and the self-possession to put its wailings into musically-accentuated prose, and to adorn its nicelybalanced sentences with antitheses almost as neatly turned as those of Pope, one is forced to a peremptory skepticism touching the genuineness, or at least the depth of its power.

Again; a prominent deficiency in our author is that of humor. With all the liking for him so cordially and characteristically advertised by Mr. Leigh Hunt, that gentleman would find it hard to give him a niche in Wit and Humor, whatever he might be able to do for him in Imagination and Fancy. The occasional attempts at a joke perpetrated by some of the novelist's thousand-and-one creations, are feeble as an octogenarian's laughter. In portraying good-tempered folks, cheerful, pleasantly loquacious, and so on, Mr. James is an adept; but when he proposes to go sporting with them, and making game of or by them, he forgets to take out a license. Few surpass him in etching a high-bred gentleman. He is happy also in female portraiture-delicate, chivalrous, ardent in his demeanor then. But to make them witty as well as genteel, to invent for their use smart sayings and piquant repartees, or to endow them with that humor for which English novelists as a class are justly renowned-this is, or seems to be, beyond his circle. To be candid, we shrink with apprehension when we see him launching out on the "British Channel" in question-knowing the rough passage he is likely to make of it, and feel a little squeamish ourselves in the sympathy of anticipation.

Even the laziest of his readers must have observed, furthermore, his propensity to—to—shall we say it?—twaddle. His circumlocutions are often tedious beyond measure; his continuous prosing, and addiction to long apophtegms and "sentiments," his manœu-

vres to tell a plain thing in a roundabout way, his grave, vapid moralizings carried on for pages together, would tax the amiability of Griselda herself, not to speak of frail and choleric mortals accustomed to the pithy vigor of Thackeray, and Carlyle's condensed word-painting, and Macaulay's matter-full brilliance. Oh, that Mr. James would sometimes deign to copy that model of historiographers, Diedrich Knickerbocker, who, instead of wearing out people's patience and his own by verbose, however magnificent, description of a storm at New York, bids the reader fancy to himself the combat sung by old Hesiod, of Jupiter and the Titans-the long rebellowing artillery of heaven, streaming at the heads of the gigantic sons of earth -in short, to fancy to himself all that has ever been said or sung of tempest, storm, and hurricane, and save Knickerbocker the trouble of describing it.

We trust that none of the foregoing remark will be thought disrespectful toward the excellent writer to whom they refer. Mr. James commands and deserves the esteem and good wishes of his countrymen; and if we have dwelt rather on blemishes than merits in his compositions, it is not from lack of reasons for panegyric, but because his ordinary readers are generally alive to his worth, and some of them a little indiscrimi-

nate in their eulogies.

Space will permit no more than passing allusion to some of the multitudinous works due to his extraordinary spirit of diligence. His first novel, and perhaps his best, was Richelieu, published twenty years since; concerning which Professor Wilson said at the time, "Richelieu is one of the most spirited, amusing and interesting romances I ever read; characters well drawn, incidents well managed—story gradually progressive—catastrophe at once natural and unexpected—moral good, but not goody—and the whole felt, in every chapter, to be the work of a gentleman."

Next came Darnley, another successful historical romance, an attractive theme, treated con amore, and speedily followed by De L'Orme, and Philip Augustus, both of which manifest his remarkable faculty of inventing and accumulating details and incidents, "and the whole paraphernalia of customs and costumes, with astounding alacrity." Between 1830 and 1835 he produced Henry Masterton, the bustling Revolt of Ghent, (or Mary of Burgundy), John Marston Hall, The Gipsy, and One in a Thousand. In the last occurs some of his most forcible writing; the hero-

ine, Beatrice, is boldly, perhaps extravagantly, drawn, but with a charm derivable from felicitous originality of treatment; and the circumstantial precision of the narrative justifies the observation of an indulgent critic, that one of Mr. James's court romances is a book of brave sights and heraldic magnificence-"it is the next thing to moving at our leisure through some superb and august procession." During the next ten years the same indefatigable brain, wrought out the romances—Attila, another historical tale, less popular than most of its brotherhood, for the days of chivalry, which Mr. James best loves to depict, had not dawned when the "last of the Huns" pounced on Italy, like an eagle on a dove-cote—The Huguenots, a companion picture to "One in a Thousand;" The Robber, which includes several touching scenes, especially the death of sweet Mona Gray; Henry of Guise; A Gentleman of the Old School; Charles Tyrrel; The Manat-arms; The King's Highway; Corse de Leon; Jaquerie; The Ancient Regime; Morley Ernstein; Forest Days; Eva St. Clair: The False Heir; Arabella Stuart; Rose D'Albret; Agincourt; The Smuggler; and Arrah Neil. Between that and the present time the same buoyant perseverance has given to the world a fresh cluster of tales, betokening little if any diminution of gusto in the tale-teller, though, according to the ordinary laws of literary economy, he should have written himself dry years before this. That he was fresh-hearted and venturesome as ever, was proved in the rapid production of The Stepmother; Heidelberg; Russell; Margaret Graham; The Convict; The Castle of Ehrenstein; The Forgery; The Woodman; Dark Scenes of History; The Old Oak Chest. Well, any symptoms of land, ho? Dear, dear! we have forgotten to enumerate Beauchamp; item, The Brigand; item, Gowrie; item, we know not how many Then again no mention has been made of certain shorter effusions, juvenile and otherwise, such as Camaralzaman, and The Last of the Fairies, and The Fight of the Fiddlers. Nor have we alluded to his performances in the sober line of history, of which he really seems a careful and observing student, witness his histories of Charlemagne; of Edward the Black Prince; of Richard Cœur de Leon; of Louis XIV

Had Lord Chief Justice Gibbs been alive, what a tip-top place in his good books would Mr. James have secured, if it be true that his lordship was so inveterate a reader of novels that he would devour them wholesale after

the labors of the day, till the wax-lights guttered without his knowing it.* Fast as the learned judge could read, would the railroad novelist write, and seldom incur rebuke for contempt of court by failing to be prompt with a new supply. One might almost guaranty that the judge would be tired out before the novelist, and positively get as entangled with an accumulation of arrears as was the Chancellorship when Lord Elden vacated the woolsack. Truly has it been said

* Mr. Leigh Hunt is the authority for this tradition. The author of Riminigayly confesses of himself: "I have continued to be such a glutton of novels, that, except where they repel me in the outset with excessive wordiness, I can read their three-volume enormities to this day without skipping a syllable; though I guess pretty nearly all that is going to happen. I think the authors wonderfully clever people, particularly those who write most; and I should like the most contemptuous of their critics to try their hand at anything half as engaging."

that Mr. James appears to have exhausted every imaginable situation, and to have described every article of attire on record: "what he must have passed through--what triumphs he must have enjoyed-what exigencies he must have experienced—what love he must have suffered—what a grand wardrobe his brain must be!" One can only lament, while expressing gratitude for his efforts to improve as well as amuse us, that he should not have given himself more time in the manufacture of his stories, and have girded up his loins for some achievement notable for other qualities than that of getting over the ground fast, and outdistancing all his competitors. As it is, we fear he belongs to the category of those writers of transient popularity, to whom Pope's line applies :-

Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE IVY.

A GRACEFUL ivy, fair and young, Around a dear old ruin twined, And closer still it crept and ching When o'er it swept the angry wind.

And for a time the ruin old
Looked fresh in vest so soft and sheen,
But oh, the heart of stone is cold,
So, haply, felt that ivy green.

Yet drooped it not! With love unchilled, Round every corner queer 'twould cling, And sportive twine as fancy willed— The living, loving, wayward thing!

Sad sighed the wind one wintry eve All mournful round the tottering pile, Some gentle spirit seemed to grieve O'er love that e'en at death could smile. But all unheeded passed that sigh,
And all unmarked that boding voice—
The ivy true, as fate drew nigh,
But fonder clasped its hapless choice.

While, sadder as the sad wind sighed, An answering cadence rose and fell, Deep echoing through each portal wide The dear old ruin's funeral knell.

Then reeled and sank each lofty tower
That long erect in stately pride
Had mocked the raging tempest's power,
And time's destroying hand defied.

Now, buried 'neath the mouldering heap,
The poor fond ivy whelmed lies—
Be such my lot!! would not weep,
But die when all I cherish dies.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

LIFE AND MAXIMS 0 F LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

THE Maxims of La Rochefoucauld have been long regarded as the most famous collection of malicious truths, of pointed, searching, and sarcastic sayings, with which the world has been favored. Highly characteristic of the man, the nation, and the period, they will always possess a peculiar interest, from the view which they present of human motives and dispositions, and the worldly philosophy which they inculcate. who adopt a low estimate of human nature, and who make it a rule to believe the worst of every one, delight to range themselves under the standard of La Rochefoucauld. Men of the world, or rather worldly-minded men of the meaner sort, have at all times referred to his Maxims as the perfection of wisdom: and they do, in fact, display (however much we may be disposed to quarrel with some of their leading principles) a vast amount of shrewd common sense, real intelligence, and subtle insight into the ordinary springs of human action.

It is interesting to observe how much the spirit of these maxims has been adopted by subsequent writers of the same school; how often they have been appropriated, -used and misused,-by authors of a misanthropical or skeptical turn; and how many of them have passed into proverbs, and become stock sayings and recognized truisms. Our readers may not, perhaps, be displeased with a few examples of this; and the publication of a new translation, illustrated with some very entertaining notes, in which many curious coincidences in thought and expression are pointed out from other writers, affords us legitimate pretext for enlarging on the sub-

It will be proper, however, to commence with a short biography of the author: for the

ject.*

events of his life give an additional interest to, as they unquestionably colored, the productions of his pen. We shall endeavor as much as possible to avoid unnecessary details, although from the position which La Rochefoucauld occupied, and the part he played, it will be requisite to refer repeatedly to the

historical events of the period.

Francis, Prince of Marsillac, Baron de Verteuil, and Duke de la Rochefoucauld—for these were the titles he derived by descent from a distinguished race—was born on the 15th of December, 1613. The age in which it was his lot to live, was well calculated to develop his singular talents, and was full of striking and stirring events, in which he was destined to be no inconsiderable actor. "His youth," observes a French writer, "was passed under the reign of Louis XIII. and Richelieu, his riper years under the regency of Anne of Austria, and his old age under the absolute sovereignty of Louis XIV. Each of these three epochs left its influence on his mind, and gave a different direction to his His education had been neglected, but he was one of those spirits who owe more to the world than to the schools, and whose minds are better formed by intercourse with mankind than by books."*

At the age of sixteen La Rochefoucauld commenced the career of arms in Italy. He was soon afterwards introduced at the French court, and received with due distinction as a cadet of one of the noblest families in France. Cardinal Richelieu was then in the height of his power. Louis XIII. nominally reigned, but the Cardinal governed; though a sharp but unequal contest for supremacy was kept up between Anne of Austria, the queen regnant, and the subtle churchman. The elder La Rochefoucald had attached himself to the party of Anne of Austria, but on the banishment of the Duchess de Chevreuse, the

^{* &}quot;Moral Reflections, Sentences, and Maxims, of Francis, Duc de la Rochefoucald, newly translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes." London: Longman. 1850. 12mo.

^{* &}quot;Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde." Paris,

queen's favorite, he fell into disgrace, and withdrew from court. The author of the "Maxims" was thus early initiated in political intrigues, and the lessons he learned when in opposition to Richelieu were not lost

upon his after life.

On the death of the Cardinal in 1642, the Prince de Marsillac (as La Rochefoucauld was then called) made his reappearance at court, in the full expectation of finding a new order of things established, as soon as the powerful minister had ceased to breathe. But here he was disappointed; for to his great surprise he found the court as submissive to the will of the wonderful man who had presided for so many years over the destinies of his country, after his death as during his life. "His relations and dependents continued to enjoy all the advantages they had gained through him; and by a turn of fortune, of which there are few examples, the King, who hated him, and who had desired his fall, was obliged not only to conceal his sentiments, but even to authorize the disposition made by the Cardinal in his will of the principal employments and most important places in the kingdom."* But the life of Louis XIII. hung upon a thread, and it was confidently whispered abroad, and most anxiously expected by disappointed courtiers, that important changes were at hand.

The king died, and Anne of Austria became regent during the minority of Louis All who had been excluded from favor by their attachment to the cause of the queen during her struggle with Richelieu, had now good cause to expect that their services would meet with acknowledgment and reward. But Mazarin (who had succeeded Richelieu, and who had adopted the policy, and followed, as closely as his narrower capacity permitted, in the footsteps of his predecessor,) had artfully managed, before the king's demise, to ingratiate himself with the queen, and having gradually won her confidence, and induced her to appreciate his serviceable talents, his influence became paramount under the regency. Thus, to the surprise of all, and the disappointment of many, the aspect of the court remained unchanged. Every day the queen showed more indifference to the friends of her ill-fortune, among whom was La Rochefoucauld, upon whose observant spirit this first lesson on the ingratitude of courts was not thrown away.

Very little appears to be known of the

doings of La Rochefoucauld during the "good times of the regency." It is certain, however, that he was engaged in political intrigues, and was constantly plotting against the power of the regent. But the languid interest excited by the disputes of courtiers, and contests for royal favor, was soon to be superseded by the more alarming incidents of civil war. La Rochefoucauld had reached the prime of life, and was well known among the leading spirits of the age, when the corruption of manners, the extravagance of the court, and other concurring circumstances, precipitated a struggle in which he was destined to take an active part, and which, from its many ludicrous as well as serious features, forms a curious and characteristic passage in French history.

The contest to which we allude is the war of the Fronde, the origin of which was the opposition offered to the court and to the policy of Mazarin by the Parliament of Paris. Through the lavish extravagance of royalty, the national finances were in a most disordered state, and the measures taken by the court to recruit an exhausted treasury had occasioned universal discontent. Supported by the Parisian populace, the parliament commenced an organized opposition to the demands of the queen and her minister. The party of the parliament was called the Fronde, and all who supported it Frondeurs. At first there was little thought of fighting; but the court having arrested three popular members of their parliament, the inhabitants of Paris rose in revolt. Then came the Day of the Barricades, and the court was compelled to yield. Barricades in the streets of Paris! The words have a familiar sound, and the reader can scarcely help reflecting before he passes on, how often barricades have been erected and blood has been shed there, during the past half century!

Without entering minutely into the history of the intrigues of the period, it will be sufficient to state that the Frondeurs were not without distinguished partisans. The Prince of Conti, younger brother of the great Condé, and his sister, the Duchess de Longueville, had been gained over by the famous Cardinal de Retz, who regarded these intestine troubles as a fine field for his intrigues and ambition. La Rochefoucauld had long indulged a tender passion for the Duchess de Longueville, and it is not surprising therefore that he warmly espoused the cause of the Fronde, as soon as her adhesion to it was known. Indeed, according to his own account, he was principally instrumental in

^{* &}quot;Mémoirs de la Régence d'Anne d'Autriche par La Rochefoucauld."

winning her over to the cause; for the duchess had a womanly abhorrence of politics, and it may be only tolerated them for the sake of her lover. It was one of the strange features of the period, that gallantry was mixed up with the gravest interests and most important pursuits: and we must not therefore be surprised that the Duchess de Longueville, who cared nothing for the parliament or the quarrel in which it was engaged, should have played a distinguished part in this memorable struggle. Giving La Rochefoucauld credit for possessing some influence with this capricious lady, remembering besides his ancient name and lineage,—that he was a nobleman of uncommon parts, of distinguished courage, and well versed in state intrigues,-it will be ready imagined that he was a most important and distin-

guished member of the Fronde. The state of Paris and the frequent recurrence of tumults and disorder, alarmed the regent, and she fled from Paris, with the young king. La Rochefoucauld and the Prince of Conti withdrew with the court; but their apparent desertion was only to serve their personal interests. At some risk, they soon afterwards succeeded in returning to the metropolis, and the Duchesses de Bouillon and Longueville successfully appealed to the populace in their favor. Condé had now blockaded the city; and a ludicrous sort of warfare ensued. The citizens turned out to encounter the royal troops, and then ran away in a most disgraceful manner. Fighting became a jest; the people of Paris were amused with songs and epigrams; and the most intolerable licentiousness prevailed. Upon one occasion La Rochefoucauld was commanding a detachment of soldiers who were escorting some provisions into the city. They were attacked, and, with the exception of their leader, instantly fled. La Rochefoucauld, however, maintained his ground for some time, till he had been severely wounded, and a horse killed under him.

At length peace was restored for a season; the court came back to Paris; a reconciliation took place between Condé and his brother, and La Rochefoucauld with the Duke and Duchess de Longueville separated themselves from the Fronde. Open warfare was now succeeded by secret intrigue. By a piece of royal treachery, the Prince of Condé, his brother, and the Duke de Longueville were arrested and imprisoned; and the presence of the Duchess de Longueville was immediately ordered at court. La Rochefoucauld dissuaded her from obeying the mandate;

and shortly afterwards repaired with her to Normandy, where they endeavored to sow the seeds of civil war. The attempt was not successful, but the spirit of revolt spread, and La Rochefoucauld himself soon took the field with a considerable force. Hostilities were now recommenced upon a more extensive scale: but it would be tedious as well as unprofitable to recount all the incidents of a struggle in which it is difficult to discover what particular principle was involved, or what were the difinite motives of the leading combatants. We refer to the history of the period for the details of a war, which, to quote a French writer, "would have been only ridiculous if the great names of Condé and Turenne had not figured in it; where consolation under defeat was found in an epigram, and love formed and destroyed cabals; where a marshal restored a town a la belle des belles; where men changed their party as women changed their lovers; a war, in fine, of which the great Condé said that its history could only be properly written in burlesque verses."*

To the most superficial observer it is obvious that the French nobility and gentry were at this period unprincipled and corrupt to the last degree. The war of the Fonde is a specimen of the reckless ambition and wicked frivolity which were their principal characteristics. A low and sordid selfishness was recognized as the mainspring of every action. A leader was followed, or a party espoused, as interest or the idlest passion prompted; to patriotism or any heroic or exalted motive there was no pretence. In this utter wreck of human virtue we look round in vain for some character rising superior to circumstances, and affording to a degenerate age an example of moral purity and dignified demeanor. As for La Rochefoucauld, without ascribing to him any very exalted qualifications, we think he may be fairly regarded as a favorable specimen of his class; and, judged by its standard of excellence, a most distinguished gentleman. If he was vain, ambitious, selfish, and worldly-minded, it will be remembered that he possessed these qualities in common with all the leading spirits of his age; but it is also beyond question that his reputation for personal courage stood high, that his manners were frank and agreeable, and that his commanding intellect raised him immeasurably above the mass of beings who relied entirely on the prestige of name and lineage for the influence they enjoyed. The

^{*} Biographie Universelle.

openness of demeanor for which he was distinguished procured for him the nickname of Franchise, by which it was insinuated that his frankness was assumed for the purpose of misleading others and throwing them off their guard. This imputation was not perhaps altogether unfounded, for it may be borne in mind that he has said in one of his Maxims, that "The cleverest men affect all their lives to censure all artifice, in order that they may make use of it themselves on some great occasion, and for some great interest;" an idea which Lord Bacon has adopted and admirably illustrated in his Essay on Simulation and Dissimulation: "Certainly the cleverest men that ever were have all had an openness and frankness of dealing, and name of certainty and veracity; but then they were like horses well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop or turn, and at such times when they thought the case required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad of their good faith and clearness of dealing rendered them almost invisible." Whilst we protest against the morality of the axiom, we would draw attention to its subtle wisdom, which the genius of Bacon so fully appreciated and approved, and at the same time remark, that it curiously illustrates the character of its author, and shows how nicely he calculated the effect of every part of his conduct.

La Rochefoucauld's passion for the Duchess de Longueville was perhaps the principal motive which induced him to take an active part in the war of the Fronde; though he was undoubtedly also actuated by a vague ambition for distinction, which, had he lived in other days, he might possibly have directed into a nobler channel. Dazzled by the rank and beauty of the duchess-qualifications which, when united in a woman at that period, rendered her all-powerful-he became her devoted admirer and slave, till her inconstancy broke the tie that united them. In the days of his warm attachment, he wrote under her portrait two lines from a then popular tragedy of Du Ryer, which he applied to

his own case:-

"Pour máriter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux, J'ai fait la guerre aux rois : je l'aurais faite aux dieux."

Towards the close of the war, whilst fighting by the side of Condé, in the sububs of Paris, against the troops of Turenne, La Rochefoucauld was severely wounded in the eye by an arquebus, near the gate of St. An-

toine, and was temporarily deprived of sight. Some time after, when smarting from the inconstancy of the duchess, he introduced this incident in a skillful parody on Du Ryer's lines:—

"Pour ce cœur inconstant, qu'enfin je connais mieux,

J'ai fait la guerre aux rois ; j'en ai perdu les yeux.

At the close of her life, the Duchess de Longueville withdrew from the gay world, and became distinguished for her piety. To such severe discipline did she subject herself, that it is said her death was caused by a protracted fast.

Although under Conde the cause of the Fronde triumphed for a time, the military skill of Turenne and the gold of Mazarin were ultimately too powerful for it. Before La Rochefoucauld had recovered from his wound, his party experienced a reverse of popular favor; its leaders fell off, and others were only anxiously waiting to make terms for themselves. At length the royal authority was universally acknowledged, and faction was said to be crushed. The bourgeoisie rallied round the throne, and the influence of the nobility declined. La Rochefoucauld beheld the ascendancy of the kingly power, and endeavored to detach himself from his party, already deserted by most of its leaders. As a professed courtier, there was, however, no place for him at the court of Louis XIV., who had now assumed the functions of sovereignty; for all who had taken part in the rebellion of the Fronde were either suspected or in actual disgrace. His fortune had also severely suffered, and he had no longer the means of playing a distinguished part as a man of fashion. It is supposed that at the conclusion of the war he spent some time on his estate; but afterwards, being much embarrassed, he committed it to the management of his secretary, Gourville, and thenceforth lived in Paris, on a very moderate allowance; -the ornament of a small intellectual circle, and entirely detached from political intrigue.

At this period of his life, his dearest and most intimate friend was Madame de la Fayette, a literary lady of distinguished taste and talent, the pupil of Menage and Rapin, and well known as the authoress of La Princesse de Clèves. An attachment of twenty years' duration sprang up between them, cemented by mutual obligations which both were proud to acknowledge. La Rochefoucauld had intellect, and Madame de la Fayette had principle; she was honest and truthful, and he

was wise and witty. Their intimacy was thus productive of mutual advantage; as the lady modestly and beautifully observed,—"He gave me *mind*, and I reformed his heart."

Another of his most sincere and attached friends was the famous Madame de Sévigné, whose life presents so many features of interest, and whose admirable letters are still read with pleasure and studied as models. It is worthy of remark that this celebrated woman always speaks of La Rochefoucauld, with the utmost respect. She does not scruple to describe him as the first among all the men she ever knew for courage, goodness, tenderness, and sense, reckoning his wit and many agreeable qualities as nothing in comparison to these. For the last ten years of his life, La Rochefoucauld was a martyr to the gout, and Madame de Sévigné repeatedly dwells on the severity of his sufferings and the exemplary fortitude with which they were endured. On the other hand, as an instance of the sensibility of his disposition, she has related how he burst into tears when an anecdote was repeated to him respecting the conduct of an officer whose arm was shot off by the same cannon-ball that deprived Turenne of life, and who, entirely regardless of the loss of his own limb, fell weeping on the body of his commander, and clung to it with transports of grief.

Besides these distinguished female associates, La Rochefoucauld lived on intimate terms with most of the eminent literati of the age. Boileau and Racine were among his friends, and Molière is said to have submitted his comedies for his approval. His clearness of apprehension and refined wit recommended him to the society of all who had any pretensions to literary distinction. At length, on the 17th March, 1680, after a severe illness of some days, he expired in the arms of the celebrated Bossuet, who had administered to him the last consolations of religion. His friend Madame de la Fayette is represented as having been inconsolable for his loss; and Madame Sévigné has in her letters minutely and tenderly described every incident of his last illness.

La Rochefoucauld's two works—the "Memoirs of his own Times," and the more celebrated "Maxims and Moral Reflections,"—though written after his retirement from politics, are impregnated with the spirit of his active life. He has been described as the moralist of the Fronde, as Cardinal de Retz was its historian. Having passed his early years in a thoroughly corrupt and demoral-

ized society, and being endowed with no ordinary faculties of observation, his views of human nature are such as we might have expected him to promulgate. But whatever we may think of their spirit and tendency, the Maxims will always rank among the most valuable contributions to literature. Their great merit is of course the amount of thought and observation which the writer has dextrously managed to pack into so small a compass, by a rigid retrenchment of all superfluous matter and unnecessary words. To the great mass of mankind the brevity of the Maxims is one of their most acceptable qualities: it has recommended them to the attention of the idlest and least reflecting, and has caused them to be easily retained in the memory, and repeated from mouth to mouth. Voltaire remarked of La Rochefoucauld's literary performances, that "his Memoirs were read, and his Maxims were known by heart;" and it would be superfluous for us to add the various eulogies which have been pronounced on the latter work by distinguished critics of According to the new other countries. translator, the earliest English translation of the Maxims was published in 1689, "under the title of 'Seneca unmasked,' by the celebrated Mrs. Aphra Behn, who calls the author the Duke of Rushfucave!" But it is very evident that many English writers had made use of them before that period, and the views of human character which they inculcated had been widely adopted.

It has been observed by Voltaire, that there is scarcely more than one truth running through this celebrated book; viz. - that "self-love is the motive of everything." The nature of this "one truth" has given rise to considerable controversy, and whilst we shall endeavor as much as possible to avoid being entangled in metaphysical subtleties, it will not be improper for us to make a few obser-In the first place, we subvations upon it. mit it must be conceded that there are two descriptions of selfishness, or self-love; that one order or form of selfishness-narrow and short-sighted in its nature and aim-leads us to consult our own convenience, comfort, and sensual gratification, without regard to the comfort or well-being of others, and to derive our sole gratification from our own sensations of pleasure and avoidance of pain. But there is evidently another kind of self-love, more enlightened and exalted, which regards the performance of charitable actions, and a reasonable deference to the convenience and wishes of others, as absolutely necessary for our own enjoyment of this present existence;

and although this species of selfihness is more refined, and is certainly not that which is popularly understood by the term, philosophers are undoubtedly justified in including it under the general term of self-love-a regard to self, and the pursuit of one's own interest. As Swift has pithily put it: "It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves: but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves." In referring every action, therefore, to the love of self, according to the verbal argument, at any rate, La Rochefoucauld was not in the wrong: but his great error, and the error of most of those who have followed in the same path, appears to consist in forming a low standard of human enjoyments, and of the objects and circumstances capable of conferring gratification; in a manifest devotion to the sensual and material; and in failing to appreciate the purest sources of pleasure and truest principles of happiness.

We will now refer to a few of the Maxims which have excited the greatest attention from the subtlety and acuteness they evince, or the peculiar morality they inculcate; presenting our readers, at the same time, with some of the illustrative passages which have been collected by the new translator. In some instances, we have been enabled to add other extracts, which appeared to bear on the topics discussed, or to confirm the views of La

Rochefoucauld.

We commence with a Maxim which is a type of many more, and which has much of the sneering and sarcastic tone so often assumed by the moralist of the Fronde.

"We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others."

A similar reflection has found expression in the writings of two other profound observers—Shakspeare and Swift.

"Every man can master a grief, but he that has it."—Much Ado about Nothing, Act III. Sc. 2.

" Men,

Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel, but tasting it Their counsel turns to passion.

No, no! 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow. But no man's virtue nor sufficiency To be so moral, when he shall endure The like himself."

Much Ado about Nothing, Act V. Sc. 1.

"I never knew a man that could not bear the misfortunes of others with the most Christian resignation."—Swift, Thoughts on various subjects.

Of a kindred character is the celebrated Maxim which has been so frequently commented on, and so much condemned:—

"In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us."

That well-disposed persons should feel a secret pleasure in the misfortunes of others, seems at first a hard saying; but it is nevertheless, in a qualified sense, a humiliating truth, which those who have most narrowly watched the emotions of the mind have been constrained to accept. In the majority of mankind it is, perhaps, nothing more than a pleasurable feeling arising from a sense of individual security, or freedom from the suffering or ill-fortune which may have overtaken others. This feeling is entirely distinct from the unamiable sentiment of envious selfishness which rejoices in the affliction of a friend, from pure malevolence, or impatience of another's prosperity. It is, in fact, precisely the sentiment which is expressed in the wellknown lines of Lucretius, cited by the present translator in illustration of La Rochefoucauld's maxim:-

"Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis, E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem; Non, quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas, Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est."

Book ii. v. i.

Of which we venture to add Creech's homely but pithy version:—

"'Tis pleasant, when the seas are rough, to stand And view another's danger, safe at land; Not 'cause he's troubled, but 'tis sweet to see Those cares and fears from which ourselves are free."

La Rochefoucauld's maxim has, however, we submit, a more malicious meaning, and it was in that sense bitterly seized on by Swift, and introduced in the Verses on his own Death, written, it will be recollected, in the intervals of physical suffering, and under the influence of the deepest mental gloom:—

"As Rochefoucauld his maxims drew From Nature, I believe them true. They argue no corrupted mind In him—the fault is in mankind. This maxim more than all the rest Is thought too base for human breast,—

In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends,
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.

* * * * * * * * *

To all my focs, dear Fortune, send Thy gifts, but never to my friend; I tamely can endure the first, But this with envy makes me burst."

The Maxim has been indeed generally taken, as it was probably intended, in its most ill-natured sense; and such a clamor was raised against it, that La Rochefoucauld was induced to suppress it, in the last edition which he published. "Byron," says the present translator, "has despondingly alluded to it, (Childe Harold, canto 3,)

"'I would believe That *some* for other's griefs sincerely grieve.'"

We cite the following for the sake of its proverbial truth, as well as for the illustration which accompanies it:—

"Those who bestow too much application on trifling things, become generally incapable of

great ones."

"Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought, and not unjustly, incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him that he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still."—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

How deplorable it is that the sound philosophy conveyed in the next axiom we have to quote, is not more laid to heart! Many who, at this day, have felt the intolerable tyranny of custom, or who have worn out a weary life in anxious agitation for the possession of something that popular opinion, not individual taste, may have marked out as desirable, will know how to appreciate its truth

"Happiness lies in the taste, and not in the thing; and it is from having what we desire that we are happy—not from having what others think

desirable."

"All external concessions," says Montaigne, "receive taste and color from the internal constitution, as clothes warm us not with their heat, but our own, which they are adapted to cover and keep in."

And Burns, it will be recollected, has given expression, in verse, to the same idea:—

"If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest."

The truth of the following maxim has been generally acknowledged and acted on, and certainly never more than at the present time, when a fair outside show is regarded by all who are skilled in the world's ways as a sure passport to ultimate success:—

"In order to establish themselves in the world, men do all they can to appear established there."

This axiom has been copied by Goldsmith:—

"If a man wishes to become rich, he must appear to be rich."

"It is with true love as with apparitions. Every one talks of it, but few have ever seen it."

"Byron," observes the translator, "was well read in La Rochefoucauld, and this maxim appears to have been the germ of the following fine stanza:—

"O love, no habitant of earth thou art,
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee—
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart;
But never yet hath seen, or e'er shall see,
The naked eye thy form, as it should be.
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given
As haunts the unquench'd soul, parch'd, wearied,
wrung, and riven."

"Silence is the safest course for any man to adopt who distrusts himself."

Shakspeare has given expression to the same idea, in the well-known passage subjoined by the translator from the *Merchant of Venice*.

"O, my Antonio, I do know of those That therefore only are reputed wise For saying nothing."

We have also rather an amusing illustration of this truth in the following scrap from Coleridge's Table Talk, which recurs to our recollection. "Silence," says this great conversationist, "does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man who listened to me, and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple-dumplings were placed on the table,

and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with—'Them's the jockies for me!' I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head."

A judicious silence, where there is a consciousness of mental deficiency, is undoubtedly a mark of considerable tact. Dr. Johnson has made the following remarks on the conduct of persons before and after dinner, which may further demonstrate the prudence of this species of self-restraint. "Before dinner, men meet with great inequality of understanding; and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk: when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous; but he is not improved; he is only not sensible of his defects."

"How can we expect another to keep our secret, if we cannot keep it ourselves?"

"This idea," says the translator, "has been expressed by other writers, but by none more happily than by La Rochefoucauld."

"I have play'd the fool, the gross fool, to believe The bosom of a friend would hold a secret Mine own could not contain."

Massinger, Unnatural Combat, Act v. Sc. 2.

- "Toute révélation d'un secret est la faute de celui qui l'a confié."—La Bruyere, De la Société.
- "Ham. Do not believe it. "Rosencr. Believe what?
- "Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own."

SHAKSPEARE, Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 2.

"The most subtle of all artifices is the power of cleverly feigning to fall into the snares laid for us; and we are never so easily deceived as when we think we are deceiving others."

"A curious illustration of this maxim," the translator observes, "was lately exhibited in the events which led to the defeat of the King of Sardinia, in Lombardy, in July, 1848. He was beguiled by a pretended plot for delivering the town of Mantua into his hands, and with a view of aiding in its execution, was induced to weaken his military position to such a degree, as to enable the Austrian general, Radetzky, to attack him at a disadvantage. The Italian correspondent of the Times newspaper, (Aug. 2d, 1848,) remarks upon this:—'I perceive that the whole affair was, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, "a plant," to induce the king to impoverish

the left of our lines, where Radetzky saw, as events have since proved, that he might strike the surest blow. . . . I have often noticed that cunning men are the most easily deceived, and I fear Charles Albert, who has the reputation of being very rusé, has thus been caught."

"The true method of being deceived is to think oneself more cunning than others."

"'Here, my sagacious friend,' said Louis, 'take this purse of gold, and with it the advice, never to be so great a fool as to think yourself wiser than another.' "—Quentin Durward.

"Our repentance is not so much regret for the evil we have done, as fear of its consequences to us."

"You do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven.

Showing, we'd not spare heaven as we love it, But as we stand in fear."

Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. 3.

"When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who quit them,"

The same idea has been expressed by Swift in homely and familiar terms: "When men grow virtuous in their old age, they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings."

The next maxim we have to quote has passed into a proverbial saying, the paternity of which may not be known to all those who have been in the habit of making use of it.

"Hypocrsiy is the homage which vice renders to virtue."

"Massillon," says the translator, "has adopted this celebrated thought in one of his sermons: 'Le vice rend hommage à la vertu en s'honorant de ses apparences;' and it probably also suggested to Cowper the following passage in the Task, book iii.:—

"Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet,)
May claim this merit still—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause."

The following two maxims, on the nature of eloquence, should be laid to heart by all who make any pretension to that much coveted accomplishment; or who have any ambition as public speakers, to please, persuade, or convince an audience.

"There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the eyes, and in the air of a speaker, as in his choice of words."

"True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing but what is necessary."

Much of the acuteness and subtlety for which La Rochefoucauld was so famous, is exhibited in the next maxim we have to quote:—

"Humility is often only a feigned submission, of which we make use to render others submissive. It is an artifice of pride which abases in order to exalt itself, and though it transforms itself in a thousand different ways, it is never better disguised and more capable of deceiving than when it conceals itself under the garb of humility."

In illustration of this truth, the translator has subjoined the well-known stanza from the *Devil's Walk:*—

"He saw a cottage with a double coach-house, A cottage of gentility,

And the devil was pleased, for his darling sin Is the pride that apes humility."

"In all the professions, every one affects a particular look and exterior, in order to appear what he wishes to be thought, so that it may be said the world is made up of appearances."

This maxim, which every one will admit has a pretty general application, is followed by another of a kindred character, which has been always enrolled among the most famous sayings of 'La Rochefoùcauld:—

"Gravity is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the mind."

This is the maxim which Yorick, in *Tristram Shandy*, "with great imprudence would say deserved to be wrote in letters of gold." The translator has also subjoined the opinions of two great thinkers and observers to the same effect, expressed in a characteristic style:—

"'I have observed,' says Lord Bolingbroke, 'that in comedies the best actor plays the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the fine gentleman or hero. Thus it is in the farce of life,—wise men spend their time in mirth, 'tis only fools who are serious!' Lord Shaftesbury also observes, that 'Gravity is of the very essence of imposture; it does not only make us mistake other things, but is apt perpetually almost to mistake itself.'"

"We think very few people sensible except those who are of our opinion."

"That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author, where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, then I pronounce him to be mistaken."—Swift, Thoughts on Various Subjects.

"A fool has not stuff enough to be good."

In Mr. Taylor's admirable drama of Philip van Artevelde, among other profound remarks, we find the following echo of La Rochefoucauld's maxim:

"And Van Muck, the traitor!
Stupidity is seldom soundly honest;
I should have known him better. Live and learn."
"Old fools are more foolish than young ones."

"This maxim," observes the translator, "seems to have passed into the proverb, 'No fool is like an old fool.'"

"Malvolio. Infirmity that decays the wise doth ever make the better fool."

"Clown. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly."

Shakspeare, Twelfth Night.
"Men often proceed from love to ambition, but

they seldom return from ambition to love."

"Les hommes commencement par l'amour, finissent par l'ambition, et ne se trouvent dans une assiette plus tranquille, que lorsqu'ils meurent."—La Bruyere, Du Cœur.

"He who admits ambition to the companionship of love, admits a giant that outstrides the gentler footsteps of its comrades."—Sir E. B. LYTTON, Harold.

"Those who are incapable of committing great crimes do not easily suspect others of them."

"Montaigne, says the translator, "remarks, that 'Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of a man's own;' and he adds, 'God is pleased to favor such confidence.'"

"Whose nature is so far from doing harm, That he suspects none."—King Lear.

In the Dedication of a volume of poems to the Duchess of Sutherland, the Honorable Mrs. Norton, alluding to some painful circumstances in her own life, has given a beautiful expression to the same idea:—

"For they who credit crime are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts
that steal

O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win; And tales of broken truth are still believed Most readily by those who have themselves deceived."

We have selected these passages from La Rochefoucauld's Book of Maxims, to illustrate the character and genius of the author and the tone and spirit of his philosophy. The extracts we have appended (and which are in general taken from the notes of the new translator) will prove in some degree the influence he has exercised upon other minds, and the wide acceptation which the principles he promulgated have found in the world.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE TRACK OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

HAVING kept our readers au fait to the progress of Artic research and discovery, and to the still more heart-stirring researches now being made after our long-lost countrymen, it behooves us to give some account of the traces that have been met with of Sir John Franklin's expedition, and the deductions to be founded upon this discovery. One of the vessels engaged in this most exciting of all hunts—her Majesty's ship North Star, Commander J. Saunders—which went out in May, 1849, it is to be first observed, returned to Portsmouth, September 28, 1850, after wintering in a small bay up Wolstenholme Sound, the farthest point to the north at which a British ship ever wintered before, without any tidings beyond rumors, little worthy of credit, of the missing expedition.

The Prince Albert, Commander Forsyth, which left Aberdeen on the 5th of June last, arrived at Aberdeen on the 1st of October, bringing, however, the intelligence of traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition having been discovered at Cape Riley, at the entrance of Wellington Channel. These traces, it appears from a paper found by the Prince Albert, had been first discovered on the 23d of August, 1850, by Captain Ommanney and officers of her Majesty's ships Assistance and Intrepid, and who, it appears, "collected the remains of materials which evidently prove that some party belonging to her Majesty's ships had been detained at that spot, and that Beechey Island had also been examined, where traces were found of the same party." It is to be observed here, that the relics al-Juded to by Captain Ommanney have not reached this country, nor have any notices of the traces said to have been found by the same party in Beechev Island. It is also to be observed that Captain Ommanney, who had been detached from the squadron under Captain Austin, off Wolstenholme, on the 15th of August, was so far satisfied as to the indications afforded by the traces found at Cape Riley and Beechey Island, that he had, according to the notice found by Commander Forsyth at the first-mentioned place, borne off at once to Cape Hotham and Cape Walker, to use his own words, "in search for further traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition."

Captain Forsyth had advanced as far as Cape Spencer at Wellington Channel, where he was met with impenetrable barriers of ice, and finding further search in that direction impossible, Mr. Snow, the second officer in command. was sent to examine Cape Riley. Here Mr. Snow found the notice of Captain Ommanney having been to the same spot, and he observed five places where tents had been pitched, or stones placed, as if they had been used for keeping the lower part of the tents down; also quantities of beef, pork, and birds' bones, and a piece of rope with what was then supposed to be the Woolwich mark upon it.

This piece of rope, brought home by Captain Forsyth, was forwarded by the Secretary at the Admiralty to the Captain Superintendent of the Chatham yard, who reported that the yellow worsted mark, the distinguishing mark of the Chatham and not the Woolwich yard, fixed the date of manufacture subsequent to 1824, and further, that supplies of rope of many sizes were sent to Woolwich in 1844 and 1845, and the latter year a supply of Arctic stores was sent from Chatham to Woolwich, expressly for the Erebus and Terror. The master ropemaker and master attendant also reported that the piece of rope found at Cape Riley was manufactured from Hungarian hemp, and that such hemp was not used before 1841.

Captain Sir William Parry, reporting upon the same relics, as also upon a bit of canvas which it appears was also brought home by Captain Forsyth, says that Lieutenants Beechey and Hoppner landed at Cape Riley upon the first discovery of the coast on the 22nd August, 1819, by the expedition under Captain Sir William Parry, but they only remained on shore a few minutes, having been recalled in consequence of a fair wind springing up. The date of the manufacture of the rope is also subsequent to the year

1841. It could not, therefore, have been a relic of the expedition of 1819, nor a fragment of the stores of the Fury, lost, in Prince Regent's Inlet, in 1825, and carried to Cape Riley by the Esquimaux, in the course of their peregrinations.

The party sent out by Sir James Ross to the northward from Port Leopold in 1848, did not land quite so far westward as Cape Hurd, and never approached Cape Riley

within thirty miles.

"The above facts," says Sir William Parry, "appear to me to lead to the inevitable conclusion that the rope was left at Cape Riley by Sir John Franklin's expedition, and in all probability the canvas likewise, as that

also bears the Queen's mark."

Sir John Richardson and Dr. A. Clark reported upon the bones and wood brought home from the same spot by Captain Forsyth, and it appears from that report that the bones were of beef, pig, and mutton; that they still contained animal matter, although they had been worn by attrition—that they none of them bore marks of teeth, which they would unquestionably have done had the place been visited by Esquimaux with dogs since they were deposited there, and that the said bones do not date more than four or five years back.

Other bones were found at the same spot, belonging to walruses; seals, and reindeer, but which were imbedded in soil, and which may have lain there for a half or a whole

century, or even longer.

"The whole evidence," says Sir John Richardson, "points to the deposit of the first-mentioned bones subsequent to Captain Beechey's visit, and prior to Sir James Ross's wintering at Cape Leopold, and therefore indicates that they were left by parties from Sir John Franklin's ships in the first year of his voyage, when the ships probably were detained waiting for an opening in the ice, and officers had landed from them to make observations."

Upon this latter point Colonel Sabine, who had the superintendence of the magnetical department, reported that Sir John Franklin's expedition would require more tents than any previons or any subsequent expedition. There were three magnetical instruments, each of which would require a separate tent, and besides these three, there would be required a fourth tent for miscellaneous observations, and a fifth for the protection of the observers. Some difficulty presented itself to Sir William Parry, in the size of the stone circles round the tents,

stated by Mr. Snow to be twelve feet in diameter; but, as Sir William himself remarks, this may be explained by the stones being thrown from the centre, and the circle thus considerably enlarged when striking the tents. Some stones were also found, placed so as to rest a kettle upon. It is a remarkable fact that the piece of rope, the most important relic of all, was acidentally found on a rock terrace six feet above the tents, or twenty feet above the water. It had thus been overlooked by Captain Ommanney, and remained as a talisman providentially to bring to this country satisfactory evidence, which might otherwise have remained with the officers of Captain Austin's expedition until next

There being little or no doubt, then, that a party from the missing expedition, under Sir John Franklin, landed at Cape Riley, it remains to consider what indications are afforded by these traces. It has been ingeniously suggested by a correspondent to the Daily News, that the ships of that ill-fated expedition are blocked up by the ice in Wellington Channel, and that the discovered relics are those of parties sent to Cape Riley during the brief summer season to look out for assistance. But if so, why was not the same party there in the summer of 1850? The answer would be of the most gloomy description. The relics being found at the entrance of Wellington Channel, would certainly seem to suggest that the expedition had gone up that channel; and Colonel Sabine himself admits that the quantity of remains of provisions found appear to be more than are likely to have been consumed by an observing party during the very short time that the instruments would have been put up at a temporary station. But traces were also found at Beechey Island. These may have been relics of a magnetic station, like that of Cape Riley, for the details of these observations would, it appears, have required a similar display of resources from the one ship as well as the other—the Erebus as the Terror; and they would have established their observations at some little distance apart from each. other, because it would contribute to convey a character of independence to each.

Sir William Parry, we have seen, looks upon the station as having been occupied on the first year of the voyage, when the ships were probably detained waiting for an opening in the ice, and officers had landed from them to make observations. Sir John Richardson repeats almost the same words. Colonel Sabine is alone inclined to look upon

the relics as the remains of a winter station; but he adds—"It is quite possible, however, to suppose that the ships may have been stopped during the season of navigation, and, without any immediate prospect of getting on, the tents may have been established, and the instruments landed for observation."

Be this as it may, these relics attest, in the first place, that Sir John Franklin's expedition was not lost, as some have supposed, in Baffin's Bay, but that it had reached, on the first year of its adventurous voyage, as far as most subsequent expeditions have been able to go at any later season. That the expedition did not, arrived at this point, proceed up Wellington Channel, we think is satisfactorily determined by Captain Ommanney, who must be in possession of the best evidence, having, by the latest intelligence, sailed onwards in the direction of Cape Hotham and Cape Walker—the direction to which our

hopes have always pointed.

The only further statement that it remains for us to make is, that by the last advices, the Enterprise and Investigator must this summer have reached the Arctic Seas by Behring's Straits. On the 25th of August the Assistance was within Cape Hotham, but the ice was reported as very heavy, extending all around, from Prince Leopold's Island to Cape Farewell, to the westward, so as to prevent any of the vessels getting to Cape Walker. Captain Penny, with the Lady Franklin and Sophia, was pushing his way up Wellington Channel, but it was feared that the ice would ultimately be too strong for him, and that he would have to return home, leaving Captain Austin's squadron only to winter in the ice. The Felix was to make for Admiralty Inlet, and Sir John Ross

intended to return to England. The American brigantine Advance was off Cape Riley; the American brig Rescue was close beset with ice near Cape Bowen. At the time of the departure of the Prince Albert, that vessel was unable to get into either Port Bowen or Port Leopold, where Sir Jon Ross wintered. Wellington Channel, and the channel beyond Leopold Island, appear also to have been completely blocked up with heavy ice. Under these circumstances, although, by some remote possibility, Captain Penny's or Sir John Ross's expeditions may bring some additional news, it is much to be feared that very little can be done until next season, when Captain Austin's expedition will be in an advanced and favorable position to commence operations. Of what avail the Investigator and Enterprise may have been on their side, it would be impossible to conjecture. To what efficient purposes ice-parties, balloons, and the other resources of the expeditions wintering in the Arctic seas may further be put to, it would be equally vain to speculate upon. Hope itself grows pale at the idea of our starving countrymen, if still alive, lingering in their icy prison for one more winter of cold, and darkness, and want! There is a Providence that watches over all: it may still restore the lost mariners, whose track has at length been struck, to their friends and country. But the very flicker of expectation raised by this discovery is almost at once extinguished by the lateness of the period at which that discovery was made, when the channels of the Icy Archipelago were closed with adamantine gates, and a long, dark winter had already once more settled down upon their unknown, undiscovered prison-house.

THE GREAT FAIR.—Preparations of all kinds are making for the guidance and information of the millions who will assemble to witness the Great Industrial Tournament of 1851.—Mr. Wyld, of Charing Cross, has published a detailed and accurate ground plan of the interior and outer arrangements of the Palace of Glass, which will be of great use in directing a visitor through its intricacies. The sites of offices and refreshment rooms, the places of exit and entrance, &c.,

with the approaches, are all laid down:—
and the whole is surmounted by the perspective view of the elevation first made
familiar to the public through our columns.
The contract for printing and preparing the
catalogues has been taken by Messrs. Spicer,
the paper-makers, and Messrs. Clowes, the
printers,—as the parties whose joint tender
offered the largest contribution to the funds
of the exhibition.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

"Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes."—Hallam.

MARATHON.—THE DEFEAT OF THE ATHENIANS AT SYRACUSE.—ARBELA.—THE METAURUS.—AR-MINIUS'S VICTORY OVER VARUS.—CHALONS.—TOURS.—THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.—PULTA-WA.—SARATOGA.—VALMI.—WATERLOO.

No. IX.--DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA, A. D. 1588.*

"In that memorable year, when the dark cloud gathered round our coasts, when Europe stood by in fearful suspense to behold what should be the result of that great cast in the game of human politics, what the craft of Rome, the power of Philip, the genius of Farnese could achieve against the island-queen, with her Drakes and Cecils,—in that agony of the Protestant faith and English name."

HALLAM, Const. Hist. vol. i. p. 220.

On the afternoon of the 19th of July, A. | D. 1588, a group of English captains were collected at the Bowling Green on the Hoe at Plymouth, whose equals have never before or since been brought together, even at that favorite mustering place of the heroes of the There was Sir Francis Drake, British navy. the first English circumnavigator of the globe, the terror of every Spanish coast in the Old World and the New; there was Sir John Hawkins, the rough veteran of many a daring voyage on the African and American Seas, and of many a desperate battle; there was Sir Martin Frobisher, one of the earliest explorers of the Arctic seas, in search of that North-West Passage, which is still the darling object of England's boldest mariners. There was the High-Admiral of England, Lord Howard of Effingham, prodigal of all things in his country's cause, and who had recently had the noble daring to refuse to dismantle part of the fleet, though the Queen had sent him orders to do so, in consequence of an exaggerated report, that the enemy had been driven back and shattered by a storm. Lord Howard (whom contemporary writers describe as being of a wise and noble courage, skillful in sea matters, wary and provident, and of great esteem

among the sailors) resolved to risk his sovereign's anger, and to keep the ships afloat at his own charge, rather than that England should run the peril of losing their protection.

Another of our Elizabethan sea-kings, Sir Walter Raleigh, was at that time commissioned to raise and equip the land-forces of Cornwall: but we may well believe that he must have availed himself of the opportunity of consulting with the Lord-Admiral and the other high officers, which was offered by the English fleet putting into Plymouth; and we may look on Raleigh as one of the group that was assembled at the Bowling Green on the Hoe. Many other brave men and skillful mariners, besides the chiefs whose names have been mentioned, were there, enjoying, with true sailor-like merriment, their temporary relaxation from duty. In the harbor lay the English fleet with which they had just returned from a cruise to Corunna in search of information respecting the real condition and movements of the hostile Armada. Lord Howard had ascertained that our enemies, though tempest-tost, were still formidably strong; and fearing that part of their fleet might make for England in his absence, he had hurried back to the Devonshire coast. He resumed his station at Plymouth, and waited there for certain tidings of the Spaniards' approach.

^{*} See Eclectic Magazine, Nov. 1849.

A match at bowls was being played, in which Drake and others of the high officers of the fleet were engaged, when a small armed vessel was seen running before the wind into Plymouth harbor, with all sails set. Her commander landed in haste, and eagerly sought the place where the English Lord-Admiral and his captains were standing. His name was Fleming; he was the master of a Scotch privateer, and he told the English officers that he had that morning seen the Spanish Armada off the Cornish coast. At this exciting information the captain began to hurry down to the water, and there was a shouting for the ships' boats; but Drake coolly checked his comrades, and insisted that the match should be played out. said that there was plenty of time both to win the game and beat the Spaniards. best and bravest match that ever was scored, was resumed accordingly. Drake and his friends aimed their last bowls with the same steady calculating coolness with which they were about to point their guns. The winning cast was made: and then they went on board, and prepared for action, with their hearts as light and their nerves as firm as they had been on the Hoe Bowling Green.

Meanwhile the messengers and signals had been despatched fast and far through England, to warn each town and village that the enemy had come at last. In every sea-port there was instant making ready by land and by sea; in every shire and every city there was instant mustering of horse and man.* But England's best defence then, as ever, was in her fleet; and after warping laboriously out of Plymouth harbor against the wind, the Lord-Admiral stood westward under easy sail, keeping an anxious look-out for the Armada, the approach of which was soon confirmed by Cornish fisher boats, and signals from the

Cornish cliffs.

The England of our own days is so strong, and the Spain of our own days is so feeble, that it it not easy, without some reflection and care, to comprehend the full extent of the peril which England then ran from the power and the ambition of Spain, or to appreciate the importance of that crisis in the His-

tory of the World. We had then no Indian or Colonial Empire, save the feeble germs of our North American settlements which Raleigh and Gilbert had recently planted. Scotland was a separate kingdom; and Ireland was then even a greater source of weakness, and a worse nest of rebellion, than she has been in after times. Queen Elizabeth had found at her accession an incumbered revenue; a divided people; and an unsuccessful foreign war, in which the last remnant of our possessions in France had been lost; she had also a formidable pretender to her crown, whose interests were favored by all the Roman Catholic powers; and even some of her subjects were warped by religious bigotry to deny her title, and to look on her as an heretical usurper. It is true that during the years of her reign which had passed away before the attempted invasion of 1588, she had revived the commercial prosperity, the national spirit, and the national loyalty of England. But her resources to cope with the colossal power of Philip II. still seemed most scanty; and she had not a single foreign ally, except the Dutch, who were themselves struggling hard, and, as it seemed, hopelessly. to maintain their revolt against Spain.

On the other hand, Philip II. was absolute master of an empire so superior to the other states of the world in extent, in resources. and especially in military and naval forces, as to make the project of enlarging that empire into a universal monarchy seem a perfectly feasible scheme; and Philip had both the ambition to form that project, and the resolution to devote all his energies and all his means to its realization. Since the downfall of the Roman empire no such preponderating power had existed in the world. During the mediæval centuries the chief European kingdoms were slowly moulding themselves out of the feudal chaos. And, though their wars with each other were numerous and desperate, and several of their respective kings figured for a time as mighty conquerors, none of them in those times acquired the consistency and perfect organization which are requisite for a long sustained career of aggrandizement. After the consolidation of the great kingdoms, they for some time kept each other in mutual check. During the first half of the sixteenth century the balancing system was successfully practised by European statesmen. But when Philip II. reigned, France had become so miserably weak through her civil wars, that he had nothing to dread from the rival state which had so long curbed his father, the Emperor

^{*} In Macaulay's Ballad on the Spanish Armada, the transmission of the tidings of the Armada's approach, and the arming of the English nation, are magnificently described. The progress of the fire-signals is depicted in lines which are worthy of comparison with the renowned passage in the Agamemnon, which describes the transmission of the beaconlight announcing the fall of Troy from Mount Ida to Argos.

Charles V. In Germany, Italy, and Poland, he had either zealous friends and dependents, or weak and divided enemies. Against the Turks he had gained great and glorious successes; and he might look round the continent of Europé without discerning a single antagonist of whom he could stand in awe. Spain, when he succeeded to the throne, was at the zenith of her power. The hardihood and spirit which the Aragonese, the Castilian, and the other nations of the peninsula had acquired during centuries of free institutions and successful war against the Moors, had not yet become obliterated. Charles V. had, indeed, destroyed the liberties of Spain, but that had been done too recently for its full evil to be felt in Philip's time. A people cannot be debased in a single generation: and the Spaniards under Charles V. and Philip II. proved the truth of the remark that no nation is ever so formidable to its neighbors for a time, as a nation which, after being trained up in self-government, passes suddenly under a despotic ruler. The energy of democratic institutions survives for a few generations, and to it are superadded the decision and certainty which are the attributes of government, when all its powers are directed by a single mind. It is true that this preternatural vigor is short-lived; national corruption and debasement gradually follow the loss of the national liberties: but there is an interval before their workings are felt, and in that interval the most ambitious schemes of foreign conquest are often successfully undertaken.

Philip had also the advantage of finding himself at the head of a large standing army, in a perfect state of discipline and equipment, in an age when, except some few insignificant corps, standing armies were unknown in Christendom. The renown of the Spanish troops was justly high, and the infantry in particular was considered the best in the world. His fleet, also, was far more numerous, and better appointed, than that of any other European power; and both his soldiers and his sailors had the confidence in themselves and their commanders, which a long career of successful warfare alone can create.

Besides the Spanish crown, Philip succeeded to the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the Duchy of Milan, Franche-Compté, and the Netherlands. In Africa he possessed Tunis, Oran, the Cape Verd, and the Canary Islands; and in Asia, the Philippine and Sunda Islands, and a part of the Moluccas. Beyond the Atlantic he was lord of the most splendid portions of the New World, which

Columbus found "for Castile and Leon." The empires of Peru and Mexico, New Spain, and Chili, with their abundant mines of the precious metals, Hispaniola and Cuba, and many other of the American islands, were provinces of the sovereign of Spain.

Philip had, indeed, experienced the mortification of seeing the inhabitants of the Netherlands revolt against his authority, nor could he succeed in bringing back beneath the Spanish sceptre all the possessions which his father had bequeathed to him. But he had reconquered a large number of the towns and districts that originally took up arms against him. Belgium was brought more thoroughly into implicit obedience to Spain than she had been before her insurrection, and it was only Holland and the six other Northern States that still held out against his The contest had also formed a compact and veteran army on Philip's side, which, under his great general, the Duke of Parma, had been trained to act together under all difficulties and all vicissitudes of warfare; and on whose steadiness and loyalty perfect reliance might be placed throughout any enterprise, however difficult and tedious. Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, Captain-General of the Spanish armies, and Governor of the Spanish possessions in the Netherlands, was beyond all comparison the greatest military genius of his age. He was also highly distinguished for political wisdom and sagacity, and for his great administrative talents. He was idolized by his troops, whose affections he knew how to win without relaxing their discipline or diminishing his own authority. Pre-eminently cool and circumspect in his plans, but swift and energetic when the moment arrived for striking a decisive blow, neglecting no risk that caution could provide against, conciliating even the populations of the districts which he attacked, by his scrupulous good faith, his moderation, and his address, Farnese was one of the most formidable generals that ever could be placed at the head of an army designed not only to win battles but to effect conquests. Happy is it for England and the world that this island was saved from becoming an arena for the exhibition of his powers.

Whatever diminution the Spanish empire might have sustained in the Netherlands, seemed to be more than compensated by the acquisition of Portugal, which Philip had completely conquered in 1580. Not only that ancient kingdom itself, but all the fruits of the maritime enterprises of the Portuguese, had fallen into Philip's hands. All the Portuguese

guese colonies in America, Africa, and the East Indies, acknowledged the sovereignty of the King of Spain, who thus not only united the whole Iberian Peninsula under his single sceptre, but acquired a transmarine empire, little inferior in wealth and extent to that which he had inherited at his accession. The splendid victory which his fleet, in conjunction with the Papal and Venetian galleys, had gained at Lepanto over the Turks, had deservedly exalted the fame of the Spanish marine throughout Christendom, and when Philip had reigned thirty-five years, the vigor of his empire seemed unbroken, and the glory of the Spanish arms had increased, and was increasing throughout the world.

One nation only had been his active, his persevering, and his successful foe. England had encouraged his revolted subjects in Flanders against him, and given them the aid in men and money, without which they must soon have been humbled in the dust. English ships had plundered his colonies; had defied his supremacy in the New World, as well as the Old; they had inflicted ignominious defeats on his squadrons; they had captured his cities, and burned his arsenals on the very coasts of Spain. The English had made Philip himself the object of personal insult. He was held up to ridicule in their stage plays and masks, and these scoffs at the man had (as is not unusual in such cases) excited the anger of the absolute King, even more vehemently than the injuries inflicted on his power.* Personal as well as political revenge urged him to attack England. Were she once subdued, the Dutch must submit; France could not cope with him; the empire would not oppose him; and universal dominion seemed sure to be the result of the conquest of that malignant island.

There was yet another and a stronger feeling which armed King Philip against England. He was one of the sincerest and one of the sternest bigots of his age. He looked on himself, and was looked on by others, as the appointed champion to extirpate heresy and re-establish the papal power throughout Europe. A powerful reaction against Protestantism had taken place since the commencement of the second half of the sixteenth century, and he viewed himself as destined to complete it. The reformed doctrines had been thoroughly rooted out from Italy and Spain. Belgium, which had previously been half Protestant, had been reconquered both in allegiance and creed by Philip, and had

become one of the most Catholic countries in the world. Half Germany had been won back to the old faith. In Savoy, in Switzerland, and many other countries, the progress of the counter-Reformation had been rapid and decisive. The Catholic League seemed victorious in France; and the Papacy itself had shaken off the supineness of recent centuries, and, at the head of the Jesuits and the other new ecclesiastical orders, was displaying a vigor and boldness worthy of the days of Hildebrand or Innocent III

of Hildebrand or Innocent III. Throughout continental Europe, the Protestants, discomfited and dismayed, looked to England as their protector and refuge. England was the acknowledged central point of Protestant power and policy, and to conquer England was to stab Protestantism to the very heart. Sextus the Fifth, the then reigning Pope, earnestly exhorted Philip to this enterprise. And when the tidings reached Italy and Spain that the Protestant Queen of England had put to death her Catholic prisoner, Mary Queen of Scots, the fury of the Vatican and Escurial knew-no bounds. Elizabeth was denounced as the murderous heretic whose destruction was an instant duty. formal treaty was concluded, (in June, 1587,) by which the Pope bound himself to contribute a million of scudi toward the expenses of the war; the money to be paid as soon as the King had actual possession of an English port. Philip, on his part, strained the resources of his vast empire to the utmost. The French Catholic chiefs eagerly co-operated with him. In the seaports of the Mediterranean, and along almost the whole coast from Gibraltar to Jutland, the preparations for the great armament were urged forward with all the earnestness of religious zeal, as well as of angry ambition. "Thus," says the German historian of the Popes*—"thus did the united powers of Italy and Spain, from which such mighty influences had gone forth over the whole world, now rouse themselves for an attack upon England! The King had already compiled, from the Archives of Simancas, a statement of the claims which he had to the throne of that country on the extinction of the Stuart line; the most brilliant prospects, especially that of an universal dominion of the seas, were associated in his mind with this enterprise. Everything seemed to conspire to such end; the predominancy of Catholicism in Germany, the renewed attack upon the Huguenots in France, the attempt upon Geneva, and the

^{*} See Ranke's Hist. Popes, vol. 2, p. 170.

^{*} Ranke, vol. 2, p. 172.

enterprise against England. At the same moment, a thoroughly Catholic prince, Sigismund III., ascended the throne of Poland, with the prospect also of future succession to the throne of Sweden. But whenever any principle or power, be it what it may, aims at unlimited supremacy in Europe, some vigorous resistance to it, having its origin in the deepest springs of human nature, invariably arises. Philip II. had to encounter newly-awakened powers, braced by the vigor of youth, and elevated by a sense of their future destiny. The intrepid Corsairs, who had rendered every sea insecure, now clustered round the coasts of their native island. The Protestants in a body,—even the Puritans, although they had been subjected to as severe oppressions as the Catholics,—rallied round their Queen, who now gave admirable proof of her masculine courage, and her princely talent of winning the affections, and leading the minds, and preserving the allegiance of men."

Ranke should have added that the English Catholics, at this crisis, proved themselves as loyal to their Queen, and true to their country, as were the most vehement anti-Catholic zealots in the island. Some few traitors there were; but, as a body, the Englishmen who held the ancient faith stood the trial of their patriotism nobly. The Lord Admiral himself was a Catholic, and (to adopt the words of Hallam) then "it was that the Catholics in every county repaired to the standard of the Lord Lieutenant, imploring that they might not be suspected of bartering the national independence for their religion itself." The Spaniard found no partisans in the country which he assailed, nor

"Lie at the foot of her proud enemy."

did England, self-wounded,

No English reader can require a repeated description of our lion-hearted Queen's demeanor, how she rode among her troops, "full of princely resolution, and more than feminine courage." The memorable words with which she encouraged the hearts of her captains and soldiers, are familiar to us all as household words. The spirit of the nation was worthy of that of its sovereign; and if the enemy had landed, we may be sure that he would have been heroically opposed. But history shows us so many examples of the superiority of veteran troops over new levies, however numerous and brave, that, without disparaging our countrymen's soldierly merits, we may well be thankful that no trial of

them was then made upon English land. Especially must we feel this, when we contrast the high military genius of the Duke of Parma, who would have headed the Spaniards, with the imbecility of the Earl of Leicester, to whom the Queen's most deplorable favoritism had then committed the chief command of the English armies.

"The most fortunate and invincible Armada," as the Spaniards, in the confidence of their hearts, termed their great fleet, set sail from the Tagus on the 19th of May, 1588. It consisted, according to the official returns, of 130 ships, carrying 2630 guns, having on board nearly 20,000 soldiers, and manned by more than 10,000 mariners and galley-slaves. The chief reliance of the Spaniards for a seafight was on forty-five galleases,* and galleons of unusual size and strength. The orders of the Spanish Admiral, the Duc de Medina Sidonia, were to sail through the Channel, without seeking an action with the English fleet, to Calais, where the Duke of Parma with his flotilla was to join him. He was then to escort the Duke and his army to England, and to land also the troops that were on board his own ship. The Duke of Parma had, in the meanwhile, collected a squadron of war ships at Dunkirk, and had with almost incredible toil and skill prepared transports for his army, and all munition "and necessary provision for the war." As Napoleon afterwards waited with his army and flotilla at Boulogne, waiting for Villeneuve to drive away the English cruisers, and secure him a passage across the Channel, so Parma waited for Medina Sidonia to drive away the Dutch and English squadrons that watched his flotilla, and to enable his veterans to cross the sea to the land that they were to conquer. Thanks to Providence, in each case England's enemy waited in vain!

A storm drove the Armada back with some loss to Corunna, but on the 12th of July it sailed again completely refitted. On the 19th, the intended invaders first saw the English coast, and on the 20th, they encountered the first division of the English fleet.

^{*} The common ship of war in the Spanish fleet, was the galley, such as was generally used in the Mediterranean. The galley pulled oars, as well as using masts and sails, and carried cannon on her prow and stern. The gallease was a third broader and larger than the galley. Besides its sails, it used large oars, each of which was worked by several rowers. Its batteries were more powerful than those of the galley. The galleon was the largest class vessel of all, having a regular broadside of cannon, and mounting very heavy guns at its enormously elevated poop and forecastle.

The total amount of ships which the Queen's government and the patriotic zeal of volunteers had collected for the defence of England, was a little under two hundred. But though the number of sail was greater than that of the Spanish, the English ships were far inferior in size, their tonnage being less by half than that of the enemy. were a few large vessels that approached the size of the Spanish first-class ships, but the great majority of the English vessels were small in size, though more manageable, and better sailers than the Spaniards. The Dutch readily sent an auxiliary squadron of sixty sail: but it was necessary for the English Admiral to subdivide his forces; and Lord Henry Seymour, with forty ships, Dutch and English, was employed in blockading the hostile ports in Flanders, and in preventing the Duke of Parma from coming out to join the Armada.

On the 20th of July, Lord Effingham came in sight of his formidable adversaries. The Armada is described by Camden as having appeared "with lofty turrets, like castles, in form like a half-moon, the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly, though with full sails." The English let the leviathans pass by, and then with a fore right wind chased them in the rear, and kept up a running fight along the Channel. The details of the series of engagements that ensued are too familiar to every reader of English history to justify recapitulation. Some of the best ships of the Spaniards were captured: many more received heavy damage; while the English vessels, which took care not to close with their huge antagonists, but availed themselves of their superior celerity in tacking and manœuvring, suffered little comparative loss. Each day added not only to the spirit, but to the number of Effingham's force. Raleigh, Oxford, Cumberland, and Sheffield had now joined him; and "the gentlemen of England hired ships from all parts at their own charge, and with one accord came flocking thither as to a set field, where glory was to be attained, and faithful service performed unto their Prince and their country." Still, the Spaniards, unbroken though sorely distressed, held on along the Channel, and on the 27th came to anchor off Calais. But Parma's flo-

tilla could not meet them there; he and his force were blockaded in Dunkirk; and the English ships, which it was supposed would have been scared from the seas by the Armada, were hovering around, ready, like birds of prey, to pounce on the first Flemish or Spanish vessel that should leave the shelter of the coast. For a time the Spanish fleet, moored off Calais, with its largest vessels, like a line of fortifications outside, seemed to defy attack. But at last, on the night before the 29th of that memorable July, by the bold and skillful employment of fire-ships, the English Admiral drove them from their moorings, and cut them off from Calais roads. A hattle followed, in which, as one of the English captains (Lord Monmouth) described it, "we had a glorious day of them, continuing fight from four o'clock in the morning till five or six at night." Many of the largest Spanish ships were sunk or captured in the action of this day. And at length the Spanish Admiral, despairing of success, fled northward with a southerly wind, in the hope of rounding Scotland, and so returning to Spain without a farther encounter with the English fleet. Lord Effingham left a squadron to continue the blockade of the Duke of Parma's armament; but that wise general soon withdrew his troops to more promising fields of action. Meanwhile the Lord Admiral himself, and Drake, chased the vincible Armada, as it was now termed, for some distance northward; and then, when they seemed to bend away from the Scotch coast towards Norway, it was thought best, in the words of Drake, "to leave them to those boisterous and uncouth northern seas."

The sufferings and losses which the unhappy Spaniards sustained in their flight round Scotland and Ireland, are well known. Of their whole Armada only fifty-three shattered vessels brought back their beaten and wasted crews to the Spanish coast, which they had quitted in such pageantry and pride.

Some passages from the dispatches, written by Drake during the struggle, have been already quoted; and the most spirited description of the defeat of the Armada which ever was penned, may perhaps be taken from the letter which our brave Vice-Admiral wrote in answer to some lying stories by which the Spaniards strove to hide their shame.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

BESIDES being the confidential advisers, attorneys are the "confessors" of modern England; and the revelations-delicate, serious, not unfrequently involving life as well as fortune and character-confided to the purchased fidelity and professional honor of men whom romancers of all ages have stereotyped as the ghouls and vampires of civilized society, are, it is impossible to deny, as rarely divulged as those which the penitents of the Greek and Latin churches impart to their spiritual guides and helpers; and this possibly for the somewhat vulgar, but very sufficient reason, that "a breach of confidence" would as certainly involvé the professional ruin of an attorney as the commission of a felony. An able but eccentric jurisconsult, Mr. Jeremy Bentham, was desirous that attorneys should be compelled to disclose on oath whatever guilty secrets might be confided to them by their clients; the only objection to which ingenious device for the conviction of rogues being, that if such a power existed, there would be no secrets to disclose; and, as a necessary consequence, that the imperfectly-informed attorney would be unable to render his client the justice to which every person, however criminal, is clearly entitled-that of having his or her case presented before the court appointed to decide upon it in the best and most advantageous manner possible. not be forgotten either that the attorney is the only real, practical defender of the humble and needy against the illegal oppressions of the rich and powerful—the shrewd, indomitable agent who gives prosaic reality to the figurative eloquence of old Chancellor Fortescue, when he says "that the lightnings may flash through, the thunder shake, the tempest beat upon the English peasant's hut, but the king of England, with all his army, cannot lift the latch to enter in." The chancellor of course meant that in this country overbearing violence cannot defy, or put itself in the place of, the law. This is quite true; and why? Chiefly because the attorney is ready, in all cases of provable illegality, with

his potent strip of parchment summoning the great man before "her Sovereign Lady the Queen," there to answer for his acts; and the richer the offender, the more keen and eager Mr. Attorney to prosecute the suit, however needy his own client; for he is then sure of his costs, if he succeed! Again, I cheerfully admit the extreme vulgarity of the motive; but its effect in protecting the legal rights of the humble is not, I contend, lessened because the reward of exertion and success is counted out in good, honest sovereigns, or notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.

Thus much by way of conciliatory prologue to the narrative of a few incidents revealed in the attorney's privileged confessional; throughout which I have of course, in order to avoid any possible recognition of those events or incidents, changed the name of every person cercerned.

Our old city firm, then, which, I am happy to say, still flourishes under the able direction of our active successors, I will call—adopting the nomenclature appropriated to us by imaginative ladies and gentlemen, who favor the world with fancy pen-and-ink portraits of the lawyer tribe—that of Flint and Sharp; Sharp being myself, and Flint the silver-haired old bachelor we buried a few weeks since, in Kensal Green Cemetery.

"Mr. Andrews," said a clerk, as he threw open the door of the inner office, one afternoon. "Mr. Jesse Andrews."

"Good day, Mr. Andrews," was my prompt and civil greeting: "I have good news for you. Take a chair."

The good-humored, rather intelligent, and somewhat clouded countenance of the new-comer brightened up at these words. "News from my cousin Archibald?" he asked, as he seated himself.

"Yes. He laments your late failure, and commiserates the changed position and prospects of your wife and boy, little Archibald, his godson. You he has not much compassion for, inasmuch as he attributes your mis-

fortunes entirely to mismanagement, and the

want of common prudence."

"Candid, certainly," grumbled out Mr. Jesse Andrews; "but an odd sort of good news!"

"His deeds are kinder than his words. He will allow, till Archibald attains his majority --- Let me see: how old is that boy of yours now?"

"Ten. He was two years old when his

godfather went to India."

"Well, then, you will receive two hundred pounds per annum, payable half-yearly, in advance, for the next ten years—that is, of course, if your son lives-in order to enable you to bring him up, and educate him properly. After that period has elapsed, your cousin intimates that he will place the young man advantageously; and, I do not doubt, will do something for you, should you not by that time have conquered a fair position for yourself."

"Is that all?" said Mr. Andrews. "All! Why, what did you expect?"

"Two or three thousand pounds, to set me afloat again. I know of a safe speculation, that with, say three thousand pounds capital, would realize a handsome fortune in no time."

Mr. Jesse Andrews, I may observe, was one of that numerous class of persons who are always on the threshold of realizing millions-the only and constant obstacle being

the want of a sufficient "capital."

I condoled with him upon his disappointment; but as words, however civil, avail little in the way of "capital," Mr. Jesse Andrews, having pocketed the first half-yearly installment of the annuity, made his exit in by no means a gracious or grateful frame of

Two other half-yearly payments were duly paid him. When he handed me the receipt on the last occasion, he said, in a sort of offhand, careless way, "I suppose, if Archy were to die, these payments would cease?"

" Perhaps not," I replied, unthinkingly. "At all events, not, I should say, till you and your wife were in some way provided for.

But your son is not ill ?" I added.

"No, no; not at present," replied Andrews, coloring, and with a confusion of manner which surprised me not a little. It flashed across my mind that the boy was dead, and that Andrews, in order not to risk the withdrawal or suspension of the annuity, had concealed the fact from us.

"Let me see," I resumed, we have your present address-Norton Folgate, I think?" "Yes, certainly you have."

"I shall very likely call in a day or two

to see Mrs. Andrews and your son."

The man smiled in a reassured, half-sardonic manner. "Do," he answered. "Archy is alive, and very well, thank God!'

This confidence dispelled the suspicion I had momentarily entertained, and five or six weeks passed away, during which Andrews and his affairs were almost as entirely absent from my thoughts as if no such man existed.

About the expiration of that time, Mr. Jesse Andrews unexpectedly revisited the office, and as soon as I was disengaged, was ushered into my private room. He was habited in the deepest mourning, and it naturally struck me that either his wife or son was dead-an impression, however, which a closer examination of his countenance did not confirm, knowing as I did how affectionate a husband and father he was, with all his faults and follies, reputed to be. He looked flurried, nervous, certainly; but there was no grief, no sorrow in the restless, disturbed glances which he directed to the floor, the ceiling, the window, the fireplace, the chairs, the table-everywhere, in fact, except towards my face.

"What is the matter, Mr. Andrews?" I gravely inquired, seeing that he did not appear disposed to open the conversation.

"A great calamity, sir—a great calamity," he hurriedly and confusedly answered, his face still persistently averted from me-"has happened! Archy is dead!"

"Dead!" I exclaimed, considerably shocked. "God bless me! when did this happen?"

"Three weeks ago," was the reply. died of cholera."

"Of cholera!" This occurred, I should state, in 1830.

"Yes: he was very assiduously attended throughout his sufferings, which were protracted and severe, by the eminent Dr. Parkinson, a highly respectable and skilled practitioner, as you doubtless, sir, are aware."

I could not comprehend the man. dry, unconcerned, business-sort of gabble was not the language of a suddenly-bereaved parent, and one, too, who had lost a considerable annuity by his son's death. What could it mean? I was in truth fairly puzzled,

After a considerable interval of silence, which Mr. Andrews, whose eyes continued to wander in every direction except that of mine, showed no inclination to break, I said -"It will be necessary for me to write immediately to your cousin, Mr. Archibald Andrews. I trust, for your sake, the annuity will be continued; but of course, till I hear from him, the half-yearly payments must be suspended."

"Certainly, certainly: I naturally expected that would be the case," said Andrews, still in the same quick, hurried tone. "Quite so."

"You have nothing further to say, I suppose?" I remarked after another dead pause, during which it was very apparent that he was laboring with something to which he nervously hesitated to give utterance.

"No-yes-that is, I wished to consult you upon a matter of business-connected

with—with a life-assurance office."

"A life-assurance office?"

"Yes." The man's pale face flushed crimson, and his speech became more and more hurried as he went on. "Yes: fearing, Mr. Sharp, that should Archy die, we might be left without resource, I resolved, after mature deliberation, to effect an insurance on his life for four thousand pounds."

"Four thousand pounds!"

"Yes. All necessary preliminaries were gone through. The medical gentleman—since dead of the cholera, by the way—examined the boy of course, and the insurance was legally effected for four thousand pounds, payable at his death."

I did not speak; a suspicion too horrible to

be hinted at held me dumb.

"Unfortunately," Andrews continued, "this insurance was only effected about a fortnight before poor Archy's death, and the office refuses payment, although, as I have told you, the lad was attended to the very hour of his death by Dr. Parkinson, a highly respectable, most unexceptionable gentleman. Very much so indeed."

"I quite agree in that," I answered after a while. "Dr. Parkinson is a highly respectable and eminent man. What reason," I added, "do the company assign for non-pay-

ment?"

"The very recent completion of the policy."

"Nonsense! How can that fact, standing

alone, affect your claim ?"

"I do not know," Andrews replied; and all this time I had not been able to look fairly in his face; "but they do refuse; and I am anxious that your firm should take the matter in hand, and sue them for the amount."

"I must first see Dr. Parkinson," I answered, "and convince myself that there is no legitimate reason for repudiating the pol-

icv.'

"Certainly, certainly," he replied.

"I will write to you to-morrow," I said, ising to terminate the conference, "after I

have seen Dr. Parkinson, and state whether we will or not take proceedings against the insurance company on your behalf."

He thanked me, and hurried off.

Dr. Parkinson confirmed Mr. Jesse Andrews in every particular. He had attended the boy, a fine, light-haired lad of eleven or twelve years of age, from not long after his seizure till his death. He suffered dreadfully, and died unmistakably of Asiatic cholera, and of nothing else; of which same disease a servant and a female lodger in the same house had died just previously. "It is, of course," Dr. Parkinson remarked in conclusion, "as unfortunate for the company as it is strangely lucky for Andrews; but there is no valid reason for refusing payment."

Upon this representation we wrote the next day to the assurance people, threatening proceedings on behalf of Mr. Jesse Andrews.

Early on the morrow one of the managing directors called on us, to state the reasons which induced the company to hesitate at recognizing the plaintiff's claim. In addition to the doubts suggested by the brief time which had elapsed from the date of the policy to the death of the child, there were several other slight circumstances of corroborative suspicion. The chief of these was, that a neighbor had declared he heard the father indulging in obstreperous mirth in a room adjoining that in which the corpse lay only about two hours after his son had expired. This unseemly, scandalous hilarity of her husband the wife appeared to faintly remonstrate against. The directors had consequently resolved non obstante Dr. Parkinson's declaration, who might, they argued, have been deceived, to have the body exhumed in order to a post-mortem examination as to the true cause of death. If the parents voluntarily agreed to this course, a judicial application to enforce it would be unnecessary, and all doubts on the matter could be quietly set at rest. I thought the proposal, under the circumstances, reasonable, and called on Mr. and Mrs. Andrews to obtain their concurrence. Mrs. Andrews was, I found, absent in the country, but her husband was at home; and he, on hearing the proposal, was, I thought, a good deal startled-shocked rather—a natural emotion perhaps.

"Who-who," he said, after a few moments' silent reflection-"who is to conduct

this painful, revolting inquiry?"

"Dr. Parkinson will be present, with Mr. Humphrey the surgeon, and Dr. Curtis the newly-appointed physician to the assurance office, in place of Dr. Morgan, who died, as

you are aware, a short time since of cho- paid over to Archibald, with accumulated lera."

"True. Ah, well, then, he answered almost with alacrity, "be it as they wish. Dr. Parkinson will see fair play,"

The examination was effected, and the result was a confirmation, beyond doubt or quibble, that death, as Dr. Parkinson had declared, had been solely occasioned by cholera. The assurance company still hesitated; but as this conduct could now only be looked upon as perverse obstinacy, we served them with a writ at once. They gave in; and the money was handed over to Mr. Jesse Andrews, whose joy at his sudden riches did not, I was forced to admit, appear to be in the slightest degree damped by any feeling of sadness for the loss of an only child.

We wrote to inform Mr. Archibald Andrews of these occurrences, and to request further instructions with regard to the annuity hitherto paid to his cousin. A considerable time would necessarily elapse before an answer could be received, and in the meantime Mr. Jesse Andrews plunged headlong into the speculation he had been long hankering to engage in, and was, he informed me a few weeks afterwards, on the royal road to a magnificent fortune.

Clouds soon gathered over this brilliant prospect. The partner, whose persuasive tongue and brilliant imagination had induced Mr. Andrews to join him with his four thousand pounds, proved to be an arrant cheat and swindler; and Mr. Andrews's application to us for legal help and redress was just too late to prevent the accomplished dealer in moonshine and delusion from embarking at Liverpool for America, with every penny of the partnership funds in his pockets!

A favorable reply from Mr. Archibald Andrews had now become a question of vital importance to his cousin, who very impatiently awaited its arrival. It came at last. Mr. Andrews had died rather suddenly at Bombay a short time before my letter arrived there, after executing in triplicate a will, of which one of the copies was forwarded to me. By this instrument his property-about thirty-five thousand pounds, the greatest portion of which had been remitted from time to time for investment in the British funds-was disposed of as follows:-Five thousand pounds to his Cousin Jesse Andrews, for the purpose of educating and maintaining Archibald Andrews, the testator's godson, till he should have attained the age of twenty-one, and the whole of the remaining thirty thousand pounds to be then

interest. In the event, however, of the death of his godson, the entire property was devised to another more distant and wealthier cousin, Mr. Newton and his son Charles, on precisely similar conditions, with the exception that an annuity of seventy pounds, payable to Jesse Andrews and his wife during their lives, was charged upon it.

Two letters were dispatched the same evening-one to the fortunate cousin, Mr. Newton, who lived within what was then known as the twopenny post delivery, and another to Mr. Jesse Andrews, who had taken up his temporary abode in a cottage near St. Alban's, Hertfordshire. These missives informed both gentlemen of the arrival of the Indian mail, and the, to them, important dispatches it contained.

Mr. Newton was early at the office on the following morning, and perused the will with huge content. He was really quite sorry, though, for poor Cousin Jesse: the loss of his son was a sad stroke, much worse than this of a fortune, which he might have expected to follow as a matter of course. And the annuity, Mr. Newton thoughtfully observed, was, after all, no contemptible provision for two persons, without family, and of modest requirements.

A very different scene was enacted when,

late in the evening, and just as I was about to leave the office, Mr. Jesse Andrews rushed in, white as a sheet, haggard, and wild with passion. "What devil's fables are these you write me?" he burst forth the instant he had gained the threshold of the room. "How dare you," he went on almost shricking with fury-"how dare you attempt to palm off these accursed lies on me? Archy richrich—and I— But it is a lie! fernal device got up to torture me-to drive me wild, distracted—mad." The excited man literally foamed with rage, and so astonished was I, that it was a minute or two before I could speak or move. At last I rose, closed the door, for the clerks in the outer office were hearers and witnesses of this outbreak, and led the way to an inner and more private apartment. "Come with me, Mr. Andrews," I said, "and let us talk this matter calmly over."

He mechanically followed, threw himself into a chair, and listened with frenzied impatience to the reading of the will.

"A curse is upon me," he shouted, jumping up as I concluded: "the curse of Goda judgment upon the crime I but the other day committed—a crime, as I thought—dolt,

idiot that I was—so cunningly contrived, so cleverly executed! Fool, villain, madman that I have been; for now, when fortune is tendered for my acceptance, I dare not put forth my hand to grasp it; fortune, too, not only for me, but Oh God, it will kill us both, Martha as well as me, though I alone am to blame for this infernal chance!"

This outburst appeared to relieve him, and he sank back into his chair somewhat calmer. I could understand nothing of all that rhapsody, knowing as I did that his son Archibald had died from natural causes. "It is a severe blow," I said in as soothing a tone as I could assume; "a very great disappointment: still, you are secured from extreme poverty—from anything like absolute want"

"It is not that—it is not that!" he broke in, though not quite so wildly as before. "Look you, Mr. Sharp, I will tell you all! There may be some mode of extrication from this terrible predicament, and I must have your advice professionally upon it."

"Go on; I will advise you to the best of

my ability."

"Here it is, then; Archy, my son Archy, is alive!— alive! and well in health as either you or I!"

I was thunderstruck. Here was indeed a

revelation.

"Alive and well," continued Andrews. "Listen: when the cholera began to spread so rapidly, I bethought me of insuring the boy's life in case of the worst befalling, but not, as I hope for mercy, with the slightest thought of harming a hair of his head. This was done. Very soon the terrific disease approached our neighborhood, and my wife took Archy to a country lodging, returning herself the same evening. The next day our only servant was attacked, and died. A few hours after that, our first-floor lodger, a widow of the name of Mason, who had been with us but a very short time, was attacked. She suffered dreadfully; and her son, a boy about the age of Archy, and with just his hair and complexion, took ill also. The woman was delirious with pain; and before effective medical aid could be obtained she was seized in the middle of the night she expired. Her son, who had been removed into another room, became rapidly worse, and we sent for Dr, Parkinson: the poor fellow was also partially delirious with pain, and clung piteously round my wife's neck, calling her mother, and imploring her to relieve him. Dr. Parkinson arrived, and at first sight of the boy, said, 'Your son is received by him."

very ill, Mrs. Andrews-I fear past recovery: but we will see what can be done.' I swear to you, Mr. Sharp, that it was not till this moment the device which has ruined us flashed across my brain. I cautioned my wife in a whisper not to undeceive the doctor. who prescribed the most active remedies, and was in the room when the lad died. You know the rest: and now, sir, tell me, can anything be done-any device suggested to retrieve this miserable blunder, this terrible mistake?"

"This infamous crime, you should say, Mr. Andrews," I replied; "for the commission of which you are liable to be transported for life."

"Yes, crime; no doubt that is the true word! But must the innocent child suffer

for his father's offence?"

"That is the only consideration that could induce me to wag a finger in the business. Like many other clever rogues, you are caught in the trap you limed for others. Come to me to-morrow: I will think over the matter between this and then: but at present I can say nothing. Stay," I added, as his hand was on the door; "the identity of your son can be proved, I suppose, by better evidence than your own?"

"Certainly, certainly."

"That will do, then; I will see you in the

morning."

If it should cross the mind of any reader that I ought to have given this self-confessed felon into custody, I beg to remind him that for the reasons previously stated, such a course on my part was out of the questionimpossible; and that had it not been impossible I should do so, Mr. Jesse Andrews would not have intrusted me with this criminal secret. The only question now therefore was, how, without compromising this guilty client, the godfather's legacy could be secured for the innocent son.

A conference the next morning with Mr. Flint resulted in our sending for Mr. Jesse Andrews, and advising him, for fear of accidents or miscarriage in our plans, to betake himself to the kingdom of France for a short time. We had then no treaty of extradition with that country. As soon as I knew he was safely out of the realm, I waited upon the insurance people.

"The money ought not to have been received by Jesse Andrews, you say, Mr. Sharp?" observed the managing gentleman, looking keenly in my face.

"Precisely. It ought not to have been

"And why not, Mr. Sharp?"

"That is quite an unnecessary question, and one that you know I should not answer if I could. That which chiefly concerns you is, that I am ready to return the four thousand pounds at once, here on the spot, and that delays are dangerous. If you refuse, why of course-and I rose from my chair-I must take back the money."

"Stay-stay! I will just consult with one or two gentlemen, and be with you again

almost immediately."

In about five minutes he returned. "-Well, Mr. Sharp," he said, "we had, I suppose, better take the money—obtained, as you say, by mistake."

"Not at all; I said nothing about mistake. I told you it ought not to have been received

by Andrews!"

"Well-well; I understand. I must, I suppose, give you a receipt?"

"Undoubtedly; and, if you please, precisely in this form."

I handed him a copy on a slip of paper. He ran it over, smiled, transcribed it on a stamp, signed it, and as I handed him a cheque for the amount, placed it in my hands. We mutually bowed, and I went my way.

Notwithstanding Mr. Newton's opposition, who was naturally furious at the unexpected turn the affair had taken, the identity of the boy-whom that gentleman persisted in asserting to be dead and buried—was clearly established; and Mr. Archibald Andrews, on the day he became of age, received possession of his fortune. The four thousand pounds had of course been repaid out of Jesse Andrews's legacy. That person has, so to speak, since skulked through life, a mark for the covert scorn of every person acquainted with the very black transaction here recorded. This was doubtless a much better fate than he deserved; and in strict or poetical justice, his punishment ought unquestionably to have been much greater-more apparent also, than it was, for example's sake. But I am a man not of fiction, but of fact, and consequently relate events, not as they precisely ought, but as they do, occasionally occur in lawyers' offices, and other unpoetical nooks and corners of this prosaic, matter-of-fact, workingday world.

EARLY USE OF COAL.

BITUMINOUS matter, if not the carboniferous system itself, exists abundantly on the banks of the Euphrates. In the basin of the Nile coal has been recently detected. It occurs sparingly in some of the states of Greece; and Theophrastus, in his "History of Stones," refers to mineral coal (lithanthrax) being found in Liguria and, in Ellis, and used by the smiths; the stones are earthy, he adds, but kindle and burn like wood coals (the anthrax). But by none of the Oriental nations does it appear that the vast latent powers and virtues of the mineral were thus early discovered, so as to render it an object of commerce or of geological research. What the Romans termed lapis ampelites, is generally understood to mean our cannel coal, which they used not as fuel, but in making toys, bracelets, and other ornaments; while |

their carbo, which Pliny describes as vehementer perlucet, was simply the petroleum or naphtha, which issues so abundantly from all the tertiary deposits. Coal is found in Syria, and the term frequently occurs in the Sacred Writings. But there is no reference anywhere in the inspired record as to digging or boring for the mineral-no directions for its use-no instructions as to its constituting a portion of the promised treasures of the land. In their burnt-offerings, wood appears uniformly to have been employed; in Leviticus, the term is used as synonymous with fire, where it is said that "the priests shall lay the parts in order upon the wood"-that is, on the fire which is upon the altar. And in the same manner for all domestic purposes, wood and charcoal were invariably made use of. Doubtless the ancient Hebrews would

be acquainted with natural coal, as in the mountains of Lebanon, whither they continually resorted for their timber, seams of coal near Beirout were seen to protrude through the superincumbent strata in various directions. Still there are no traces of pits or excavations into the rock to show that they duly appreciated the extent and uses of the article. For many reasons it would seem that, among modern nations, the primitive Britons were the first to avail themselves of the valuable combustible. The word by which it is designated is not of Saxon. but of British extraction, and is still employed to this day by the Irish, in their form of o-gual, and in that of kolan by the Cornish. In Yorkshire, stone hammers and hatchets have been found in old mines, showing that the early Britons worked coals before the invasion of the Romans. Manchester, which has risen upon the very ashes of the mineral, and grown to all its wealth and greatness under the influence of its heat and light, next claims the merit of the discovery. Portions of coal have been found under, or imbedded in, the sand of a Roman way, excavated some years ago for the construction of a house, and which at the time were ingeniously conjectured by the local antiquaries to have been collected for the use of the garrison stationed on the route of these warlike invaders at Mancenion, or the Place of Tents. Certain it is that fragments of coal are being constantly, in the district, washed out and brought down by the Medlock and other streams, which break from the mountains through the coal strata. attention of the inhabitants would in this way be the more early and readily attracted by the glistening substance. Nevertheless, for long after coal was but little valued or appreciated, turf and wood being the common articles of consumption throughout the country. About the middle of the ninth century, a grant of land was made by the Abbey of Peterborough, under the restric-

tion of certain payments in kind to the monastery, among which are specified sixty carts of wood, and, as showing their comparative worth, only twelve carts of pit coal. wards the end of the thirteenth century, Newcastle is said to have traded in the article, and by a charter of Henry III., of date 1284, a license is granted to the burgesses to dig for the mineral. About this period, coals for the first time began to be imported into London, but were made use of only by smiths, brewers, dyers, and other artisans, when, in consequence of the smoke being regarded as very injurious to the public health, parliament petitioned the king, Edward I., to prohibit the burning of coal, on the ground of being an intolerable nuisance. A proclamation was granted, conformable to the prayer of the petition; and the most severe inquisitorial measures were adopted to restrict or altogether abolish the use of the combustible, by fine, imprisonment, and destruction of the furnaces and workshops! They were again brought into common use in the time of Charles I., and have continued to increase steadily with the extension of the arts and manufactures, and the advancing tide of population, till now, in the metropolis and suburbs, coals are annually consumed to the amount of about three millions of tons. The use of coal in Scotland seems to be connected with the rise of the monasteries. Under the regime of domestic rule at Dunfermline; coals were worked in the year 1291 -at Dysart and other places along the Fife coast, about half a century later-and generally in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the inhabitants were assessed in coals to the churches and chapels, which, after the Reformation, have still continued to be paid in many parishes. Boethis records that in his time the inhabitants of Fife and the Lothians dug "a black stone," which, when kindled, gave out a heat sufficient to melt iron.—Rev. Dr. Anderson's Course of Creation.

TITLES AT A DISCOUNT.—Robert Stevenson, the great engineer, and the projector of the Britannic Tubular Bridge, it appears by the late English papers, has been offered a knighthood and has refused it. Mr. Farraday, one of the greatest of living chemists, has also declined a similar tender. Sir Robert

Peel, it is already known, not only persisted in refusing a patent of nobility, but also in his will instructed his sons to imitate in this respect his example. The time appears to be coming when English titles will go a-begging among those most worthy to wear them. From the People's Journal.

LORD MORPETH.

IF you take your stand on the pavement under the walls of old Westminster Abbey, just by Poet's Corner-as hundreds doany day during the session of parliament, about four o'clock in the afternoon, you will notice amidst the press of peers and commoners thronging to the "house," a tall, thin person striding rapidly towards the narrow doorway of St. Stephen's. Observe him closely, my friend on the pavé; see how neatly and even elegantly he is dressed; look with what care his well-cut trousers are strapped down over a boot of the best fashion, and with what nicety the waistcoat is made to fit his rather meagre person; take notice, too, of the faultless tie of his white cravat; and then glance upwards at his rather full face, and somewhat long, light hair, over which, on a massive head, a large hat—the only inelegant thing about him appears to rest uneasily, and you will have seen a great man-no less a man than Earl Carlisle, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, Baron Dacre, one of Her Majesty's Privy Counsellors, Chief Commissioner of the Woods and Forests—and, better than all, a friend of progress and of the people.

The subject of our notice, the seventh earl of Carlisle, was born in 1802, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father as lately as the year 1848. His mother, the present countess dowager, was the eldest daughter of the fifth duke of Devonshire; so that on both sides his family may be said to be noble and famous—the Howards (of whom the duke of Norfolk is the acknowledged head) especially being historically known as "right loyal and true."

He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he early exhibited literary tastes of no mean order, and obtained the university prizes for English and Latin verse, and the first prize in classics. In 1826, being then only in his twenty-fourth year, he was elected for the family borough of Morpeth; and from that to the year 1830, served as Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire.

In 1830, he was elected for the Western Division of Yorkshire, and on his acceptance of office under the Whigs, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, in 1834, he was re-elected by an immense majority. Owing, however, to the unpopularity of the New Poor Law, of which he had been a supporter, his constituents refused to accept his services at the next general election in 1841. And then occurred what may well be considered the most memorable and graceful episode in the political life of the earl. Although defeated by a large majority, and rejected by the electors he had faithfully served for so many years -so great was the excitement occasioned by the working of the Poor Law and other causes -Lord Morpeth came forward upon the hustings, and declared that he was willing to " bide his time," and wait till his constituents should re elect him; feeling confident that the day would come when they would again put faith in his political honesty and right principles. With the manly bearing of an English gentleman, he thanked his supporters, and by the generous and high-spirited tone of his eloquent address, won, if not the suffrages, at least the good-will and sympathies of all classes, and did more to redeem the meanness and malice of party-spirit than can be well conceived. So great, indeed, was the favor with which he was received on that occasion, that a well known literary man of opposite principles bore willing testimony to the chivalrous manliness his lordship had displayed :--

There, in the place of former pride,
Half humbled with a manly wo,
Dash'd envy's poison'd shaft aside,
To play the fair and generous foe.
To own a rival's triump grand,
Bow to the gainer of the race,
And give him, with a liberal hand,
The winning courtesies of grace!

While thousands gather'd round to hear How he would meet his fallen fate; Warm, earnest, solemn, and sincere, He charm'd the men who came to hate! And, while his lofty spirit shone,
All jealous meanness high above,
Bound still more closely to his own
The hearts of those who came to love!

These are two of the stanzas of the poetical tribute alluded to.

In 1834, Lord Morpeth visited America, where he was received with every mark of high appreciation and regard. It seems strange to think that the republicans of the United States should have feted and caressed the representative of one of the most aristocratic families of Europe; but when we come to consider that it was his principles and not his person to which they sought to do honor -when we come to consider that they welcomed the liberal champion of the very reforms they were themselves bringing aboutwhen we come to consider that the people of America hailed in Lord Morpeth a representative, not of nobility, but of progress, enlightenment, and refinement, the apparent anomaly vanishes, and the welcome they accorded him becomes alike honorable to the givers and the receiver, the Americans and their brothers on this side the Atlantic. On his return he busied himself in various private reforms; but true to his resolve, he sought the suffrages of no other constituents, avowing that he would never sit in the House of Commons but as the representative of the West Riding. He kept his word. course his friends reproached him, and his enemies laughed and triumphed—but he was unmoved by either. On the formation of Lord John Russell's ministry, in 1846, as though he had been gifted with foreknowledge, he was again, without solicitation, almost without canvass, returned for his old borough, vacant by the death of Lord Wharncliffe; and in the same year he accepted the office he still holds in the cabinet, that of Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. On the death of his father, in 1848, he was called to the House of Peers by the style and title of Earl of Carlisle.

In the House of Commons Lord Morpeth was a considerable favorite; his frank, and courteous manners, and warm, gentlemanly demeanor, always commanding respect, and gaining for him an attentive audience. On his first essaying a speech, you are struck with the rather high-flown language he adopts, and your ear is slightly offended by the troble tones of his voice; but as soon as his lordship warms with his subject and begins to argue, then you discover the depth of his reasoning, the clear, good sense of his arguments, and the real value of his speech. You

are obliged despite yourself to listen; and you forget altogether the slight degree of disappointment you at first experienced, and come at length to comprehend what is the power that has made him a speaker. In the upper house his influence is equally great. The real moral integrity of the man in his public life is as unimpeahable as are his relations in the domestic circle.

To speak of particular acts in which the Earl of Carlisle has been conspicuous, it would be necessary to quote almost every liberal measure that has passed the ordeal of the legislature of late years; suffice it, that on all points affecting the good—and especially the health and well-being—of the people, his voice and his vote may be relied on.

On all questions touching the education of the masses, the Earl of Carlisle is a consistent and eloquent advocate; and in the formation and encouragement of mechanics' institutions he has always been willing to render the authority of his aid, countenance, and At the anniversary of the Manchester Athenæum, in 1848, he said—" I rejoice over the impulses and associations which are impressed upon the times in which we live, and which institutions and assemblies like this serve to rivet and transmit; I rejoice that English commerce is rising to the height of its position and feeling the real dignity of its calling; I rejoice that you have not been content with that display of wealth which jostles in your streets and is piled in your warehouses; that you do not think it enough to raise factories tier upon tier, and magazines that will accommodate the traffic of the world, but you have thought it part of your proper business, too, to build and to set apart a haunt for innocent enjoyment, for useful instruction, for graceful accomplishment, for lofty thought—the shrine of Pallas Athene in a Christian land."

On the subject of the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations, the earl has put forth his own strong sense and subtle reasoning.

"In this exhibition and storehouse of all the choice productions of the world," said he, at a meeting held at the Mansion-house in furtherance of its objects, "our artisans will see nothing but what industry like their own has produced—nothing but what industry like their own may aspire to excel; and in the confidence that they are made of the stuff and fibre which will not allow them, in any course of useful progress or career of high achievement, to fill any other than the foremost place, I give now, "The Workmen of the United Kingdom."

Surely, none but the workmen's friend could have spoken these stirring words.

The Health of Towns Bill, the Intramural Interments Abolition Bill, the Friendly Societies Act, and others of a like tendency, have mainly originated with, or been warmly supported by, the Earl of Carlisle. There is little need of more being said. A volume might be written, and easily written too, on the good that Lord Morpeth has assisted to effect; but what necessity have we to enlarge on his acts and speeches?—are not the records of them to be found in every newspaper in the English language?

Castle Howard, the seat of the family, is situated near Malton, in Yorkshire; and is considered the masterpiece of its architect,

Sir John Vanbrugh.

In a central spot, where terminate four avenues of noble trees, stands an obelisk, with this inscription:—

If to perfection these plantations rise, If they agreeably my heirs surprise, This faithful pillar will their age declare, As long as time these characters shall spare. Here then with kind remembrance read his name Who for posterity performed the same.

Charles, the third Earl of Carlisle, of the family of the Howards, erected a castle where the old castle of Hinderskelf stood, and called it Castle Howard. He likewise made the plantations in this park, and all the outworks, monuments, and other plantations belonging to this seat. He began these works in the year 1712, and set up this inscription Anno Dom. 1731.

The present Earl of Carlisle is worthy such a house: and the house is honored in

possessing such a master.

On her way to Scotland, her Majesty and Prince Albert, with the royal children, did the earl the honor of stopping a night at Castle Howard, and were pleased to express themselves highly gratified with the place, and their reception by its noble master.— Felicitas multos habet amicos.

SOUTHEY AND THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.-"I have taken those poems," [the "Corn-Law Rhymes,"] says Southey, "as the subject of a paper for the Christmas Review, not without some little hope of making the author reflect upon the tendency of his writing. He is a person who introduced himself to me by letter many years ago, and sent me various specimens of his productions, epic and dramatic. Such of his faults in composition as were corrigible, he corrected in pursuance of my advice, and learnt, in consequence, to write as he now does, admirably well, when the subject will let him do so. I never saw him but once, and that in an inn in Sheffield, when I was passing through that town. The portrait prefixed to his book seems intentionally to have radicalized, or rather ruffianized, a countenance which had no cut-throat expression at that time. It was a remarkable face, with pale gray eyes, full of fire and meaning, and well-suited to a frankness of manner, and an apparent simplicity of character such as is rarely found in middle age, and more especially rare in persons engaged in what may be called the warfare of the world. After that meeting I

procured a sizarship for one of his sons; and the letter which he wrote to me upon my offering to do so, is a most curious and characteristic production, containing an account of his family. I never suspected him of giving his mind to any other object than poetry, till Wordsworth put the Corn-Law Rhymes into my hands; and then, coupling the date of the pamphlet with the power which it manifested, and recognizing also scenery there which he had dwelt upon in other poems, I at once discovered the hand of my pupil. He will discover mine in the advice which I shall give him. It was amusing enough that he should have been recommended to my notice as an educated poet in the New Monthly Magazine. In such times as these, whatever latent evil there is in a nation is brought out. This man appeared always a peaceable and well-disposed subject, till Lord Grey's ministry, for their own purposes, called upon the mob for support: and then, at the age of fifty, he let loose opinions which had never before been allowed to manifest themselves, and the fierce puritanism in which he had been bred up burst into a flame."—Life and Correspondence, vol. iv.

HENRY VIII.'S FIRST SIGHT OF ANNE BOLEYN.

"How say ye she is called? Buleyn-ANNE BULEYN, daughter of Sir Thomas, down here at Hever Castle? Gop's truth the wench is fair, Methinks, Lord Surrey, thy GERALDINE would scarcely bear comparison." "Nay, nay, my liege!" replied the party thus addressed, "believe thou not a lover will admit that there are others fairer than his mistress. She is to him the brightest star of any that shineth in the galaxy of Heaven, the sweetest flower that blooms to beautify his pathway here; the rarest gem that glitters in his sight. But, to say truth, you maiden is a comely and a fair. She hath a step stately as Juno's, yet light and graceful as the frolic nymphs that wait on buskined Dian; a form of nature's delicatest fashioning; Cytheria, when rising from the briny element, looked not more beautiful. Her eyes, how large and lustrous! and the glance she sends, how fraught with Love's own eloquence! and what a smile of most bewildering sweetness plays round her lips, so ripe and cherry-like!"

"Enough, my lord!" somewhat impatiently interrupted the last speaker. "You poets make a deity of woman, investing her with all those attributes which least may fit her for this workday world. For me, I care not for your goddesses, your fair divinities, too pure, too holy for a mortal's love; no, by my soul! with all her imperfections and her faults, give me a living, breathing, loving creature, one that I can entwine mine arms about, and feel her heart responsive beat to mine. But hush! she comes this way. will retire, my lord; do thou with pleasant speeches so beguile the time, that she shall never heed the going on't, till I have changed this dress, all travel-soiled, and stand before

her as a monarch should."

The reader is by this time doubtless aware that the speakers in the foregoing dialogue are Henry VIII. and the Earl of Surrey; and the beautiful and unfortunate Anne Buleyn is the maiden who has attracted the notice of the amorous monarch, kindling that flame in his bosom which shall light her to the scaffold. The scene is the garden at Penshurst, where, amid the trim parterres,

straight paths leading to quaintly fashioned arbors, and shrubs clipped by the hand of man into a thousand fanciful devices, she was wont to pass many hours of her happy existence, musing "in maiden meditation, fancy free," upon the beauties of Art and Nature that surrounded her.

Penshurst Place—which afterwards became so celebrated for having given birth to that accomplished warrior, statesman, poet, and philosopher, Sir Philip Sidney, justly named the "incomparable"—was then in its palmy state of splendor and magnificence, the grounds having been freshly laid out and beautified, and the mansion fitted up as an occasional residence for royalty, it having reverted to the crown on the attainture of its late possessor, the Duke of Buckingham, for high treason.

The steward of the demesne, a gentleman of good birth and breeding, with whom her father was on terms of intimacy, had invited the lovely Anne to come as often as she listed, and wander at "her own sweet will" amid the shady groves and sunny lawns of this enchanting spot, and she had ridden over from Hever Castle on the day in question, being unaware of the presence of the King, who had arrived somewhat unexpectedly that morning, and little dreaming how momentous to her would be the visit.

Slowly the maid advanced towards the leafy screen which hid the noble poet from her view, and pausing to inhale the fragrance of a flower—now to admire a statue—now lingering by a fount, whose crystal jets gleamed in the sunshine, and glittered like a shower of diamonds, as the water returned scattered and broken to the basin. In one hand she held a book; it was Gower's "Confessio" Amantis," a poem, as its title sufficiently indicates, descriptive of the tender passion; and it would seem by the heaving of her bosom, the flushing of her cheek, and the soft languishing expression of her large dark eyes, that her heart was not insensible to the witchery of a theme so seductive to a maiden of eighteen, for such appeared to be about

Again she pauses, but it is not to examine

flower, or fount, or statue; the book is opened, and she reads, it may be for the hundredth time, half audibly, the following lines, written in pencil, on the inner side of the cover:

What word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turned and made in twain?
It is mine Anna, God it wot,
The only causer of my pain;
My love that meedeth with disdain.
Yet is it loved, what will you more?
It is my salve, and eke my sore.

Above this, written in ink, and in bolder characters, the curious observer might note:

MASTER THOMAS WYATT, HYS BOOKE.

followed by-

COMMENDED TO THE NOTICE OF THAT PARAGON OF BEAUTIE, THE GENTLE LADIE ANNA,

more faintly traced, as if the writer feared his temerity might give offence. Such, however, did not appear to be the case, as a sweet smile stole over the face of the maiden while perusing the words, and her eyes sparkled with innocent pleasure.

She starts, and hastily closes the book, as a voice, rich and melodious, rings through the green alleys, harmonizing with the murmur of the founts, the singing of the birds, and the whisper of the breeze, stirring the blossom-laden branches and shrubs of spicy perfume, till the atmosphere is impregnated with delicious odors.

In this delightful season, rife with bud and blos-

To her mate the turtle telleth her soft tale; Verdure-clad is every hill—every valley's bosom, Where, in feathers newly clothed, sings the

Well we know that Summer's come, every spray now springeth;

nightingale.

In the park the hart hath hung his old horns in

the pale;
In the brake the stately buck his winter coat he flingeth;

'Neath the tide the fishes glide with new repaired scale.

The adder casts his slough away, the swallow swift pursueth

Through the grassy meadow the gauzy-wingéd

The busy bee with industry her summer-work now doeth;

Winter's gone, beneath whose touch every floweret dieth:

All things fair and beautiful that can give man pleasure

Meet the view where'er we turn; but, sweet ladie, thou

Richer art in loveliness; fairer beyond measure
Than aught beneath the blessed sun; so to
thee I bow!

At the conclusion of this madrigal, the singer, who, as our readers may have conjectured, was the Earl of Surrey, sprang from his hiding place, and sinking gracefully on one knee before the startled maiden, addressed her thus—"Forgive me, O lovely Ladie, for intruding uninvited into thy presence; but, if thou walkest thus abroad, in the resplendency of thy charms, blame not a poor moth that he is dazzled by the blaze, and irresistibly drawn to bask therein. But," he continued, lowering his voice, first having looked carefully round to see that no one was approaching, "a truce to compliments. Fair maiden! I have that to say which greatly imports thee: thou wilt perhaps place more confidence in my words, when I tell tell thee that I am HENRY HOWARD, thy cousin, and the dear friend of Thomas Wyatt, who may have mentioned my poor name in thy presence: that thou art the lovely Anne I am well assured, from the faithful description he has given me of thy beauty, and from having once seen thee when with thy father, Sir THOMAS BULEYN, thou visitedst the WYATTS at Allington Castle; but suffice it that I do know that thou art the object of my friend's dearly cherished love, therefore would I avert from thee a threatened danger. Fly from this spot, I conjure thee! as thou valuest the affections of him to whom thou art dearer than life—as thou would'st escape a doom of infamy and disgrace! Get thee to horse, and pause not-tarry not, till thou art once more beneath the shelter of the paternal roof! Thou hast been seen by one, who—but another time it shall be explained. We lose the opportunity by longer tarriance. Come, I will conduct thee to the gate."

So saying, he arose, and taking the maiden's passive hand—for she had stood, with pale cheeks, and wondering eyes, listening to the torrent of words he poured forth—and hastily conducted her to an embattled postern, which opened upon the court-yard of the mansion, and then, with a courtly salutation, bade her "Gop speed?" in tones which proved the sincerity of the wish.

Alarmed, she knew not why, the maiden crossed the court, summoned her attendants, and, ere many minutes had elapsed, her palfrey was cantering through the noble park—now seen, now disappearing, behind the clumps of giant oaks, wide-spreading chestnuts, and beautiful silver-leaved beeches, with which the ground was—and is at the present day—so richly diversified.

Meanwhile the Earl had returned to his station in the garden, and, with downcast

looks, was pacing to and fro, awaiting King HENRY's arrival. He knew the disposition of the impetuous monarch too well, not to dread the effect of his anger; but, like a brave spirit, prepared himself to meet whatever might be the result. Nor was he long kept in suspense; the well-known "Ah, ha!" broke upon his ear, and a finely-proportioned, though somewhat portly, man was seen issuing from a shady alley, at no great distance, the jewels on his person flashing as he came into the sunshine, and the plumes on his velvet cap waving to the breeze. There was a smile on his broad, bluff, but not unhandsome countenance, as he emerged from the shade, which quickly gave place to a less agreeable expression, as he perceived the Earl was alone, and his favorite exclamation, "By the Mother of Goo!" broke forth, when he had gazed around, and became fully convinced that the maiden had indeed left the place. "My Lord of Surrey, how's this? I bade ye keep the wench in parlance till I had changed my travel-soiled habiliments. Ye are not wont to fail in such a duty, nor, by my halidom! will I believe that ye have lost the art of pleasing on a sudden; ah!"
"My liege," replied the Earl, "I might

not retain the maid against her will."

"Against her will?" repeated the incensed King; "but ye should so have wrought upon her, by pleasant speeches, and soft flatteries, that, like a bird charmed by the glance of a basilisk, she had remained, nor felt an inclination to stir hence." Then stamping with his foot, as the sense of disappointment inflamed his passion, he continued—"We'll see, we'll see, whether a short confinement in the Tower may not improve thy powers of pleasing-ha!" and turning, strode away, leaving the Earl to meditate on his probable punishment.

The monarch seldom threatened what he meant not to perform; and, shortly after, our noble Poet might be seen confined within a gloomy apartment of the Tower of London, a warning and example to all who dare disobey an imperious master. Yet was he cheered and supported by the consciousness of rectitude; and the man who could write thus in his imprisonment was not likely to despond because he had lost the favor of a capricious tyrant:

Thraldom at large hath made this prison free, Danger, well past, remembered works delight. Of lingering doubts such hope is sprung, pardie! That nought I find displeasant in my sight.

Carrier Pigeons.—The recent report of the arrival in Scotland of carrier pigeons taken out by Sir John Ross-though contradicted as far as Sir John's property in them is concerned—is yet sufficiently interesting, as involving certain facts in the habits of those birds, to have induced us to be at some pains to collect information on the subject. It appears that a long and careful training is necessary before the birds are considered educated. Their first flights are limited to a few miles, -increasing to sixty or eighty, which is about the extent of their performances during their first season. In the next their flights are longer:—and there is one instance on record of their having traveled 600 miles. This was in 1844; when 200 of these birds were liberated at St. Sebastian, in Spain,—and seventy of them flew to Vervier. The late Bishop of Norwich, in his "History of Birds," relates that fifty-six pigeons were brought over from a part of Holland, where they are much attended to, and turned out from London at half-past four in the morning. They all

reached their dove-cotes at home by noon; but one favorite pigeon, called Napoleon, arrived about a quarter after ten o'clock,having performed the distance of 300 miles at the rate of above fifty miles an hour, supposing he lost not a moment, and proceeded in a straight line." It appears from various trials that the possible flight of a carrier pigeon is about sixty miles an hour:—and thus, presuming that Sir John Ross had liberated his birds from the place where he was last seen—which is 2,000 miles from Scotland,—the birds must have flown for thirtythree hours and twenty minutes at that rate to reach their dove-cote. But we are informed that carrier pigeons never travel during night. It is the opinion of a gentleman who has had great experience in the training of carrier pigeons, that no birds of this description could fly from Lancaster Sound or Davis's Straits to England: and he states that even to make them fly across the Channelas, for instance, from London to Antwerp it is necessary to accustom them by short flights to the sea.—Athenœum.

From Dickens's Household Words.

KINKEL, THE GERMAN REFORMER.

The winter of 1844 was a severe one in Germany. Both sides of the Rhine, for many miles between Coblentz and Cologne, were frozen hard enough to bear a horse and cart; and even the centre, save and except a thin stream where the current persisted in displaying its urgent vitality, was covered over with thin ice, or a broken film that was constantly endeavoring to unite and consolidate its quivering flakes and particles. were staying in Bonn at this time. All the Englishmen in the town, who were skaters, issued forth in pilot-coats or dreadnought pea-jackets, and red worsted comforters, with their skates dangling over their shoulders. Holding their aching noses in their left hands, they ran and hobbled through the slippery streets, and made their way out at the town-gates near the University. were on the way to Popplesdorf—a little village about a mile distant from Bonn. We were among them-red comforter round neck—skates over shoulder.

The one great object in this little village is a somewhat capacious and not unpicturesque edifice called the Schloss, or Castle, of Popplesdorf. The outer works of its fortifications are a long avenue of trees, some pretty fir groves and wooded hills, numerous vinevards, and a trim series of botanic gardens. The embrasures of its walls are armed with batteries of learned tomes; its soldiers are erudite professors and doctors who have chambers there; students discourse on philosophy and art, and swords and beer, and smoke forever on its peaceful drawbridge; and, on the wide moat which surrounds it, Englismen in red comforters—at the time whereof we now speak-are vigorously skating with their accustomed gravity. This scene was repeated daily for several weeks, in the winter of 1844.

One morning, issuing forth on the same serious business of life, we perceived that the peasantry of Popplesdorf, who have occasion to come to Bonn every market-day, had contrived to enlighten the way and facilitate the

journey by the gradual construction of a series of capital long slides. We stood and contemplated these lengthy curves, and sweeps, and strange twisting stripes of silver, all gleaming in the morning sun, and soon arrived at the conviction that it was no doubt the pleasantest market-pathway we had ever seen. No one was coming in or going at this moment; for Popples is but a little dorf, and the traffic is far from numerous, even at the busiest hours. Now, there was a peculiar charm in the clear shining solitude of the scene, which gave us, at once, an impression of loneliness combined with the brightest paths of life and activity.

And yet we gradually began to feel we should like to see somebody-student or peasant-come sliding his way from Popplesdorf. It was evidently the best, and indeed the correct mode for our own course to the frozen moat of the castle. But before we had reached the beginning of the first slide (for they are not allowed to be made quite up to the town gates), we descried a figure in the distance, which, from the course it was taking, had manifestly issued from the walls of the castle. It was not a peasant—it was not one of our countrymen; be it whom it might, he at least took the slides in first-rate style. As he advanced, we discerned the figure of a tall man, dressed in a dark, longskirted frock coat, buttoned up to the throat, with a low-crowned hat, from beneath the broad brim of which a great mass of thick black hair fell heavily over his shoulders. Under one arm he held a great book and two smaller ones closely pressed to his side, while the other hand held a roll of paper, which he waved now and then in the air, to balance himself in his sliding. Some of the slides required a good deal of skill; they had awkward twirls half round a stone, with here and there a sudden downward sweep. Onward he came, and we presently recognized him. It was Dr. Gottfried Kinkel, lecturer on archæology; one of the most able and estimable of the learned men in Bonn.

Gottfried Kinkel was born in a village near Bonn, where his father was a clergyman. He was educated at the Gymnasium of Bonn, and during the whole of that period, he was especially remarkable, among companions by no means famous for staid and orderly habits, as a very quiet, industrious young man, of a sincerely religious bent of mind, which gained for him the notice and regard of all the clergy and the most devout among the inhabitants of the town. His political opinions were liberal; but never went beyond those which were commonly entertained at the time by nearly all men of education. He studied divinity at the University, where he greatly distinguished himself in various branches of learning, and obtained the degree of Doctor in Philosophy.

He first preached at Cologne, and with great success, his oratory being considered as brilliant as his reasonings were convincing. His sermons were subsequently published, and became very popular, and he was chosen as a teacher of Theology in the University of

Bonn.

He next turned his attention to the study of the Arts. On this subject he wrote and published a History, and lectured on "Ancient and Mediæval Art," both in the University and other public institutions, with un-

paralleled success and applause.

His labors at this period, and for a long time after, were very arduous, generally occupying thirteen hours a day. Being only what is called a "privat-docent," he did not as yet receive any salary at the University; he was therefore compelled to work hard in various ways, in order to make a small income. However, he did this very cheerfully.

But his abandonment of Theology for these new studies caused him the loss of most of his devout friends. They shook their heads, and feared that the change denoted a step awry from the true and severely marked line of orthodox opinions. They were right; for he soon after said that he thought the purity of religion would be best attained by a separation of Church and State!

Dr. Kinkel suffers no small odium for this; but he can endure it. He has uttered an honest sentiment, resulting from his past studies; he has become a highly applauded and deservedly esteemed lecturer on another subject; he is, moreover, one of the best sliders in Bonn, and is now balancing his tall figure (as just described) with books under one arm, on his way to the University.

Happy Gottfried Kinkel!—may you have health and strength to slide for many a good

winter to come!—rare Doctor of Philosophy, to feel so much boyish vitality after twenty years of hard study and seclusion!—fortunate lecturer on Archæology, to live in a country where the simplicity of manners will allow a Professor to slide his way to his class, without danger of being reproved by his grave and potent seniors, or of shocking the respectable inhabitants of his town!

The Castle of Popplesdorf commands the most beautiful views of some of the most beautiful parts of Rhenish Prussia; and the very best point from which to look at them, is the window of the room that used to be the study of Dr. Gottfried Kinkel. That used to be—and is not now—alas, the day! But we must not anticipate evils; they will come only too soon in their natural course.

In this room, his library and study, we called to see Dr. Kinkel. There he satdressing-gown, slippers, and cloud-compeling pipe. The walls were all shelves, the shelves all books-some bound, some in boards, "some in rags, and some in jags"together with papers, maps, and scientific instruments of brass and of steel. There stood the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman authors; in another division, the Italian and French; on the other side, in long irregular ranges, the old German and the modern German; and. near at hand, the Anglo-Saxon and English. What else, and there was much, we had not time to note, being called to look out at the window. What a window it was !-- a simple wooden frame to what exquisite and various scenery! Let the reader bear in mind, that it is not winter now—but a bright morning

Close beneath the window lay the Botanic Gardens, with their numerous parterres of flowers, their lines and divisions of shrubs and herbs. Within a range of a few miles round, we looked out upon the peaceful little villages of Popplesdorf and Kessenich, and the fertile plain extending from Bonn to Godesberg with gentle hills, vales, and ridges, all covered with vineyards, whose young leaves gave a tender greenness and fresh look of bright and joyous childhood to the scenery. Beyond them we saw the Kessenicher Höhe, the blue slate roofs and steeples of many a little church and chapel, and the broad, clear, serpent windings of the Rhine, with the gray and purple range, in the distance, of the Seven Mountains, terminating with the Drachenfels. Over the whole of this, with the exception only of such soft, delicate shades and shadows as were needful to display the rest, there lay a clear expanse

of level sunshine, so tender, bright, and moveless, as to convey an impression of bright enchantment, which grew upon your gaze, and out of which rapture you awoke as from a dream of fairy land, or from the contemplation of a scene in some ideal sphere.

Fortunate Dr. Kinkel, to have such a window as this! It was no wonder that, besides his studies in Theology, in ancient and mediæval art, and in ancient and modern languages—besides writing his History of the Arts, and contributing learned papers to various periodicals—besides preaching, lecturing, and public and private teaching, his soul was obliged to compose a volume of poems—and again displease the severely orthodox, by the absence of all prayers in verse, and the presence of a devout love of nature.

For, here, in their placidity,
Learning and Poesy abide;
Not slumbering on the unfathomed sea,
Yet all unconscious of the tide
That urges on mortality
In eddies, and in circles wide.
Ah, here, the soul can look abroad
Beyond each cold and narrow stream,
Enrich'd with gold from mines and ford,
Brought sparkling to the solar beam;
Yet be no miser with its hoard—
No dreamer of the common dream.

Thus sang Dr. Kinkel, in our imperfect translation thus inadequately echoed; and here he wrought hard in his vocation, amid the smiles of some of the loveliest of Nature's scenes.

But besides the possession of all these books, and of this wonderful window, Dr. Kinkel was yet more fortunate in his domestic relations. He was married to an amiable, highly educated, and accomplished lady, who endeavored, by all the means in her power, to assist his labors, and render them less onerous, by her own exertions. She was a very fine musician, and a superior piano-forte player-one of the favorite pupils of Moscheles, and afterward, we believe, of Mendelssohn. She divided her time equally between assisting her husband, edicating their child, and giving private lessons in music; and because this accomplished, hard working couple did not find their energies quite worn out by toiling for thirteen hours a day, they gave a private concert at the castle once a month, at which a whole opera of Mozart or Weber was often gone through -both the instrumental and vocal parts being by amateurs, or pupils of Madam Kinkel.

So once again, we say, notwithstanding all

these labors, Dr. Kinkel's life in the castle of Popplesdorf was that of a fortunate and happy man. At this period he was about two-and-thirty years of age. He could not have been more: probably he was less.

It is the year 1848, and the Continental Revolutions are shaking all the foreign thrones. Everybody, not directly or indirectly in the pay of a court, feels that the lot of the people should be ameliorated. The populations of all nations have borne enormous burdens, with extraordinary patience, for a very long time—say a thousand years—and, at last, they have no more patience left. But what is all this to abstract thought, to learning and science, to poetic raptures, and picturesque ease? It has hitherto been regarded as too grossly material, or of too coarse and common a practicality for the great majority of those whose lives were passed in abstract studies and refine-Ay-but this must not continue. The world has come to a pass at which every soul must awake, and should be "up and doing."

Dr. Gottfried Kinkel, now, besides his other honors and emoluments, and private earnings, is installed as a salaried professor in the University of Bonn. It cannot be that such a man must awake, and take an interest in these continental revolutions which are boiling up all round him. Still, it is not likely he will step into the vortex or approach it. His worldly position is strong against it—all his interests are against it; moreover, he has a wife, and, besides he has now three children.

Howbeit, Dr. Kinkel does rise with these events, and his wife, so far from restraining him, feels the same enthusiastic patriotism, and exhorts him to step forward, and swell the torrent of the time. He feels strongly that Prussia should have a constitution; that her intellect and sober character deserves a constitutional monarchy, like ours in England, with such improvements as ours manifestly needs, and he places himself at the head of the popular party in Bonn, where he delivers public orations, the truthful eloquence and boldness of which startle, delight, and encourage his audiences.

He is soon afterward elected a member of the Berlin parliament. He sides with the Left, or democratic party; he advocates the cause of the oppressed people and the poor, he argues manfully and perseveringly the real interests of all governments, in granting a rational amount of liberty, showing, that in the present stage of the moral world, it is the only thing to prevent violence, and to secure good order. His speeches breathe a

prophetic spirit.

The revolution gathers fuel more rapidly than can be well disposed, and it takes fire at Baden. The flames reach near and farmany are irresistibly attracted. They have seen, and too well remember, the faithlessness and treachery of governments—they believe the moment has come to strike a blow which shall gain and establish the constitutional liberty they seek. Dr. Kinkel immediately leaves his professorship; he believes he ought now to join those who wield the sword, and peril their lives in support of their principles. He proposes to hasten to Baden, to defend the constitution framed by the Frankfort parliament. His patriotic wife consents, and, in the evening, he takes leave of her, and of his sleeping children.

It must not be concealed that with this strong feeling in favor of a constitutional monarchy, there was an infusion of principles of a more sweeping character; nor would it be going too far to say that amid the insurgents of Baden were some who entertained opinions not far removed from red republicanism. Be this as it may, we are persuaded that Dr. Kinkel's political principles and aims were purely of a constitutional character, however he may have been drawn into the fierce vortex of men and circumstances

which surrounded him.

Dr. Kinkel serves for eleven days in a free corps in Baden, where the army of the insurgents have assembled. At the commencement of the battle he is wounded, and taken prisoner with arms in his hands. The sequel of these struggles is well enough known; but the fate of the prisoners who survived their wounds must be noticed.

According to the Prussian law, Dr. Kinkel should have been sentenced to six years' confinement as a state prisoner. This sentence is accordingly passed upon the other prisoners; and, with a wise and commendable clemency, many are set free after a short time. But as Dr. Kinkel is a man of high education and celebrity, it is thought best to give him a very severe punishment, according to the old ignorance of what is called "making an example," as if this sort of example did not provoke and stimulate, rather than deter, others; and as if clemency were not only one of the noblest attributes of royalty, but one of its best safeguards in its effect on the feelings of a people.

Dr. Kinkel is, accordingly, sentenced to be

imprisoned for life in a fortress, as a State criminal; and away he is carried.

But now comes into play the anger and resentment of many of those who had once so much admired Kinkel, and held him up as a religious champion, until the woful day when he left preaching for the study of the arts; and the yet more woful, not to call it diabolical hour, when he announced his opinion that a separation of Church and State might be the best course for both. After a series of intrigues, the enemies of Kinkel induce the king to alter the sentence; but, in order to avoid the appearance of unusual severity, it is announced that his sentence of imprisonment in the fortress shall be alleviated, by transferring him to an ordinary prison. In pursuance, therefore, of these suggestions of his enemies, he is ordered to be imprisoned for life in one of the prisons appropriated to the vilest malefactors-viz., to the prison of Naugard, on the Baltic.

Dr. Kinkel is dressed in sackcloth, and his head is shaved. His wedding-ring is taken from him, and every little memento of his wife and children which might afford him consolation. His bed is a sack of straw laid upon a board. He has to scour and clean his cell, and perform every other menial office. Light is allowed him only so long as he toils; and, as soon as the requisite work is done, the light is taken away. Such is his melancholy lot at the present moment!

He who used to toil for thirteen hours a day amidst the learned languages, and the works of antiquity, in the study of Theology, and of the arts—the eloquent preacher, lecturer, and tutor-is now compelled to waste his life, with all its acquirements, in spinning. For thirteen hours every day he is doomed to spin. By this labor he earns, every day, threepence for the State and a halfpenny for himself! This latter sum, amounting to threepence a week, is allowed him in mercy, and with it he is permitted to purchase a dried herring and a small loaf of coarse brown bread -which, furthermore, he is allowed to eat as a Sunday dinner—his ordinary food consisting of a sort of odious pap, in the morning, (after having spun for four hours,) some vegetables at noon, and some bread and water at

For months he has not enjoyed a breath of fresh air. He is allowed to walk daily for half an hour in a covered passage; but even this is refused whenever the jailor is occupied with other matters, and cannot attend to

triffes.

Dr. Kinkel has no books nor papers; there

is nothing for him but spinning—spinning—spinning! Once a month he is, by great clemency, allowed to write one letter to his wife, which has to pass through the hands of his jailer, who, being empowered to act as censor, judiciously strikes out whatever he does not choose Madame Kinkel to know. All sympathizing letters are strictly withheld from him, while all those which severely take him to task, and censure his political opinions and conduct, are carefully placed in his hands, when he stops to take his breath for a minute from his eternal spinning.

Relatives are not, by the law, allowed to see a criminal during the first three months; after that time, they may. But after having been imprisoned at Naugard three months—short of a day—Dr. Kinkel is suddenly removed to another prison, at Spandau, there to recommence a period of three months. By this device he is prevented from seeing his wife or any friend—all in a perfectly legal way.

The jailer is strictly enjoined not to afford Dr. Kinkel any sort of opportunity, either by writing or by any other means, of making intercession with the king, to obtain pardon, or the commutation of his sentence into banishment. All these injunctions are fully obeyed by the jailer—indeed the present one is more severe than any of the others.

Nevertheless, the melancholy truth has oozed out—the picture has worn its tearful way through the dense stone walls—and here

it is for all to see, and, we doubt not, for many to feel.

Gottfried Kinkel, so recently one of the most admired professors of the University of Bonn, one of the ornaments of the scholarship and literature of modern Germany, now clothed in sackcloth, with shaven head and attenuated frame, sits spinning his last threads. He utters no reproaches, no complaints, but bears his sufferings with a sweet resignation that savors already of the angelic abodes to which his contemplations are ever directed. He has entreated his wife to have his heart buried amidst those lovely scenes on which he so often gazed with serene rapture from his study window in the Castle of Popplesdorf.

Those who behold this last picture and revert to the one where the professor came happily sliding his way to his class at the University, may perchance share the emotion which makes us pass our hands across our eyes, to put aside the irrepressible tribute of sorrow which dims and confuses the page before us. His worst enemies could never have contemplated anything so sad as this. Many, indeed, have already relented—but let their interceding voices be heard before it is too late.*

[* It is stated in the newspapers that Kinkel has made his escape, and is now safe in England.]

LITERARY DISCOVERIES AT ROME.—A series of manuscripts and autographs, of a highly interesting character, has been recently brought to light in the library of the Fianopalace. The young Duke of Fiano, De Mario Ottoboni, who has not yet arrived at his majority, being only 19 years of age, is the sole remaining representative of this noble and ancient family, which, of Venetian origin, boasts of having given to the world many illustrious personages, among whom Pope Alexander VIII. Beside other rare mental qualities, the young Duke already displays a great love for bibliographical pursuits, in consequence of which he recently requested a well known Commendatore Visconti, Secretary of the Archæological Society, to examine the nu-

merous collection of autographs and manuscripts existing in the ducal archives. These researches have revealed a long correspondence between Maria Clementina, (wife of the Pretender,) and Cardinal Ottoboni, who subsequently ascended the papal throne as Alexander VIII., and whose splendid monument forms one of the ornaments of the Vatican Basilica. Other interesting correspondences with the Venetian Doges Foscarini and Contarini have been discovered, as well as those of the celebrated minister of Louis XIV., De The examination of these hidden treasures continues, and there is no doubt that the zeal of their noble proprietor will enrich the literary world with many important historical documents.

EDWARD WILLIAMS, THE WELSH POET.

From the day of his birth—which occurred late in the last century, at Penon, in Glamorganshire—Edward Williams seems to have been one of those eccentric devourers of learning whose only delight is books for their own sakes:—since the fruit derived by him therefrom took the form of crotchets rather than of results having any general utility. When having been left, a boy, in charge of the house, he gave free access to "pigs, geese, ducks, a calf," and other extras, while he was plunged in study, and was reproved for his absence,—he put on his satchel, and wandered away from home in great dudgeon. Two or three months passed away without tidings of the absentee, who, like Madoc of yore, had disappeared, going no one knew whither. At length a letter arrived, announcing that he was in London, dressing stones for a new bridge over the Thames.

In his pursuit of a grammatical acquaintance with the English language, he stumbled on a singular interview with the most redoubtable literary giant of that period. He was in the habit of calling on a bookseller who had been kindly attentive to him in giving him a sight of many new books, and supplying him with any information he desired. He was occupying a leisure hour, and quiet corner, in this mental banqueting-room, when a large, ungraceful man entered the shop, and seating himself abruptly by the counter, began to inspect some books and pamphlets lying there. This austere-looking personage held the books almost close to his face, as he turned over the leaves rapidly, and the Bard thought petulantly; then replaced them on the counter, and finally gave the whole a stern kind of shove out of his way, muttering, as he rose, "The trash of the day, I see!" then, without another word or sign of recognition to the bookseller, rolled himself out of the shop. When he was gone, the Bard inquired of his friend who that bluff gentleman might be. The reply was, "That bluff gentleman is the celebrated Dr. Johnson."—" What !" exclaimed the little Welshman, "Samuel Johnson! the author of The Rambler, of Rasselas, of the Great

Dictionary, of those fine poems, London, and The Vanity of Human Wishes? How I wish I had known it whilst he was sitting on that chair. I would have looked at him more attentively, and perhaps have mustered enough impudence to speak to him." The bookseller said he might assure himself of meeting the learned doctor there again, on the first day of the following month, when he would make his periodical visit to the new publications. The propitious hour was not forgotten, and the great Lexicographer and the humble Stone-chipper were again on the same floor, though destined to find no fellowship in each other. The Bard, who had an eager wish to hear Johnson converse, had provided himself with an apology for addressing so awful a potentate, by asking the bookseller for a good English Grammar; and several by different authors were placed before him. Selecting three of these grammars, he walked boldly up to Johnson, introducing himself, as he said, "with his best bow," but also with habitual frankness, as a poor Welsh mechanic smitten with the love of learning, and particularly anxious to become a proficient in the English language. He then presented his three grammars, soliciting the the favor of Dr. Johnson's advice which of them to choose, - observing that the judgment of such a masterly writer must be the most valuable he could possibly obtain. Johnson either disregarded this really graceful compliment to him as a model author, or he was in an ungracious temper-no uncommon condition with him-for taking the volumes into his hands, he cast an equivocal look, between a glance and a scowl, at the humble stranger before him, hastily turned over the several title-pages, then surveyed him from head to foot, with an expression rather contemptuous than inquisitive; and thrusting back the grammars in his huge fist, rather at the inquirer than towards him, delivered this oracular reply, "Either of them will do for you, young man." The emphatic you was a spark upon tinder-"I felt," said the Bard, "my Welsh blood mount to my forehead, thinking he meant to insult my humble station and my poverty; so I retorted with some asperity, as I took back the grammars, Then, Sir, to make sure of having the best, I will buy them all; and turning to my good friend the bookseller, I demanded the price, paid the money, though at the time I could ill spare it, and quitted the shop, far

less pleased with Dr. Johnson than with his writings." The three grammars remained in the Bard's possession till he died, and when consulting either of them, he would often say, "Ay! this is one of the Dr. Johnson grammars."

VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.—The Lancashire Public School Association, at its late meeting, shed its local character, and became by consent of delegates from all parts of the country-national. The meetings, dinners, and conferences held and eaten in Manchester during the past week bid fair to found an epoch in the history of education. Opinions were compared, facts broadly and clearly stated, adhesions obtained, definitions arrived at—all of which must greatly facilitate the movement in time to come. The leading principle of the Association—that education should be provided at the expense of the nation, not of the State-that is, by local rates, voluntarily, imposed, -was accepted by the delegates present as the best compromise between the voluntary and the State principles. For our own part, we shall be willing to receive this solution of the great problem if it prove itself capable. But we are not with-The voluntary principle of eduout doubts. cation may be preferable in the abstract to any other,-like voluntary kindness or courtesy; but men are not abstractions. 'They have interests, prejudices, and passions, which are not always governed by high thoughts or considerations of duty. We cannot forget the obstinate perverseness of more than one metropolitan parish in refusing a farthing in the pound to provide baths and washhouses for the use of the poor; -and we are not without fears that parish authorities might!

begrudge the annual stipend to the schoolmaster, and the cost of repairs to the school. We shall be glad to find that this fear is not well founded. The movement may now be regarded as fairly before the country; that it will meet with opposition, the men who support it must expect, for at best it can be regarded only as a compromise between the desirable and the possible. When the Association shall have attained such success as will give its supporters a legal right to carry its views into practice, there is no guaranty that its action will be efficient. The State scheme has certain large and well-defined advantages over the present:—the instruction would be uniform in quality-the expense would be borne equally by all districts-the machinery of management and inspection would be simple—the Government would be responsible to the press and to public opinion for misconduct in any and every school, whether in the metropolis or in the obscurest corner of Sutherland or of Cornwall-and the whole cost to the people would be reduced. It is only in sheer hopelessness of any proximate solution of the difficulty, that we turn to a plan offering none of these results. We want the education, - and are willing to waive the question of form, and even to forego many advantages, for the sake of obtaining it :- but we do this in the full consciousness that we are making large sacrifices. - Athenœum.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES AND NOTICES.

a work of fiction highly praised by some. Prospective Review says:

The book before us is evidently written by a lady; and one of the most prominent characteristics of the present position of this branch of literature, is the great extent to which it has fallen into the hands of women. This circumstance has exercised a wide and penetrating influence over its tone and character. To come to such writings as Hearts in character. To come to such writings as Hearts in Mortmain, and Cornelia, after the anxieties and roughness of our worldly struggle, is like bathing in fresh waters after the dust and heat of bodily exertion: the spirit recovers its freshness, and breathes the purer æther of a higher life, and this influence is due not so much to the selection of particular characters and incidents, as to the peculiar charm of elegance and refinement which so many Englishwomen cannot help imparting to all things they have to do with. More than this they often impart. The spirit of undefiled religion, and the highest aspects of Christian faith and filial duty, are displayed nowhere more forcibly or more touchingly than in some of our modern novels. The books before us have this highest grace, unmarred by the slightest display or affectation, but assuming the highest things as the foundation of all life and hope, with a simplicity of faith more adverse to skepticism and distrust than the most eloquent appeal or the subtlest reasoning.

Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside, a work which would seem to possess great attraction, is favorably noticed by Tait, the Athenaum, and thus by Fraser's Magazine:

There is not much of a plot; and it must be frankly confessed that the element of action, in the ordinary sense, is wanting. But it possesses action of another kind for such readers as are patient enough to follow its quiet development. Dispositions and motives of conduct are shown as clearly as if every person in the story had a window placed opposite the heart, to reveal its most secret throes. We come to know them all slowly, but with a perfect knowledge, as we advance through their long conversations, and the daily routine of their affairs. The dramatic interest is secondary throughout to the moral interest. It is emphatically a novel of characterization, individual and national, and displays an ease and shrewdness in the portraiture of Scottish life, which has been equaled by few writers, and, in many respects, surpassed by none.

Fraser's Magazine also concludes a long review in these words:

The extracts we have given will show the manner of the narrative, its closeness and brevity, and searching earnestness. There is not a word thrown

Hearts in Mortmain, and Cornelia, is the title of | away; no display of literary ambition, no affectation of sentiment, no false feeling; all is real, true, passionate, and sincere.

Cornelia touches upon a more dangerous theme, and deals with elements that suspend us throughout in a state of shuddering apprehension. The horror deepens page after page, and we see no escape from the malediction that seems to be brooding over them; but we are at length relieved by the disclosure which rescues both, and enables the author to wind up with gayety and exultation a narrative that threatens at every step to overwhelm us with a revolting issue.

Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century, by Julia Kavanagh, published by Bentley, is spoken of as a work of great merit and interest. The Athenœum says of it:

Which among us will be ever tired of reading about the women of France? especially when they are marshalled so agreeably and discreetly as in the pages before us?

The Examiner says:

The subject is handled with much delicacy and tact, and the book shows often an original tone of remark, and always a graceful and becoming one.

The Britannia characterizes the work as

Delightful volumes, not only of immense interest, but of permanent value.

Windings of the River of the Water of Life. By George B. Cheever, D. D., originally published by JOHN WILEY, and reprinted in Glasgow by Mr. Col-LINS, is thus noticed by the Eclectic Review:

Dr. Cheever has gained so large a reputation for a fascinating style, that we can scarcely venture to hint the doubt whether good taste will not meet many things in his writings which will offend. We do not admire the sort of mawkishness that entitles a book on the development and fruits of faith by such a title as this; and should be glad if popular taste were so far elevated as to dislike it too. We willingly bear testimony, however, to the great substantial merits of Dr. Cheever's volume, and suppose that in consideration of the many successful attempts at striking and beautiful things, we must be content to accept a miss now and then, especially as there is much to benefit as well as to attract in the book.

A new and revised edition of Dixon's Howard and the Prison World of Europe, reprinted in a fine volume by Messrs. R. CARTER & BROTHERS, is thus spoken of by the Athenœum:

Mr. Dixon thus improving the successive editions of his book from every source and by every sound suggestion that comes in his way-and the public giving him repeated opportunities of doing so,—he is scarcely likely to be replaced on the ground which he has chosen, and the philanthropist will not need to look elsewhere for a life of Howard.

Light and Darkness; or, Mysteries of Life. By Mrs. Crowe, author of "The Night Side of Nature." A work republished some time since, by J. S. Redfield, New York, is characterized by the Athenœum as—

A grim November book, holding fast the awestricken reader, Mrs. Crowe's "Mysteries of Life" can have very few, if any, competitors. Its author has a way with her nearly as impressive as that of the Ancient Mariner. In all her larger stories, even where the incidents are most ingeniously improbable, Mrs. Crowe has narrated them with such sincerity as to fascinate us into acquiescence with their wonders. In this respect she approaches Miss Edgeworth.

A new volume of Southey's Common Place Book, republished by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is thus spoken of by the Eclectic Review:

This volume displays an immense range and variety of reading, and, together with its predecessors, fully accounts for the vast stores of information which were possessed by Dr. Southey. After an examination of their contents, we cease to wonder at the mental affluence he displayed. A man who read so much, and analyzed so carefully, was not likely to be at fault in any matter which required illustration or enforcement. Many men have been vast readers, but Southey was evidently much more than this. He condensed and arranged what he read, so as to have it always at command, and to render it subservient to his will. It is not too much to say, in the words of the editor, that, "probably since the collection of the two Zuingers—Theodore and James—no volume has contained more condensed information. It is in itself a small Theatrum Humanæ Vitæ."

Antonina, or the Fall of Rome, by W. C. Collins, published by Bentley, London, and re-published in cheap form by Harper & Brothers, New York, is highly commended by several of the best critical authorities. The Edinburgh Review, for October, says of it:

The descriptive style of Mr. Collins is eloquent, and "Antonina" possesses historical truthfulness. It is impossible to enumerate its impressive situations and its strokes of tragic irony. "Antonina" has earned for itself popularity in England and a translation in Germany.

The Times lauds it thus:

The period selected by Mr. Collins, which had taxed to the utmost the brilliant pen of the greatest of modern historians, was an ambitious choice; but he has accomplished his task. "Antonina" has placed its author in the rank of our greatest writers of romance.

To these, the Athenœum adds the following opinion:

A richly-colored, impassioned story. We have a glimmer of that burning, breathing life which

Shakspeare could throw into his "Cleopatra," "Cressida," his "Coriolanus," and "Brutus." This commands and will win the crown.

The Year-Book of the Country, by William Howitt, re-printed by the Harpers in a neat volume, is thus noticed by the Athenœum:

The "Year-Book of the Country" is at once welcome to read and goodly to see. It is richly, poetically, picturesquely various. We cannot doubt its having a welcome as wide as its range of contents, and as cordial as the love of man, and of nature, which every line of it breathes. The illustrations are excellent.

Alton Locke, a remarkable tale, reprinted by the Harpers, commands extraordinary attention as well as praise from those who have but little sympathy with its political principles. Fraser's Magazine introduces a long review of the work as follows:

Of the numerous tale-writers who have of late years undertaken to enlighten the public on the familiar theme of the wrongs of the poor and the rights of the working-classes, the author of Alton Locke must be at once admitted to be one of the ablest and most eloquent. He brings remarkable qualities to a difficult and, we are afraid, thankless task. He has explored the wretchedness and discontent he so powerfully depicts. He sympathizes with the misery he drags out of its loathsome dens and exhibits so graphically. He is bold of utterance, and possesses a command of language which enables him to make his utterance felt. Yet we think it is clear enough, notwithstanding the fervor of his appeal from the poor to the rich, and the energy with which he inveighs against society, that his own reason rejects the conclusions he enforces with such vigor in the person of his hero. This is the saving grace of a book of remarkable ability, and will go a long way to redeem what is good and true in it from that which is false and dangerous.

Bentley's Miscellany concludes a review as follows:

It is written with remarkable vigor, and abounds in passages of original and lofty eloquence. Its literary merit deserves, and will reward, the curiosity it has excited. But the author must be content to find the approbation of all reflective and judicious readers stop short at that point. The doctrines he inculcates, and which it is difficult to suppose so able a man can believe in himself, are at once pernicious and illogical. We are convinced, however, that, notwithstanding the mad tone of the book, "Alton Locke" will do more good than harm. It is full of fine, wise, and genial things.

EXPOSITORY LECTURES ON THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER, by Dr. Cunning, a work of rare scholarship, which ought to be re-published, is thus noticed in the North British Review:

In the volumes before us, we have the first important accession which has been made for many years to the stock of commentary, in the strict and proper sense. It is neither Scottish nor German, but sprung from the high and rare union of the best qualities of both schools in a single mind. It has the Scottish clearness, precision, orthodoxy,

practicality; the German learning, minuteness of investigation, and disregard of tradition; and for certain qualities too rare in both—resolute adherence to the very truth of the passage, unforced development of the connection, and basing of edification on the right meaning of scripture,—we have not met with anything in either country which surpasses it. We give an exact idea of the peculiarities of this Commentary, when we say that it contemplates four objects:—1. The fixing of the landmarks of each separate subject in the Epistle; 2. The further subdivision of this subject in such manner as to unite the style of the sermon and the lecture; 3. The scientific determination of the exact and full sense; 4. The popular expression of this in the form of Christian doctrine or Christian morality. It would not be easy, we think, to form a more just and happy conception of satisfactory and exhaustive commentary writing.

A Life of Wordsworth.—A life of Wordsworth, by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, is announced as in press. Its appearance will be awaited with interest.

Mazzini in England.—M. Mazzini has just republished his letters, orations, and other tracts on Italy, with an eloquent and earnest appeal to the English people, in a small volume entitled Royalty and Republicanism in Italy. M. Mazzini repels in this book the charge so often brought against him of having distracted and divided the forces of his native country, at the time when they ought to have been concentrated on the paramount duty of driving out the Austrians.

Dickens's new work, David Copperfield, is received with general favor. It is republished in a very beautiful style, with the illustrations, by John Wiley, and though sold cheap, not much inferior to the London copy. The Athencum thus speaks of it:

That this is in many respects the most beautiful and highly finished work which the world has had from the pen of Mr. Dickens, we are strongly of opinion. It has all the merits to which the author already owes a world-wide popularity; with some graces which are peculiar to itself—or have been but feebly indicated in his former creations. In no previous fiction has he shown so much gentleness of touch and delicacy of tone,—such abstinence from trick in what may be called the level part of the narrative,—so large an amount of refined and poetical yet simple knowledge of humanity. The Chronicler himself is one of the best heroes ever sketched or wrought by Mr. Dickens. Gentle, af fectionate, and trusting, -his fine observation and his love of reverie raised David Copperfield far above the level of sentimental lovers or hectoring youths whose fortunes and characters are too often in works of this sort made the axles on which the action and passion of the story turn. The loving, imaginative child-with his childish fancies perpetually reaching away towards heights too high for childhood to climb-his rapid and sympathetic instincts for enjoyment-his quick sense of injustice,-his tremulous foresight of coming griefs,—the boy seduced by the fascinating qualities of a dangerous friend, -the youth's boy-love for his child-wife, -that love itself never faltering even to the end, yet by a fine instinctive information leading his mind to dim glimpses of a higher domestic happiness at which he might

have aimed, -all these are outlined, filled in, and colored without one stroke awry or one exaggerated tint to mar the portraiture. Few authors would have so finely comprehended the step-child's mixture of awe and curiosity under the tyranny of that she-turnkey Miss Murdstone,-few could have touched the strange, inexplicable shrinking of the orphan when he makes one of the pleasure party of the merry and beneficent undertakers, Omer and Joram,—few could have so nicely indicated the relish which, in spite of their sorrows, their shabbiness, their difficulties, their fustian and their prosing, David could not help finding in the society of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber. In coarser hands this must have become a taste for bad company. Then, over all there hangs that mournful sentiment which, being the natural accompaniment of all personal reviews of the past, never in its saddest expressions takes the tone of sentimentalism; but follows the narrative like a low, sweet-and true-music:beginning with the narrator's first look out on his father's cold grave in the churchyard against which every night his mother's door is barred, and only ending with the last line that chronicles the gains, the trials, and the losses of a life.

Louis Philippe's Civil List.—A recent number of the Revue de deux Mondes contains an elaborate article by the Count Montalivet on the late king, Louis Philippe, and his civil list. The writer's object is to show that with a limited income the king expended very large sums during his reign of eighteen years on the various public bildings and parks. The following table analyzes these sums with respect to the crown buildings:

Outstanding expenses during the last five		
months of 1830	F. 346,875	c. 30
Palace of the Tuileries	5,291,410	38
The Louvre	1,507,967	87
Palais Royal	1,408,667	14
Palais of Versailles	11,118 278	39
Palace of Compeigne	409,510	28
Palace of St. Cloud	4.157,624	54
Palace of Meudon	557,374	11
Palace of Fontainebleau	3,431 914	68
Chateau of Pau	562,899	42
Chapel of St. Louis, near Tunis	218,389	56
Palace of the Elysee Bourbon	30,840	18
Royal Manufactures	546,870	70
Various other public buildings	3,026,471	98

Total, F. 33,615,095 c. 16

It will be observed that the Palace of Versailles has received the largest proportion of the monarch's patronage. The result there of his munificence is well known to all who have visited Versailles. Montalivet states that, besides the twelve million and odd francs mentioned in the table, nearly the same amount was expended in pictures, and various decorations for the galleries, &c.,—and that the king paid no less than three hundred and ninetyeight official visits to Versailles while the work of restoration was in progress. Not satisfied with this, he ordered accurate drawings to be made of all the pictures and statuary, which were engraved at his expense, and nine hundred and sixty copies were distributed to various scientific and literary institutions. This magnificent work will be completed in fifteen folio volumes; and some idea of its cost may be formed from the fact that the historical portion alone cost 1,818,000f. But the devotion of Louis Philippe, according to M. Montalivet, was not limited to his outlay on the property of the crown. Upwards of fifteen million of francs were devoted to the embellishment of public buildings and parks:-

making a total of above forty-eight and a-half mil- ; dred to a thousand millions; and taking the mean, lion francs, laid out by the king, during his reign, on national works, and the whole of which sum was drawn from his civil list. We need not expatiate on the immense impulse that such an expenditure as the above must have given to the fine arts; and we cannot but be struck with the ingratitude which the French people manifested when they upbraided their dethroned monarch with his conduct in this respect. "They seem," said the king, "to be desirous to make me regret having spent so much money on ornamenting buildings and parks which have reverted to themselves; but whatever they may do, they will never cause me to repent the good that I have done them." Whaver were the faults of the deceased monarch, let his good deeds and good qualities have their due place in the account from which posterity is to strike the balance of his char-

Offer of a Baronetcy to Southey .- In 1835, Sir ROBERT PEEL Wrote to Southey, informing him that he had advised the king to "adorn the distinction of the baronetage with a name the most eminent in literature, and which had claims to respect and honor which literature alone could never confer"that of Souther himself. He accompanied this with a private letter, begging to know if there was any way in which the possession of power would enable him to be of service to Mr. Souther. The latter replied, in a letter marked by the utmost propriety, declining the baronetcy, as he had not the means of supporting it, and asking for an increase of his pension, which was then £200. Sir Robert soon after added to this a new pension of £300, on a public principle, "the recognition of literary and scientific eminence as a public claim."

Delaroche's Napoleon .- Delaroche's great picture of "Napoleon crossing the Alps," has reached London, where it is on exhibition. It is described as being wonderfully exact in copying nature, but as lacking elevation of purpose and the expression of sentiment. An officer in a French costume, mounted on a mule, is conducted by a rough peasant through a dangerous pass, whose traces are scarcely discernible through the deep-lying snow-and his aid-decamp is just visible in a ravine of the towering Alps. These facts, the Atheneum says, are rendered with a fidelity that has not omitted the plait of a drapery, the shaggy texture of the four-footed animal, nor a detail of the harness on his back. The drifting and the imbedded snow, the pendent icicle which a solitary sun-ray in a transient moment has made-all are given with the utmost truth. But the lofty and daring genius that led the humble Lieutenant of Ajaccio to be the ruler and arbiter of the destinies of the largest part of Europe, will be sought in vain in the countenance painted by M. Delaroche.

London and the Black Sea.—A Belgian engineer, M. Laveleye, proposes to connect the Seine and the Rhine by means of a canal, by constructing which, navigation would be open from London to the Black Sea and Constantinople, through the heart of the Continent, and by means of the great watercourses on or near whose banks lie the materials of nearly all the internal and external trade of Europe. The estimated cost is £1,600,000.

Population of the Globe.—The usual estimates of the population of the globe vary from eight hunthe human family would seem to be distributed among the races in something like the following. proportion:-

The	White	٠					1.	350,000,000
66	Mongolian							300,000,000
66	Malayan	۰			~			120,000,000
45	Telingan		-	· ·				60,000,000
4.6	Negro				6			55,000,000
66	Ethiopian							5,000,000
66	Abyssinian							3,000,000
66	Papuan .					0		3,000,000
66	Negrillo				20			3,000,000
5.5	Australian							.500,000
66	Hottentot							500,000

In Hindostan neither the English language nor the Roman letters make any progress. Among the native population newspapers are printed in five or six different alphabets, and in still greater variety of languages.—Dr. Pickering.

Grand Exhibition in Paris.—Preparations are in active progress for the grand exhibition of French pictures and sculpture at the Palais National, which is to commence on the 15th of December. official notification which has been issued directs artists to send in their works from the 2d to the 15th of November. The exhibitors themselves are to choose the jury of selection, each exhibitor naming any one he may think fit. The first exhibition of the kind which ever took place in France was in 1673; and the first time a selecting jury was formed After the Revolution of 1848 the was in 1745. jury was abolished, and everybody was allowed to exhibit; but this was found to be impracticable for the future, and the present system of the artists electing the jury themselves came into operation the following year. For upward of a century, the members of the Academy of Painting and Sculpture enjoyed the exclusive privilege of exhibiting.

Railway Bridge between France and England.—A Frenchman, M. F. Lemaitre, has been astonishing the Academy of Sciences with an elaborated scheme of a true suspension-bridge for as true an atmospheric railway between Calais and Dover, the chains, peculiar in construction, to be suspended above from a formidable regiment of elliptical balloons, floating permanently (?) in the air, and below to be attached to heavily-laden barges under water, while abutments on the opposite shore will complete the suspension, so as to support a fairy railway bridge, under which, we presume, the Channel shipping traffic may have its usual free course to and fro! As to cost, M. Lemaitre calculates that 300,000fr. per 100 yards, or 84,000,000fr. in all, will suffice.

London Wells.—The deepest well in London is that sunk by Messrs. Combe and Co., the brewers, which measures 522 feet. The next is at the Excise Office, 500 feet. The well at Meux's brewery is 425 feet deep; that at Messrs. Elliot's, Pimlico, 398 feet. The Trafalgar square well is 383 feet deep, and the well at Kensington new workhouse 370 feet.

Roman Remains in England.—The foundations of several old walls, supposed to have formed a Roman burial mound, have recently been discovered in Hertfordshire, and means have been adopted to give the locality a thorough exploration. Several human skeletons were found in the vicinity.







ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

From the North British Review.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION has now entered the year of its majority. It has assembled twenty times since its establishment, holding its meetings in the following places:

York,	1831.	Plymouth,	1841.
Oxford,	1832.	Manchester,	1842.
Cambridge,	1833.	Cork,	1843.
Edinburgh,	1834.	York,	1844.
Dublin,	1835.	Cambridge,	1845.
Bristol,	1836.	Southampton,	1846.
Liverpool,	1837.	Oxford,	1847.
Newcastle,	1838.	Swansea,	1848.
Birmingham,	1839.	Birmingham,	1849.
Glasgow,	1840.	Edinburgh,	1850.

At fifteen of these cities the Association has met once, and at five of them it has met twice, at the earnest solicitation of their Universities and literary institutions, and there are, at this moment, several applications from large and influential cities where the Association has not yet been assembled. Thus countenanced and sustained by all the Universities, and by all the scientific and literary societies in the kingdom, the British Association, in entering the year of its manhood, may now be regarded as a permanent

[Note.—The reader will detect the erudite pen of Sir David Brewster in the following rich and in-

structive article.—ED. 7 VOL. XXII. NO. II.

institution for the advancement of science. to which all others have yielded a willing supremacy, and which may, without presumption, invite the attention of the public to its history, its constitution, and its labors. As the last, and, in the estimation of many, one of the most successful of its meetings, was held in Scotland, it will not be deemed inappropriate in a North British Review to devote a few of its pages to the history of an institution which originated in the North, and which, on two occasions, has received such distinguished support from the philosophers in our metropolis.

The British Association took its origin from a discussion on the decline of science in England, and the neglect of scientific men. which excited much attention between the years 1826 and 1831. Sir John Leslie. Professor Playfair, and others, had previously given expression to their opinions concerning the national discouragement and decline of science, and of the superiority of foreign to British scientific institutions; but it was not till about the year 1827 that these views excited general attention, and were supported by distinct and specific statements, which neither personal nor national prejudices could gainsay or contradict. The abolition of the Board of Longitude, and the transference of

the manufacture of achromatic telescopes and astronomical instruments from England to Bavaria and other parts of the Continent, had roused the indignation of the cultivators of astronomy and optics. In a brief memoir of the life of Joseph Fraunhofer,* who was cut off in the fortieth year of his age, Sir David Brewster thus speaks of that illustrious individual, and of the honors and rewards which were conferred upon him:-

"Of all the losses which science is occasionally called to sustain, there is none which she so deeply deplores as that of an original and inventive genius cut off in the maturity of intellect and in the blaze of reputation. There is an epoch in the career of a man of genuine talent, when he embellishes and extends every subject over which he throws the mantle of his genius. Imbued with the spirit of original research, and familiar with the processes of invention and discovery, his mind teems with new ideas, which spring up around him in rapid and profuse succession. ventions incompleted, ideas undeveloped, and speculations immatured, amuse and occupy the intervals of elaborate inquiry; and he often sees before him, in dim array, a long train of discover-ies, which time and health alone are necessary to realize. The blight of early genius that has put forth its buds of promise, or the stroke which severs from us the hoary sage when he had ceased to instruct and adorn his generation, are events which are felt with a moderated grief, and throughout a narrow range of sympathy; but the blow which strikes down the man of genius in his prime, and in the very heart of his gigantic conceptions, is felt with all the bitterness of sorrow, and is propagated far beyond the circle on which it falls. When a pillar is torn from the temple of science, it must needs convulse the whole of its fabric, and draw the voice of sorrow from its inmost recesses."—Pp. 1, 2.

These opinions respecting the neglect and decline of science in England were cherished by the cultivators of different sciences, who had no communication with each other, and no common object in view. The author of the article Chemistry in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, while ignorant of the preceding extract, expresses his regret that during the last five or six years chemistry has suffered some degree of neglect in consequence of the attention of Chemists having been turned to the electro-magnetic discoveries of Professor Oersted and his followers. "At least," he adds, "we remark that during this period good chemical analysis and researches have been rare in England; and

vet it must be confessed there is an ample field for chemical discovery."

A greater master in Chemical science, Sir Humphry Davy, the President of the Royal Society of London, entertained still stronger views on the decline of English science. He is said to have written a work with this specific title, full of feeling and eloquence, which his executors have not deemed it proper to publish.

Sir John Herschel had also been led to perceive the inferiority of English to foreign science; and, after he had completed the laborious researches which were requisite for the composition of the articles on Light and Sound, which he contributed to the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, he did not scruple to specify, in strong and articulate language, the particular branches of science in which we had fallen behind our continental neighbors.

The obvious and deep-seated causes of this decline have been eloquently exposed and probed to the bottom by succeeding writers, but particularly by Mr. Babbage, in his "Reflections on the Decline of Science in England, and on some of its Causes." After citing, as we have done, the opinions of Sir Humphry Davy and Sir John Herschel, he asserts, "that in England, particularly with respect to the more difficult and abstract sciences, we are much below other nations, not merely of equal rank, but below several even of inferior power," and that "mathematics, and with it the highest departments of physical science, have gradually declined since the days of Newton." He is of opinion that the causes which have produced, and some of the effects that have resulted from. the present state of science in England, are so mixed, that it is difficult to distinguish accurately between them, and he therefore "does not attempt any minute discrimination, but rather presents the result of his reflections on the concomitant circumstances which have attended the decay, and examined some of the suggestions which have been offered for the advancement, of British science."

Mr. Babbage's work excited great interest in the metropolis, not merely from the importance of the subject, but from the bold and uncompromising eloquence with which he exposed the abuses which then existed in the management of our scientific institutions, -the imperfect system of instruction which is given in our public schools and universities,—the ignorance of public men, and the culpable indifference of successive governments to the intellectual glory of their coun-

^{*} Edinburgh Journal of Science, July, 1827, vol. vii. pp. 1–10. † Page 596.

try. It became accordingly the subject of partial or severe criticism in the public journals, but the longest, the most favorable, and the most elaborate notice of the work appeared in the Quarterly Review.*

Regarding the fact of the decline of science, as established by unquestionable evidence, the author takes a rapid view of the patronage which the sovereigns of Europe extended to science in less enlightened ages, and in times when its practical applications were less connected with the wealth and progress of nations;—he then gives a sketch of the present state of science on the continent of Europe—surveys its condition in the British islands-investigates the causes which led to its decline, and suggests the means by which it may be revived and extended. The subject of the Patent Laws is treated at great length and with much fullness of detail, and their flagrant injustice, and iniquitous operation, are boldly and fearlessly denounced.

After these details of the liberality of sovereigns to science both in ancient and modern times, the reader is startled at the following picture of the relation between the Government and the science of England in

the year 1830.

"I. There is not at this moment within the British isles a single philosopher, however eminent have been his services, who bears the lowest title that is given to the lowest benefactor of the nation, and the humblest servant of the Crown!

"2. There is not a single philosopher who enjoys a pension or an allowance, or a sine-cure capable of supporting himself and his family in the humblest circumstances! and,

"3. There is not a single philosopher who enjoys the favor of his sovereign, or the

friendship of his ministers!"

After illustrating these three propositions by a detail of facts well known and universally admitted, the Quarterly Reviewer investigates the cause, and suggests the cure of this ignoble and unhealthy condition of the English mind,—of this ungenerous conduct of English Governments,—of this national insensibility to intellectual greatness,

—and of this blind indifference to those elements of glory by which one nation stands out in bold relief from the rest, and challenges the admiration and gratitude of succeeding ages.

Among the remedies which are proposed to revive and extend the science of England, the Quarterly Reviewer mentions the fol-

lowing:

"1. The reform of the University system, and a more liberal endowment of University chairs.

"2. The improvement of our scientific institutions by giving salaries to their office-bearers, and by grants and pecuniary aid; or, what is better,

"3. The raising all our scientific and literary societies into a royal academy or insti-

tute, like that of France.

"4. The infusion of scientific members into those public boards which have been established for purposes of a scientific nature.

"5. The admission of men of literature

and science into public offices.

"6. The national support of literary and scientific individuals who are prevented by professional occupation from making their genius and talents useful to the State.

"7. Their admission to the same titles, honors, and rewards, which are bestowed upon military, naval, and diplomatic men.

"8. The repeal of the Patent Laws."

The Reviewer concludes his article by proposing the establishment of an Association, the object of which shall be to consider and carry into effect these important measures.

Such was the origin of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The proposal here made was published to the world, and circulated throughout the empire in October, 1830. In the course of three months, namely, in February, 1831, the Reviewer who made the proposal communicated his plan to the Philosophical Society of York, and in the course of other five months the British Association, consisting of a numerous assemblage of "nobility, clergy, gentry, and philosophers," was founded at York, under auspices the most favorable, and with prospects the most cheering.

The work of Mr. Babbage on the Decline of Science, had excited much attention both by the facts which it disclosed and the vigor and eloquence with which it was written; but the article in the Quarterly Review, in consequence of the new topics which it introduced, and the decided measures which it advocated, as well as from other causes, at-

* October, 1830, vol. xliii. pp. 305-342.

^{† &}quot;Incredible as it may seem," says the late Sir Harris Nicolas, "Sir Walter Scott is the only example in England of an author having been distinguished by any title of honor since the accession of George III."—Observations on the State of Historical Literature, &c., London, 1830. The chapter of this work "On the want of Encouragement in Science and Literature," is reprinted in the Edinburgh Journal of Science, New Series, vol. vi. pp. 214, 228.—April 1832.

tracted the notice of individuals in power, | and of an extensive class of readers who were not likely to peruse the separate work of Mr. Babbage. Such an article might have been expected to appear in the Edinburgh Review, with the principles of which it might have been supposed to harmonize; but, emanating from the Quarterly Review, which was not in the practice of pleading for change, it fell with an electric force among the friends and enemies of reform. Sir Robert Peel, as we have been assured, on good authority, felt the force of its reproof and remonstrance; and we have no doubt that had he continued in power, he would have carried into effect many of its suggestions; or at least would have promoted those measures so favorable to science and scientific men, which he afterwards adopted. He resigned office, however, under the Duke of Wellington's ministry, a few weeks after he had read the article, and had no opportunity of advancing the interests of science and the arts, till he became Prime Minister in 1841.

On the accession of the Whigs to power, in 1831, when the reform of our institutions, scientific and political, was the great topic of the day, the attention of Lord Grey's Government was called to the state of English science, and the condition of its cultivators. Lord Brougham, who then adorned the Woolsack, took an active part in promoting the interests of science, and through his instrumentality some of the more important objects of the British Association were secured before it had held its first meeting. Previous to the meeting of the British Association at York, a congress of naturalists and physicians had assembled eight times in Germany. first meeting was held in Leipsic in the year 1822, on the suggestion of Professor Oken, whose political and philosophical opinions were not likely to obtain for it the countenance of the friends of order and religion. About twelve strangers and twenty citizens constituted the first meeting of a society, the sole object of which was to make its members better acquainted with each other. assembled, however, with increasing numbers in Halle, Wurzburg, Frankfort on the Maine, and Dresden. At Munich, where it met in 1827, it was patronized by the King of Bavaria. In 1828 it was hospitably received at Berlin by the King of Prussia, under the presidency of the illustrious Baron Humboldt, the number of strangers amounting to 267. In 1829, when it assembled at Heidelberg, the strangers were only 193; but in 1830, when it met at Hamburg, the strangers had

increased to 258. Mr. Babbage was the only Englishman who was present at the Berlin congress, and Professor Johnston, Dr. Traill, and Professor Pillans, were the Scotch representatives of England at the meeting in Hamburg.*

In order to accomplish the objects which he had recommended in the Quarterly Review, Sir David Brewster, immediately after its publication, took the necessary steps for assembling in some central town of England the cultivators and friends of science from every part of the British Islands. York appeared to him to be the most convenient locality; and having been previously in correspondence with Mr. Phillips, the distinguished Secretary of the Philosophical Society of that city, he addressed to him the following letter:-

"ALLERLY BY MELROSE, Feb. 23d, 1831.

" DEAR SIR, -I have taken the liberty of writing you on a subject of considerable importance. It is proposed to establish a British Association of men of science, similar to that which has existed for eight years in Germany, and which is now patronized by the most powerful Sovereigns in that part of Europe. The arrangements for the first meeting are now in progress, and it is contemplated that it shall be held in York, as the most central city of the three kingdoms. My object in writing to you at present is to beg that you would ascertain if York will furnish the accommodations necessary for so large a meeting, which might perhaps consist of above 100 individuals,-if the Philosophical Society would enter zealously into the plan, and if the Mayor and influential persons in the town and in the vicinity would be likely to promote its objects. The principal objects of the Society would be, to make the cultivators of science acquainted with each other; to stimulate one another to renewed exertions; to bring the objects of science before the public eye; and to take measures for advancing its interests and accelerating its progress. The Society would possess no funds, make no collections, and hold no property; the expense of each anniversary meeting being defrayed by the members who are present. As these few observations will enable you to form a general opinion of the objects in view, I shall only add, that the time of meeting which is likely to be most convenient would be about the 18th or 25th of July. I am, dear sir, ever most truly yours,

D. BREWSTER."

Having submitted this letter to the Coun-

^{*} Mr. Babbage communicated to Sir David Brewsster's Edinburgh Journal of Science for April 1829, an interesting account of the Berlin congress, with Baron Humboldt's speech as President; and Professor Johnston published in the same Journal, April 1831, pp. 189-244, a long and most interesting account of the congress at Hamburg.

cil of the Philosophical Society at York, Mr. Phillips was requested by that body to apply to the Lord Mayor and Magistrates of the city for their concurrence. To this application he received the following answer from the Town Clerk:—

"9th March, 1831.

"My DEAR SIR,—In compliance with the request of the Council of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, I have taken an opportunity of acquainting the Lord Mayor, and some others of the Magistrates, with the communication contained in Dr. Brewster's letter to you, and they desire me to say, that they will have great pleasure in doing everything that lies in their power to promote the objects of the Society mentioned by Dr. Brewster, and they rejoice that York is fixed upon as the place for holding its meetings. Very faithfully, yours,

ROBT. DAVIES."

Mr. Phillips lost no time in transmitting to Sir David Brewster a report of the favorable reception which his proposal had received from the Philosophical Society of York, and the Mayor and Magistrates of the city; and the month of September having been fixed upon as the most convenient for the different parties who were likely to attend the congress, Sir David Brewster drew up and printed an advertisement, entitled—" Notice respecting the proposed scientific meeting at York, on Monday, the 26th of September."

After all the preliminary arrangements had been completed and made known to the public, the British Association assembled at York, on Monday, the 26th September, 1831, under circumstances the most favorable to the prosperity of the Institution. It was peculiarly fortunate for the infant Society that the Philosophical Society of York had such men as the Rev. William Vernon Harcourt for its vice-president, and Mr. John Phillips for its secretary. Nor was it of less importance to the character of the meeting, and the happiness of its members, that it was patronized by the learned and venerable the Archbishop of York, whose intellectual and amiable family took part in its labors, and graced its assemblies. Several of the leading members of the Association were lodged in the Archiepiscopal Palace at Bishopthorpe, and the Association was invited to a public dinner under that hospitable roof. The ladies of York and vicinity vied with its philosophers in welcoming to their hearths the pilgrims of knowledge. In the sacrifice they offered at the shrine of Minerva, the sunshine of youth and beauty fell upon the altar, and, pre-eminent above the rest, one lovely form, who

might have been mistaken for the goddess herself, graced the intellectual orgies of science.

The first general meeting of the Association took place on Monday evening. The attendance of ladies and gentlemen was numerous; and after the mutual interchange of civilities between the citizens of York and their visitors, Mr. Phillips delivered an eloquent and popular ex tempore lecture on the more remarkable geological phenomena of Yorkshire, which he illustrated by several interesting specimens of organic remains, found

in different parts of the county.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 27th of September, was held the first meeting of the friends of science, for the purpose of organizing the Association. The theatre of the York Philosophical Society was completely filled, and before two days had elapsed three hundred and fifty-three individuals had enrolled their names. On the motion of Sir David Brewster, Lord Milton, as President of the Philosophical Society of York, was called to the chair, and addressed the meet-In his speech, which is published in the Transactions of the Association, he pointed out the advantages which would accrue to science by the establishment of the Association. He admitted "that the fiscal laws of the country offered numerous obstacles to scientific improvement," "that there were some investigations which required to be carried on upon so great a scale as to be beyond the reach of individual enterprise," and he expressed the hope that Government would "see the necessity of affording to science due encouragement, and of giving every proper stimulus to its advancement."

The Rev. Mr. William Vernon Harcourt then addressed the meeting in an excellent speech, in which he explained the objects and plan of the Association. After laying before the meeting the reasons for forming a National Association, he proceeded to state "the grounds which subsist for seeking to obtain a greater degree of national attention to the objects of science."

"Among the subjects," he said, "to which a scientific association may justly be expected to call the public attention, I would particularly instance a revision of the law of patents. The protection which is given to every other species of property, is not given in the same extent to the property of scientific invention. The protection which it does receive must be bought of the State at a high price; an expense varying from two to four or five hundred pounds is first to be sustained. Then, after encountering the risk of this outlay, the patentee is compelled to specify pub-

licly, and with legal precision, the particulars of his invention; thus it is exposed to be pirated, with the redress only of ruinous proceedings at law; and the consequence is, that no patent is considered of any value till it has actually maintained a litigation; and though patents are still taken out, their chief use is understood to be not so much to secure a right as to advertise a commodity. Such is the present policy of our laws respecting the remuneration of practical science, a policy which seems to have no other end than to restrain the multiplicity of inventions. regard to the direct national encouragement which is due to scientific objects and scientific men, I am unwilling to moot any disputed or disputable question. There is a service of science to be rendered to the State, with which it cannot dispense. And all, I think, must allow, that it is neither liberal nor politic to keep those who employ the rarest intellectual endowments in the direct service of the country upon a kind of PARISH ALLOW-ANCE. It would be difficult also to withhold our assent from the opinion that a liberal public provision would have a powerful effect in promoting those studies of abstract science which most require artificial encouragement, and that (as Professor Playfair remarks) 'to detach a number of ingenious men from everything but scientific pursuits—to deliver them alike from the embarrassments of poverty and the temptations of wealth—to give them a place and station in society the most respectable, is TO RE-MOVE EVERY IMPEDIMENT AND TO ADD EVERY STI-MULUS TO EXERTION.'* But I will not, on this occasion, enter upon a subject on which any difference of sentiment can be supposed to exist, nor pretend to decide whether Playfair judged rightly of the degree in which a provision of this kind has actually improved the state of science in a neighboring country, when he added, that 'to such an Institution, operating upon a people of great genius and indefatigable activity, we are to ascribe that superiority in the mathematical sciences for which, during the last seventy years, they have been so conspicuous.'

"One great benefit, at least, in addition to her maritime expeditions, England as a nation has conferred on the science of the world. She has had reason to be proud of her astronomical observations, though perhaps it is not equally gratifying to reflect that these observations have been turned to account of late years less by her own geometers than by the National School of Mathematicians in France. But there are many other sciences, gentlemen, on which the resources of States are no less dependent: and in them, also, there are physical data, (I do not here speak of loose and subordinate facts, but of those more important physical axioms from which the general laws of nature are deduced,)-in many other sciences, I say, of practical application, there are physical data which require to be ascertained by masters in science with the most rigorous precision, and not without the most persevering labor; and I may be permitted to think, with Mr. Herschel, that

"The chairman of the meeting, adverting to this subject, has said that 'there are enterprises in science which none but a nation can undertake;' let me add also, that 'there are establishments for science which none but a nation can support.'"—Reports of the First and Second Meetings, pp. 33, 34.

In making these just and admirable observations, Mr. Harcourt remarks, that he has "spoken both of scientific societies and of the national policy with all freedom, because he takes free speech upon points in which the interests of science are deeply concerned to be one of the principal purposes for which the meeting was assembled." In discussing the weighty matters contained in this extract, we shall imitate his example; but at present we shall only call the attention of our readers to the undoubted fact, that the two great and avowed objects of the British Association were to repeal or reform the law of patents, and to obtain from the Government a national establishment, or direct national encouragement for science. There were the objects of the gentlemen who suggested the Association, and, we believe, of every one of the scientific individuals who assembled at York to legislate for its future guidance.

At the morning meetings, which were held during the remaining days of the week, very interesting papers were read, while popular lectures or short popular papers were reserved for the evening assemblages, which were attended by the gentry of York and the neighborhood. The persons who took an active part at these meetings, either by reading papers and lectures, or by oral discussion and the exhibition of interesting scientific objects, were—

Dr. Henry,
Sir D. Brewster,
Rev. Mr. Harcourt,
Sir R. Murchison,
Dr. Scoresby,
Professor Forbes,
Professor Johnston,
Dr. Daubeny,
Mr. Abraham,
Mr. Phillips,
Mr. Gilbertson,
Mr. Thos. Allan,

Dr. Dalton,

Mr. Luke Howard,
Professor Potter,
Mr. J. Gray, jun.,
Mr. Greenough,
Mr. George Harvey,
Mr. Witham,
Mr. Hutton,
Sir John Robinson,
Dr. Warwick,
Mr. Wm. Smith,
Mr. Gould,
Mr. R. Havell.

Mr. Williamson.

As it will be interesting to many of our

^{&#}x27;it may very reasonably be asked, why the direct assistance afforded by Government to the execution of combined series of observations adapted to this special end, should continue to be, as it has hitherto almost exclusively been, confined to astronomy?'

^{*} Second Dissertation prefixed to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

readers to known the names of the leading men who came from various parts of the empire to inaugurate the new institution, we have obtained, through the kindness of Mr. Phillips, the following document, which contains, first, a list of the signatures, with the number of their ticket, "on the first page of the York Meeting-Book;" and secondly, the names of the leading scientific and literary men who attended the meeting:—

No. of

1st, 1. David Brewster, Allerly, by Melrose,

2. Milton,

3. W. V. Harcourt, Rev., Wheldrake,

4. John Robinson, Edinburgh,

5. Rod. I. Murchison, London,

6. John Phillips, York,

7. Henry Witham, Edinburgh, 8. James D. Forbes, Edinburgh,

9. James F. W. Johnston, Portobello.

2d, Names of other Scientific and Literary Members.

25. W. L. Newman, York.

27. Benjamin Rotch, London.29. Wm. Hincks, Rev., F.L.S., York.

33. William Taylor, Rev., York. 42. William Gilbertson, Preston.

44. J. D. Preston, Rev., Ashham, Bryan.

49. Thomas Allis, York. 50. Thomas Donkin, York.

58. Jonah Wasse, Ouseburn,

72. William Hewitson, Newcastle. 73. John Gould, Zool. Gar., London.

75. Thomas Meynell, jun., Yarm.

78. John Kenrick, Rev., York. 103. Fra. Wrangham, Hunmanby.

105. L. V. Harcourt, Rev., Stokesley.116. Charles Wellbeloved, Rev., York.

118. Rev. J. Radcliffe, Oxford.122. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., Bath.

126. J. T. Mackay, Dublin.

136. Godfrey Higgins, Shellow Grange.

144. George Goldie, M.D., York.

145. William Gray, jun., York.150. Sir Philip de Grey Egerton, Oulton Park.

157. J. C. Prichard, Bristol.

159. John Dunn, Scarborough.

161. W. H. Dikes, Hull.

163. John Edward Lee, Hull.

176. Jonathan Gray, York.

178. Thomas Allan, Edinburgh. 185. Dundas, Mansion House, York.

188. John Adamson, Newcastle.

189. William Hutton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

190. William Cockburn, Dean of York.

192. William West, Leeds.

193. John Marshall, Headingley. 198. William Scoresby, Liverpool.

199. W. L. Wharton, Dryburn, Durham.

201. William Pearson, (Rev.) South Kilworth, Leicestershire.

203. James Black, M.D., Bolton.

207. R. Potter, jun., Smedley Hall, near Manchester.

211. William Smith, Hackness.

215. Geo. Cayley, Brompton.

219. Barth. Lloyd, Provost, Trinity College, Dublin.

222. G. Johnston, M.D., Berwick-on-Tweed.

226. C. Daubeny, Oxford.

228. William Turner, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

231. Francis Cholmeley, Brandsby.

243. James Yates, Upper Bedford Place, London.

247. G. B. Greenough, London.

254. John Dalton, Manchester.

263. Sir T. M. Brisbane.

291. William Etty, R.A., London.

293. Luke Howard, Ackworth. 295. Theodore Dury, Keighley.

Mr. Justice Parke, London.
 F. S. Williams, Trinity College, Cambridge.

303. Morpeth, Castle Howard. 313. Mr. Fawkes, Farnley.

315. Robert Allan, Edinburgh.

326. J. W. Geldart, Prof. of Civil Law, Cambridge.

328. Thomas Longman, London.

343. B. Bailey, Travancore, India. 348. Rev. Dr. Muir, Edinburgh.

The last Ticket was numbered 353.

In this list our readers will recognize the names of many individuals who have since been highly distinguished in science, literature, and the arts.

Our limits will not permit us to give a full account of the objects and rules of the Association as they were agreed to at York, and the steps which were taken to accomplish these objects. It may be sufficient to mention, that Local Committees were appointed in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and also in Calcutta, where a Committee was organized under the Presidency of Sir Edward Ryan, President of the Asiatic Society there, George Swinton, Esq., Chief Secretary to the Government, and other scientific individuals; and that Reports* (all of which were

^{*} The valuable idea of requesting Reports on the state of different branches of science was suggested by Dr. Whewell, now master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

prepared and read at the next meeting) were requested,-1. On the Progress of Astronomy during the present century, from Pro-FESSOR AIRY; 2. On the Tides, from W. LUBBOCK; 3. On Meteorology, from Mr. FORBES; 4. On Radiant Heat, from PRO-FESSOR POWELL; 5. On Thermo-electricity, from Professor Cumming; 6. On the Recent Progress of Optics, from Sir David Brewster; 7. On Mineralogy, from Pro-FESSOR WHEWELL; 8. On Geology, from the Rev. W. D. CONYBEARE; 9. On Chemical Science, from Professor Johnston; and 10. On the History of the Human Species, from Dr. Prichard. In the perusal of these ten Reports, which occupy 400 closely printed pages, the friends of science will not scruple to admit that real and substantial work was done at the first meeting of the Association at York, while the general reader will learn from our brief notice of the proceedings of the meeting, and the list of the men who composed it, that had the Association never met again, its members would have been amply compensated by the new friendships which they formed, and by the high pleasures of social intercourse which they enjoyed. The feelings of the members themselves have been often expressed at subsequent meetings of the Association. They look back upon the week spent in York, and its elegant and intellectual society, as one of the happiest in their lives. They left the city with sorrow, if not with tears; and those whose lives were spared in 1844 rushed back to the scene of their enjoyment, to revisit the friends who survived, and to mourn over the friends that were lost.

The meeting was adjourned to reassemble at Oxford under the presidency of Dr. Buckland, and the vice-presidency of Sir David Brewster and Professor Whewell, on the 18th June, 1832,

Before we quit the subject of the first or experimental meeting at York, historical truth, and the interests of science itself, demand our attention to a circumstance which exercised an injurious influence on the future proceedings of the Association, and which, but for the good sense of Mr. Harcourt, and the forbearance of others, might have created a division among its members.

At the opening meeting, as we have seen, and before any statement had been made, or resolution moved, Lord Milton, the president of the York Philosophical Society, was, from his official position, called to the chair. In the speech which he addressed to the meeting, he was understood to object "to all direferred to."

rect encouragement of science by the State," and to characterize such a mode of advancing it "as un-English," and calculated "to make men of science the servile pensioners of the Ministry." In the discussion, however, which followed, a clear and positive claim for such national encouragement was made by Mr. Harcourt, who, in urging correct views in reference to this fundamental object of the Association, remarked,—

"I should undoubtedly be very sorry to see any system of encouragement adopted, by which the men of science in England should become servile pensioners of the Ministry: and no less sorry am to see them under the present system, when exerting the rarest intellectual faculties in the scientific service of the State, chained down in a needy dependence on a too penurious Government. The best kind of porcelain is too refined a ware to be maintained in a country without direct encouragement, and how can it be expected that mathematics should maintain its professors without assistance from the State? As things stand at present, the deeper, drier, and more exalted a man's studies are, the drier, lower, and more sparing must be his diet. For bread some of our first men of science are driven to merce-nary practices, which add indignity to poverty, and which leave no leisure, and indeed no soul, for higher achievements. I cannot see any reason why, with proper precautions, men of science should not be helped to study for the public good, as well as statesman to act for it; nor do I see why they should not be as independent with fixed salaries, as statesmen hold themselves to be in places revocable at will.

"At the present moment, there is a man of science,* and more than one friend, to the direct encouragement of scientific men, at the head of affairs. Our starving philosophers are indulging no unjustifiable hope that the fortunes of philosophy may be mended under the influence of the present lords of the ascendant. It cannot be wondered that they should be unwilling to have it proclaimed, ex cathedra, from the midst of themselves, that there is something illegitimate in the direct encouragement of science, though they are ready enough to own that there is something in it very un-English.

"At this moment there is a strong effort making to obtain for the gray-headed and disinterested geological philosopher, Mr. William Smith, that encouragement and reward which his public services deserve. In the present system, it is a matter of interest and favor to obtain it: under a better, it would be an irresistible claim; and had a better existed, half the life of this original and accurate observer would not have been lost to science, for want of direct and most legitimate encouragement."

While these just and admirable views were

^{*} Lord Broughman, we believe, is here justly referred to.

thus eloquently pressed upon the notice of | the public by members of the British Association, other minds were at the same time actively engaged in the study of the same subject. Mr. Huskisson, in his celebrated speech on the shipping interest, had declared in Parliament, that England cannot afford to be in arrear of any other nation in the progress of useful improvement; and had he lived in the present day, he would doubtless have seen how dependent all useful improvements must ever be on the advancement of science, in its most transcendental as well as in its most practical phase; and we shall have occasion to state, in a subsequent part of this article, that his colleague, Sir Robert Peel, not only adopted the same opinion, but gave it a practical form, by assisting in the establishment of one of our most important scientific institutions.

Beside the opinions of statesmen of large and liberal minds, it is of some importance to be able to place that of a private and highly educated country gentleman, distinguished by his piety, his generosity, and his eloquence, who bewails the decline of science in England, and the growing indifference to the intellectual honor of the nation, as the harbingers of national degradation and ruin. In a pamphlet, entitled "The Prospects of Great Britain," published in 1831, Mr. Douglas of Cavers has given a rapid sketch of the religious, the moral, the intellectual, and the political state of England. With the boldness of a Christian patriot, and with an enthusiasm which high principles alone can sustain, the author points out the corruptions which degrade our public institutions, he states and explains the means by which the national interests may be revived, and he unfolds the prospects which may still be cherished if those means shall be blessed with success.

Such were the views of those who proposed and founded the British Association, and of others entirely unconnected with it, on the subject of the direct and national encouragement of science; and it might have been reasonably expected that this influential body would have immediately organized committees and appointed deputations for carrying into effect such an essential and such a noble part of the enterprise in which they had embarked. Philosophers, inventors, and authors, and divines, and physicians, and lawyers, had all assembled at York,—many of them at great inconvenience, and almost all of them at an expense which some could but ill afford. Their purpose !

was to sustain and extend the declining science of England by the construction of a gigantic machinery combining all the intellectual powers of the State. They decided upon its plan—they chose its engineers—they fixed the localities for its work—they provided heads and hands, and fire and water, to start it on its noble movement, and to cheer it in its glorious march. They separated from each other at York with no dread of failure, but with high hopes of success. The philosopher returned to his peaceful hearth, resolved to deserve better of his country. The man of science retired to his chamber to complete inventions which he now hoped might obtain a legal protection. The author hastened to his nightly task, when the professional toil of the day had ceased, to provide for his species new forms of amusement and instruction. The poet struck his lyre with less trembling fingers and a more uplifted eye. The man of genius, whose experience had taught him that his country cared little for him, threw from his countenance its habitual gloom, and had faith enough to believe that he might yet obtain food for his children and employment for himself; while the divine, the physician, and the lawyer, saw in the horizon a dawn of better days, and, at least, cherished the hope that they might find some retreat in the El Dorado of the State, or that, in the competition for place, their intellectual labors might be weighed against the hitherto paramount claims of the tools of faction and the minions of power.

With such hopes—hopes just and reasonable-hopes, too, inspired by men who had it in their power to realize them, the philosophers, the men of science, the authors, the men of genius, the divines, physicians, and lawyers, flocked to Oxford, to take part in the festival sacred to Minerva-willing to worship, and expecting blessings in return. The daughter of Jove, however, was invoked by thousands—but the goddess of reason, sense, and taste, gave no response. Her noble plume did not deign to nod assent. The cock, indeed, upon her helmet, crew in welcome to the warrior; but the serpents beneath—the emblems of wisdom—coiled themselves up in shame.

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.

The topics of protected inventions and encouraged science were forgotten, and the sages of the north and west had undertaken their second pilgrimage in vain. Attracted

like Danae by a shower of gold in the distance, the pilgrims with their children were left, like her, exposed on the beach, but fortunately, as we shall presently see, there were some stout-hearted fishermen who had the courage, and what generally attends it,

the good fortune, to relieve them.

Notwithstanding these broken vows on the one hand, and shattered hopes on the other, the meeting at Oxford was brilliant and successful. Its numerous members were hospitably received within her ancient and gorgeous halls, associated with deeds of lofty genius and undying renown, while a few of its more zealous supporters were honored with the degree of doctor of civil law, amid the applause of thousands assembled in its theatre.* The desire of this great university to do honor to intellectual laborers was thus unequivocally and nobly expressed, and those who felt themselves most deeply compromised in reference to the subject of national encouragement to science, were willing to believe that, owing to the engrossing duties of so large a meeting, it was want of time rather than want of purpose that had placed in temporary abeyance the more urgent objects of the Association.

The third meeting of the British Association assembled at Cambridge on the 18th June 1833, under the Presidency of Professor Sedgwick and the vice-presidency of Dr. Dalton and Professor Airy. The vice-chancellor, the heads of colleges and the professors, vied with each other in hospitality and kindness, and the philosophers of other countries and other universities felt a just pride in being welcomed by the university of Newton, and by those distinguished men who have followed him in the career of invention and dis-The university honors which it was in their power to bestow, namely, the degree of master of arts, were liberally bestowed on some of the more distinguished strangers. But here, as at Oxford, the subjects of protected inventions, and of national support to science, were utterly thrown overboard, and from statements which were made at several public meetings it became evident that there was a desire in influential quarters to forget the Scottish origin of the Association, and thus to obliterate for ever all public reference to those fundamental objects which were so closely associated with its early history.

The fourth meeting of the Association took

* Dr. Dalton, Mr. Robert Brown, Mr. Faraday, and Sir David Brewster, not one of whom were

members of the Church of England.

place in Edinburgh, on the 8th September, 1834, Sir Thomas Brisbane being President and Sir David Brewster and Dr. Romney Robinson, Vice-Presidents. The hospitality of the Scottish metropolis was never more nobly displayed. The inhabitants of all classes opened their houses and their hearts for the reception of strangers, and the scientific work of the meeting was carried on with zeal and success. Among the distinguished foreigners who were present, we may enumerate M. Arago, M. Agassiz, M. Treviranus, and Professor Moll. M. Arago, the representative of the National Institute, whose great discoveries were nowhere better known and more highly appreciated than in Edinburgh, was the great object of interest. He took an active part in the Sectional meetings; and in the more public proceedings he delighted the audience by his fluency and eloquence as a speaker. Lord Brougham, who was admitted a member by acclamation, attended the closing meeting, which he addressed with his usual eloquence and power. The University conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon Dr. Dalton and the four distinguished foreigners whom we have mentioned, and they were honored also with the freedom of the city.

When Edinburgh was fixed upon as the place of meeting, it was fondly expected that the Scottish origin of the Association might have called to mind the fundamental objects for which it had been established; and that from the Modern Athens would have gone forth the decree, that Science, Literature, and the Arts require the protection of the State, and that no Government either knows its duty or performs it, which does not cheerfully respond to this first law of civilization. These expectations, however, were, as formerly, disappointed, and it now became necessary that some public notice should be taken of this repudiation of the very objects for which the Association was instituted, and some inquiry made into its origin and tendency. An article accordingly appeared in the Edinburgh Review,* in which there was much "free speech," as Mr. Harcourt recommended, "upon points in which the interests of science are deeply concerned," and much good advice touching the future management

of the Association.

"During the existence of the British Association," says the author, "its leaders have almost entirely neglected its fundamental object. Though

^{*} January 1835, vol. lx. pp. 363-394.

more than once urged to it, they have not considered the question relative to the Law of Patents. Though Mr. Harvey, Mr. Owen, and Mr. Gill recommended both at Oxford and Cambridge that the state of naval architecture in England should have 'the early attention of the Association, assisted by the Government,' yet not a single step has been taken on the subject; and, though one of the express designs of the Congress, not a single measure has been adopted relative to the encouragement of scientific men. We are not disposed to inquire by what influence, or from what motive, these primary objects of the Association have been so singularly overlooked; but we have no hesitation in predicting their speedy and complete accomplishment."

The author concludes his review with the following list of objects which should be submitted to sub-committees, for the purpose of reporting on them to a general meeting:—

"1. On a direct national provision for men of science.

"2. On the revision or repeal of the Patent Laws.

"3. On the advancement of Astronomy, Navigation, and General Geography, by fitting out ships of discovery.*

"4. On the Advancement of General Science by the Erection of Physical Observatories.†

"5. On the most Scientific and Economical Method of Lighting the Coasts and Harbors of Great Britain,

"6. On the Improvement and Extension of the Lines of Communication throughout the Kingdom by Roads, Railways, and Steamboats.

"7. On the formation of a Scientific Board for Improving our Naval Architecture.*

^a 8. On the Improvement and Extension of the British Fisheries.

"9. On the Mines and Minerals of the kingdom. 10. On the Formation of a Statistical Board.

"11. On the propriety of having an Annual Exhibition of British industry, at the place of meeting of the Association.

"12. On the propriety of entrusting to each Metropolitan and Provincial Society certain specific objects of inquiry, and furnishing the means when necessary to carry them into effect.

"13. To arrange a system of prizes for the successful prosecution of particular branches of science."—Edinburgh Review, vol. lx., pp. 393, 394

Having thus given a brief account of the early history of the Association, we must compress our notice of its future meetings into the briefest space. A very full and correct account of the last meeting in Edinburgh, with a corrected edition of the President's address, will be found in No. III. of the Palladium, (placed at the head of this article,) a new monthly journal of very high promise, and under excellent management. The following table shows the Places and Times of Meeting of the Association:—

^{*} This was done in 1835 and 1838. See page 277.

† This proposal was carried into effect, as will be afterwards seen, in 1838. See page 277.

^{*} This important subject was taken up in 1838, and successfully pursued. See Reports of 1838, 1842, 1843, 1844, and 1846. "In France," says Professor Sedgwick, "the art of naval construction was taught by men of profound science, combined with men of practical skill. In England we had men of consummate skill derived from great experience; but Science was almost overlooked, and we have endured much national loss and some dishonor as the consequence of this blindness."—Discourse, &c., p. cccxl.

Table showing the Places and Times of Meeting of the British Association, with the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and Local Secretaries, from its Commencement. PREGIDENTS

LOCAL SECRETARIES.	William Gray, Jun, F.G.S. Professor Philips, F.R.S., F.G.S. Professor Daubeny, M.D. F.R.S., &c. Rev. Professor Powell, M.A., F.R.S., &c.	Rev. Professor Henslow, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S. Rev. W. Whewell, F.R.S.	Professor Forbes, F.R.S., L. & E., &c. Shr John Robinson, Sec. R.S.E.	Sir W. R. Hamilton, Astron. Royal of Ireland, &c. § Rev. Professor Lloyd, F.R.S.	Professor Daubeny. M.D., F.R.S., &c. V. F. Hovenden, Esq.	Professor Trail, M.D. Win. Wallace Currie, Esq. Joseph N. Walker, Pres. Royal Institution, Liverp'l.	John Adamson, F.L.S., &c. Wm. Hutton, F.G.S. Professor Johnston, M.A., F.R.S.	George Barker, Esq. F.R.S. Peyton Blakiston, M.D. Joseph Hodgson, Esq., F.R.S. Follett Osler, Esq.	Andrew Liddell, Esq. Rev. J. P. Nicol, LL.D. John Strang, Esq.	W.S. Harvis, Esq., F.R.S. Col. Hamilton Smith, F.LS. Stobert Were Fox, Esq. Richard Taylor, Jun., Esq.	Peter Clare, Esq., F.R.A.S. W. Fleming, M.D. James Heywood, Esq., F.R.S.	Professor John Stevelly, M.A. Rev. Jos. Carson, F.T.C., Dublin. Wm. Kelcher, Esq. Wm. Clear, Esq.
VICE-PRESIDENTS.	Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, M.A. F.R.S., F.G.S. Sir D. Brewster, K.H., LL.D., F.R.S., L. & E., &c. Rev. W. Whewell, F.R.S., Pres. Gool. Soc.	G. B. Airy, F.R.S., Astronomer Royal, &c. John Dalton, D.C.L., F.R.S.	Sir David Brewster, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. Rev. T. R. Robinson, D.D.	Viscount Oxmantown, F.R.S., F.R.A.S	(The Marquis of Northampton, F.R.S. Rev. W. D. Conybeare, F.R.S., F.G.S. (J. C. Pritchard, M.D., F.R.S.	(The Bishop of Norwich, P.L.S., F.G.S.) John Dalton, D.C.L., F.R.S. Sir Philip de Grey Egerton, Bart, F.R.S., F.G.S. (Rev. W. Whewell, F.R.S.	(The Bishop of Durham, F.R.S., F.S.A.) The Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, F.R.S., &c.) Prideaux John Selby, Esq., F.R.S.E.	(Marquis of Northampton. Earl of Dartmouth, The Rev. T. R. Robinson, D.D. John Corrie, Esq., F.R.S.	Major-General Lord Greenock, F.R.S.E. Sir David Brewster, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S. Sir T. M. Brisbane, Bart., F.R.S. The Earl of Mount Edgecumbe.	The Earl of Morley. Lord Eliot, M.P Sir C. Lemon, Bart. Sir T. D. Acland, Bart	Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert, F.L.S., &c., Rev. A. Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S., W. C. Henry, M.D., F.R.S., Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart.	Earl of Listowel. Viscount Adare, Sir W. R. Hamilton, Pres. R.I.A. Rev. T. R. Robinson, D.D.
PRESIDENTS.	The Earl Fitzwilliam, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., York, September 27, 1831. The Rev. W. BUCKLAND, D.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c Oxford, June 19, 1832.	The Rev. Adam Sedewick, M.A., V.P.R.S., V.P.G.S., Cambridge, June 25, 1883.	Sir T. Mardougal Brisbang, K.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.SS., L. & E., Edinburgh, September 8, 1884.	The Rev. Provost Lloyp, LL.D., Dublin, August 10, 1835.	The Marquis of Lansdowne, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c Bristol, August 22, 1836.	The Earl of Burlington, F.R.S., F.G.S., Chan. Univ. London. Liverpool, September 11, 1837.	The Duke of Northumberland, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 20, 1838.	The Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, M.A., F.R.S., &c. Birmingham, August 26, 1889.	The Marquis of Breadalbane, F.R.S., Glasgow, September 17, 1840.	The Rev. Professor Whewell, F.R.S., &c. Plymouth, July 29, 1841.	Lord Francis Egerton, F.G.S., Manchester, June 23, 1842.	The Earl of Roser, F.R.S., Cork, August 17, 1843.

William Hattald Then Tr C. C.	William West, Esq., F.C.S. Rev. W. Scoresby, L.L.D., F.R.S. William West, Esq.	William Hopkins, Esq., M.A., F.R.S. Professor Austed, M.A., F.R.S.	Henry Clark, M.D. T. H. C. Moody, Esq.	Rev. Robert Walker, M.A., F.R.S. Henry Wentworth Acland, Esq., B.M.	Mathew Moggridge, Esq. D. Nicol, M.D.	Captain Tindal, R.N. William Wills, Esq. Bell Fletcher, Esq. M.D. James Chance, Esq.	Rev. Professor Kelland, M.A., F.R.S., L. & E., Professor Balfour, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.L.S., James Todd, Esq., F.R.S.
Earl Fitzwilliam, F.R.S. Viscount Morpeth, F.G.S.	The Hon. John Stuart Wortley, M.P. Sir David Brewster, K.H. F.R.S. Michael Faraday, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. Rev. W. V. Hareourt, F.R.S.	The Earl of Hardwicke. The Bishop of Norwich. Rev. J. Graham, D.D. Rev. G. Ainslie, D.D. G. B. Airy, Ešq., M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S. The Rev. Professor Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S.	The Marquis of Winchester. The Earl of Yarborough, D.C.L. Lord Ashburton, D.C.L. Right Hon. Charles Shaw Lefevre, M.P. Sir Geo. T. Staunton, Bart, M.P., D.C.L., F.R.S. The Lord Bishop of Oxford, F.R.S. Prof. Owen, M.D., F.R.S. Prof. Powell, F.R.S.	The Earl of Rosse, F.R.S. The Lord Bishop of Oxford, F.R.S. The Vice-Chancellor of the University. Thomas G. Bucknall, Estcourt, Esq., D.C.L., M.P. for the University of Oxford. Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster, D.D., F.R.S. Prof. Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S. The Rev. Professor Powell, M.A., F.R.S.	The Marquis of Bute, K.T. Visc't. Adare, F.R.S. Sir H. T. De la Beche, F.R.S., Pres. G.S. The Very Rev. the Dean of Llandaff, F.R.S. Lewis W. Dillwyn, Esq., F.R.S. W. R. Grove, Esq., F.R.S. J. H. Vivian, Esq. M.P., F.R.S. The Lord Bishop of St. David's.	(The Earl of Harrowby. Lord Wrottesley, F.R.S. Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, M.P., D.C.L., F.R.S. Charles Darwin, Esq. M.A., F.R.S., Sec. G. S. Professor Faraday, D.C.L., F.R.S. Sir David Brewster, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S. Rev. Professor Willis, M.A., F.R.S.	Right Hon. the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. The Earl of Catheart, K.C.B., F.R.S.E. The Earl of Rosebery, K.T., D.C.L., F.R.S. Rt., Hon. D. Boyle (Lord Justice-General,)F.R.S.E. General Sir Thomas M. Brisbane, Bart., K.C.B., G.C.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., Pres. R.S.E., Very Rev. John Lee, D.D., V.P.R.S.E., Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Professor Jameson, F.R.S.E. Professor J. D. Forbes, F.R.S., Sec. R.S.E.,
	The Rev. G. Pracock, D.D. (Dean of Ely), F.R.S. York, September 26, 1844.	Sra John F. W. Herscher, Bart., F.R.S., &c	Srr Roderick Imper Murchison, G.C.S., F.R.S., Southampton, September 10, 1846.	Str Robert Harry Inglis, Bart, D.C.L., F.R.S., M.P. for the University of Oxford. Oxford, June 23, 1847.	The Marquis of Northampton, Pres. Royal Society, &c. Swansea, August 9, 1848.	The Rev. T. R. Robinson, D.D., M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S Birmingham, September 12, 1849	Sir David Brewster, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., L. & E. Edinburgh, July 31, 1850.

sociation, the lists which were kept for refer- | fore, to a certain degree imperfect:ence did not specify the number of ladies

During some of the early years of the As- | who attended. The following table is, there-

A Statement of the Number of Persons who have attended the Meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, from 1831 to 1850, inclusive

	Association for the Ac	ivancement of ${\cal S}^c$	
1831	York,	353	
1832	Oxford,	534) g	
1833	Cambridge,	856 🖁	
1834	Edinburgh,	1139	
1835	Dublin,	1203	
1836	Bristol,	1330 €	
1837	Liverpool,	1550 8	
1838	Newcastle,	856 856 1139 1203 1330 1550 2076 1303	
1839	Birmingham,	1393 F	
1840	Glasgow,	1316	
	Plymouth,	600	
	" Ladies,	261	
		861	
1842	Manchester,	962	
	" Ladies,	331	
		1293	
1843	Cork,	395	
	" Ladies,	160	
		555	
1844	York,	659	
	" Ladies,	260	
		919	

crence, j	rom 183	1 to 1850,	inclusive.		
1845	Cambrid	lge,		817	
	66	Ladies,		172	
			-		989
1846	Southan	ipton,		627	
	66	Ladies,		196	
			-		823
1847	Oxford,			973	
	66	Ladies		203	
				1	176
1848	Swansea	29		618	
	" /	Ladies,		197	
			-		815
1849	Birming			866	
	66	Ladies,		323	
			_	1	189
1850	Edinburg	gh,		828	
	66	Ladies,		274	
			-	1	102

The numbers in the preceding table are exclusive of foreigners. As our readers, whether members of the Association or not, will be desirous of knowing the different classes of foreigners who have honored the Association with their countenance, we have been induced, at some sacrifice of space, to give the following list, which has been prepared with some difficulty:-

A List of Foreign Gentlemen who have attended the Meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, from 1831 to 1850, inclusive.

> Adrian, Prof., Director of the University at Giessen.

Agardh, Dr. C. A., Lund, Sweden.

1846, Agassiz, Louis, Prof. of Nat. Hist. Neufchatel. Allen, Horatio, New York. Ameen, Bey M. Z., Constantinople. Andiffredi, Le Chevalier, Piedmont.

1834, Arago, F., Paris.

Ardaseer bursejee, Bombay.

1847, Anderson, Henry James, M.D., New York.

1848, Aldenburg, Baron, Paris. 1849, Ampère, J. J., Membre de l'Institut, Paris.

Bagge, Professor J. S., Stockholm. Bartolomé, M., Segovia.

1842, Bassett, Mr., America, Bazzine, Professor, Padua, Berardi, Chevalier, Rome. 1842, 1849, Bergeron, Mons., St. Etienne, France. Bernhardt, T., Erfurt.

1842, Bessel, Professor, Königsberg. Biddle, C. C., Philadelphia. Bocca, Louis, Valenciennes. Bocca, Henri, do. Brana, Count, Venice.

1842, Braschman, Professor, Moscow. Breda, J. G. S. van, Leyden.

1850, Breunner, Count, Vienna.

1842. Buddenbrock, Aide de camp to Prince Adelbert of Prussia. Bunsen, Dr. W., University of Marburg, Hesse Cassel.

1844, Bacchetti, Onorato, University of Pisa. 1845, Buch, Le Baron Leopold von, Berlin.

1845, Boutigny, Mons., Paris.

1845, Boguslawski, Professor Dr. von, Breslau.

1847, Bancroft, His Excellency G., American Ambassador.

1847, Borchardt, C. W., Berlin.

1847, 1849, Bonaparte, C. L., Prince of Canino,

1847, Bunsen, His Excellency Chevalier, Prussian Ambassador,

1847, Bertrand, T., M.D., Montpelier.

1847, Bayo, Senor Dr. Adolfo, Madrid. 1847, Boddie, W. P., United States. 1847, Brock, John Penn, Pennsylvania.

1849, Boogaard, J. A., M.D., Rotterdam. 1850, Brennecke, Dr., Director of the College of Colberg, Prussia.

1850, Bolmida, Joseph, Turin.

1850, Breunner, A., jun., Vienna.

Campbell, Dr. G. W., Tennessee United States.

Chanviteaux, M., Paris. Chatoney, Jules, do. Chilton, G., New York. Clark, Alonzo, do. Clarke, J. M., Vienna. Clemson, T. G., Paris. Cohen, M. J., United States. Combes, C. P., Paris. Coupery, Jacques, do. Cousins, Jules, do.

1843, Cantabrana, Juan de, Bolanos, Mexico. 1845, Cresson, Professor John C., Franklin Institute, Pennsylvania.

1847, Campbell, Wm. W., New York. 1847, Carnaro, Dr. Thomas, Venice. 1847, Clark, R. A., United States.

1850, Chauncey, Henry C., New York. 1850, Calo, Professor, Stettin, Prussia.

D'Abbadie, M., Paris. 1842, Dall, Rev. Ch. N. A., Baltimore. Dana, S. L., M.D., Boston, U. S. Darbue, Samuel, Paris. Daubrée, Auguste, do. Dean, James, United States.

1842, 1845, Deiffenbach, Dr., Germany.

De Lancey, Prof. Thomas, Geneva. 1842, De Lessert, M. Adolphe, (Naturalist,) Paris. Demonville, M., Paris. Dieterici, M., Berlin. Dow, Dr. Robert, New Orleans. Druffel, F. C. Von, Prussia. Dufrénoy, A.P., Inspector School of Mines, Paris.

Dupin, Baron C., Paris. 1845, Dove, Professor, University, Berlin,

1845, Dupuy, E. E., Paris. 1849, Duran, T. A., France.

1847, Ehrenberg, Prof. C. C., Berlin.

1840, Encke, Prof. J. F., do. Ende, Baron Charles, Baden. Erbkam, Barnard, Berlin.

1842, 1845, Erman, Professor, do. Espy, James P., Philadelphia. Esterhazy, Count Maurice, Vienna. Ettling, Dr., Giessen. Evans, C. C., Philadelphia.

1842, 1844, Everett, His Excellency the Hon. E.,

American Ambassador. 1846, 1848, Elton, Rev. Dr., United States. 1847, Esmark, L., University, Christiania.

1847, Ekman, Charles, Göttenburg. 1847, Ezpeleta, F. C. de, Bordeaux.

1847, Ezpeleta, X. L. de, . do.

Fiske, Williber, D.D., Middleton, U. S. Fleming, Wm., Leyden. Frisiani, M. Paul, Milan.

1845, Foggi, Professor, University, Pisa.

1849, Forster, Thomas, F.R.A.S., Bruges, Flanders. 1847, Forster, Thomas, F.R.A.S., Bruges, Flanders. 1848, Forchammer, Dr. P. W., Kiel, Germany. 1848, Flügel, O., D.C.L., Vienna.

Galen, Dr. van, Rotterdam. Gerard, M., Paris. Giaccomini, Professor, Padua. Gordon, J. M., Niagara, U. S. Gore, Col. Geo., Tours, Guiniaraem, Carara, Venezuela. Gurley, R. R., Secretary American Col. Society, Washington.

1844, Gonzales, Charles, (Chemist,) Vienna.

1846, Guerin, M., Paris.

1847, 1849, Groshaus, G. Ph. F., M.D., Rotterdam.

1847, Govini, P., Professor, Lodi, Italy. 1847, Gautier, Emile, Geneva. 1847, Georgii, Aug., Lecturer in Anatomy, Stockholm.

1847, Gibson, Wm., M.D., Prof. of Surgery, University of Pennsylvania.

Hahn, Dr., Germany.

1843, 1844, Hamel, Dr., St. Petersburg.

1836, Hare, Robert, M.D., Professor, Philadelphia, Hartmann, Henry, Munster in Alsace. Harvey, D. C., M.D., Philadelphia. Henry, Professor, Princeton, U.S. Herbot, G., M.D., Göttingen. Hesler, Ferdinand, Prague. Hoffman, David, LL.D., Maryland, U. S. 1842, Holm, Carl. Augustus, (Engineer.) Sweden.

Holt, G. A., New Orleans. Hooper, R. W., M.D., Boston, U. S. Hughes, Capt. Topographical Engineer, United States.

Heilmann, Joshua, Mulhausen, France,

1843, Hoetius, M., Maestricht.

1844, Hummell, John James, Switzerland.

1844, Hanstein, Prof. J. H., Giessen.

1846, 1850, Hoeven, T. van der, Professor, Levden.

1847, Hoffman, L., Spire, Germany. 1848, Heredia, Dr. M. A., Malaga, Spain. 1848, Hauey, Francis, Vienna.

1848, Hornes, Dr. Maurice, do.

1850, Hitchcock, Edward, President of Amherst
 College, United States.
 1850, Hyrtl, Dr. J., Prof. of Anatomy, Vienna.

1850, Hoeven, T. van der, jun., Leyden.

Jacobi.

1842, Jacobi, C. G. T., Königsberg. Jacobson, Bolton, Baltimore. Jacobson, J., Berlin. Jobat, Dr. Carl, Stuttgard. Jonge, Van Ellemut, W. C. M. de.

Ivanitzky, Captain Engineer, Russian Service. 1845, Jullien, Mons. A., Paris.

1849, Jablonski, Dr. P., Berlin.

Kerbedz, Capt. Stanislaus de, St. Petersburg.

1842, Keyserling, Count, Russia. King, Mitchell, Charleston, S. Carolina. Klotzsch, Dr. Fred., Berlin.

1842, Knoblock, Dr. Robert, Moscow. Krag, H., Norway.

1849, Krantz, Aug., (Naturalist) Berlin. Kreiger, Eduard, M.D., Berlin.

1843, Kokschrroff, Lieut. de, St. Petersburg.

1844, Kuhlman, Professor.

1845, Kreil, Carl, Director of Imperial Observatory, Prague

1845, 1850, Kupffer, A. T., St. Petersburg.

1846, Kossow, St. Petersburg.

1847, Karsten, G., Berlin.

1847, King, G. G., Newport, Rhode Island, U. S.

Lamont, Professor, Munich. Lappenberg, Dr. J. M., Hamburg. Lechsler, Dr. G. V., M.A., University of Tubingan.

Le Normand, de L'Osier, Havre.

Le Play, F., Paris.

Lisle, Count de, Paris.

1844, Liebig, Professor Justus, Giessen.

Link, H. F., Director of Royal Botanic Garden, Berlin. Loomis, Professor Elias, Ohio, U.S.

Lowell, J. J., Boston, U. S. Lowell, John, Munster, Alsace. Luca, L'Abate Antonio di, Rome.

1843, 1847, Langberg, Dr., Christiania.

1845, Longehamps, Edmond de Lelys, Liege, Belgium.

1846, Le Blanc, Major, Secy. Geolo. Society of France.

1847, Leverrier, Paris.

1847, Levick, James J., M.D., Philadelphia.

1847, Lunyt, Paul, Royal School of Mines, Paris. 1848, Lipke, W., Berlin.

1849, L'Huys, His Excellency E. Drouyn de, Ambassador from France.

1850, Loewenstein, S., M.D., Berlin.

M'Ilvaine, Wm., Philadelphia. Main, A. L. J., New York.

1841, Manackjee, Cursetjee, Bombay.

Manno, Pietro, Rome. Marcartin, Felix, Lille. Marcet, Professor. Marshall, John, Dantzig. Märtens, B., Brunswick. Martiniez, Del. Rio M., Mexico.

Mathiez, Dr. J. C., Polytechnic Institution, Amsterdam.

Maxey, M., Belgium. Mendelssohn, Bartholdy Felix, Berlin. Meissoniez, B., Royal Ac. Engineers, Paris. Mendes, J. C., United States.

Metcalf, S. L., M.D., Kentucky, U. S.

Michaelis, S. D., Berlin. Milner, Clarke, New Orleans. Mohr, Dr., Coblentz. Mongey, M., Paris.

Montalembert, M. de, Paris.
Morgan, H. E., New York.
Muncke, Dr. C. F.
Munier, Rev. R., Rector of the University, Geneva.

Muston, Paul Isaac, Genoa, 1843, 1845, Meyer, Enrico, Leghorn.

1844, 1846, Matteucci, Professor Carlo, Pisa. 1846, Middendorff, St. Petersburg. 1847, Macaire, T., Professor, Geneva. 1847, 1849, Milne-Edwards, J., Paris.

1847, Mohl, Robert von, LL.D., Professor, Heidelburg.

1847, Megrowitz, Alex., Willna. 1848, Metternich, Prince Richard, Vienna. 1849, Magnus, Gustav, Berlin.

1849, Mohl, Jules, Paris. 1850, Martins, Ch., do.

1850, Malmsten, Prof. P. II., Stockholm.

Nachot, Dr. H. W., Saxony. Natschayof, Prof., St. Petersburg. Nebel, Henry, Heidelberg. Nevins, J. W., Philadelphia 1847, Nilsson, Prof. S., Lund, Sweden.

Noislieu, Martin de.

Nolthenius, H. J., Batavia. 1842, Nuttall, Professor, Philadelphia. 1845, Norton, John P., Connecticut.

1845, Naville, Emile, Geneva.

1850, Norton, Charles Elliot, Cambridge, U. S.

Omer, Effendi, Cairo. Otto, Edward, Berlin. Oxley, Charles, New Orleans. Ord, George, Philadelphia. Ostberg, Charles, Stockholm. Otto, Dr. Adolph W., Germany.

1843, Oliffe, Dr., Paris.

1846, Œrsted, Dr., Copenhagen.

Parigot, Dr., Prof. of Geology, Brussels.

Parigot, M. J., Ghent. Parker, Wm., Cincinnati, Ohio.

1842, Pattberg, Henry, Berlin. Pearsall, R. L., Carlsruhe. Phillips, Hardman, Pennsylvania. Phillips, Rev. Edward, South Carolina. Peithman, Dr., Berlin. Peithman, M., Berlin. Piot, Felix, Royal Acad. Engineers, Paris.

Pironde, Cyrus, Marseilles. Popp, Alexander, Paris. 1846, Prevost, A. P. Geneva.

1847, Plantamour, Dr. Philip, Geneva. 1847, Puggaard, Christopher, Copenhagen. 1847, Pedot, Charles, Paris.

1848, Plücker, Professor, Bonn.

1849, Pisani, Vincenza, Lucca, Italy.

1850, Parlatore, Philip, Prof. of Botany, Florence

1833, Quetelet, L. A. J., Astron.-Royal, Brussels.

Ruthen, A. B. Von, Vienna. 1836, Raumer, F. Von, Professor, Berlin. Redtenbacker, Dr. Joseph, Prague.

1842, Reichel, His Excellency M. Riernacki, L., Calitz, Poland. Rivas, San Benigno, Carara, Venezuela. Roberts, S. W., Philadelphia. Rochemont, Pictot de, Geneva. Roeser, Dr. Jacque de, Bartenstein, Wurtemburg.

1848, Rogers, H. D., Professor, Philadelphia. Rostain, A., Paris. Ritter, Professor Carl, Berlin.

1846, Rose, Professor H., Berlin.

1847, Rosen, A. E. de, Officer in Swedish Royal Naval Engineers, Stockholm.

1847, Redl, Lieut. Charles, Austrian Artillery. 1847, Reichman, A. de Plauta, Grisons, Switzerland.

1847, Riggenbuch, Albert, Basle.

1848, Rogers, Professor H. D., Boston, U. S. 1849, Rogers, Professor W. B., Virginia.

1849, Rinman, L., Civil Engineer, Stockholm. 1850, Rangabé, A. R., Professor of Archæology, Athens.

1842, Sauli, Marquis, Genoa. Sautter, A. E., Geneva. Sautter, Mauirick, Geneva. Sautter, Louis, Geneva. Saxon, Joseph, Philadelphia.

1840, Scheffkine, General, St. Petersburg. 1842, Schoolcraft, Henry R., America. Schwabe, George, Hamburg. Searle, M., Vienna. Sedgwick, Theodore, United States.

Sentis, Eugene, Paris. Scriber, M., Lille.

Schifler, Commodore, Royal Danish Navy. Seybert, Henry, Philadelphia.

Shafhaeutl, Professor, Munich.

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,	Shubarth, Dr. E. L., Professor, Berlin. Spencer, J., Philadelphia. Stanley, Professor, New Haven University, U. S.
	Stevenson, the Hon. Andrew, American Am-
	bassador.
	St. John, Professor, Yale College, U. S.
	St. Leger, M. De, Paris.
	Ström, H. C. Norway.
	Suermonat, M., Utrecht.
10,	Summer, Charles, Boston, U. S.
	Szyrma, Colonel, LL.D., Warsaw.
	1847, Schomburg, Chevalier, Prussia.

184 184 1845, Senftenberg, Baron, Bohemia.

1845, Splittgerber, M., Berlin.

1845, Strzelecki, Count P. E. de, Prussia. 1846, Schoenbein, Professor, Basle.

1846, Svanberg, Dr., Upsala. 1846, Schwabe, Capt., Imperial Russian Engineers.

1846, Sievers, Dr., Gotha.

1847, Schinz, Dr. E., Prof. at Arau, Switzerland.

1847, Struve, W., Pulkowa.

1847, Shaw, H. Norton, Denmark. 1847, Svedbom, Peter, Stockholm. 1848, Siljeström, Dr. P. A., Prof., Stockholm. 1849, Schroetter, A., Prof. of Chemistry, Vienna. 1850, Story, W. W., Boston.

1850, Savinon, Domingo, Mexico.

1850, Struve, Otto, Observatory, Pulkowa. 1850, Smyth, Thomas, D.D., United States.

1842, Tait, Peter, Director of Mining Machinery in the Ural Mountains. Tanner, Professor P., Joannian University, Styria.

1842, Taylor, Philip, Marseilles. 1842, Taylor, Edward Marseilles. Tickner, George, Boston, U. S.

Tocqueville, M. de, Paris. 1842, Tardy, Aug. J., Mobile, Ala., U. S.

Togno, Dr., Philadelphia. Tolly, Baron B. de, Russia. Toorn, A. Van der, Holland. Torrigiani, M. Carlo, Florence.

1834, Treviranus, Dr. L. C., Bonn. 1843, Tamnau, Dr. F., Berlin.

1847, Tutschek, L., M.D., Munich. 1847, Terlechi, Ignatius de. 1849, Teschemacher, J. E., Boston, U. S. 1850, Tappan, John, Boston, U. S.

Ullmann, C., Weimar. Urano, Carlo, Royal Academy, Antwerp.

Vaux, M., Sec. Amer. Minister, London. Varrentrapp, Dr. Francis, Frankfort. Verneuil, M. de. Velasquez de Leon, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Vlastos, Chios, Vogel, Dr., Bonn. 1847, 1849, & 1850, Vrij, J. E., Ph. D., Chemical

Lecturer, Rotterdam. 1849, Viennot, T. C., Attaché à l'Ambassade de France.

1849, Vierndt, C. H. Th., Ph. D., University, Leipzic.

Warden, M. F., Secretary to Royal Danish Warren, Dr. J. C., Boston, U. S.

Wedal, Count, Jarlsberg, Norway. Wedal, Baron Jarlsberg, Norway. White, J. R., Philadelphia.

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Wolff, Dr., Hanover.

1844, Wagner, Tobias, United States. 1845, Waltershausen, Baron W. S. de, Göttingen.

1845, Waidele, M.D., Vienna.

1846, Wartmann, Professor, Lausanne. 1846, Wappaüs, Dr., Professor, Göttingen. 1846, Wisenlohř, Professor, Carlsruhe. 1847, Wetterstedt, Baron Charles, Sweden.

1848, Wood, Dr. G. B., Philadelphia. 1849, Wilson, E. E., M.D., Philadelphia.

Zoppertz, F., Darmstadt.

From	America	,			79
	France			*	55
	Germany			16	4 0.
	Prussia		٠.		40
	Switzerla	nd			. 23
	Sweden				9
	Austria				10
	Belgium	٠			7
	Italy				17
	Greece	v			5
	Holland				 9

Having thus given our readers some account of the general history of the British Association, with the names of the officebearers by whom its affairs have been conducted, and of the foreigners who have been induced to attend it, we come now to the more important part of our subject, namely, to describe the objects of the Association, and the manner in which they have been carried out. The following is the invariable formula in which the objects of the Association have been expressed and circulated:-"The Association contemplates no interference with the ground occupied by other institutions, Its objects are, to give a stranger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific inquiry,—to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the British Empire, with one another, and with foreign philosophers,—to obtain a more general attention to the objects of science, and a removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the success with which the purely scientific and the social objects of the Association have The purely scientific been accomplished. objects of the Association have been carried out in three several ways. First, By requesting and printing Reports on the present state of different branches of science; secondly, by granting sums of money to small committees or individuals to enable them to carry on new researches on subjects of abstract and practical science; thirdly, by recommending to Government to undertake expeditions of discovery, or to make grants of money for certain scientific and national purposes which were beyond the means of the Association; and, fourthly, by the original communications made to the several sections, and the discus-

sions to which they give rise.

The original Reports made to the Association, and published in its Transactions, are documents of the highest value to science. The zeal and ability with which they have been drawn up are equalled only by the noble self-devotion by which they are characterized. A request from the Association commanded, as if by an electric stroke, the services of its members, and no reward was ever offered to, and no favor ever received by, the generous individuals who have devoted their time to the composition of these valuable documents. The same remarks are applicable to those who have undertaken and carried on original researches, most frequently without any pecuniary grant, and sometimes only with such a grant as was necessary to pay the direct scientific expenses of the inquiry. No part of the grant has ever been paid to the philosopher for his time and labor, and no part of it even for his personal expenses. In thus referring to these Reports, we may, without giving offence to others, mention especially Dr. Whewell, Professor Airy, the Dean of Ely, Professor Forbes, and Dr. Lloyd, who gave us the earliest and best examples of this species of labor.

It would be difficult to convey to our readers any sufficient idea of the value and extent of the work which has been accomplished by grants from the funds of the Association. The following General Statement of the sums annually voted, when compared with the corresponding Reports, cannot fail

to be gratifying to the reader:—

General Statement of Sums which have been paid on Account of Grants for Scientific purposes.

	18	334.					
Tide Discussions,	. 18	335.	٠	•	£20	0	0
Tide Discussions,	.,	*		÷	62	0	0
British Fossil Ichthy	olog	y, .			105	0	0
					£187	0	0
	18	336.					
Tide Discussions,					£163	0	0
British Fossil Ichthy	rolog	y,			105	0	0
Thermometric Obser	rvati	ons,	dec.		50	0	0
Experiments on long	g-con	itini	ied He	at,	. 17	1	0
Rain Gauges, .					9	13	0
Refraction Experim	ents,				15	0	0
Lunar Nutations,					60	0	0
Thermometers,		٠			15	0	0
					£434	14	0

1	1837.	£284	1	0
	Title Discussions,	24	13	6
ł	Chemical Constants,	70	0	0
1	Lunar Nutations,	100		0
Į	Observations on Waves,	150	0	0
1	Tides at Bristol,		0	0
	ature,	89	5	0
	Vitrification Experiments,	150	0	0
ı	Heart Experiments,	. 8	4	6
	Barometric Observations,	30	0	0
ı	Barometers,	11	18	6
I		£918	14	6
ı				
	1838.			
	Tide Discussions,	£29	0	0
	British Fossil Fishes,	100	0	0
ı	Meteorological Observations and Ane-		_	_
	mometer (construction),	100	0	0
ı	Cast Iron (strength of),	- 60	0	0
	Animal and Vegetable Substances (pre-		1	10
	servation of)	19 41	$\frac{1}{12}$	10
ı	Railway Constants,	50	0	0
ı	Growth of Plants,	.75	0	0
	Mud in Rivers,	. 3	6	6
ı	Education Committee,	. 50	0	0
i	Heart Experiments,	5	3	0
ł	Land and Sea Level,	267	8	7
	Subterranean Temperature,	8	6	0
	Steam-vessels,	100	0	0
ł	Meteorological Committee,	31		5
ı	Thermometers,	16	4	0
		COFC	10	0
		£956	12	2
		£956	12	2
	1839.			
	1839. Fossil Ichthyology,	£110	0	0
	1839. Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout	£110 h, 63	0 10	0 0
	1839. Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves,	£110	0 10 2	0
	1839. Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides,	£110 h, 63 144 35	0 10	0 0 0
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature,	£110 h, 63 144 35	0 10 2	0 0 0
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments,	£110 h, 63 144 35	0 10 2 18	0 0 0 0 6
	1839. Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments,	£110 b, 63 144 35 - 21 9	0 10 2 18	0 0 0 6 0 7
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants,	£110 b, 63 144 35 - 21 9 100 28	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level,	£110 b, 63 144 35 - 21 9 100 28 274	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines,	£110 b, 63 144 35 - 21 9 100 28 274 100	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4
	1839. Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Celeste	£110 b, 63 144 35 - 21 9 100 28 274 100 331	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6
	1839. Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout: Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Céleste Stars in Lacaille,	£110 b, 63 144 35 - 21 9 100 28 274 100 331	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 0
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in Lacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue,	£110 h, 63 144 35 21 9 100 28 274 100 331 11	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16	0 0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 0 6
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout. Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in Hacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions,	£110 b, 63 144 35 21 9 100 28 274 100 331 11 6	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16 10	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 0 6
	1839. Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout: Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in Lacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall,	£110 b, 63 144 35 21 9 100 28 274 100 331 11 6 10	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16 10 0	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 0 6 0 0 6 0 0 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall, Atmospheric Air,	£110 b, 63 144 35 21 9 100 28 274 100 331 11 6 10 50	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 16 10 0 1	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 0 6 0 0 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout: Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Céleste Stars in Histoire Céleste Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall, Atmospheric Air, Cast and Wrought Iron, Heat on Organic Bodies,	£110 b, 63 144 35 21 9 100 28 274 100 331 11 6 10 50 16 40	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16 10 0 1 0	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 0 6 0 0 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
	1839. Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Céleste Stars in Lacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall, Atmospheric Air, Cast and Wrought Iron, Heat on Organic Bodies, Gases on Solar Spectrum,	£110 b, 63 144 35 21 9 100 28 274 100 331 11 6 10 16 40 3 22	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 16 10 0 1	0 0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 0 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
	1839. Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout: Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in Lacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall, Atmospheric Air, Cast and Wrought Iron, Heat on Organic Bodies, Gases on Solar Spectrum, Hourly Meteorological Observations In	£110 b, 63 144 35 21 9 100 28 274 100 331 11 6 10 16 40 3 22	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16 10 0 1 0 0	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 0 6 0 0 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in Lacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall, Atmospheric Air, Cast and Wrought Iron, Heat on Organic Bodies, Gases on Solar Spectrum, Hourly Meteorological Observations, In verness and Kingussie,	£110 b, 63 144 35 21 9 100 28 274 100 331 11 6 10 16 40 3 22	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16 10 0 1 0 0	0 0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 0 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in Lacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall, Atmospheric Air, Cast and Wrought Iron, Heat on Organic Bodies, Gases on Solar Spectrum, Hourly Meteorological Observations, In verness and Kingussie, Fossil Reptiles,	£1100 h, 63 1444 35 21 9 1000 331 111 50 16 40 3 22	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16 10 0 0 1 0 0	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 0 6 0 0 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in Lacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall, Atmospheric Air, Cast and Wrought Iron, Heat on Organic Bodies, Gases on Solar Spectrum, Hourly Meteorological Observations, In verness and Kingussie,	£1100 h, 63 144 35 140 28 274 1000 166 40 3 22 21 49	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16 10 0 0 1 0 0 7	0 0 0 6 6 0 7 0 2 4 4 0 6 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 8
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Céleste Stars in Lacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall, Atmospheric Air, Cast and Wrought Iron, Heat on Organic Bodies, Gases on Solar Spectrum, Hourly Meteorological Observations, In verness and Kingussie, Fossil Reptiles, Mining Statistics,	£1100 h, 63 1444 355 21 9 1000 28 274 1000 3311 116 6 400 3 22 24 49 118 50	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16 10 0 0 1 0 0 7 7 7 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
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	Tossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in Lacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall, Atmospheric Air, Cast and Wrought Iron, Heat on Organic Bodies, Gases on Solar Spectrum, Hourly Meteorological Observations, In verness and Kingussie, Fossil Reptiles, Mining Statistics,	£1100 h, 63 1444 355 21 9 1000 28 274 1000 3311 116 6 400 3 22 24 49 118 50	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16 10 0 0 1 0 0 7 7 7 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 6 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
	Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Céleste Stars in Lacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall, Atmospheric Air, Cast and Wrought Iron, Heat on Organic Bodies, Gases on Solar Spectrum, Hourly Meteorological Observations, In verness and Kingussie, Fossil Reptiles, Mining Statistics,	£1100 h, 63 144 35 21 19 1000 28 274 1000 3311 11 6 400 3 22 21 49 118 50	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16 10 0 0 0 7 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	0 0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 0 0 6 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
	1839. Fossil Ichthyology, Meteorological Observations at Plymout Mechanism of Waves, Bristol Tides, Meteorology and Subterranean Tempe rature, Vitrification Experiments, Cast Iron Experiments, Railway Constants, Land and Sea Level, Steam-Vessels' Engines, Stars in Histoire Celeste Stars in Lacaille, Stars in Lacaille, Stars in R. A. S. Catalogue, Animal Secretions, Steam-engines in Cornwall, Atmospheric Air, Cast and Wrought Iron, Heat on Organic Bodies, Gases on Solar Spectrum, Hourly Meteorological Observations, In verness and Kingussie, Fossil Reptiles, Mining Statistics,	£1100 h, 63 144 35 21 9 100 28 274 100 33 311 11 6 10 50 16 40 3 22 24 49 118 50	0 10 2 18 11 4 0 7 1 0 18 0 16 10 0 0 0 7 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0 6 0 7 0 2 4 4 0 6 6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
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Land and Sea Level, 6	11	1	Constant Indicator and Dynamometric		
Stars (Histoire Céleste),		3	Instruments,	0	0
Stars (Lacaille)	15	0	Force of Wind,		0
Stars (Lacaille),	0	0	Light on Growth of Seeds, 8		0
Atmospheric Air	15	0	Vital Statistics, 50	0	0
Water on Iron	n	0	Vital Statistics, 50 Vegetative Power of Seeds, 8		11
Atmospheric Air, 15 Water on Iron, 10 Heat on Organic Bodies, 7 Meteorological Observations, 52 Foreign Scientific Memoirs, 112 Working Population, 100 School Statistics, 50 Forms of Vessels, 184 Chemical and Electrical Phenomena, 40	0	0	Questions on Human Race, 7	9	0
Meteorological Observations 52	17	6			
Foreign Scientific Memoirs	1	6	£1449	17	8
Working Population 100	0	0			
School Statistics 50	.0	Ü	1048		
Forms of Vessels 184	7	0	1843.		
Chemical and Electrical Phenomena, 40	0	0	Revision of the Nomenclature of Stars, £2	0	0
Meteorological Observations at Plymouth, 80		0	Reduction of Stars, British Association		
Magnetical Observations, 185	1.3	9	Catalogue, 25	0	0
	20		Anomalous Tides, Frith of Forth, . 120	0	0
£1546	16	4	Hourly Meteorological Observations at		
	10		Kinguisse and Inverness, 77	12	8
1841.			Meteorological Observations at Plymouth, 55	0	0
	^	^	Whewell's Meteorological Anemometer		
Observations on Waves, £30	0	0	at Plymouth	0	0
Meteorology and Subterranean Temper-			Meteorological Observations, Osler's Ane-		
ature,	8	0	mometer at Plymouth, 20		0
Actinometers,		0	Reduction of Meteorological Observations, 30	0	0
Earthquake Shocks,	7	0	Meteorological Instruments and Gratui-		
Aerid Poisons, 6		0	ties,	6	0
Veins and Absorbents,	0	0	Construction of Anemometer at Inver-		
Mud in Rivers, 5	. 10	0		12	. 2
Marine Zoology,		8	Magnetic Co-operation, 10	8	10
Skeleton Maps, 20	0	0	Meteorological Recorder for Kew Ob-		
Mountain Barometers, 6		.6	servatory, 50	0	0
Stars (Histoire Céleste),		0	Servatory, 50 Action of Gases on Light, 18 Establishment at Kew Observatory	16	1
Stars (Lacaille),	5	0			
Stars (Nomenclature of),		6	Wages, Repairs, Furniture, and		
Stars (Catalogue of), 40		0	Sundries,	4	7
Water on Iron, 50	0.	0	Experiments by Captive Balloons, . 81	8	0
Meteorology and Subterranean Temperature, 8 Actinometers, 10 Earthquake Shocks, 17 Acrid Poisons, 6 Veins and Absorbents, 3 Mud in Rivers, 5 Marine Zoology, 15 Skeleton Maps, 20 Mountain Barometers, 6 Stars (Histoire Céleste), 185 Stars (Lacaille), 79 Stars (Nomenclature of), 17 Stars (Catalogue of), 40 Water on Iron, 50 Meteorological Observations at Inverness, 20	0	0	Oxydation of the Rails of Railways, . 20	0	0
Meteorolegical Observations (reduction			Publication of Report on Fossil Reptiles, 40	0	0
of),	0	0	Colored Drawings of Railway Sections, 147	18	3
Fossil Reptiles, 50 Foreign Memoirs, 62 Railway Sections, 38 Forms of Vessels, 193	0	0	Registration of Earthquake Shocks, . 30	0	0
Foreign Memoirs, 62	0	0	Report on Zoological Nomenclature, 10		0
Railway Sections,	1	6	I I Theory aming Lower Red Sandstone near		
Forms of Vessels,	12	0	Manchester 4	4	6
Meteorological Observations at Plymouth, 55	U	0	Vegetative Power of Seeds 5	3	8
Magnetical Observations,	18	8	Marine Testacea (Habits of) 10	0	.0
Fishes of the Old Red Sandstone, . 100	0	0	Marine Zoology	0	Θ
Tides at Leith,	0	0	Manchester, 4 Vegetative Power of Seeds, 5 Marine Testacea (Habits of), 10 Marine Zoology, 10 Marine Zoology, 2 Preparation of Report on British Fossil Mammalia, 100	14	11
Anemometer at Edinburgh, 69	1		Preparation of Report on British Fossil		
Tabulating Observations, 9	6	3	Mammalia, 100	0	(Q)
Races of Men, 5	0	0	Physiological Operation of Medicinal		
Radiate Animals,	0	0	Agents, 20	0	0
	-	-	Vital Statistics,	5	8
£1235	10	11	Additional Experiments on the Forms		
			of Vessels	0	0
1842.			Additional Experiments on the Forms		
Dynamometric Instruments, . £113	11	2	of Vessels, 100	0	0
Anoplura Brittannie,	12	0	Reduction of Observations on the Forms		
Tides at Bristol,	8	0	of Vessels, 100	0	0
22000 100 100 100 100 100 100 100 100 10	14	7	Morin's Instrument and Constant Indi-		
Chronometers,		6	cator, 69	14	10
Marine Zoology,		0	Experiments on the Strength of Mate.		
British Fossil Mammalia, 100	ó	0	rials, 60	0	0
Statistics of Education, 20	0	0			
Marine Steam-vessels' Engines, 28	0	0	£1565	10	2
Millian State .	0	0			_
Stars (Histoire Céleste),	0	0			
Railway Sections		0	1844.		
Total I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I		0	Meteorological Observations at Kin-		
	0	0	ouisse and Inverness, . £12		0
Fossil Reptiles (publication of Report), 210	0	0	Completing Observations at Plymouth, 35	0	0
Forms of Vessels,	8	6	Magnetic and Meteorological Co-opera-		
Galvanic Experiments on Rocks, 5 Meteorological Experiments at Plymouth, 68	0	0		8	4
Wefeolological Tyberiments and illuments, on					

Publication of the British Association	Fossil Fishes of the London Clay, . 100 0 0
Catalogue of Stars, 35 0 0	Computation of the Gaussian Constants, for 1839, 50 0 0
Observations on Tides on the East Coast of Scotland, 100 0 0	Maintaining the Establishment at Kew
Revision of the Nomenclature of Stars,	Observatory,
Maintaining the Establishment in Kew	rials 60 0 0
Observatory,	Researches in Asphyxia, 6 16 2 Examination of Fossil Shells 10 0 0
Instruments for Kew Observatory, . 56 7 3 Influence of Light on Plants, 10 0 0	
Subterraneous Temperature in Ireland, 5 0 0	Vitality of Seeds, . . 1844, 2 15 10 Vitality of Seeds, . . 1845, 7 12 3
Colored Drawings of Railway Sections, 15 17 6	Vitality of Seeds,
Investigation of Fossil Fishes of the Lower Tertiary Strata, 100 0 0	Marine Zoology of Britain, 10 0 0 Exotic Anoplura, 1844, 25 0 0
Registering the Shocks of Earthquakes,	Expenses attending Anemometers, . II 7 6
Researches into the Structure of Fossil	Anemometers' Repairs,
Shells, 20 0 0	Captive Balloons, 1844, 8 19 8 Varieties of the Human Race, . 1844, 7 6 3
Radiata and Mollusca of the Ægean and	
Red Seas, 1842 100 0 0 Geographical Distributions of Marine	Statistics of Sickness and Mortality at York,
Zoology, 1842 0 10 0	
Marine Zoology of Devon and Cornwall, 10 0 0 Marine Zoology of Corfu, 10 0 0	£685 16 0
Experiments on the Vitality of Seeds, 9 0 3	1847.
Experiments on the Vitality of Seeds,	Computation of the Gaussian Constants
Researches on Exotic Anoplura, 1842 8 7 3 15 0 0	
Experiments on the Strength of Mate-	for 1839, 0 0 Habits of Marine Animals, .
rials,	Marine Zoology of Cornwall, 10 0 0
of Ships, 100 0 0	Researches on Atmospheric Waves, . 6 9 3
of Ships,	Vitality of Seeds,
Investigations on the Internal Constitu- tion of Metals, 50 0 0	Observatory, 107 8 6
Constant Indicator and Morin's Instru-	£203 5 4
ment,	
£981 12 8	1848.
1845.	Maintaining the Establishment at Kew
Publication of the British Association	Observatary, £171 15 11 Researches on Atmospheric Waves, . 3 10 9
Catalogue of stars, £351 14 6	Vitality of Seeds, 9 15 0
Meteorological Observations at Inverness, 30 18 11 Magnetic and Meteorological Co-opera-	Completion of Catalogue of Stars, . 70 0 0 On Coloring Matters,
tion,	On Coloring Matters,
Meteorological Instruments at Edinburgh, 18 11 9 Reduction of Anemometrical Observa-	
tions at Plymouth, 25 0 0	£275 1 8
tions at Plymouth,	1,849.
tory, 43 17 8 Maintaining the Establishment in Kew	Electrical Observations at Kew Obser-
Observatory, 149 15 0	vatory,
For Kreil's Barometrograph, . 25 0 0 Gases from Iron Furnaces, . 50 0 0	Vitality of Seeds 5 9 1
Experiments on the Actinograph, . 15 0 0	
	On Growth of Plants,
Microscopic Structure of Shells, 20 0 0	On Growth of Plants, 5 0 0 Registration of Periodical Phænomena, 10 0 0
Exotic Anoplura, 1843, 10 0 0	On Growth of Plants, Registration of Periodical Phænomena, Bill on account of Anemometrical Observations, 13 9 0
Exotic Anoplura, 1848, 10 0 0 Vitality of Seeds,	On Growth of Plants, Registration of Periodical Phænomena, 10 0 0 Bill on account of Anemometrical Observations, 13 9 0
Exotic Anoplura,	On Growth of Plants, Registration of Periodical Phænomena, 10 0 0 Bill on account of Anemometrical Observations, 13 9 0 £159 19 6
Exotic Anoplura,	On Growth of Plants, Registration of Periodical Phænomena, 10 0 0 Bill on account of Anemometrical Observations, 13 9 0 £159 19 6
Exotic Anoplura,	On Growth of Plants, Registration of Periodical Phænomena, 10 0 0 Bill on account of Anemometrical Observations, 13 9 0 £159 19 6 Maintaining Establishment at Kew Observations
Exotic Anoplura,	On Growth of Plants, Registration of Periodical Phænomena, 10 0 0 Bill on account of Anemometrical Observations, 13 9 0 £159 19 6 Maintaining Establishment at Kew Observations
Exotic Anoplura,	On Growth of Plants, Registration of Periodical Phænomena, 10 0 0 Bill on account of Anemometrical Observations, 13 9 0 £159 19 6 1850. Maintaining Establishment at Kew Observatory, Earthquake Waves, 50 0 0 Registration of Periodical Phenomena, 15 0 0
Exotic Anoplura,	On Growth of Plants, Registration of Periodical Phænomena, Bill on account of Anemometrical Observations, 1850. Maintaining Establishment at Kew Observatory, Earthquake Waves, Registration of Periodical Phenomena, Meteorological Instruments for the Azore
Exotic Anoplura,	On Growth of Plants, Registration of Periodical Phænomena, 10 0 0 Bill on account of Anemometrical Observations, 13 9 0 £159 19 6 1850. Maintaining Establishment at Kew Observatory, Earthquake Waves, 50 0 0 Registration of Periodical Phenomena, 15 0 0
Exotic Anoplura,	On Growth of Plants, Registration of Periodical Phænomena, Bill on account of Anemometrical Observations, 1850. Maintaining Establishment at Kew Observatory, Earthquake Waves, Registration of Periodical Phenomena, Meteorological Instruments for the Azore Islands, £345 18 0

Extracts from Resolutions of the General Com-

Committees and individuals, to whom grants of money for scientific purposes have been entrusted, are required to present to each following meeting of the Association a Report of the progress which has been made; with a statement of the sums which have been expended, and the balance which remains disposable on each grant.

Grants of pecuniary aid for scientific purposes from the funds of the Association expire at the ensuing meeting, unless it shall appear by a Report that the recommendations have been acted on, or a continuation of them be ordered by the General

Committee.

In each Committee, the member first named is the person entitled to call on the Treasurer, John Tayfor, Esq., 6, Queen Street Place Upper Thames Street, London, for such portion of the sum granted as may from time to time be required.

In grants of money to Committees, the Association does not contemplate the payment of personal ex-

penses to the members.

In all cases where additional grants of money are made for the continuation of Researches at the cost of the Association, the sum named shall be deemed to include, as a part of the amount, the specified balance which may remain unpaid on the former grant for the same object.—Report of 1849, pp. xxii-xxvii.

Nor has the Association been less successful in the applications which they have made to Government and to other public bodies, for pecuniary aid in the accomplishment of objects beyond their own means of execution. So early as 1832, it was resolved to apply to Lord Grey's Government for the means of reducing the observations of Bradley, Maskelyne, and Pond, on the sun, moon, and planets, from the year 1750 to the present day. The request was immediately complied with, and £500 advanced by the Treasury.

One of the most important objects which has been pursued by the Association, is the encouragement they have given to magnetic observations, and the establishment of physical observatories. The origin and history of this branch of scientific research have not been recorded, so far as we can find, in any of the Reports or Proceedings of the Association. In the year 1823, when the celebrated Professor Oersted of Copenhagen projected a tour through England, Professor Hansteen of Christiania, in Norway, requested him to make a series of observations on the intensity of the magnetic force in this country; and he entrusted to him a magnetic needle, which had been used in various parts of the Continent, where the time had been ascertained, in which it performed 300 horizontal oscillations.* When Professor Oer-

sted was in Edinburgh on the 23d July 1823, he and Sir David Brewster made a series of observations with it in a field behind Coates Crescent, and nearly at the intersection of Walker Street and Melville Street. These observations were then the most westerly of any that had been previously made. In order to determine the intensity of the magnetic force throughout Scotland, Sir David Brewster, who was then General Secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, ordered for that body Professor Hansteen's apparatus. When this instrument arrived from Christiania, where it was constructed by Professor Hansteen himself, and furnished with his own needle, which he had previously compared with his standard one, in June 1827, Sir David put the apparatus into the hands of Mr. James Dunlop, (with the letter of instructions which he had received from the Professor,) who had agreed to make observations with it throughout Scotland. Mr. Dunlop accordingly travelled along our east and west coasts in June, July, and August, 1829, and made that admirable series of magnetical observations which was communicated to the Royal Society in 1830.*

In 1832, when the vast importance of magnetical and meteorological observations had been recognized throughout Europe, Sir David Brewster, who had pointed out the remarkable connection between the curvature of the magnetic lines and that of Humboldt's isothermal lines, was very desirous of having Physical Observatories established in Great Britain and her colonies, in which magnetical and meteorological observations should be conducted. Baron Humboldt had, during his grand tour through Russia in 1829, induced the Emperor to establish a series of magnetic observations in different parts of Asia, an example which was followed by other European sovereigns, and even by the Chinese Government, so that it was no unreasonable proposal that the Government of a great maritime nation should do what almost all others had done. With these views, Sir David Brewster wrote to Mr. Harcourt, in April 1832, and proposed that the British Association should take steps for the establishment of Physical Observatories. He had previously drawn up a plan for such institutions, and submitted it to an individual of high rank and great influence with the Government, but the countenance of a scientific

^{*} Edinburgh Encyclopædia, Art. VARIATION of the Needle, vol. xviii. p. 711.

^{*} Edinburgh Transactions, vol. xii., Part i., p. 1. See also First Report, 1831, p. 52. + Edinburgh Transactions, 1820, vol. ix. p. 223.

body was required to give effect to any private application. In a letter dated May 4, 1832, Mr. Harcourt says—

"With respect to a Physical Observatory, I do not know what Humboldt's plans have been, except so far as regards his copper houses for magnetical experiments; but it is easy to conceive a national establishment for observations and experiments of a certain order which would be in the highest degree desirable, and to which the only impediment which forbids us to hope that it can soon be realized, is the state of the national finances. Should these improve, as I trust they will, and should the Government assign a few thousands a-year to the support of such an establishment, I do not think that much objection would be raised, even by a reformed parliament, or by the country, jealous, and often ignorantly jealous, as it now is, of the public expenditure. At such a moment I conceive that our Association might exert itself to promote this object with the greatest effect. Let a committee of the best men be appointed to draw up a report on the manner in which science is affected by the laws and taxes, and on the manner in which it might be promoted by public encouragement—a sound and eloquent politico-scientific report;—let this report be adopted by the following meeting of the Association, and embodied in a petition to the Legislature, with the signatures of all our eminent men of science, and with the support of all its patrons. This would have weight, much greater weight than anything that an individual in office or out of office can say or do: much greater weight also than the application of any scientific council."

These excellent views were not adopted either at Oxford or Cambridge, and the subject of physical or magnetic observations, though referred to in 1834, was not effectually taken up. Another and a higher impulse was given to it by Humboldt himself. In 1836, this distinguished philosopher, ever ready to labor for science, addressed a letter to the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society, urging the establishment of regular magnetic observatories in the British dependencies. The Royal Society obtained a grant of money from the Government, but nothing effectual was done till the Association took up the subject in 1838 at their meeting in Newcastle, and prosecuted it with zeal and success. In that year they not only recommended the erection of magnetic observatories, but appointed a conference of the most distinguished philosophers in Europe to be held in Cambridge, in 1845, in order to establish a system of simultaneous observations in various parts of the world. These services to physical science were still farther increased by the establishment of electrical, magnetical, and meteorological observations

in the Kew Observatory, which her Majesty had placed at the disposal of the British Association for the purposes of scientific inquiry.

The meeting at Newcastle took the still more important step of recommending to the Government an expedition into the Antarctic regions, to determine the place of the southern pole, and to advance other branches of science. Lord Melbourne's Government listened to the application, and the expedition was entrusted to Captain J. C. Ross,* a

member of the Association.

In the year 1843 the Association applied to Sir Robert Peel's Government for the means of publishing the Catalogue of Stars in Lalande's Histoire Céleste, and also Lacaille's Catalogue of Stars in the Southern Hemisphere, and £1000 was liberally placed at their disposal for this purpose: and they are now applying to the present Government for the means of erecting in a southern climate a large reflecting telescope, to make observations which cannot be so well carried on in our own.

From these details it will be seen with what zeal and success the British Association pursued many of those grand objects for which it was founded. It is impossible to praise too highly the self-devotion and the sacrifice of all personal considerations with which these great services to science have been performed. The nineteen volumes of Reports in which they are embalmed have made known to every part of the civilized world, and will proclaim to future ages, the Herculean labors which the philosophers of England have combined to achieve. The nation may well be proud of possessing men who have so nobly and disinterestedly labored to sustain its scientific glory; and the Governments which have ruled England for the last twenty years may congratulate themselves on having seen the peculiar duties which every other Government performs, discharged by voluntary laborers, and discharged in such a way as to advance the highest interests of the State.

We regret that in awarding this high praise we should be obliged, as we have already been, to utter the slightest note of censure; but the duty we have undertaken, and which we owe to science and the Association itself, would be but ill discharged were we not to place in full relief the grand error of the Association in neglecting its highest and noblest function—that of the

reform of the Patent Laws and the national encouragement of science. In doing this, it is fortunate that our observations can have no personal bearing. The blame lies with the Association as a body; and our light shafts will be tipt with but a healing ointment, even if they should penetrate the integuments of the rhinoceros.

It has been justly asked why we and the other friends of the national encouragement of science, have never proposed at any of their annual meetings, that the Association should carry out its original objects. The question is easily answered. Had this step been taken there can be little doubt that a large majority of the Association would have entered into our views, but this advantage might have been obtained by a disruption in the body, which might have been attended with the most injurious consequences. The singular unanimity and kindly feeling which has marked all the proceedings of the Association might have disappeared in the attempt to carry out views which were not those of the entire body. We, therefore, and those who thought with us, refused to take such a step, and were thus led to pursue individually that course of action which might gain for science and scientific men that national encouragement which the Association declined to recommend.

The history of science presents many examples where individual zeal has accomplished more than social combination; and our readers will be surprised to find how much it has accomplished in wresting from the unwilling government of their country the tribute which they should have voluntarily paid to the most useful servants of the State. sooner had the Whig Government come into power, which took place a few months after the first meeting at York, than one or two of the most active members of the Association placed themselves in communication with some of the leading members of the Cabinet, to plead the cause of the national encouragement of science. Lord Brougham was especially moved by the views which were presented to him, and in 1831 the Guelphic order was, on his recommendation, conferred by William IV. on Mr. Herschel, Mr. Charles Bell, Mr. Harris Nicholas, and Dr. Brewster, and the same gentlemen immediately afterwards received the honor of British knighthood. Similar honors were afterwards liberally conferred on distinguished authors, and literary and scientific men, and while in 1830, as asserted in the Quarterly Review, there

"was not within the British isles a single philosopher, however eminent his services, who bore the lowest title that is given to the lowest benefactor of the nation and the humblest servant of the Crown," we can now present the following list of philosophers and authors on whom successive Sovereigns have conferred the honor of knighthood.

* 1831. Sir John Herschel. - Sir David Brewster. - Sir Charles Bell. - Sir Harry Nicholas. 1832. Sir Francis Palgrave. 1833. Sir Frederick Madden. - Sir C. H. Haughton. * 1835. Sir W. R. Hamilton. * 1836. Sir W. F. Hooker. 1838. Sir Henry Ellis. 1840. Sir Gardner Wilkinson. * 1842. Sir Henry De La Beche. * 1844. Sir James C. Ross. * 1845. Sir Charles Fellowes. * 1846. Sir Roderick Murchison. * ___ Sir Robert Kane. * ___ Sir John Richardson. ____ Sir Daniel Sandford. * 1850. Sir Charles Lyell.

But the patronage of the Government was not limited to the honors of the State. They gave a still more direct encouragement to science and literature by pecuniary rewards to those who had deserved well of their country. The following Table contains a list of scientific and literary persons who have received pensions since the foundation of the British Association, omitting those who merely received an addition to their pensions after that period:—†

* 1831. William Smith.

Sir James South.

* 1832-6. Mr. Ivory.

* 1833. Dr. Dalton.

* 1835. Professor Airy.

Dr. Faraday.

* _____ Mr. Jas. Montgomery.

* ____ Mr. Thomas Moore.

1835-41. Mr. B. Thorpe.

* 1835. Mr. Sharon Turner.

Mr. John Banim.

* The asterick denotes Members of the British Association.

[†] These lists contain none of the honors or pensions granted to architects, painters, and military and naval men, because such grants had been often made before.

1837. Miss Mitford. Lady Morgan. 1838. 1839. Colonel Gurwood. * 1841. Sir Wm. Snow Harris. Dr. Anster. Mr. George Burgess. Rev. T. Kidd. * 1842. Professor R. Owen. Mr. John Curtis. Mr. William Wordsworth. * 1843. Mr. Robert Brown. * 1844. Sir Wm. R. Hamilton. * 1846. Professor J. D. Forbes. Mr. Alfred Tennyson. Mrs. Loudon. Mr. Bernard Barton. 1847. Mr. Leigh Hunt. Mr. G. Newport, F.R.S. 1848. Mr. Sheridan Knowles. Mr. W. Carleton. Mr. J. Couch Adams.

In addition to these examples of the direct encouragement of science by the Government, we may mention those distinguished men who received high appointments on account of their great scientific attainments. these were Members of the British Association, and doubtless owed their promotion in some degree to the high reputation which they acquired by their labors in connection with that institution.

The Rev. George Peacock, appointed Dean of Ely.
Professor Airy, "Astronomer Royal.
Dr. Whewell, "Master of Trinity,
Dr. Buckland, "Dean of Westminster, * Professor Airy, * Dr. Whewell, * Dr. Buckland, * Rev. Mr. Challis, * Professor Sedgwick, * Sir W. Hamilton, .. 66 Astronomer at Cambridge. Prebendary of Norwich. Astronomer Royal, Dublin. 66

In examining these three lists in connection with our previous details, it will be difficult to resist the conclusion, that the scientific and literary men who have been thus honored and rewarded owe their honors and rewards, in the first instance, to the zeal and ardor with which the cause of declining and neglected science was plead by the individuals who founded the British Association, both before and after the Association itself had declined to interfere; and it is not unworthy of remark, that we find in these lists the names of individuals who refused to give their aid to that very cause with which their own individual interests are now so closely connected.—Such is the fulfillment of the prophecy of the Quarterly Review, in so far as individuals are concerned.

The cause of the direct encouragement of science has been still farther promoted, and a great step has been recently taken to the formation of a National Institution, the members of which should be ordained by the State to the undivided function of science. It was to such an Institute—that the early members of the British Association looked forward as the great instrument of placing our indigenous science on a level with that of foreign nations, and it is with no small pride that they see it gradually rising into existence.

Sir Isaac Newton had in his day proposed "A Scheme for establishing the Royal So-Society, in which one or two, and at length perhaps three or four fellows of the Royal Society, well skilled in any one of the following branches of philosophy, and as many in each of the rest, should be obliged by pensions and forfeitures (as soon as it can be compassed) to attend the meetings of the Royal Society." He then, with some detail, enumerates five branches of mathematics, physics, and natural history, and then says, "To any one or more of these fellows, such books, letters, and things, as deserve it, may be referred by the Royal Society at their meetings from time to time. And as often as any such fellowship becomes void, it may be filled up by the Royal Society, by a person who hath already invented something new, or made some considerable improvement in that branch of philosophy, or is eminent for skill therein, if such a person can be found. For the reward will be an encouragement to inventors. And it will be an advantage to the Royal Society to have such men at their meetings, and tend to make their meetings numerous and useful, and their body famous and lasting."*

This proposal of having three or four paid members for each of the five branches of science, or twenty members in all, is just a national institute on a small scale, and the idea has been partially carried out by Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel, to the latter of whom it was communicated by Sir David Brewster, in the establishment of the Museum of Practical Geology, which is neither more nor less than an enlargement of the mineralogical, geological, and chemical section of a

National Institute.

This noble institution owes its origin to the suggestion of Sir H. De la Beche, who, in 1835,† submitted the plan of it to Lord

† A Committee on the Mines and Minerals of the Kingdom was suggested by us in 1834. See Edin-

burgh Review, vol. lx. p. 393.

^{*} Two copies of this curious document were discovered by Sir David Brewster among the family papers of Sir Isaac Newton, in the possession of Lord Portsmouth, at Hurtzbourne Park.

Melbourne's Government. Lord Duncannon, who was then at the head of the Woods and Forests, appointed Sir Henry De la Beche to be its director. The object of the institution was to collect specimens illustrative of the application of geology to the useful purposes of life; and hence the Museum of Practical Geology, in which these specimens were to be deposited, became connected with the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, the same officers being in many cases on The following is a list of both services. these distinguished individuals, the asterisk * denoting members of the Association:-

	Salary.
*Sir H. De la Beche, Director-General,	£800
*Professor A. C. Ramsay, Local Director,	400
*Professor Oldham, Do.	
for Ireland.	300
*Professor Edw. Forbes, Palæontologist,	. 300
Mr. Warrington Smith, A.M., Mining	
Geologist,	300
*Mr. J. Beele Jukes, M.A., Geologist, .	250
Mr. Aveline, Geologist for England, .	200
Mr. Bristow, Do. do.	200
Mr. Selwyn, Do. do.	200
Mr. Wilson, Do for Ireland, .	200
Mr. Richard Phillips, Curator,	250
*Dr. Lyon Playfair, Chemist,	250
*Mr. Robert Hunt, Keeper of Mining	~
Records	200
Trenham Recks, Secretary,	150
	£4000

This admirable establishment has been patronized by all parties in the State. was founded by the Whig Government: Sir Robert Peel gave it his best support, and Mr. Joseph Hume not only befriended it, but it was upon his recommendation that the in-

quiry into the economic value of coal for the steam-navy was placed under the care of Sir Henry De la Beche and Dr. Lyon Playfair, the experiments being conducted by Mr. J. A. Phillip, who had been educated in the "Ecole des Mines" at Paris.

The scientific services of the members of this important body are, of course, at the entire disposal of the State; and so great is the demand of the Government for the aid of scientific laborers, that the officers are continually employed in other duties than those which strictly belong to their office. Sir H. De la Beche, for example, has been frequently referred to in cases of colliery explosions, and the examination of harbors. The chemists of the Museum have been engaged in matters connected with sewerage and the health of towns; and Mr. Hunt has been employed on the subject of the selection of glass for conservatories, and the

strength of iron for railways.*

In all these arrangements, we see not only the germ and fruit of a National Institute, but also the necessity as well as the obligation of establishing it. If geology and chemistry have obtained a national establishment for their improvement and extension, astronomy, mechanics, natural history, medicine, &c., literature and the arts, all require the same protection from the State; and if the services of the geological and chemical staff are put in requisition by the Government for the purposes connected with other departments of science, it is surely time that these departments should be similarly endowed.

MONUMENT TO FREDERICK II .-- The Colossal Monument in bronze to Frederick the Great, by Rauch, which it was hoped would be placed on its pedestal on the 15th of October, cannot now be erected till next spring, owing to delay in the delivery of the vast block of granite on which it is to be set up. The king is represented twice the size of life, mounted on a steed of matchless elegance. The movement of the horse represents a slow

trot, but yet it is full of spirit. The pedestal is to contain also groups of the prominent warriors, statesmen, artists, and savans of Frederick's time, all of the size of life, arranged with admirable skill about the king. No other work exists in Europe which can be compared with this; and we know of no other sculptor than Rauch who could have executed it.

^{*} Besides the officers here mentioned, there are about six assistant geologists, receiving from 7s. to 10s. per day, and also assistants in the laboratory, and inessengers for the museum.

^{*} When Sir Humphrey Davy became President of the Royal Society, he found "the Government (Lord Liverpool's) lukewarm or indifferent in matters of science," and when they required and obtained through him the assistance of scientific men for public purposes, "they forgot even to remunerate them for their services!!"

From the Edinburgh Review.

POETRY AND CHARACTER OF HORACE.*

It is an occasional privilege of our craft as reviewers, to turn aside from newly opened paths, and to survey some beaten track upon the great common of literature. We do not, indeed, summon reputations which have become authentic to the critical bar for a rehearing of their case; but we submit them to a fresh analysis, or contemplate them under novel aspects as records of intellectual effort or permanent models of art. It is a privilege we would not willingly forego, and it is one which most readers will cheerfully grant; since it enables both parties to "interpose a little ease" amid the uncertainties and excitement which inevitably attend upon our contemporary politics and literature. essay of the present day can indeed add renown to the metaphysical pyramid of Aquinas, or to the sombre and lustrous vision of Dante. Nevertheless it is good at times to reconsider the laws of strength and beauty which governed the structure of the Summa Theologiæ and the Divine Comedy.

The volumes before us afford a fair pretext for exercising this privilege. They relate, indeed, to lighter matters than those great culminations of mediæval science and imagination. Yet the subjects of them are scarcely less illustrative of the epochs and the circumstances which gave them birth. Few authors have attained a wider reputation than Tasso; none are more popular or indeed beloved than Horace. From Tasso we learn our first lispings in Italian literature, and imbibe perhaps our most vivid impression of the partly religious, partly ferocious passions which, at the close of the eleventh century of the Christian era, precipitated Europe upon Asia. With Horace we connect the memory of days when friendships were first formed, when hopes were most buoyant, and literary aspirations retained their vernal

We purpose, however, being anything rather than critical on this occasion. "Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause." We shall take with us, on our excursion, neither Schlegel nor Dr. Blair. We are off circuit -it is vacation time. We wish for a re-introduction to the men themselves, to their friends and patrons, their employments and amusements, their foibles and their sorrows. In the course of our retrospect, we shall have occasion to mourn as well as to smile: for there were shadows even on Horace's career, and there was an horizon of gloom around the life of Tasso. But whether we mourn or rejoice, it shall be with the poets themselves, and not over the defects of the Gierusalemme, or the imperfect canons of the Art of Poetry. The works have received their imprimatur centuries ago; the men may be studied anew-each from an aspect of his own-as representatives of literary or individual life in Italy, during two distant and highly-cultivated ages.

Horace's address to the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother is not strictly applicable to the relations of Italian and Latin literature, since their several charms are in many respects too unlike for a comparison. The pulchra mater was a majestic and somewhat imperious matron; the pulchrior filia was a susceptible and somewhat voluptuous nymph. The elder literature retained even in its lighter moments and its decline the

promise. With Horace also we associate the remembrance of moments stolen or redeemed from the graver business of life; moments in which, beside the blazing hearth, or through summer noons, we pondered over his pregnant sense and genial wit; or even explored, volume in hand, under Italian skies, the scenery of his Sabine Farm, his Bendusian fountain, and Venusian birthplace. Than Horace and Tasso there are indeed no companions meeter for a critic's holiday, such as we now invite our readers for awhile to share with us.

^{*} The Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, illustrated chiefly from the Remains of Ancient Art. With a Life by the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, Canon of St. Peter's. London: 1849.

stately demeanor of a Cornelia or Æmilia; the younger literature, even its severest garb, reflected the image of a Laura and Fiam-The prelude of the one was the trumpet-chorus of Ennuis and Pacuvius; the prelude of the other was the plaintive and pastoral pipe of the solitary of Vaucluse. Yet between the extremes of Latin and Italian minstrelsy are points of resemblance and affinity which no other literature can exhibit. No other literature, indeed, has enjoyed to the same extent the privilege of metempsy-The Roman tongue, partly from direct transmission, partly from the influence of the Genius Loci, passed into the Italian without such foreign admixtures as render the Spanish language nearly as much Gothic or Arabic as it is Romanesque; and without such curtailments of inflection and euphony as cripple the poetic eloquence at least of France. Of all the daughters of the Roman speech, the Italian, notwithstanding the diversity we have noticed, best represents the features of the maternal idiom. Nor is the resemblance limited to words. The filial thought and idiosyncrasy are genuine grafts from the parent stem. Neither is it restricted to the sphere of intellect: there is a point of view, strange to say, in which it extends also to the sphere of action: The fortunes of the peninsula, in ancient and in modern times, if we include within our survey a sufficient orbit of change and aspect, have not been so dissimilar as they may appear. The Italy of the Cæsars and that of the Popes, the Italy which declined under the Etruscan Lucumons, and that which withered under the feudal Colonne and Ursini, the final centre of Ethnic civilization and the earliest source of Christian art and refinement, afford parallels closer than many which have been fancied by historians or drawn by Plutarch. Before, however, we notice the points of resemblance between the age of Horace and the age of Tasso, we must briefly advert to the works now before us which have led to our proposed combination of these remote, but not alien, epochs in literary annals.

Of the editor of this eminently beautiful and splendid edition of the works of Horace it is almost superfluous for us to speak. Dean Milman, as a poet, an historian, and a critic, has already earned for himself a station in literature which no commendation of ours would render more certain or conspicuous. His life of Horace is, of course, not a performance which can add much to his literary fame. To a scholar so accomplished, and to so experienced a writer, it was proba-

bly the work of leisure hours. It is, however, both well written and, what with such a subject is of essential importance, gracefully and genially conceived, and should be taken into account by every subsequent editor of the Roman Lyrist. We detect ex pede Herculem—the proverbial loyalty of Etonians to their classical training—in the almost universal reception of the Etonian readings of the text. But this is as it should be; for Etonian scholars, by their long and severe drilling, acquire an instinctive feeling for the niceties of Latin metre, which renders them on the whole perhaps the best judges in such matters. We should be ungrateful, also, not to record our hearty thanks to the artists who have assisted the editor in illustrating the author. The Sosii brothers, who published the original parchment of the Editio Princeps, cannot have surpassed in the elegance of their borders and designs the beauty of Mr. Murray's vignettes and decorations. The illustrations do not yield to Pine's; and had Annuals been in fashion at the Saturnalia, Horace could have made no choicer Christmas gift to Varius and Virgil than such an impression of his Opera Omnia. Cowper's verses, "Maria, could Horace have guessed-What honors awaited his Ode," would have been more appropriate to this elegant octavo than to Lady Throckmorton's transcript of a spurious poem.

Mr. Robert Milman, we believe, commences his career as an author with the "Life of Tasso." Even were the merits of this work less than they are, we should welcome with pleasure the transmission of literary powers and pursuits in the same family. He does not, however, need the protection of his uncle's Telamonian shield—his book has considerable merit and promise of its own. chief defects are such as are incidental to youthful authorship. Mr. R. Milman will write more perspicuously when he has written more frequently, and will sermonize less in his books when he shall have preached oftener in his pulpit. He has evidently, in his biography of Tasso, undertaken a labor of love. His diligence has been great, his materials are copious and well arranged, and his sketches of the poet's contemporaries form agreeable episodes in the narrative of Tasso's works and woes. We should, indeed, have counselled more numerous references to his authorities; and in case of a second edition being called for, we should recommend him to append, either in the text or the notes, the original to the translated passages. would not materially increase the bulk, while

it would greatly add to the worth and interest of the volumes: Tasso's poems, with the exception of the "Gierusalemme" and "Aminta," are but little known to readers in general; but they are rich in biographical materials; his critical treatises, which contain much that Lessing and the Schlegels afterwards announced as novel principles of taste, are hardly read on this side of the Alps; and such apposition of the text and the translation is warranted by the practice of Bouter-

wek, Ginguéné, and Sismondi. Dean Milman—his ecclesiastical rank spares us the awkward affixes of senior and junior—observes that "the poetry of Horace is the history of Rome during the great change from a Republic into a monarchy, during the sudden and almost complete revolution from centuries of war and civil faction to that peaceful period which is called the Augustan Age of Letters. Of Rome, or of the Roman mind, no one can know anything who is not profoundly versed in Horace; and whoever really understands Horace will have a more perfect and more accurate knowledge of the Roman manners and the Roman mind than the most diligent and laborious investigator of the Roman antiquities." Useful and admirable indeed as are the archæological works of Bekker and Boettiger, we are disposed to wonder and lament that the learning and liveliness bestowed upon "Gallus" and "Sabina" were not rather devoted to a work entitled Horaz und sein Zeitalter. The freedman's son would have been a better centre for social and æsthetical disquisition than a Messalina's toilet-table, or a dilettantè prefect of Egypt.

Of all the men of his own time, perhaps of any time, Horace—whether we regard his genius, his opportunities, or his associateswas probably the best qualified for the representative functions which the Dean of St. Paul's so justly ascribes to him. His genius was not one which, by the fervor and force of its conceptions, or the wide orbit of its movements, transcended or transigured the present; his opportunities for observation were not bounded by birth or station too illustrious or too obscure; and his associates were, by chance or choice, selected from ranks and parties the most opposite to one another. For he sprang, in modern phrase, from the people; and he became, in mature life, the companion of the intellectual aristo-His cultivation was Greek; the groundwork of his character was Roman. In youth he was an eager partisan of Brutus

friend of the inheritors of Cæsar's usurpation, He was sufficiently distinguished, in his riper years, to see the leading men of his time in their happier hours; and yet was to much of a private person to be involved in any of their divisions. He could pay a compliment, and he could speak his mind. His mode of writing exempted him from the responsibilities of the historian and from the exaggerations of the orator. A treasury-clerk and a Sabine land-owner, he had as large an experience as Touchstone himself of the relative advantages of city and country life. His ambition was moderate; his tastes were comprehensive; his humor was for the life contemplative, and he had the advantage of being the spectator of one of the most momentous and skillful games of policy ever played by a ruler of men. Despite his "Parian Iambics," we have no scruple in defining Horace as an eminently good-tempered man. We believe, indeed, his good temper to be the main charm of his writings. In reading the "Journal" or the political squibs of Swift, we recoil from the saturnine temperament of their author. In Walpole's letters we make allowance for more than epigrammatic malice. In Prior and Boileau we are on our guard against the plenipotentiary and the pensioner; and in Pope we remember that he in turn eulogized and defamed nearly every one of his friends, from Wycherly to Lady Mary. Lapse of time and our imperfect acquaintance with details have dubtless softened, for the modern reader, some of Horace's original acerbity. Canidia, Mænas, and Cassius indeed, could their opinion be obtained, might perhaps justly describe him as being as "good-natured a friend" as any that Sir Fretful Plagiary could boast. But we know little of the provocations he had received: he had been unfortunate in his party politics; he was again rising in the world, and he could not lack enviers and backbiters. Yet the succus nigræ loliginis is shed over comparatively few of his pages. He plays with foibles rather than lashes vices, and satirizes the type rather than the individual. Though Rome, in the age of Horace, abounded equally with materials for a Newgate Calendar and a Dunciad, he tells us more of the coxcombs than of the We smile at the loquacity of criminals. Fabius, the perfumes of Ruffillus, and the coarse hospitality of Nasidienus: but we are left to learn from other sources the atrocities of L. Hostius and Vedius Pollio. hands of Juvenal and Churchill, satire is the and the Senate; in manhood he was the iron scourge of the Furies: in those of Horace

and Cowper, it is the rod of a very popular | and good-tempered schoolmaster. We believe, with Dr. Tate, in despite of the ingenious argument of Buttman to the contrary. that Malchinus was not intended for Mæcenas. We believe, too, that Horce never maligned or even civilly sneered at any person of real worth and genius; and we find nothing in his satires so disingenuous as Pope's lampoon on the Duke of Chandos, or so insidious as his "Atticus." Sweet as may be the uses of adversity, the uses of prosperity are oftentimes not less so; and as the fortunes of Horace improved, his poetry became not only purer in its sentiments, but also more liberal and indulgent in its treatment of men and

There are losses in historical literature which surpass the injuries inflicted by "barbarian blindness and Gothic rage." the heaviest of these is the destruction—the author's own act-of the letters and memoranda of Pomponius Atticus. Vicar of Bray, as Atticus undoubtedly was,—a model we should scarcely have expected to have been picked out by Sir Matthew Hale to dress himself by, his adroitness in trimming proves his skill in reading the signs of the times. Perhaps, with the exception of the late Prince Talleyrand, never man enjoyed such opportunities for disclosing the springs of faction and the motives of partisans as the friend of Cicero and Brutus, of Antonius and Augustus, of nearly every sturdy Pompeian, and of nearly every zealous Cæsarian, had access to for half a century. If he were not equally trusted, he was at least generally consulted, by all the leaders and by all the more prominent members of the conflicting parties. His advice was sought by the sufferers as well as by the actors in the revolution,-by matrons trembling for their sons and husbands, by bankers in jeopardy for their investments, and by country gentlemen in dread of a fresh settlement of centurions in their neighborhood. But Talleyrand seems to have extended his caution beyond the grave, and Atticus burned his correspondence with all and sundry; preferring a good match for his daughter Pomponia to the dangerous honor of being the historian to his own life and times. Horace's opportunities for observation were much less complete than those of this prince of trimmers. Yet they were not inconsiderable: and a brief comparison of the several crises of the Republic with the principal epochs of the poet's life, will corroborate Mr. Milman's assertion, that his works are, in great measure, a contemporary

record of Rome. We must not, indeed, look for direct information; neither his mode of writing, his position, nor his inclination ad-Youth and adverse circummitted of it. stances at first disqualified him for the office of chronicler; and his subsequent connections with the Cæsarian court imposed upon him a politic, though not a servile, acquiescence

under the powers that were.

From his birth to his twelfth year, Horace dwelt among the shrewd and hardy borderers of Lucania and Apulia. Yet even among them he witnessed the recent vestiges of foreign war and domestic convulsion. The district of Venusia—the modern Basilicata—had been seized upon by Sulla; and among the immediate neighbors of the elder Flaccus were veterans of the Pontic and Italian campaigns. Even his father's profession (he was a collector of payments at auctions) may have impressed upon the future satirist his first conceptions of the toil and trouble of revolution. In those days of confiscation and of rapid transfer of property, the hereditary land owner was the most frequent sufferer; and "the fields of Umbrenus" may have changed hands more than once during the boyhood of Horace. From the glimpse he affords of the ingenuous youth of Venusi-' magni pueri magnis e centurionibus orti," we may infer that the society of the neighborhood was neither intellectual nor select. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders;" and we know how the orphan Roderic Random was regarded by his schoolfellows, the sons of country magnates. Doubtless the centurions were as hard-drinking and boisterous as "the wise Mr. Justice Freeman or Sir Thomas Truby," and told as interminable stories of "the Propontic and the Hellespont," as Sir Dugald Dalgatty himself in his retirement at Drumthwacket. Men, too, who had reveled in Asian luxury, who had driven off mules laden with gold, and seen frankincense measured by the bushel, would have small respect for the frugal collector and his unproductive farm, which would not have furnished a breakfast for one of the satraps of Mithridates. From such worshipful society Horace was removed in his twelfth year by his watchful father, and introduced to the motley crowds and turbulent pomp of the capital. The relation between the father and son appears to have been of the most tender and confiding kind. The paternal fondness and vigilance were repaid by the most filial reverence and affection; and the immortality of the poet has preserved for us one of the most interesting glimpses of Roman private life. The putria potestus, in the families at least of Horace and of Ovid, was a most paternal sway. At any era of Rome, to a sprightly and observant boy, removal there from the high-hung chalets of Acerenza, the vast thickets of Banza, the sounding Aufidus, and the picturesque Mount Voltore, would have been impressive: in the 701st year of the city it must have been an impression at once startling and indelible. Rome, which had long been the focus of revolution, was in that year staggering under a great Crassus and his army had perished, the last counterpoise between the surviving triumvirs had been destroyed,—and all the moderate men and all the dangerous men in Rome were awaiting a collision between the Chief of the Senate and the Proconsul of the Nor was the rumor of battle lost or won the only sound which would awaken his curiosity. The year of his arrival was marked upon the spot by even bloodier and more disastrous events than the murder of a triumvir or the dishonor of the legions. There was "war in procinct" in the streets of Rome; and the gladiators of Milo and Clodius fought daily in the forum, and made night hideous with the flames of burning houses and the revelry of their respective

camps.

We know not in which of the many lanes of Rome stood the school-room of Orbilius; that it was no very splendid seminary may be inferred from its owner's poverty. But, in whichever of the regions it was seated, and however rare an event a half-holiday may have been, it cannot have been so remote from the arena of convulsion, as to have been beyond earshot of the surge and recoil of fierce civil strife. We know something, however, of Orbilius himself. every particular connected with the life of Horace is interesting, we will remark,what has escaped even his last and best biographer,—that, as a native of Beneventum, Orbilius was probably recommended to the elder Flaccus by some of his former neighbors at Venusia. He was a schoolmaster of the old stamp,—as strict a disciplinarian as Dr. Rodinos of Oviedo, whose skill in educing the logical faculties is attested by Gil Blas,—and as stout a foe to educational innovation as the Fathers of the National Council of Thurles, or even the Bishop of Exeter himself. He read with his classes Homer and Livius Andronicus; and his "curriculum" produced permanent results upon the mind of his most distinguished pupil. Many a stripe had engraved the

verses of both these archaic bards upon the Horatian memory, but with very opposite effects. For Horace retained small affection for the old Saturnian poet, or for ancient Italian verse in general; while to the end of his life, he studied with delight the war of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses. From his twelfth to his eighteenth year the young aspirant remained at Rome, and in that period must have been eye-witness and ear-witness of the final movements of the Cæsarian revolution. It was among the treasured recollections of Seneca, the rhetorician, in his declining years, that he had heard Cicero speak in the senate. He probably had heard one of the swan-songs of the great orator—one of the speeches against M. Antony. But, in the year after he was placed under the care of Orbilius, Horace may have listened to Cicero's defence of Milo. He may have been among the bystanders on that memorable day when the eve under which Catilina had quailed, and the voice which the tribune Metellus could not silence, drooped and faltered in the presence of the armed tribunal of Pompeius, and the yelling of the Clodian mob. Five years afterward Horace went to the university of Athens. The intervening period was crowded with all the preparations for the last contest between Pompeius and Cæsar. As a freedman of the Horatian House, the elder Flaccus was probably a conservative in politics. His illustrious son was, we know, an active partisan of Brutus and the senate. These five years of school-life must, accordingly, have been a period of intense excitement, both to the anxious father and the observing Men, it has often been remarked, live fast in revolutionary times. The events of an hour often baffle all the experiences of a past life. When Horace came to Rome, the name of Pompeius was in everybody's mouth. "He alone can save the Republic." "He is the second Sulla." "He is the most moderate of men;" "he is the most false of men." "He is all-powerful and will proscribe;" "he is superannuated and will yield;" "Cæsar and his hybrid legions will melt at a word of his mouth:" "Cneius and all his carpet-knights will fly before the Alauda and the Xth." Such were the party cries and prognostications, to be stifled or fulfilled on the plain of Pharsalia. The peaceful studies of the youth of Rome must have been strangely interrupted by these political excitements. No man could be so obscure, so young, or so thoughtless, but that he must have been deeply affected by the insecurity of liberty and of life. "In the unruffled quiet of his manhood and age," Dean Milman observes, "how often must these turbulent and awful days have contrasted themselves in the memory of Horace, with his tranquil pursuit of letters, social enjoyment, and country retirement."

Meanwhile, there was a happy interval between Horace's earlier and later participation in the common calamities of the time. It was probably in the year after the battle of Pharsalia that he quitted his school at Rome, and enrolled himself as a student under one of the many professors at Athens. We are not informed whether the good coactor still survived, and still farther taxed his humble means to afford his son a university education, or whether Horace already inherited the paternal acres, and maintained himself among "the groves of Academe," upon the rents of his Venusian farm. He has indicated his mode of life there, and his deep enjoyment of its studious repose, by one of those quiet touches which, to the mind's eve, enrich his works with so many lively portraitures. He studied the Greek poets and philosophers, and probably learned geometry, that essential element of Athenian More we know not of him, although we may fairly conjecture that his intimacy with Messala and Bibulus was cemented at the university, and that he was contemporary with young Marcus Cicero; who, however, had most likely too large an allowance, and was too much devoted to supper parties and Chian wine to be a congenial companion for the freedman's son. From Lucian and the Greek fathers of the Church we derive some interesting particulars of ancient university life. In the character of Nigrinus the satirist sketches the deep repose and the studious employments of the Attic philosophers; and the groves and walks of the Academy acquire a new charm from the youthful friendship of Basil and Gregory of Nazianzum. But of Horace and his contemporaries it can merely be told that they studied at Athens, and that their studies were interrupted by the immediate consequences of an event which pervaded, with exultation or dismay, every province of the Roman world.

That event was the murder of Cæsar; and one among its many consequences was the arrival of Brutus at Athens to revive the Pompeian party, and to recruit the senatorian army in their old strong quarters, the Grecian and Syrian provinces. Messala, Bibulus, and Horace, were all regarded of

equal worth by the fugitive conspirator,who at Rome, perhaps, would have scarcely deigned to return the salutation of the collector's son. But it was no time to weigh the accidents of birth or fortune. veterans were nearly all arrayed on the Cæsarian side; and the extemporary legions of Brutus and Cassius demanded a prompt supply of Roman officers. Clive passed almost immediately from a merchant's desk to the command of a company of Sepoys; and Horace, also of no very robust frame, and altogether inexperienced in war, was, probably after a little previous drilling, appointed to the command of a legion, where he might apply to the columns and squares of Achaian and Asiatic recruits the knowledge he had recently been acquiring of the properties of curves and right lines. The untoward issue of his new avocation is well known; his military career closed at Philippi: and he appears to have never felt it a disgrace to have fled from a field on which the commonwealth itself had fallen irretrievably. "Liberty," Dean Milman well remarks, "may be said to have deserted Horace, rather than Horace liberty; and, happily for mankind, he felt that his calling was to more peaceful pursuits."

We have dwelt the longer upon the mere preludial portion of the life of Horace, because its events materially modified his literary character. These stirring scenes and early calamities colored his political prejudices, his ethical contemplations, and the entire form and texture of his imagination His shrewd good sense and intellect. proved to him, after Philippi, and probably also after a more intimate experience of the senatorian party itself, that liberty, as it was defined by Brutus and the oligarchy, was indeed a dream; and that peace, even under the triumvirs, must be preferable to anarchy under the decrepit and dissolute senate. It was not surprising that "Roman youth, at this ardent and generous period of life, breathing the air of Pericles, Aristotle, and Demosthenes," should, at the moment, have thrown themselves into the ranks of a party whose watchword was "the Republic;" and who had so recently re-consecrated their principles, in the eyes of the vulgar at least, and even with Cicero's vehement, although somewhat tardy approval, by a baptism of blood. Such an act as the assassination of Cæsar had more than once earned for its perpetrators in Greece the title of saviours of their country; and, in the Hellenic calendar, no saints were more illustrious than Harmodius

and Aristogeiton, Dion and Timoleon. But to men of sense, no less than to men of selfish expediency, to Horace no less than to Munatius Plancus, it had become palpable that, in contending for the name of the senate, they were contending against the restoration of order and the substantial recompenses of peace. Of the sons of Pompeius, the only survivor was a reckless, brutal, and stupid youth, whom misfortune had made an exile and choice a pirate. Of the Latin and Sabine families, whose ancestors had given their names to years, and added kingdoms to the commonwealth, many were extinct, many were bankrupt, and the residue, which had retained its place and honors, was either fighting under the triumviral banner, or expiating its share or its approval of Cæsar's murder, as suppliants at the Parthian court, or as fugitives in the Iberian sierras. Nor were Horace's political sentiments alone shaken by the blank desperation of the cause he had espoused. His ethical doctrines were gradually modified by it. He came to regard what was possible, as the proper object of desire rather than the "summum bonum," to which many might pretend, but at which no one could arrive. His temper became more indulgent; his discrimination more mature; and he entered upon his new and proper career of literature a poorer, indeed, but a sadder and a wiser man. His experience of the danger of extremes and the hollowness of professions led him, along the path of sorrow, to that sincerity and selfknowledge which are the charm of his moral writings; and disarmed, after a few relapses, his satire of that bitter spirit in which Lucilius had scourged the city, and which imparts to the diatribes of Juvenal at least as much offensiveness as energy.

One literary effect of Horace's campaigns has been unnoticed by his biographers. It has been remarked by an accomplished modern critic that Jeremy Taylor acquired in the camp his vivid and numerous martial images. Horace seems to have turned his military experience to similar account; and certainly no Roman poet, not treating of epic and consequently warlike themes, has so diversified his diction with images and metaphors derived from war. It may be observed also in this place that, for a Roman, Horace was comparatively untraveled. The vast provincial empire of Rome qualified nearly every man, entrusted with public functions, for becoming a member of the "Travelers' Club." As a body, the senate traveled widely in the character of prætors

or proconsuls; as a body, the equites traveled widely in that of farmers-general, or collectors of the revenue; and as bankers, corn-factors, secretaries to embassies, and quæstors' clerks, at least a third of the better educated of the commonalty were either settled in Greece, Asia, or Africa, or visited occasionally the provinces, from "Meroe, Nilotic Isle," to the Black Forest. residence of Horace at Athens, and his brief campaign in Macedonia, were, as far as we can now know, the limits of his foreign excursions. From his description of his journey to Brundisium, he regarded it as being as memorable an effort, as, two centuries and a half ago, Ben Jonson regarded his visit to Hawthornden. It would appear, however, that during his university vacations Horace saw more of Greece than could be discerned by climbing the Acropolis or from the promontory of Sunium. Some of his descriptive epithets look too distinct and local for merely borrowed and conventional language. He probably never sallied forth on a picturesque tour, like the Eustaces and Hoares, or Mr. A. de Vere. Yet, as Mr. Milman says, "he must have visited parts of Greece at some period of his life; as he speaks of not having been so much struck by the rich plain of Larissa, or the more rugged district of Lacedæmon, as by the headlong Anio and the groves of Tibur."

He had left Rome an eager student; he must have returned in a condition and with prospects, than which nothing darker or more hopeless can be well conceived. Venusia was one of the eighteen cities assigned by the victorious triumvirate to their soldiers; the patrimony of the ex-tribune was confiscated, and some new co-actor was, perhaps, collecting the price of his native fields. "The world was all before him where to choose," and he chose to purchase the place of clerk in the Treasury; but whence he obtained the means of purchasing, at that juncture, a patent place, neither scholiast nor commentator has told us.

We are now arrived at the proper commencement of Horace's career. He has not much more than reached manhood, and under most unpromising circumstances, when, at once, he becomes a representative man. But in order to understand his position, we must briefly glance at the social and intellectual crisis at Rome, at the time when Virgil and Varius discerned in their younger contemporary a spirit congenial with their own, and worthy to be cherished by Mæcenas. Many of the broader avenues to the Roman

Parnassus were blocked up. The heroic age of poetry had passed irretrievably away; the poetry of the drama was neither "native nor hospitable" in Rome; and the old Etruscan ritual had never enkindled in its worshipers the feelings or the language of devotion. As a lyric writer, Catullus, so far as regards his countrymen at least, may be said to have failed. His grace, sweetness, and passion, were "caviare to the general;" his fame and popularity rested chiefly on his satiric Iambics. In philosophic poetry Lucretius had preoccupied the ground. The dimensions of his poetic eloquence are the only correlate to the harmonious majesty of Cicero's prose: his "Rerum Natura" was the imaginative pantheon of Roman speculations. Nor, in spite of Horace's latter success, was lyric poetry, at the first, a likely venture. The age was either resolutely skeptical or grossly superstitious. It sneered at the Olympian theology, it ridiculed the Etruscan augury, and it lay prostrate before the shrine of Isis. Jupiter Optimus Maximus was the deity of the State and of inscriptions; but the Stoic or Epicurean magistrate had reduced him to a cold abstraction, and the popular heart was absorbed in the ruder and more appalling mysteries of Bacchus and Cybele. Heroic poetry demands a people for its audience. It cannot be fostered by patronage: it droops where Art is cultivated as a luxury. It must speak to a nation of its forefathers, or it is dumb; it must be the link of historical generations, or it is barren. The Anglo-Saxon population of London or York in the age of Tudors, would have listened apathetically to the Mort D'Arthur; and the audiences which applauded Calderon's Autos, would not have given a maravedi to the reciter of the Cid. And where, in the age of Augustus, were the Roman people? In the city itself there was, and there always had been, a populace, which, from the first, was not of Roman extraction. Mechanics and artisans from Etruria and Magna Grecia, physicians and schoolmasters from Achaia, Punic and Smyrniote pedlars, Syrian priests, Rhodian shopkeepers, freed-men whom Sulla had emancipated in gangs, clients whom their patrons had settled by tens of thousands in the tribes—these, and such as these, constituted the motley mass whom the orators addressed as Quirites, and whom the centurions refused to enlist. The four city tribes contained a rabble, with which it would be unjust to compare the population of Wapping or Spitalfields. Even if the epic and mythic songs had not along ago been transmuted l VOL. XXII. NO. II.

into grave chronicles and mortuary panegyrics, they would have found no echo in this hybrid and pauper multitude. It was a multitude and not a race. They descended not from the Vestal and the War-God: their ancestors had not driven forth the Tarquins or fought at Regillus; they were not the seed of the Fabii who fell beside the Cremera, or of the Horatii who had twice led back the Commons from the Sacred Mount. And beyond the walls the absence of a Roman population was even more conspicuous. Of the thirty Latin cities, about nine survived in the age of Augustus. Of the villages and market towns, which had once clustered around those cities, the greater part was covered with reservoirs of water, by woodlands, where the Umbrian boar and the red deer harbored, or by pastures grazed by Colchian sheep and the short-legged buffalo of Narbonne. The stern, frugal, and strongly national plebeian race which had so long maintained the Roman character for order, virtue, and freedom, had been drained into the legions, and those legions had achieved the conquest of the world. It had been an expensive conquest. It had exported the sinews of the commonwealth; and to the Italian peninsula the return had been a population of slaves. In the Sabine valleys, or among the Umbrian uplands, there might linger isolated patches of the old Sabellian stock; but in the immediate neighborhood of Rome, from the Liris to the feeders of the Anio, the depopulation was probably most complete. "The ancient spirit was dead." The names of Manlius and Coriolanus were as strange to Roman ears as the name of Kosciusko would be to a Russian serf. Both in city and country had died away the genuine Roman people, and with them, doubtless, the last echo of national song. Nor at any period of their history had the Romans been a theatrical people. The more domestic habits of their austerer days had been alien to public amusements; and when these were relaxed, it was into the gross license of the Oscan farce. With the lust of conquest, the ovation and the triumph became the national spectacles. Theatrical entertainments might be forced upon them as a transient fashion, but were never very cordially welcomed. The Hecyra of Terence was twice rejected. Once the spectators hurried out of the theatre to see a boxing-match and some rope-dancers; at its second performance, a combat of gladiators was the signal for a general "exeunt." The late Charles Matthews witnessed the interruption of

"Hamlet" at a New Orleans theatre by a general call of the house for a comic song; and a Roman prætor of Achaia insisted upon the suspension of Electra's woes, and the immediate substitution of the wrestlers and tumblers. We know, from Horace himself, that the Roman play-goers of the Augustan age preferred gorgeous melodramas, in which horses, mules, and interminable processions swept across the stage, to the acting of Æsopus, or the best tragedy of Accius. They might have applauded Victor Hugo; they would not have relished "Macbeth," or even "Coriolanus;" and there was small inducement for a commencing poet to adopt a profession which scarcely yielded Terence bread.

There were, however, domains in poetry which the Greeks had cultivated only in the later and less creative periods of their literature; and it was one of these which Horace, with the instinctive felicity of genius, appropriated to himself. The satiric form of poetry was not, indeed, absolutely original. There was something resembling it in the Silli of the Greeks; and Lucilius had already introduced this style of writing into Rome with great success. Horace's obligations to his predecessor it is impossible to estimate from the few fragments of Lucilius which have survived. His debt was probably in amount what Pope's debt was to the satires of Donne and Hall-a loan, of which the interest far surpassed the principal. Whether, indeed, we possess the poems which first attracted to their author the notice of Virgil and Varius, must remain doubtful. We incline to think that his maturer judgment suppressed the firstlings of his muse, or, at least, so modified them in their collected form, as to leave little of their original texture behind. that these primitiæ were satirical in their character, even if they were lyrical in their form, cannot well be questioned. We believe the fierce invectives on Canidia to be of earlier date than any of the Satires; and consequently, on Bentley's theory, (whose arrangement of the Horatian works we wish Dean Milman had followed,) earlier also than any of the other poems now extant. Pasquinade has been in all ages a genial product of the Italian mind. Marforio was the successor of Mercury. The ten tables could not put it down; it indifferently assailed Tiberius and Hildebrand; and it was the weapon of all classes, from Nævius and Catullus to Cæsar's soldiers and the vine-pruner of Cales, and the last of the successors of St. Peter. The delicacy of his taste, and the kindness of his temper, however, seem to

have preserved Horace, even in the bitterness of adversity, from any serious or permanent abuse of his two-edged weapon. He was neither a table-buffoon, nor any angry declaimer, nor a political lampooner. His father had early sown in his mind the seeds of shrewd observation: in Eupolis, Cratinus, and Menander, he studied the models of grave and temperate irony; and amid the motley population of the Roman forum, he possessed an inexhaustible store of originals and anecdotes for sketches, earnest or jocose.

We have not, however, undertaken to characterize a writer whom all men admire in proportion to their capacity for appreciating him. The world's favorite needs not the critic's ballot; and we have to deal with Horace himself rather than with his writings. A few months at least must have been spent in the business or drudgery (invisa negotia) of the treasury clerkship, before his verses or his conversation recommended him to Virgil. Common friends from Athens may have made them first acquainted: and already Virgil had surmounted his early obscurity, and, together with Varius and Asinius Pollio, held a high station among the wits of Rome. A few months more of probation were probably passed by Horace in this illustrious company, ere his friend took courage to present him to Mæcenas; for the great patron of the learned, besides being prime minister and chief of the police, was, by temperament, a shy man, and, from his position, a wary man. About this time, the second satire was probably circulating as a fugitive piece among the Hotel Rambouillets of Rome; and it is suspected of having censured or laughed at several members of the Cæsarian party, if not even at Mæcenas himself. Here was an unpropitious beginning both for his introducers and their new associate; and the dry and rather abrupt manner of Mæcenas, although habitual to him, may probably have convinced all parties that they had made a wrong move, and would have to look in some other quarter for a patron. The Treasury clerkship, for nine months longer, must find Horace in bread and lentils: since his verses apparently rather hinder than forward his preferment. Meanwhile, however, Mæcenas had begun to collect around him all the men, either already eminent, or who promised to become eminent, in arts and letters. Messala had attracted Tibullus, and Asinius Pollio was patronizing one or two poets, who indeed did not do him much credit; for, like their patron, they were rude and intractable, and what was worse, insolent to Cæsar.

Mæcenas, accordingly, - whether it were that | he had been really attracted from the first, or heard from his literary or official scouts that the short, stout, and black-haired clerk was, in spite of his Pompeian predilections, a gentleman, and not very obstinate in either his philosophy or his politics, -admitted Horace to a second interview, threw aside all his former reserve, and adopted him into the brilliant and easy circle of the Cilnian House. In the following year, the 717 of Rome, Horace accompanied him to Brundisium, and recorded the events of their journey in one of the most genial and graceful of his Satires. The errand was diplomatic: no less a business than the reconciliation of the "mighty opposites," Augustus and Antonius. It was an affair in which the world at large was concerned, since upon its issue hung the life and death of thousands, "the fate of empires and the fall of thrones;" and vet Mæcenas went upon it as upon a party of pleasure, environed by the wits and poets who were by this time forming his ordinary society.

The verses—we can hardly term them satirical-which describe the journey to Brundisium afford us a glimpse, not of the political conclave which adjusted the disputes of the triumvirs, but of a more pleasing scene, —the mutual amity of the great Roman literati. Between Virgil, Plotius, Varius, and Horace, and between Horace and Tibullus, there was not merely no vulgar jealousy, no jarring rivalry, but the most frank and cordial admiration. If an epigram of Martial may be trusted, Virgil carried his delicacy so far that he would not trespass on the poetic provinces which his friends had appropriated. He would not write a tragedy, lest he should obscure Varius, or lyric poetry, lest he should eclipse Horace. The epigram of Martial is corroborated by a trait of the Mantuan bard recorded by Donatus. Virgil, he says, rejoiced in another's fame as much as in his own: "Refert Pedianus benignum (Virgilium) cultoremque omnium bonorum atque eruditorum fuisse, et usque adeo invidiæ expertem, ut si quid erudité dictum inspiceret alterius, non minus gauderet ac si suum fuisset." Such virtues, combined with so much genius, entitled the popular poet to his pre-cedency in Dante's Elysium, and to the solemn salutation which greeted his return to the "painless fields."

"Onorate l' altissimo Poeta, L' ombra sua torna, ch' era didartita."

Ovid informs us that he had merely seen Virgil; and that the fates had denied him

intimacy with the short-lived Tibullus. Virgil, indeed, either for the sake of his health. or to secure leisure for his poetic and archaeological studies, seems to have in general preferred the quiet of Athens, of Naples, or of his own fields on the banks of the Mincio, to the courtly and literary circles of the capital. Tibullus, when in Rome, belonged to the coterie of Messala; but feeble health often compelled him to visit the chalybeate springs of Etruria, and he also accompanied his patron on official journeys into Asia and Greece. We understand Ovid, however, to say that he had heard Horace recite the new measures which that skillful metrist (numerosus) had first transferred from the Æolian to the Ausonian lyre. At all events, Ovid's evidence confirms the testimony of Horace as to the general harmony of the Augustan bards. Sypathy with their common art banished. for at least two generations, all personal jealousies from the greater epic, lyric, and elegiac poets; and their friendly union with one anothea affords an agreeable contrast to the brawls at Hadrian's literary suppers, and to the heartburnings which, sixteen centuries later, Politian indulged, and Ariosto ridiculed and deplored. Ovid, Virgil, and Horace have, indeed, a kind word for nearly all their contemporaries. We cannot say as much for the poets and philosophers of the age of Louis XIV.; nor can we record a similar interest in each other's fame among the wits who clustered around Halifax and Bolingbroke, in England's Augustan age. While the Johnsonian kingdom too often resembled the cavern of Æolus in being a kingdom of

The most substantial proof of friendship which Horace received from his patron was the present of a small estate in the valley of Licenza, about fifteen miles from Tivoli. For this gift posterity as well as Horace is in-"The Sabine farm," debted to Mæcenas. was extrinsically as important an adjunct to " his poetry, as his seclusion in Buckinghamshire was to Cowper's fancy, or the august masses and shadows of his native mountains to the imagination of Wordsworth. Charles Lamb, when he retired on his pension from the India House, did not enjoy his leisure among "the green lanes of pleasant Hertfordshire" more fervently than Horace the tranquillity of his Digentian valley. poet in his obscure dwelling at Rome had turned with vain yearnings of heart from the strife, and heat, and crowds of the Roman alleys-until Nero rebuilt the city, they scarcely deserved a better name-to the

mountain Solitudes of Voltore, the sparkling | Bandusian fountain, and the bending meadows of the Aufidus. The Sabine farm had the recommendation of being situated in a country nearly as romantic, nearer to Rome, and even to a traveler so indolent as Horace, at no great distance from the original paternal acres. We conceive him too much a lover of nature unadorned to have been a very thrifty farmer. His pastures were apparently too mossy-his arable land too much overgrown with the wild cyclamen and the dwarf oak, to entitle him to a medal from the Royal Agricultural Society; and his friend Virgil, if he went to visit him, had doubtless the mortification to find all his Georgical precepts set at nought. Horace, however, managed to live out of his farm himself, and to maintain at least eight slaves, besides letting his cottages to five free coloni. But he derived better things from the gift of Mæcenas than a few combs of millet or a few baskets of olives. He reinvigorated his body and his intellectual faculties in the pure atmosphere and Arcadian beauty of the Sabine hills; and his most distant excursions from the capital were to Baiæ or Tarentum, when the snows lingered too long on Mount So-

"To the munificence of Mæcenas," says Mr. Milman, whose graceful observation we gladly borrow, "we owe that peculiar charm of the Horatian poetry, that it represents both the town and country life of the Romans of that age; the country life, not only in the rich and luxurious villa of the wealthy at Tivola or at Baiæ, but in the secluded retreat and among the simple manners of the peasantry. It might seem as if the wholesome air which the poet breathed, during his retirement on the farm, reinvigorated his natural manliness of mind. There, notwithstanding his love of convivial enjoyment in the palace of Mæcenas and other wealthy friends, be delighted to revert to his own sober and frugal mode of living. Probably at a later period of life he indulged himself in a villa at Tivoli, which he loved for its mild and long spring; and all the later years of his life were passed between these two country residences and Rome."

Of the Roman poets three have eminently succeeded in depicting natural scenery and rural life. In Lucretius we have the earnest gloom of Salvator's landscape; in Virgil the tenderness and fidelity of Poussin; and in Horace the luminous grace and artful combinations of Claude. Perhaps no two poets ever viewed nature under more opposite aspects, or with less similiar idiosyncrasies than Horace and Wordsworth. Yet Wordsworth was an assiduous student of the Ro-

man lyrist; and since the poetry of artificial life was probably not the link of attraction, we may infer that Horace's veracity as a painter of nature was the charm which bound to him the author of the Excursion. It is agreeable to extract the following passage from Mr. Dennis's letter "De Villa Horatii." It reads like a patent of imaginative nobility. "Few, very few, of the travelers who visit the Eternal City extend their wanderings as far as Licenza; and of those few the greater part are English. In fact, it is commonly believed by the peasantry, that Horace was our countryman, for they cannot conceive of any other sort of interest in one so long dead and unsainted, than that of co-

patriotism or consanguinity."

For the dates of Horace's several publications we must refer to Dean Milman's life of the author. The subject, notwithstanding the canons of Bentley, and the industry of subsequent scholars, including the labors of that devoted Horatian student, Prebendary Tate, is still litigated. We believe that the fashion of modern books, their completeness and their number, have misled nearly all who have undertaken to settle the Horatian Fasti. The order which Bentley suggested and Mr. Tate adopted in his edition of the poet, is doubtless the true one, as regards the collected works. But it by no means necessarily follows that the arrangement of the volumes was also in all cases the order of publication of the several poems. Horace, in those pieces at least which do not betray by internal evidence their proper date, might éasily circulate at one and the same time among the literary coteries of Rome a satirical poem, a lyrical poem, and a familiar letter of compliment or invitation. When as many of such pieces as would form a volume had been received with approbation by Cæsar, Messala, or Mæcenas, they would be collected and arranged under proper heads for an editio princeps of the whole. To suppose that all the Satires were written before he composed a single ode, or that every epistle must be subsequent to every epode, is as unreasonable as to suppose that all Cowper's humorous pieces were written in one year and all his serious pieces in another, or that Southey's ballads and epics were composed at different periods of his life. Before, however, we proceed to the consideration of Horace as a lyrical poet, we must extract the following remark of Bentley's as modified by Dean Milman. We cite it, because it contains all the wonted sagacity of the great Aristarchus, and much more feeling than he usually exhibits in his comments on men and books,

"The book of Epodes may be considered in one sense the transition from satire to lyric poe-Though not collected or completed till the present period of the poet's life, this book appears to contain some of the earliest compositions of Horace. In his sweet youth, his strong passions drove him to express himself in the sharp lambic verse. Bentley's observation, which all could wish to be true, is perhaps more so than would appear from his own theory; that, as it proceeds, the stream of the Horatian poetry flows not only with greater elegance, but with greater purity. The moral character of the poet rises in dignity and decency; he has cast off the coarseness and which defile some of his earliest indelicacy pieces; in his Odes he sings to maidens and to youths. The two or three of the Epodes which offend in this manner, I scruple not to assign to the first year after the return of the poet to Rome. But not merely has he risen above, and refined himself from, the grosser licentiousness, but his bitter and truculent invective has gradually softened into more playful satire."

Two books of Satires and one of Epodes, circulated and published, had invested Horace with something of the importance of a veteran author, and extended his reputation, whether as an object of dread or admiration, among all the literary circles of the capital. He now numbered Augustus among his patrons, and his republican predilections were mitigated, if not eradicated, by the tranquillity and decorum of the Cæsarian Court. Veteran captains at the head of numerous and disciplined armies had yielded to the valor of Agrippa or the policy of Augustus; and the last formidable rival of Rome had admitted within its granite quays and into its empty palaces the eagles of a conqueror as irresistible, if not as heroic, as its founder Alexander. It was no dishonor for an Epicurean poet to bow to the decrees of fate, and to accept the tendered friendship of the master of the world. Nor was Augustus a man whose favor could be justly slighted. To bigots of the senatorian party he might still appear to be the false and ensanguined triumvir; but by the provinces, by commerce, by all men whose avocations were peaceful, by all who preferred order and refinement to the fierce uncertainties of civil war, Augustus was at this time regarded, in the light in which he is described by Horace, as the tutelary guardian of peace, civilization, and progress. So considered, it mattered little whether Cæsar's patronage of learning and the arts were portions of a scheme for the consolidation of despotism.

Whether his conduct in this respect were sincere or only artful, the results to society at large were the same. In peace alone could his illustrious uncle's plans be matured. Only by a vigilant suppression of the anarchical principles of the Pompeian faction could Italy recover from the century of revolution, or the exhausted provinces recruit their strength,-wasted as they had been under double spoliation at the hands of both Cæsar's murderers and the equally cruel and prodigal Antonius. The issue of the contest between Rome and Alexandria, must to the western provincials have seemed as momentous as the issue of the strife in oriental theology between Orosmanes and Ahriman. On the one horn of conflict were license and barbarism, on the other were law and civilization. Had the Liburnian galleys fled at Actium, Asia would have precipitated upon Europe hordes of ruffians and slaves as fierce and insatiable as the first crusaders, or as the motley myriads who followed Attila. The victory in the Ambracian bay delivered the world from an inexorable wo; and, with pardonable adulation, the grateful Romans transferred to their deliverer the attributes of Apollo, the destroyer of Typhon.

The functions of a lyric poet in the Augustan age were greatly circumscribed. He was born out of due season. Poetry and the plastic arts, although not bound by "laws that alter not," require certain conditions of society for their full and spontaneous devel-The polar forces of lyrical poetry are devotion and love. The temperament of Pindar and Santa Theresa, or the temperament of Petrarch and Sappho, is a necessary element for its highest excellence. religion of the Romans was formalism; and the love of the Romans was sensual. The Etruscan ritual inspired no devout aspirations; and the Lesbia of Catullus, the Delia of Tibullus, the Cynthia of Propertius, and Ovid's Corinna, one and all, seem to have been as ill-calculated to excite a sublime or mystic passion as Lucy Carlisle or Nell Gwynne. It is remarkable that of all the poets of his time, Horace alone had no individual mistress. For, his Lalages and Lydias, his Glyceras and Chloes we believe to have been as authentic personages as "Henry Pimpernel and old John Napps of Greece." His amours are as numerous as those of Cowley, and as fabulous. The very names of his mistresses betray their origin. They were not natives of the Vicus Tuscus, of the Palatine or the Suburra, but damsels who had been serenaded centuries before in

the streets of Mytilene and Athens. That Horace was at one time of his life a lover, may be taken for granted; and we suspect Canidia to have heen the object of his passion, and that she jilted him. That he indulged in transient amours with some darkbrowed Syrian freed-woman, or the plumper damsels of his Sabine hills, we can also readily imagine. In his boast, militavi non sine gloria, he treats with equal levity the campaigns in which he conquered, and the campaign from which he ran away. But as his love of ease and his years increased, he probably bade adieu to a disturbing passion so much at variance with his Epicurean character. A single elegy of Tibullus contains more real passion than all the erotic compositions of Horace.

In his Odes, therefore, we must not seek for the highest form of lyric poetry. They glow with neither earthly passion nor religious enthusiasm. But if we view them as occasional pieces inspired by friendship, by moral sentiment, by genial courtesy, by picturesque taste, or by a grateful sense of favors received, we must admit Horace to have been as consummate an artist in his proper department as Stesichorus or Alcæus. "Their ease, spirit, perspicuity, and harmony compensate, as far as may be, for the want of the nobler characteristics of daring conception, vehemence, sublimity, and passion." So says Dean Milman, and all the world agrees. The martial odes of the fourth book have always appeared to us the noblest samples of Horatian art. War, on the scale at least of the Roman wars, had been unknown to the creative age of Greece. elegies of Tyrtæus were addressed to a handful of men; the battles before Ilion and Thebes were combats of paladins for a snit of armor, a prince's ransom, or a beautiful slave. But the Roman wars were recompensed by cities and kingdoms, by long processions of captives, by wagons laden with plate, the work of Mentor and Myron, by mules laden with gold, the spoil of Achaian and Iberian fanes, by fierce extremes of despair and triumph, by long avenues of applauding citizens, by the alalagmas of the scarred and sunburnt veterans, by the contrast between the chieftain borne to the dungeon and the chieftain ascending the steps of the capitol. Here was a virgin vein of lyrical poetry; and here the native spirit of the poet flashes forth with all the ardor of the most warlike Roman. The fourth book of Odes and the Secular Hymn were written at the express desire of the emperor. Its!

heroes are his stepsons Tiberius and Drusus, and the theme was worthy of the monarch who suggested, and of the poet who adopted

We have already intimated that the Satires of Horace served the untheatrical Romans as elegant, although not vigorous, transcripts of the Attic comedy. The applause, often denied to the plays of Terence at their representation, had been warmly accorded to them by a select audience at Scipio's Liternan villa. This warning was not lost on Horace? who, while he refused to recite his compositions in the forum or at the baths, entertained the guests of Mæcenas with his shrewd and delicate sketches of Roman life. The Satires, meantime, no less than the Odes, were in some degree the copies of a more complete and racy original; not so the Epistles. These were not only the work of the mature man, but one which may be said to have originated with their author. Of the very few Greek letters, which are not forgeries, none display any of the charms of epistolary correspondence. Letterwriting was in fact a Roman accomplishment. The grave statesmen, the eager politicians, and the professional rhetoricians who corresponded with Cicero, drop, in their letters, the formal dignity of the senate-house and the forum: and Cicero himself, addressing Atticus or Tiro, lays aside his consular pomp and irritable vanity, and attains the "dignified ease" which he never realized in life. There was, however, more than one step between the relaxation of prose and the earnest, playful, and familiar moods which Horace embodied in his epistolatory verses. It is perhaps the boldest and most inventive step in all Roman literature. It was a step into a region where he had no precursor, and in which, in spite of the felicitous imitations of Boileau, Swift, Pope, and Mr. Rogers, he has hitherto found no equal. Yet while we feel and acknowledge the charm of these inimitable compositions, it is singularly difficult to define in what consists their attraction. They are not critical or philosophical epistles; yet critics, from the hour when Mæcenas and Augustus cut the silken cord which bound the tablets, have borrowed from them their æsthetical canons, and philosphers their most popular generalities. They are not mere letters of the man of the world; yet men of the world have in all times emulated their ease and adopted their maxims. Their excellence consists in the perfect fusion and equilibrium of all the intellectual elements of their texture. They have all the grace of the

most animated and refined conversation. They are the "Spectator" of the Roman suppertables. A line or two from Horace is the only classical quotation ever heard, or permitted to be heard, in what is called "good company." Shrewd sense is relieved by seasonable anecdote; a general rule of life by its pertinent application; "the wisdom of age" and "the sallies of youth" are reconciled; and the individual interest is extended and elevated by its connection with the immediate manners of the time, and with the universal instincts of polite society in all ages. "The Letters of Horace," Dean Milman remarks, "possess every merit of the Satires, in a higher degree, with a more exquisite urbanity, and a more calm and commanding good sense. In their somewhat more elevated tone, they stand, as it were, in the midway, between the Odes and Satires." As miniaturepainters of the humors and foibles of mankind, Addison, Fontaine, and Charles Lamb, alone approach the curious felicity of Horace. each of these "delicate limners" the outline drawn by keen observation is softened by a catholic good humor. The offences tried in their courts are venial; the judge is lenient; the culprit is dimissed with a slight reprimand; and the spectators disperse, divided in their minds between pity and laughter.

Old age was not accorded to Horace; but no man enjoyed a more serene noon of life, or, to adopt his own metaphor, departed from its banquet, making way for younger folk, with greater cheerfulness. His trials had come upon him at the period of buoyant and hopeful youth. He had surmounted them by honorable industry and the successful exercise of popular and delightful talents. His consolations also arrived in due seasonfriends, reputation, independence, the intimacy of Mæcenas and the favor of Augustus. He was beloved by those who might have been his rivals; he was courted by those who could command. The freedman's son was solicited to be an emperor's secretary, and i the historian of the "Town and Country Mouse" could refuse preferment without giving offence. He was the associate of the descendant of the priest-kings of Arretium, upon the honorable terms of continuing to be his own master. Never was position more favorable than that of Horace for the development of the genius he possessed. He was familiar with the noblest aspect of Roman society, in virtue of his intimacy with the source of power and patronage. He was familiar also with the humbler elements of Roman life, in virtue of his early fortunes and

libertine descent. His means, with the exception of a brief interval of adversity, were equal to his wishes; and his education surpassed his means. He enjoyed enough of the busy society of the capital to give a zest to the purer pleasures of country retirement. When weary of the sumptuous hospitality of Mæcenas, he left the palace on the Esquiline hill for his cottage villa near Tivoli, and reposed amid the deep shadows of the Apennines, beside "the dashing and headlong Anio." Hither followed him his distinguished friends from Rome. Tibullus with a new elegy to Delia, Varius with lofty hexameters in praise of Cæsar's acts, or Virgil fresh from the composition of some pastoral scene or rural sketch of Arisæus and the old Corycian bee-keeper. The cask of Falernian was broached: the garlands of ivy and cyclamen were twined; his honest friends Ofellus, "the farmer Flamborough" of his Sabine vicinage, was sent for; the Lares or Arcadian Pan were duly propitiated by libations, and grave or mirthful colloquy was protracted, under the broad umbrage of some favorite pine tree, until the "loosened yokes of the oxen warned" the revellers of the coming night. should he desire more complete retirement "from the din and smoke and prodigality of Rome," he might visit his Sabine farm, inspect the labors of his faithful steward, survey his agricultural improvements, and wander among scenes which would remind him of those in which he had spent his childhood. There is no reason to reproach Horace with either insincerity or servility in his praises of Mæcenas and Augustus. They had given him more than than life—for they afforded him the means of moderate and innocent happiness. In his youth he had witnessed under many aspects the waste and ruin of war. In the camp of Brutus he had associated with the hot and heady youth (minaces) who had set all upon a cast, that they might resign their patrician parks and fish-ponds, or revel amid the groans of plundered provinces. his declining age he could not but contrast its happy repose with the perils and vicissitudes of his early manhood. That he should be grateful to the restorers of peace, and subside into philosophic contentment with the existing order of things, was surely in character with his sociable and reasonable nature. His buckler had been well lost; his flight from Philippi had been propitious; his adverse and his prosperous fortunes had alike disciplined his mind, and the Epicurean poet had attained a portion of the calm of his own secure and contemplative Jupiter.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.

The lights of history, which gleam faintly through the long vista of centuries, inform us, that when Europe was in a state of comparative darkness there shone forth from a small island, whose western shores are lashed by the mighty waves of the broad Atlantic, brilliant rays of science and learning, which illumined and quickend the senses of benighted populations in far-off lands.

That island, known to poets by the euphonious title of Erin, and to politicians by the unhappily significant one of Ire-land, will ever claim the interest and sympathy of her more fortunate sister isle; and although the light of her once resplendent day-star has paled before the rising of other luminaries, yet there are temples in her land within whose walls the fires of science are not quenched, and which, let us hope, like the torch in the halls of antiquity, will be fed by successive generations.

Into one of these temples we propose to conduct our readers, and we do not hesitate to say that, presuming we introduce them to new ground, it will be our fault if they do not leave it with the acquisition of some knowledge and considerable gratification.

On the borders of the King's County, and pretty nearly in the centre of Ireland, stands the castle of the Parsons family, the head of which is worthily represented at the present day by the Earl of Rosse. It is a large and substantial edifice, with walls yards thick, as they needs must have been to have withstood successfully a siege of many days, directed against them in 1690 by the armies of King James, who have left sundry marks of their hostility in the shape of cannon-balls, the vestiges of which are still to be seen on the The lord of the castle at that period was Sir Lawrence Parsons, a zealous and determined Protestant, who, with Jonathan Darby, of Leap Castle in the same county, also a Protestant, fell under the King's displeasure, and, on pretence of harboring and protecting so-called traitors, or men of their own religious persuasion, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung.

Circumstances prevented their execution, but the King determined to destroy the castle of Sir Lawrence, and was only frustrated by the desperate and gallant defence made by its garrison. There is a MS. journal of the siege preserved in the castle, which was written by Sir Lawrence; and it is recorded that the besieged were reduced to such straits for the want of ammunition, that "they cut up and melted a large leaden cistern used by Lady Parsons for salting beeves, and sufficiently large to hold five at a time."

The wings of the castle are the sole remains of the original structure: a fire, originating from the carelessness of the house-keeper, destroyed the central portion of the edifice, during the absence of the family, fifteen years ago. It has, however, been rebuilt on an enlarged scale, in a style to correspond with the ancient part of the building; and the castle, as it now stands, is an imposing edifice.

Having been a guest within its walls for some weeks, we can assert that the hospitality of Lord Rosse's ancestors, which the capacious salting-beeve cistern eloquently proclaims, has descended to the present nobleman; and we feel sure that the castle at Parsonstown will yield to no noble habitation in the elegance and comfort which reigns throughout its vast and numerous halls.

Were we disciples of the school of writers, who set at defiance the courtesies and etiquette of hospitality, and write of their entertainers as if they were publicans, and their houses as inns, we might fill no small portion of our paper with the conversations which we had the privilege of hearing at Parsonstown; but holding that all reporters of such things should be held up to public indignation, and pilloried, if such a wholesome mode of punishment were still in force, we shall draw a veil over the domestic economy of Lord Rosse's establishment.

And we think that the reader will have no cause to regret our secrecy, for it is in a far higher, and more interesting point of view,

that we have to introduce to the castle at Parsonstown.

From a very early period of his life Lord Rosse turned his attention to the manufacture of telescopes for astronomical purposes. At first his experiments were directed to the improvement of refracting telescopes, but after various essays in making fluid and other object-glasses, he came to the conclusion that although the improved manufacture of glass afforded the means of constructing larger discs of tolerably perfect glass than was formerly practicable, they still wanted that exact homogeneity and those optical properties essential to any great increase of power. He, therefore, came to the conclusion that there seemed to be but little chance of effecting anything really important in astronomy, except by improving the reflecting telescope. To that object every effort of his mind was directed; and we cannot but regard with amazement and admiration the results which had been created, when we remember that their originator has had parliamentary and other pressing and important duties attached to his high station, which have required and received his attention.

It is almost unnecessary to say that such a man must possess a rare combination of optical and chemical science, when, in the language of a distinguished philosopher, "he has given us the power of overcoming difficulties which arrested our predecessors, and of carrying to an extent, which even Herschel himself did not contemplate, the illuminating power of his telescopes, along with a sharpness of definition searcely inferior to that of the achromatic.

All this has been effected single-handed, and in a country in no way celebrated for its mechanical manufactures.

It would be wearisome were we even to glance at the numerous experiments which Lord Rosse made before he achieved the glorious and unparalleled feat of casting a speculum six feet in diameter. The extraordinary brittleness of speculum metal renders it most difficult of manipulation; for, although considerably harder than steel, the slightest percussion, or the mere increase by a few degrees only of its temperature, will shiver it to atoms.

To overcome this disastrous tendency to discerptation, the admixture of an increased proportion of copper was tried by early experimenters, and with success so far as rendering the speculum metal less brittle. But the remedy on one side led to a fatal evil on the other. The speculum no longer pre-

sented that brilliancy which is so essential; and, independently of this defect, it became much more liable to tarnish.

It was evident, therefore, that no departure could be made from the best proportions of metals for speculum, which we may here mention Lord Rosse finds to be 126.4 parts of copper to 58.9 of tin. Another feature in this intractable alloy is its porous nature. Of this fact Newton, who made several specula with his own hands, was fully aware, and he records that he considered it as a serious defect.

Lord Rosse at first endeavored to conquer the difficulties of constructing large specula by making them in several pieces, and soldering them to a back of alloy of zinc and copper, which should expand and contract in the same proportion as speculum metal. After several trials, he completed specula of three feet diameter, which answered very well for stars below the fifth magnitude; but above that they exhibited a cross formed by the diffraction at the joints, and were consequently rejected.

In the course of these experiments it was ascertained that the difficulty of casting large discs of speculum metal arose from the unequal contraction of the material; and it appeared evident, that if the fluid mass could be cooled throughout with perfect regularity, so that at every instant every portion should be of the same temperature, there would be no unequal contraction in the progress towards solidification. To effect this, it appeared only necessary to make the lower surface of the mould of iron, while the remainder was of dry sand. But on carrying this into practice, it was found that the speculum metal cooled so rapidly that air-bubbles remained entangled between it and the iron The overcoming of this new diffisurface. culty is strikingly illustrative of Lord Rosse's high mechanical talents. He constructed the lower part of his mould of hoop-iron, six inches broad, packed edgeways in a strong frame seven feet in diameter, and supported by strong tranverse bars below. The upper surface of this mould was turned to a convex segment of a sphere 108 feet radius, and then ground smooth by a frame filled with concave blocks of sandstone. This contrivance answered admirably. The air escaped through the interstices of the hoop, and the metal which came in contact with them was chilled at once into a dense sheet about half an inch thick. It now only remained to prevent the rest of the speculum cooling unequally, and for that purpose it was placed

in an annealing furace, and left there till

The success which attended these operations, and the subsequent grinding, polishing, and mounting specula of three feet diameter, induced Lord Rosse to attempt the arduous task of constructing one of six feet.

The first disc of this gigantic size was cast on the 13th of April, 1842. Three iron crucibles, each containing two tons of speculum

metal, were used.

On this occasion (we are told), besides the engrossing importance of the operation, its singular and sublime beauty can never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to be present. Above, the sky, crowded with stars, seemed to look down auspiciously on the work. Below, the furnaces poured out huge columns of nearly monochromatic yellow flames, and the ignited crucibles, during their passage through the air, were fountains of red light, producing on the towers of the castle and the foliage of the trees such accidents of color and shade as might almost transport fancy to the planets of a contracted double star. Nor was the perfect order and arrangement of everything less striking: each possible contingency had been foreseen, each detail carefully rehearsed; and the workmen executed their orders with a silent and unerring obedience worthy of the calm and provident self-possession in which they were given.

Allusion to the workmen in this passage leads us to mention that all the operatives in Lord Rosse's establishment have been, and are, Irishmen trained by himself. They are under the immediate superintendence of a foreman, also educated by Lord Rosse, whose manipulatory skill and knowledge of mechanics are of so high an order, that he could construct and mount a six foot speculum. The casting of the gigantic mirror is represented as having been a magnificent spectacle. For several minutes the metal rolled in heavy waves like those of quicksilver, which broke in a surf of fire on the sides of the mould. The disc was then placed in the annealing oven, where it remained for sixteen weeks, during the first three of which the exterior of the building was sensibly warm.

The operations of grinding and polishing were next performed, and here the aid of steam-power was required. It was long believed that specula could only be polished successfully by the hand, or in other words, that perfect results could only be obtained by feeling the polisher's action.* Lord

Rosse, however, contrived a mechanical apparatus, which not only grinds but polishes specula without the intervention of the hand. His first experiments were directed to specula of three feet diameter, and having succeeded in giving a beautiful figure and surface to these dics, he undertook to grind and polish the large speculum in the same manner.

The speculum is placed in a trough of water, care being taken to maintain it of an equal temperature during the entire process. The grinding-plate, which is of the same diameter as the speculum, is slightly convex. It is intersected by transverse and circular grooves into portions not exceeding half an inch in surface. Prepared emery-powder is then introduced between the two surfaces, and the speculum is made to revolve very slowly, while the grinding-plate is drawn backwards and forwards by one eccentric or crank, and from side to side slowly by an-The process of polishing differs very essentially from that of grinding; in the latter the powder employed runs loose between two hard surfaces, and may produce scratches probably equal in depth to the size of the particles. In the polishing process the case is very different; then, the particles of the powder lodge in the comparatively soft material of which the surface of the polishing tool is formed, and as the portions projecting may bear a very small proportion to the size of the particles themselves, the scratches necessarily will be diminished in the same proportion. The particles are thus forced to imbed themselves, in consequence of the extreme accuracy of contact, between the surface of the polisher and the speculum. But as soon as this accurate contact ceases, the polishing process becomes but fine grinding. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, to secure this accuracy of contact during the whole process. Several very ingenious devices have been suggested to render the art of polishing independent of the process of grinding. Among others was the proposition of Mr. Barton, who conceived that the object might be effected by turning the speculum with a diamond, constrained by very delicate machinery to move in the proper path, and with so slow a motion that the grooves produced by the diamond should act on light as a polished surface; but the extreme accuracy required in an operation of

metropolis who can grind and polish specula efficiently is a blind man of the name of Cuthbert. He polishes all mirrors literally by *feeling*, using no machinery in the operation. But his specula does not exceed four inches in diameter.

^{*} It is worthy of mention. that we were informed by Lord Rosse, that the only person in the

this nature being so great that the error of figure amounting to but a small fraction of a hair's breadth would destroy the action of a speculum, it was not to be expected that such a process could succeed in practice,—nor indeed, any other contrivance which has not, like that of grinding, a decided tendency to correct its own defects, and to produce results in which the errors may be said to be infinitely small in comparison with those in any of the previous steps from which they are derived.

It would occupy more space than we can afford were we to enter into the detail necessary for the comprehension of all Lord Rosse's beautiful and delicate processes, by which he has attained the grand desideratum in the manufacture of reflecting telescopes; to such perfection, however, has he brought his polishing machinery, that he can polish a sixfoot speculum in the small space of six The focal length of a three-foot speculum being so much less than that of a six-foot, Lord Rosse was enabled to test the accuracy of the parabolic curve by the following means: Above the speculum were a series of trap-doors, which, being opened, commanded a view of a flag-staff placed on the summit of a tower one hundred feet high. Watch-dials, with their faces inverted, were placed on the flag-staff, and an eye-piece being attached at the proper focal distance, the observer was at once enabled to ascertain the state of the speculum. The six-foot speculum could not be submitted to the test, but it was ground and polished so truly and well, that it only differed one inch from its focal length, which is fifty-three feet. It was our good fortune to see one of these gigantic mirrors polished, and we can truly say, that a more gorgeously resplendent surface cannot be conceived than the face of the speculum presented when the operation was completed. It was, indeed, "a broad bright eye," of intense lustre and brilliancy, undimmed by any flaw or scratch. With provident wisdom. Lord Rosse cast a second six-foot speculum, which he ground and polished with equal success, and thus when the speculum in use requires to be repolished, the telescope does not stand idle.

The construction of the tube and the contrivances for suspending and working it, occupied the greater portion of the year 1844. And here again we have numerous evidences of the master-mind of the noble director of these most interesting works. The great comparative lightness of a three-foot speculum enables it to be mounted equatorially:

that is, in a manner permitting it to be turned to any part of the heavens. But as the sixfoot speculum, with its supports, weighs no less than eight tons, and the tube for such a gigantic mirror several more, it became evident that excessive, if not insuperable difficulties existed to mounting it equatorially, It is of paramount importance that the motions of a telescope should be perfectly easy and free from tremor; and when the vast surface of such an instrument as that under consideration is borne in mind, it follows as a matter of course, that the action of a gale of wind on it would render it unsteady were it erected in the manner employed in the threefoot speculum.

Lord Rosse, therefore, determined to confine the range of observation to the vicinity of the meridian. There the stars are at their greatest altitudes, and atmospheric influences affect our vision of them least; their places can be determined with most accuracy, and an equatorial movement, so essential to micrometer measurements, can be easily ob-

tained.

His first step was to build two enormous walls on the lawn in front of the castle, and

walls on the lawn in front of the castle, and about three hundred yards from it. These walls are constructed of limestone, with a very solid foundation; they are seven feet thick and sixty-five feet high, and are castellated to correspond with the architecture of the castle.

The tube, which hangs between these walls, is constructed of memel timber, well seasoned, and bound by iron girders, of great strength and thickness. Its length is fiftysix feet, and diameter eight feet in the middle, but tapering to seven at the end-a height sufficient to allow the tallest man to walk through its tunnel-like proportions. The tube roposes at its lower end upon a very massive universal joint of cast-iron, resting on a pier of stonework buried in the ground, in order to insure perfect stability. On the universal joint is firmly bolted a cubical wooden chamber, about eight feet wide, in which the speculum is placed; and this brings us to one of the most beautiful mechanical arrangements of the whole instrument.

The uniform support of a reflector over its entire extent, is a point of the last importance to its optical performance. A distortion of figure by flexure, which in the object-glass of a refracting telescope would produce no appreciably injurious effect, would be utterly fatal to distinct vision in a reflecting one. When even the small speculum used by

Sir John Herschel, eighteen inches and a half in diameter, was supported by three points at the circumference, the image of every considerable star became triangular, throwing out long flaring caustics at the angles; and when he placed the speculum on a flat board, and stretched a thin packthread vertically down the middle of the board, so as to bring the weight to rest on this, as on an axis, the images of the stars were elongated in a horizontal direction to a preposterous extent, and all distinct vision completely destroyed by the division of the mirror into two lobes. we have stranger and stronger evidence than this of the extraordinary sensitiveness of speculum metal, even when existing in ponderous masses, like the six-foot mirror, which is nearly six inches thick, and weighs six tons; for the mere pressure of the hand at the back of such a speculum produces flexure sufficient to destroy the image of a star! It is obvious, therefore, that the slightest inequality in the supporting apparatus of a speculum is fatal to its correct performance. Sir John Herschel, who gave this subject great attention when mounting his small specula, and who tried an infinity of experiments, came to the conclusion that his mirrors answered better when they were bedded on woollen cloths; for he considered each fibre of wool as a delicate coiled spring of almost perfect elasticity, and that no artificial arrangement of metallic springs could attain such perfection. But in the case of Lord Rosse's heavy reflector, it was found necessary to employ a system of levers to afford it an equable support. The levers present a combination of three systems in every respect similar. Each system consists of one triangle, with its point of support directly under its centre of gravity, upon which it freely oscillates. Each triangle carries at it its angles three similar points of support for three other triangles, and they again at their angles carry in a similar way another set of triangles. As there are three systems, there are, therefore, twenty-seven triangles, each of which carries at its angles three brass balls; so that the speculum rolls freely on eighty-one balls. It is evident that a speculum supported in this manner will be practically free from strain while in a horizontal position, provided the due action of the levers is not interfered with by any disturbing force. Indeed it will be very much in the same condition as if it were floating in a vessel of mercury. But when the speculum ceases to be horizontal, new forces come into play, and part of the weight must then be resisted by pressure against the edge. Four

very strong segments of cast-iron, each above one-eighth of the circumference, are adjusted to the edge by screws, the segments bearing upon the massive castings which sustain t h three primary supports of the lever apparatus. These mechanical arrangements have answered well, and the mirror has given a

very good definition. When not in use, the speculum is covered with a cap of wood, coated with lime, to prevent oxydation. The tube carries, near its upper extremity, a small Newtonian mirror, which receives the reflection of the object from the speculum. The suspension of the huge telescope is effected by a series of chains passing over pulleys, and terminating in counterpoise weights. The weights are constrained to descend in quadrants of circles by chain guys attached to the frame which bears the declination pulley. The mechanism of this portion of the instrument is so admirable that the gigantic tube is moved with the greatest facility, and is perfectly steady, even in a violent gale of wind. The meridian motion is regulated by a cast-iron arc of a circle, about eighty-five feet in diameter. arc is composed of pieces of five feet long, each adjusted independently in the meridian by a transit instrument, and secured to massive stonework. A strong bar, provided with friction rollers, is connected with the iron arc. The tube is attached to the bar by wheelwork, so that a handle near the eye-piece enables the observer to move the telescope on either side of the meridian, and thus examine any object before it passes across the meridian, or after it has passed. The range is half-an-hour on each side of the meridian for a star at the equator, and Lord Rosse intends constructing a clock in the course of this winter which shall move the instrument.

The machinery rings a bell when the tube arrives on the meridian.

The western wall supports the stairs and galleries for the use of the observers. As high as 42° of altitude, the telescope is commanded by a light, prism-shaped framework, which slides between two ladders attached to the southern faces of the piers. It is counterpoised, and may be raised to any required position by a windlass; the upper portion affords support to a railway, on which the observing gallery moves about twenty-four feet east and west, the wheels being turned by a winch within reach of the observer. Three other galleries, rising above each other, reach to within 5° of the zenith. They are attached to the summit of the wall, and each is carried by two beams, which run between pairs of grooved wheels. Each gallery is capable of containing twelve persons; but the mechanism is so simple and easy, that, even when the galleries are full, one man can easily work them. The spectator, standing in the highest of these galleries, when it is suspended over the chasm, sixty feet deep, cannot fail to be struck with the enormous size of the apparatus which meets his eye. The mighty tube, which reposes beneath him in its cradle of massive chains, might be taken for one of the famous round towers, which had sunk down from its ancient foundations. Some idea of the prodigious mass of machinery may be formed from the fact that it contains more than one hundred and fifty tons of iron castings, which have been entirely executed in Lord Rosse's workshops.

All around is on so colossal a scale that stranger postilions and coachmen may be pardoned for having on several occasions, when driving visitors to the castle, conducted their horses to the enormous castellated walls, mistaking them for the portals to the castle

itself.

Within a short and convenient distance of the telescope is an observatory, with a revolving dome roof, containing large and very superior equatoreal and transit instruments, which have also been constructed by Lord Rosse. Independently of these, the observatory is fitted up in the usual manner, with clocks, and all the apparatus necessary for astronomical purposes. Attached to the observatory are rooms appropriated to the workmen, two of whom are always on duty to guard the telescopes from injury.

Close to this building stands the three-foot reflecting telescope, which, as we have stated, is mounted equatorially, and which, before the erection of the leviathan instrument, was regarded as a wonder of mechanical ingenuity.

Having now described the construction of the leviathan telescope, we shall next proceed to show the manner in which it is used, and then endeavor to introduce the reader to a few of the extraordinary celestial wonders which it reveals. As "soon as the evening shades prevail," the observatory staff, consisting of an astronomer and four men, prepare the instrument for observing. The eyepieces, and micrometers for measuring the stars and nebulæ, are carefully cleaned and adjusted, and should the night prove propitious for observing, the telescope is at once set to its work. And this is the highest in the whole range of astronomical observation. In the infancy of science, when astronomers for want of instruments only saw the out-

works, as it were, of the starry firmament, the invention of the telescope revealed thousands of brilliant orbs, hitherto unseen because invisible. As this invaluable instrument became improved, new wonders burst on the sight; and it was reserved for the Herschels to introduce us to systems in sublime perspective, vastly separated in space, and apparently unlimited in number and far beyond the region of the so-called fixed stars. These were the nebulæ, a term of modern date, for the word nebulous was formerly applied only to clusters of small stars. the aid of reflecting telescopes, the two Herschels examined nearly 3000 nebulæ and clusters of stars, an elaborate catalogue of which is given in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society. We do not mean to say that these distinguished astronomers were the first to make us aware of the existence of nebulæ; but the superior power of the instruments which they employed enabled them to add wonderfully to our knowledge of the construction of the heavens.

Nebulæ, as their name imports, are dim and misty-looking objects, but powerful telescopes resolve several of them into stars; while, at the same time, every increase of telescopic power brings fresh and unresolved nebulæ into view. These facts, combined with the circumstance that a vast number of the nebulæ catalogued by the Herschels are represented as a mere patch of milky-light, led Lord Rosse to determine on re-examining those nebulæ, as he had little doubt that the superior power of his large telescope would resolve many which were irresolvable by the instruments used in their former examination. And here we may with propriety give the reader some idea of the relative power of the telescopes used by the above distinguished

astronomers.

The extreme stars which are generally visible to the naked eye are those which are styled the sixth magnitude; some persons, however, gifted with very acute vision, may penetrate into space, under favorable circumstances, as far as those of the seventh. we take Sirius, which is the most brilliant star in the heavens, and adopt magnitude for distance, it follows, according to the above range of human sight, that it would appear as a star of the sixth magnitude were it removed to twelve times its distance from us. If the same star were removed to a distance seventy-five times as great, or, in other words, to the 900th order of distance, it would be visible in the twenty-foot reflector used by the Herschels in their surveys; but by Lord

Rosse's telescope we should still see it if it were removed to the 3436th order of distances. In other words, it reveals celestial objects at such bewildering and inconceivable distances, that light would be nearly 20,000 years traveling from them to the earth, though constantly speeding at the known rate of 192,000 miles in a second of time. We are happy to have it in our power to quote Sir John Herschel's opinion of Lord Rosse's leviathan telescope, delivered on the occasion of that nobleman reading a paper on the nebula numbered 25 in Herschel's catalogue.

Sir John Herschel declared that he could not explain to the section the strong feelings and emotion with which he saw this old and familiar acquaintance in the very new dress in which the more powerful instrument of Lord Rosse presented it. He then sketched on a piece of paper the appearance under which he had been accustomed to see it, which was a nucleus, surrounded by a ring-shaped nebulous light, with a nebulous curve stretching from one part of the ring to nearly the opposite. This had very strongly suggested to his mind what our system of stars, surrounded by the milky way dividing into its two great branches, would appear if seen from a sufficient distance. But now this nebula is shown in such a way as greatly to modify, if not totally to change, former opinions. In the first place, under the examination of the more powerful instrument, the nucleus became distinctly resolved into its constituent stars, which his telescope is not powerful enough to accomplish; and it now turned out that the appearance which he had taken for a second branch of the ring, was a nebulous offshoot stretching from the principal nebula, and connecting it with a neighboring much smaller one. This was to him quite a new feature in the history of nebulæ. The general appearance of the nebula as now presented strongly suggested the leading features of the shell of a snail rather than a ring. He felt a delight he could not express when he contemplated the achievements likely to be performed by this splendid telescope; and he had no doubt that, by opening up new scenes of the grandeur of the creation, it would tend to elevate and ennoble our conceptions of the great and beneficent Architect; the raising of our thoughts to whom should be the aim of all our researches, as the advancing our knowledge of Him, and the grateful tracings of the benefits and blessings with which He had surrounded us, was the noblest aim of all that deserved the name of science.

The prophetic language of Sir John Herschel has been in a great measure realized. The profundities of space hitherto wholly inaccessible have been sounded, and not only have many nebulæ been resolved, but such peculiarities of structure have been observed as, in Lord Rosse's words, "seem

even to indicate the presence of dynamical laws, which we may, perhaps, fancy to be

almost within our grasp."

It is exceedingly difficult to curb the pen into sobriety of expression when dwelling on the aspect of some of these marvellous objects. Our first view through the mighty tube was at one of the most brilliant nebulæ, known by the name of the Dumb-bell. Never shall we forget the breathless interest with which we entered the lofty gallery and took our stand before the object-glass. The field of vision was sown with myriads of stars, but as we gazed there came a dawn of stronger light, which increased in brilliancy as the nebula rose to view, and when it occupied the field, the spectacle which it presented was gorgeous in the extreme. The second nebula which we had the gratification of seeing was that of Orion. This nebula is peculiarly interesting to astronomers, and to philosophers generally, in its relation to Sir William Herschel's nebular theory. That distinguished observer, from certain peculiarities which he detected in some of the unresolved nebulæ, was induced to imagine that "many of the milky spots were not remote galaxies, but, on the contrary, accumulations of a shining fluid akin to the cometic, and probably located at no great remoteness, amid the interstellar intervals of our heavens."

In some instances the shining matter was chaotic, and presented no definite structure; but in the midst of other masses there seemed a gradual alteration of this amorphous form, and it was thought that the constitution of nuclei might be detected, around which the matter appeared gathering.

The nebula of *Orion* was regarded as a test in some degree of Herschel's hypothesis, and to that remarkable object the large tel-

escope was early directed.

The night on which it was first observed was far from favorable; and it was found impracticable to use more than half the magnifying power which the speculum bears; yet, even under these disadvantages, it was plainly seen that all about the trapezium was a mass of stars; that the rest of the nebula also abounded with stars, and that it exhibited the characteristics of resolvability strongly marked.

Subsequent observations, under more favorable circumstances, have confirmed in all respects this first impression. The extraordinary object—"the glory and wonder of the starry universe," as it has been styled, has been distinctly resolved; and what was thought to be a mottled region, turns out to

be a blaze of stars. Viewing all this glory during the silent night-watches, the words of holy writ came strongly to mind,—"Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like Him? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus, with his sons?"

The number and variety of nebulæ is astounding. The firmament literally swarms with them. Those denominated spirals are among the most remarkable,-sending out their long streamers of stars from a brilliant They vary in extent, aspect, brightness, and resolvability; but a certain degree of sphericity is indicated by their being generally brightest towards the middle. It has been proposed to class nebulæ into-1. Clusters, where all the stars are readily distinguishable. 2. Resolvable nebulæ, or such as there is every reason to believe consist of stars. 3. Nebulæ, properly so called, which no telescopic power can resolve. 4. Planetary nebulæ, possessing circular or slightly oval discs. 5. Stellar nebulæ, approaching to the appearance of stars; and 6. Nebulous stars, or nebulæ connected with very small stars which might be classed together. These may be subdivided into annular, spiral, knotted, and other forms. Lord Rosse is in the habit of calling all nebulæ spirals in which he detects a curvilinear arrangement not consisting of regular re-entering curves. He has discovered several of these in the early part of this year. The sketching of nebulæ is an exceedingly delicate and difficult operation. For when the nebula is faint, the feeblest amount of lamp-light must be employed to depict the object; and even this light unfits the eye of the observer for deep and steady vision.

The reader will now understand why Lord Rosse has selected the nebulæ for the nightly task-work of his unparalleled instrument.* They carry the mind into the highest region of astronomy; and though to grasp by mental efforts the magnificent unity of that wondrous system of worlds, of which our own globe is but as a molecule, is not given to man, yet it may be ours to soar with steadier wing, and more sustained energy, far beyond the flights of our forefathers. The noble

astronomer of Parsonstown is indeed a true type of Thomson's Philosopher:—

Not to this evanescent speck of earth Poorly confined—the radiant tracks on high Are his exalted range; intent to gaze Creation through, and from that full complex Of never-ending wonders to conceive of the Sole Being right.

We shall conclude this branch of our subject by quoting Sir John Herschel's words respecting nebulæ and the nebular theory:—

The nebulæ furnish in every point of view an inexhaustible field of speculation and conjecture. That by far the larger share of them consists of stars, there can be little doubt; and in the interminable range of system upon system, and firmament upon firmament, which we thus catch a glimpse of, the imagination is bewildered and lost. On the other hand, if it be true, as, to say the least, it seems extremely probable, that a phosphorescent or self-luminous matter also exists, disseminated through extensive regions of space in the manner of a cloud or fog, now assuming capricious shapes, like actual clouds drifted by the wind, and now concentrating itself, like a cometic appearance, around particular stars; what, we naturally ask, is the nature and destination of this nebulous matter? Is it absorbed by the stars in whose neighborhood it is found, to furnish by its condensation their supply of light and heat? or is it progressively concentrating itself by the effect of its own gravity into masses, and so laying the foundation of new sidereal systems, or of insulated stars? It is easier to propound such questions than to offer any probable reply to them. Meanwhile appeal to fact, by the method of constant and diligent observation, is open to us, and as the double stars have yielded to this kind of questioning, and disclosed a series of relations of the most intelligible and interesting description, we may reasonably hope that the assiduous study of nebulæ will, ere long, lead to some clearer understanding of their intimate nature.

Such are those objects which we, with our finite senses, have termed nebulæ. It may be the good fortune of future astronomers to fathom the mysterious nature of these bodies; but should they fail in this high task, we shall not err in ascribing to their laws of matter and motion the same almighty wisdom which we find pervading everything created by Jehovah, and with which we are permitted to become acquainted.

And canst thou think, poor worm! these orbs of light,
In size immense, in number infinite,
Were made for thee alone?

Of course it is impossible to perceive how far into the depths of space the march of science may lead us. As with the micro-

^{*} The results of the examination of several nebulæ have lately been communicated to the Royal Society by Lord Rosse.

scope, so with the telescope, every improvement in those instruments which increases
their magnifying power, or renders their
lenses or mirrors more transparent, or more
reflective, introduces us to new creations;
and it appears probable that it is only the
excessive remoteness of certain celestial
bodies, and the want of penetrating power
possessed by our telescopes, that cause them
to appear to us as mere glimmers of light.

Sir William Herschel, as the inscription on his monument at Upton finely says, "broke through the inclosures of the heavens;" and although he retreated when he found himself among depths whose light could not have reached him in much less than four thousand years, yet his successors, armed with keener and more space-penetrating vision, may advance beyond former bounds, and inform us of varieties of splendor of which we

have no comprehension.

Descending through the strata of celestial space, we come to what we call the fixed stars, but which doubtless only seem unchangeable in their position on account of our limited vision. Those eyes of Providence, as they were entitled by ancient astronomers, are glorious objects to view through the large telescope. Their brilliancy and infinite number startle and bewilder the beholder. Some notion may be gathered of their multitude, from the fact, that Lord Rosse's huge cyclopian orb renders stars of the 2016th order of distances visible. As with the nebulæ, so with the fixed stars, mile-measures utterly fail to convey anything like a just appreciation of the remoteness of these objects. The star 61 Cygni, which is one of the nearest to us, has been computed to be 62,481,-500,000,000 miles from the earth. distances as this place these orbs utterly beyond our ken; but they are not without their use to us; they have been well described as the landmarks of the universe, for amidst the endless and complicated fluctuations of our system, they seem placed by an Almighty and All-wise hand as guides and records to erring man.

apon the comparatively proximate region of the planets, that the great and searching power of Lord Rosse's large instrument becomes fully apparent to us. Indeed, it is difficult to avoid the risk of being suspected of exaggeration, writing of the moon as it appears in a favorable condition of the atmosphere, when viewed by the above telescope. Saturn is another extraordinary object. The two rings are seen with amazing

distinctness, and the satellites themselves are orbs of great glory and brilliancy. How different are all these revelations to those enjoyed by our astronomical forefathers! Such was the imperfection of early instruments, that Saturn, from the date which we attach to the creation, made 190 revolutions before the beautiful appendage of his rings became revealed to the eye of man. when Galileo discovered that the figure of the planet was not round but oblong, his telescope was so weak that he could not discriminate the rings; and subsequent observers stated, that when Saturn "was beheld with some great telescope, he was seen with anses or arms fastened to the two sides

of his disque."

But while it is a subject of congratulation that science has so greatly increased the power of astronomical instruments, and particulary that of the reflecting telescope, it should not be forgotten that this gauger of the heavens, with all its original imperfections, did good service to astronomy. Among the scientific treasures possessed by the Royal Society, there is none more highly valued than a small pasteboard tube nine inches long, fitted with a speculum two inches and three tenths in diameter. Nor will the lover of science continue to feel surprise when he learns that this is the original reflecting telescope, and that it was invented and constructed by the immortal Newton in 1671. Insignificant as this humble instrument appears when contrasted with Lord Rosse's leviathan, yet we find its illustrious maker stating in a letter to the Royal Society, dated March 16, 1671-" With the telescope which I made, I have sometimes seen remote objects, and particulary the moon, very distinct."

We cannot conclude this imperfect sketch of the wonders at Parsonstown, without adverting to the zeal manifested by Lord Rosse in the cause of science. Not satisfied by the triumphant feat of having constructed the largest telescope in the world, his nights are spent in his observatory, from whence he is summoned when any novel object is revealed

to the working observers.

But these night-watches, though harrassing and laborious, do not damp his lordship's ardor, nor materially interfere with his day studies. Experiments of the most costly and delicate nature are constantly made; and those who, like ourselves, have had the privilege of an introduction to the laboratory at Parsonstown Castle, will not easily forget the astonishing manipulatory skill of its noble proprietor.

THE HAUNTS OF GENIUS.

GRAY, BURKE, MILTON, DRYDEN, AND POPE.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Two summers ago I spent a few pleasant weeks among some of the loveliest scenery of our great river. The banks of the Thames, always beautiful, are nowhere more delightful than in the neighborhood of Maidenhead—one side ramparted by the high, abrupt, chalky cliffs of Buckinghamshire; the other edging gently away into our rich Berkshire meadows, checkered with villages, villas, and woods.

My own temporary home was one of singular beauty—a snug cottage at Taplow, looking over a garden full of honeysucles, lilies, and roses, to a miniature terrace, whose steps led down into the water, or rather into our little boat; the fine old bridge at Maidenhead just below us; the magnificent woods of Cliefden, crowned with the lordly mansion (now, alas! a second time burnt down), rising high above; and the broad majestic river, fringed with willow and alder, gay with an ever-changing variety—the trim pleasureyacht, the busy barge, or the punt of the solitary angler, gliding by placidly and slowly, the very image of calm and conscious power. No pleasanter residence, through the sultry months of July and August, than the Bridge cottage at Taplow.

Besides the natural advantages of the situation, we were within reach of many interesting places, of which we, as strangers, contrived—as strangers usually do—to see a great deal more than the actual residents.

A six-mile drive took us to the lordly towers of Windsor—the most queenly of our palaces—with the adjuncts that so well become the royal residence, St. George's Chapel and Eton College, fitting shrines of learning and devotion! Windsor was full of charm. The ghostly shadow of a tree, that is, or passes for Herne's oak—for the very man of whom we inquired our way maintained that the tree was apocryphal, although in such cases I hold it wisest and pleasantest to believe—the very old town itself, with the

localities immortalized by Sir John and Sir Hugh, Dame Quickly, and Justice Shallow, and all the company of the Merry Wives, had to me an unfailing attraction. To Windsor we drove again and again, until the pony spontaneously turned his head Windsorward.

Then we reviewed the haunts of GRAY, the house at Stoke Pogis, and the churchyard where he is buried, and which contains the touching epitaph wherein the pious son commemorates "the careful mother of many children, one of whom only had the misfortune to survive her." To that spot we drove one bright summer day, and we were not the only visitants. It was pleasant to see one admirer seated under a tree, sketching the church, and another party, escorted by the clergyman, walking reverently through it. Stoke Pogis, however, is not without its rivals; and we also visited the old church at Upton, whose ivy-mantled tower claims to be the veritable tower of the "Elegy." very curious scene did that old church exhibt -that of an edifice not yet decayed, but abandoned to decay; an incipient ruin, such as probably might have been paralleled in the monasteries of England after the Reformation, or in the churches of France after the first Revolution. The walls were still standing, still full of monuments and monumental inscriptions; in some the gilding was yet fresh, and one tablet especially had been placed there very recently, commemorating the talents and virtues of the celebrated astronomer, Sir John Herschel. But the windows were denuded of their glass, the font broken, the pews dismantled, while on the tottering reading-desk one of the great Prayerbooks, all mouldy with damp, still lay openlast vestige of the holy services with which it once resounded. Another church had been erected, but it looked new and naked, and everybody seemed to regret the old place of worship, the roof of which was remarkable for the purity of its design.

Another of our excursions was to Ockwells-a curious and beautiful specimen of domestic architecture in the days before the Tudors. Strange it seems to me that no one has exactly imitated that graceful front, with its steep roof terminated on either side by two projecting gables, the inner one lower than the other, adorned with oak carving, regular and delicate as that on an ivory fan. The porch has equal elegance. One almost expects to see some baronial hawking party, or some bridal procession issue from its recesses. The great hall, although its grand open roof has been barbarously closed up, still retains its fine proportions, its dais, its music gallery, and the long range of windows, still adorned with the mottos and escutcheons of the Norreys's, their kindred and allies. It has long been used as a farmhouse; and one marvels that the painted windows should have remained uninjured through four centuries of neglect and change. Much that was interesting has disappeared, but enough still remains to gratify those who love to examine the picturesque dwellings of The noble staircase, the our ancestors. iron-studded door, the prodigious lock, the gigantic key (too heavy for a woman to wield), the cloistered passages, the old-fashioned buttery-hatch, give a view not merely of the degree of civilization of the age, but of the habits and customs of familiar daily life.

Another drive took us to the old grounds of Lady Place, where, in demolishing the house, care had been taken to preserve the vaults in which the great Whig leaders wrote and signed the famous letter to William of Orange, which drove James the Second from the throne. A gloomy place it is now—a sort of underground ruin-and gloomy enough the patriots must have found it on that memorable occasion: the tombs of the monks (it had formerly been a monastery) under their feet, the rugged walls around them, and no ray of light, except the lanterns they may have brought with them, or the torches that they lit. Surely the signature of that summons which secured the liberties of England would make an impressive picture— Lord Somers in the foreground, and the other Whig statesmen grouped around him. Latin inscription records a visit made by George the Third to the vaults; and truly it is among the places that monarchs would do well to visit-full of stern lessons!

Chief pilgrimage of all was one that led us first to Beaconsfield, through the delightful lanes of Buckinghamshire, with their luxuriance of hedge-row timber, and their

There we paid patches of heathy common. willing homage to all that remained of the habitation consecrated by the genius of Ep-MUND BURKE. Little is left, beyond gates and outbuildings, for the house has been burnt down and the grounds disparked; but still some of his old walks remained, and an old well and traces of an old garden—and pleasant it was to tread where such a man had trodden, and to converse with the few who still remembered him. We saw, too, the stalworth yeoman who had the honor not only of furnishing to Sir Joshua the model of his "Infant Hercules," but even of suggesting the subject. Thus it happened. Passing a few days with Mr. Burke at his favorite retirement, the great painter accompanied his host on a visit to his bailiff. noble boy lay sprawling in the cradle in the. room where they sat. His mother would fain have removed him, but Sir Joshua, then commissioned to paint a picture for the Empress Catherine, requested that the child might remain, sent with all speed for pallet and easel, and accomplished his task with that success which so frequently waits upon a sudden inspiration. It is remarkable that the good farmer, whose hearty cordial kindness I shall not soon forget, has kept in a manner most unusual the promise of his sturdy infancy, and makes as near an approach to the proportions of the fabled Hercules as ever Buckinghamshire yeoman displayed.

Beaconsfield, however, and even the cherished retirement of Burke, was by no means the goal of our pilgrimage. The true shrine was to be found four miles farther, in the small cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton found a refuge during the Great

Plague of London.

The road wound through lanes still shadier and hedge-rows still richer, where the tall trees rose from banks overhung with fern, intermixed with spires of purple foxglove; sometimes broken by a bit of mossy parkpaling, sometimes by the light shades of a beech-wood, until at last we reached the quiet and secluded village whose very first dwelling was consecrated by the abode of the great poet.

It is a small tenement of four rooms, one on either side the door, standing in a little garden, and having its gable to the road. A short inscription, almost hidden by the foliage of the vine, tells that Milton once lived within those sacred walls. The cottage has been so seldom visited, is so little desecrated by thronging admirers, and has suffered so

little from alteration or decay, and all about it has so exactly the serene and tranquil aspect that one should expect to see in an English village two centuries ago, that it requires but a slight effort of fancy to image to ourselves the old blind bard still sitting in that little parlor, or sunning himself on the garden-seat beside the well. Milton is said to have corrected at Chalfont some of the sheets of the "Paradise Lost." The "Paradise Regained" he certainly composed there. One loves to think of him in that calm retreat-to look round that poor room, and think how Genius ennobles all that she touches! Heaven forfend that change in any shape, whether of embellishment or of decay, should fall upon that cottage!

Another resort of ours, not a pilgrimage, but a haunt, was the forest of old pollards. known by the name of Burnham Beeches. A real forest it is—six hundred acres in extent, and varied by steep declivities, wild dells, and tangled dingles. The ground, clothed with the fine short turf where the thyme and the harebell love to grow, is partly covered with luxuriant fern; and the juniper and the holly form a fitting underwood for those magnificent trees, hollowed by age, whose profuse canopy of leafy boughs seems so much too heavy for the thin rind by which it is supported. Mr. Grote has a house here, on which we looked with reverence; and in one of the loveliest spots we came upon a monument erected by Mrs. Grote in memory of Mendelssohn, and enriched by an elegant inscription from her

We were never weary of wandering among the Burnham Beeches, sometimes taking Dropmore by the way, where the taste of the late Lord Grenville created from a barren heath a perfect Eden of rare trees and matchless flowers. But even better than amid that sweet woodland scene did I love to ramble by the side of the Thames, as it bounded the beautiful grounds of Lord Orkney, or the magnificent demense of Sir George Warrender, the verdant lawns of Cliefden.

That place also is full of memories. There

it was that the famous Duke of Buckingham fought his no less famous duel with Lord Shrewsbury, while the fair countess, dressed, rather than disguised, as a page, held the horse of her victorious paramour. We loved to gaze on that princely mansion-since a second time burnt down-repeating to each other the marvelous lines in which our two matchless satirists have immortalized the duke's follies, and doubting which portrait were the best. We may at least be sure that no third painter will excel them. Alas! who reads Pope or Dryden now? I am afraid, very much afraid, that to many a fair young reader these celebrated characters will be as good as manuscript. I will at all events try the experiment. Here they be:

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking.

Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.

Blest madman, who could every hour employ With something new to wish or to enjoy!"

DRYDEN. Absalom and Achitophel.

Now for the little hunchback of Twickenham:

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half

The walls of plaster, and the floor of dung; On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw, With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw, The George and Garter dangling from that bed, Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red: Great Villiers lies:—but, ah, how changed from him,

That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim, Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove, The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love! Or just as gay at council 'mid the ring Of mimic statesman and their merry king! No wit to flatter left of all his store; No fool to laugh at, which he valued more; There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends, And fame, the lord of useless thousands ends!"

POPE. Moral Essays.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

FREDERIC THE GREAT AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

It is not our intention to investigate the causes of the Seven Years' War, but to give a rapid sketch of that sanguinary series of campaigns. It will be sufficient to state that from the information of spies which he had planted in almost every state in Europe, Frederic learnt that he was to be simultaneously assaulted by France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and the Germanic body, and that the major part of his comparatively small dominions was to be parcelled out

among his enemies.

The Seven Years' War began in August, The King of Prussia, unable to obtain satisfaction from the Empress Queen of Germany, Maria Theresa, relative to her military preparations, resolved to strike the first blow. He has been blamed for this as precipitate; but it was the nature of Frederic to anticipate, rather than to seem to fear, dangers. Purposing the invasion of Bohemia, he required a passage for his army through Saxony, and did not wait for permission to enter that country. The King of Poland, the Elector, assembled his troops at the strong camp of Pirna, and repaired thither in person, leaving his Queen at Dresden. In a few days that city was taken, and Frederic seized all the public revenues of Saxony, and broke open the secret cabinet in the royal apartments, notwithstanding the personal opposition of the Queen. He then assumed the entire government of the electoral dominions, and dismissed the Saxon council and ministers of state. The next great object was to gain possession of the camp at Pirna. Frederic closely invested it; and by repulsing at the battle of Lowositz the Austrians who came to its relief, he constrained it to surrender. He immediately compelled all the common men of the Saxon army to enter among his own troops, a flagrant but invariable exercise of tyrannic power by this monarch towards a vanquished enemy.

At the beginning of 1757 the enemies of the King of Prussia were collecting forces against him on all sides, and he was put under the ban of the Empire with all the accus-

tomed formalities. Undaunted, and resolved to recommence hostilities by carrying the war into the enemy's country, he marched into Bohemia with four separate bodies of men, which he united under his own command. On May 5, he gave battle at Prague to the Austrians under Prince Charles of Lorraine and Marshal Brown. The combat was obstinately contested, with a frightful loss on both sides; but at length terminated decisively in favor of the Prussians. The Austrians, compelled to take refuge in Prague, were immediately invested by Frederic, who terribly bombarded that city, and reduced the besieged to great straits for want of provisions. The approach of the great Imperial General, Marshal Daun, at length changed the fortune of the campaign. His intrenched camp at Kolin so impeded the operations of the King of Prussia, that he resolved upon attacking it. With an inferior force he long persisted in a most desperate action, and was finally obliged to retreat with great "Nothing remained for him but to retreat in good order, to raise the siege of Prague, and to hurry his army by different routes out of Bohemia." Meantime, an army of French had taken possession of Hanover, after driving out the Duké of Cumberland: and about the same time the Russians and Swedes invaded the Prussian territories from the north. In this critical position of affairs, the activity and resolution of Frederic did not desert him. He first assailed the combined army of French and Imperialists, of double his own number, at Rosbach, and entirely and disgracefully defeated them. Then marching into Silesia, where the Austrians had taken Breslau, he obtained a signal victory over them at Lissa, and recovered the "That battle," said Napoleon, "was a masterpiece. Of itself it is sufficient to entitle Frederic to a place in the first rank of generals." The close of 1757 saw Frederic victorious, and freed in every quarter from the enemies who had so closely pressed upon him.

The splendor of the King of Prussia's

achievements had by this time rendered him an object of general admiration, and in England he was regarded as the Protestant hero, fighting for religion and liberty. Some English noblemen and gentlemen offered to serve in his army as volunteers, an offer which he politely but firmly declined, alleging, as it is said, but at least suspecting, that the example of their luxury and profusion might prove contagious. The British government tendered their assistance in a far more acceptable manner. England agreed to pay a sum of nearly seven hundred thousand pounds to the King of Prussia by way of subsidy. Pitt the elder undertook the task of defending Western Germany against France, and asked Frederic only for the loan of a general. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick was selected, and put at the head of an army, partly English, partly Hanoverian, and partly composed of mercenaries. "He soon," remarks Macaulay, "vindicated the choice of the two allied courts, and proved himself the second general of the age."

In the campaign of 1758, the King penetrated to Moravia, and laid siege to Olmutz, which was saved by the conduct of Marshal Daun, who intercepted the Prussian convoys, and obliged Frederick to retire into Bohemia. Thence he was called to oppose the Russians, who were besieging Custrin in Brandenburg. The King fought them at Zorndorff, and after a battle most obstinately contested, the Russians were overthrown with great slaughter. Marching thence into Lusatia, he underwent a surprise and a defeat from his valiant antagonist Daun, at Hochkirch, who at once invested Dresden. The Prussian commander set fire to its magnificent suburbs, and the approach of the King, soon after, caused the siege to be raised. The unhappy country of Saxony was the greatest sufferer during the whole war, and the King of Prussia, in particular, exacted immoderate contributions from it

with extreme rigor.

The campaign of 1759 began with the King's attempts to free himself from the renewed attacks of the Russians, who, under General Soltikow, having defeated a body of Prussians at Zulichau, had taken possession of Frankfort on the Oder. The King in person now opposed their progress, and on August the 12th, was fought the battle of Kunersdorf, one of the most murderous of all during this destructive war. At first, the success of the Prussians was so great that the King despatched a billet to the queen at Berlin, preparing her to expect a glorious

victory. "But, in the meantime, the stubborn Russians, defeated but unbroken, had taken up their stand in an almost impregnable position. Here the battle recommenced. The Prussian infantry were brought up repeatedly to the attack, but in vain. King led three charges in person. Two horses were killed under him. The officers of his staff fell all around him. His coat was pierced by several bullets. All was in vain. Then followed an universal rout. Shattered in body, shattered in mind, the King reached that night a village which the Cossacks had plundered; and there in a ruined and deserted farm-house, flung himself on a heap of straw. He had sent to Berlin a second despatch very different from his first. "Let the royal family leave Berlin. Send the archives to Potsdam. The town may make terms with the enemy." Berlin, however, did not fall. Such were the skill and presence of mind of the King in repairing a disaster, that soon after his defeat he so awed the Russian general that he compelled him to march into Lusatia and join Marshal Daun, instead of entering Brandenburg. Still misfortunes crowded upon the King. One of his generals, with 15,000 men, was oblige to surrender at Maxen, and another was beaten at Meissen. At the close of the campaign of 1759, the situation of Prussia would have appeared desperate indeed, but that Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, by a series of exploits in the west, of which the battle of Minden was the most glorious, had obviated all chance of danger from France.

The commencement of the campaign of 1760 was adverse to Frederic. The Prussians met with a disaster at Landshut, when a considerable body was defeated and made prisoners by Laudohn. The King, by a masterly manœuvre, deceived Daun, and suddenly appeared before Dresden. The Austrian commander refusing to surrender, Frederic once more ruined some of the finest parts of that unfortunate city by a furious cannonade. He then marched into Silesia, where he gained the great battle of Leignitz over Laudohn. Meanwhile, his inveterate enemies, the Russians, with an army of Austrians and Imperialists, had made themselves masters of Berlin, which, however, was soon evacuated by the enemy; and the King, who was hastening to its relief, turned off to Saxony. There, in a desperate condition of his affairs, he was induced to attack Daun, who was strongly posted at Torgau. After an obstinate and most bloody

action, in which Daun was wounded, the Austrians were compelled to retreat. The Russians and Swedes also quitted his dominions, and thus he gained fresh breathing

time in Saxon winter-quarters.

In 1761, it became apparent that the losses of the King of Prussia, in so many bloody campaigns, had greatly reduced him. He occupied a strong position in Silesia, in which he remained immovable, while he kept a watchful eye upon his enemies. He could not, however, prevent Laudohn from taking Schweidnitz, and the Russians, Colberg. From the latter formidable foe, however, he was unexpectedly freed early in 1762, by the death of the Empress Elizabeth and the accession of Peter III. The new sovereign was so great an admirer of Frederic. that he not only immediately concluded a peace with him, but formed a treaty of alliance, and this sudden change was the favorable crisis of the King's affairs. A peace with Sweden soon followed; and though the speedy dethronement and death of Peter deprived the King of the aid of Russia, yet Catherine II. observed a neutrality in the remaining contest. The King then retook ·Schweidnitz; his brother, Prince Henry, defeated the Austrians and Imperialists at Friebourg in Saxony; and in 1763 a Prussian army made an irruption into Franconia, where it raised contributions and recruits. Peace had by this time been signed between Great Britain and France, and Austria was left alone in the war. The Empress Queen was obliged to conclude the peace of Hubertsburg, in February, 1763. This treaty was formed upon the basis of those of Breslau and Berlin, and confirmed to the King of Prussia all his former Silesian acquisitions, the two powers mutually guarantying the whole of each other's German possessions. The King of Poland (Elector of Saxony)

was at the same time restored to his wasted dominions, without any compensation. Thus, after this immense loss of human lives, and accumulation of human misery, the political balance was left precisely in its former state.*

The chief value of the Mitchell papers arises from the circumstance, that Sir Andrew Mitchell, a very sensible, straightforward, and sagacious man, was our ambassador to Prussia during the momentous events of which we have given an outline, and that he was permitted the dangerous distinction of accompanying Frederic in every campaign of the Seven Years' War. Sir Andrew, abstaining from military criticism, relates all the operations of the direful struggle in simple and perspicuous language. Highly esteemed by Frederic for qualities which he knew how to value, and in his own practice to discard, the great captain admitted the ambassador into his confidence, and freely criticised his own operations and those of his enemies, confessing faults of his own as well as of others. This gives a real worth and stability to these volumes; for, although the performances of the King of Prussia in the theatre of war may be studied with advantage by military men, yet the sagacity which conceived and the vigor which accomplished them, furnish an example which bears its lesson for all mankind. Untiring energy and exhaustless fertility of resources under the most trying, adverse, and critical circumstances, were the grand characteristics of the Prussian monarch, and the possession of these qualities justly entitles Frederic to the surname of "The Great."

A GREAT PURCHASE—The famous collection of Hebrew works known as "The Michael Collection," recently purchased by the British Museum, amounts to about five thousand volumes. They are now in progress of being classified on a system which deserves to be adopted even by the private collectors

of libraries. The several departments of Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, History, &c., are each represented by a peculiar color of binding; each department being again classed into certain subdivisions, is made recognizable by the special color of the lettering label.

^{*} It is far from improbable that a timely recollection of this result contributed to the accommodation which has been just come to between Austria and Prussia.

From the People's Journal.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY PARSON FRANK.

There have been tongues that smote
The lazy air wherein the gnat did dance,
And it hath dropp'd down molten on a soul,
And branded it for ever. . .

Why should I speak?
Friends, 'tis a fearful time. As yet your eyes
Have not been open'd to know good from evil.

Sydney Yendys.

MR. CARLYLE is a singular compound of not very homogeneous elements; in him one sees characteristics of the ancient cynic, the mediæval poet, the Scottish puritan, and the radical of our own times. In his phrenological development we may suppose the organs of concentrativeness and adhesiveness very large, but the constructive small; veneration as much bigger than most people's bumps as Olympus than a mole-hill; and good, firm, implastic protusions in the regions assigned by the doctors to wonder, ideality, comparison, and wit. Is he an original writer? If not, something very little less than kin thereto. To be original, as the world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand. Some folks decree quite otherwise. Coming from the sermon of a popular preacher, who tickles the ear, and sometimes the midriff, too-though he, worthy gentleman, did not mean that-by spicing his discourse with a few out-of-the-way words, and brisk, pert epithets which he has laboriously crammed up from Emerson and Gilfillan, and even got into the knack of coining for himself-these delighted critics exclaim, What an original orator! the most so I ever heard! Others get hold of a book written by a fourth or fifth-rate plagiarist from and mimic of Carlyle—and they are enraptured by the dashing pirate; and though there is really no speculation in his eye, nor anything like it, they take it to be the glittering eye of the ancient mariner himself. To say ideal for fanciful, and mission for business, and aspirings for wishes, and objective for external, is

not to be original-else originality is uncommonly cheap now-a-days. To travel out of the beaten way, with no very substantial or definite aim, but chiefly to attract notice and hear misses of an indefinnite age whisper, What a superior man! he is like nobody else !-- is but a sorry title to originality. According to this metre, a coat with unusually broad skirts, or a hat with exuberant brim, or a shirt-pin of preternatural lustre, or dress boots of unparalleled polish, would confer such a title. They are anomalous and exceptional: argal, original. Quod est demonstrandum, quod est absurdum. It will be found that most of those magazine pets and pulpit petlings who are voted intensely original by admiring coteries, are imitators of Mr. Carlyle. He has taught them to use extraordinary expressions, and to handle audacious adjectives. From the great protester against cant, they have learned to cant to perfection. From the denouncer of shams, they have learned (not that he is accountable) little but sham sentiment, sham phraseology, sham sincerity. But unobserving people are struck by the tawdry copy, the diluted draught, the parrot-version of what was once of the man, manly; in fact the diluted draught suits them better than the fontal strong drink; to them the twaddle in Carlylese dialect is more agreeable and intelligible than Carlyle himself; and to deny the absolute originality of the spruce, glib-tongued parrot is, with them, to deny a self-evident proposition.

If, then, Mr. Carlyle is so much in request

by the apes of popular literature, must be not be possessed of the real originality of which they affect a semblance? He is assuredly, what they are not, a man of original mind. But, as I believe Mr. R. H. Horne* maintains, he is not an originator. "His office, certainly, is not to exchange new lamps for old ones. His quality of a 'gold reviver' is the nearest to a novel acquirement. He tells us what we knew, but had forgotten or refused to remember; and his reiterations startle and astonish us like informations. . . . It is obvious that Mr. Carlyle is not an originator, but a renewer, although his medium is highly original." Looking simply at his style, you would say he was the most original writer of the time, taking liberties and playing pranks with language such as Bentham never dreamed of, and beside which the antics of some of the transatlantic belles lettres are feeble and floundering enough. But the thing said and the manner of saying it, are distinct; and one may be original, the other not. What our author does, and that so happily, so forcibly, is, to resuscitate truths that have been laid by, perchance laid out. He reaches down dusty verities from the upper, shelf-brushes them up-and they come and are welcomed like an old friend with a new face. Without genius, he could not do this as he does. His genius fires him to revive the axiomatic authority of principles that are axioms in our nature, to proclaim the jus divinum of Duty's neglected royalty, to convince men of what they confess, that the soul is higher and nobler than the body; to prove to them what they already, but so inconsistently, allow, that there is something in them better than gross animalism, and beer bibbing, and flunkey morals.

What is his accredited vocation? If you mention his name and begin to talk about him to one unacquainted with his works, and only cognizant of his public celebrity, your friend will most probably say, Oh, I suppose you mean the man who writes about shams, and all that. Right, mon cher, that is he. That is what is and has been the "mission" of Thomas Carlyle. To him we may apply the words of Emerson: "Here comes by a great inquisitor with augur and plumb-line, and will bore an Artesian-well through all our conventions and theories, and pierce to the core of things." No mercy has he upon a detected falsity. No quarter he for a con-

victed lie. Grim are his glances at every "sleek, thrice-curled, prim arbiter of vile proprieties," who does court-embassies with "bastard and emasculated speech;" deep his disgust at that "audible obeisance which on the silver plate of compliment exchanges rotten hearts." His aspect when anatomizing a sham, may remind us of one of Scott's characters—

But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage,
Which bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome.;

His voice is that of one in the wilderness crying aloud and sparing not: "Ye miserable, this universe is not an upholstery puppet-play, but a terrible God's-fact; and you, I think, had not you better begone?"] "Oh, my brother, be not thou a quack! Die, rather, if thou wilt take counsel: 'tis but dying once, and thou art quit of it for ever. Cursed is that trade; and bears curses thou knowest not how long ages after thou art departed, and the wages thou hadst are all consumed." "No lie you can speak and act, but it will come, after longer or shorter circulation, like a bill drawn on Nature's Reality, and be presented there for payment, with the answer, No effects. Pity only that it had so long a circulation: that the original forger were so seldom he who bore the final smart of it!" He has a message, and delivers every the sternest syllable of it, to the Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, of this generation-to houses built on the sand, against which he tells how the winds shall beat and the rains fall, and the floods arise-to whited sepulchres, fair enough outwardly, but within full of all uncleanness. He stands between the living and the dead, while, as Jean Paul says, "the dead walk, and the living dream;" and his prayer is-if prayer we may call it-"Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt make the day dawn!" And to the prayer, "Well, God mend all," he adds the practical energy of his own Sir David Ramsay, that is to say, helping Him to mend it.

His remarkable style is not without a remarkable charm. Call it as vicious as you

^{*} New Spirit of the Age. † Emerson, Method of Nature.

^{*} Sydney Yendys, The Roman, Marmion, Canto iv. Latter Day Pamphlets.

S Carlyle's French Revolution, vol. i.

please, you must own its strange pathos, its caustic humor, its sledge-hammer power." The prim prettiness of elegant models of style, true to grammar and correct in taste, what are they to it? Do Blair's images haunt us like Carlvle's? Does the dead level of unexceptionable prose attract us like his abrupt chasms and frowning jagged mountain ridges?

In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes, Which out of Nature's common order rise, The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.*

Southey lays down as a general rule in composition, that inasmuch as any style is peculiar, the peculiarity is a fault, the proof of which is the easiness with which it is imitated, or caught up. "You forgive it in the original for its originality, and because originality is usually connected with power."; Sometimes, it must be owned, the vagaries of Mr. Carlyle emulate those imputed by Thos. Moore to the late John Galt-

With a rabble of words at command, Scotch, English, and slang in promiscuous al-

He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand, And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Mr. Gilfillan calls his style, in imitative fashion (we all imitate Carlyle when we write about him) - "fuliginous-flaming, prosepoetic, mock-heroic-earnest, Germanic-Scotch, colloquial-chaotic, satiric-serious, luminous-obscure." Believing as we do in idiosyncrasy, we dare not call the style af-The mind of the man is eccentric, peculiar, exceptionable—and his style is in keeping with his nature, and therefore, to him, natural. When he once indites a curious epithet, how he gloats over it, and is never weary (whatever we may be) of repeating it-

Atque eadem cantabit versibus usdem;

until, cloyed and impatient, we begin to exclaim,

Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.

Prominent in the recurring series are, for instance, Gig-Respectability, Able Editors, Gospel of M'Crowdy, Phantasm Captains,

> * Pope, Essay on Criticism. † Life of Southey, vol. v.

Juvenal, Satira vii.

Moore's Satirical and Humorous Poems. § Gallery of Lit. Port i.

Godfrey's-cordial Constitutions, Apotheosis of Attorneyism, Heroic Intellects, National Palaver, Supreme Scoundrel, Phallus-Worship, Devil's regiments, Professors of the Dismal Science, Prevenient Grace and Supervenient Moonshine, God Almighty's Noble and the Court-Tailor's Noble, Heavyside my solid friend, Stump-orator, Attorney-logic, Divine Nobleness, Bobus, Crabbe of the Intermittent Radiator, Pig Philosophy, Shams, Cant, Flunkeyism, Fugle-motions, Make-believes, Fantasies, and other multitudinous chaff. But there are plenteous examples of rare beauty and profound force in the writings disfigured, as most judge, by these excrescences. We meet at intervals with

Slow placid words that hurry to a torrent; Then the gulf stream of passion !-- high command, Entreaty, reason, adjuration; -- all The martial attributes of a grand soul.*

Some of the most impassioned and melting passages in the English language (unless you deny that he writes English at all), will be found in the earlier works of Carlyle.

His youthful productions are Specimens of German Romance, in four volumes, a translation of the two parts of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, and an original Life of Schiller. All the associations connected with the uprising of his day-star were Germanic. He has done more than any contemporary to instill into British readers a philo-Teutonic spirit. The Life of Schiller lacks the splendida vitia of subsequent performances; it is smoothly and eloquently written; but, as the preface to the late edition instructs us, "the reader, by way of constant commentary, when needed, has to say to himself, It was written twenty years The criticisms it contains are clear and discriminative, as where it is objected to the delineation of Francis Moor, in The Robbers, that so effective a miscreant could not exist, since his calculations would lead him to honesty, if merely because it was the best policy-and that Moor the father could not have grown old in such ignorance anywhere but in fiction—and in analyzing what was heroic in Fiesco, and the casuistry of Wilhelm Tell's homicidal act. It contains some fine thoughts upon skepticism, and a just comparison of Shakspeare with Milton—as well as of Schiller with Goethe and Alfieri. Carlyle's estimate of the relative genius of the two Germans has changed since then;

for you would look in vain in his later works for such a passage as this, found in the Life of Schiller—"Germany, indeed, boasts of Goethe: and on some rare occasions, it must be owned that Goethe has shown talents of a higher order than are here manifested; but he has made no regular or powerful exertions of them: Faust is but a careless effusion compared with Wallenstein." Well might the author, in 1845, beg the reader to keep in mind, that a book with such criticism, so opposed to the Faust-olatry of the Miscellanies, &c., was written twenty years

ago-alas, five-and-twenty now!

The Reviews and Magazines soon found work for his genius. The Edinburgh tacked about, and adopted the colors of this Deutsch commentator, until his Characteristics broke up the connection. The Foreign Quarterly exulted in so congenial a contributor; and Fraser made much of him who gave it Sartor, and the Diamond Necklace, among other spolia opima. Of these the four volumes of his Miscellanies are made up, and capital reading they are. What fascinating portraits are those of Richter, Burns, Goethe, and others! He has taught thousands to love Jean Paul, who to this hour are ignorant of all Jean Paul's works. "Poverty of a far sterner sort would have been a light matter to him; for a kind mother, Nature herself, had already provided against it; and, like the mother of Achilles, rendered him invulnerable to outward things. There was a bold, deep, joyful spirit looking through those young eyes; and to such a spirit the world has nothing poor, but all is rich, and full of loveliness and wonder." What a noble biography—this of the poor Leipsic student, who, from a buoyant, cloud-rapt youth, perfected himself into a clear, benignant, and lofty-minded Man-who long saw poverty in the shape of actual want-who could not pay for his meagre bread and milk scores-who wrote books for subsistence, and could hardly find a publisher, and still more hardly purchasers of what was puplished-who presented Magazine editors with essays, of which some one in ten might be accepted-who, when "grim Scarcity looked in on him through the window, ever looked out again on that fiend with a quiet, halfsatirical eye "-who wrote smilingly on, ream after ream, in the same room wherein his mother was scrubbing the dresser and scouring the dishes-and who kept up to the last that exemplary, unwearied diligence, and so had at all times "perennial, fire-proof joys, viz., Employments." Then again we have in this grand Portrait Gallery, Werner, that gifted spirit, struggling earnestly amid the new, complex, tumultuous influences of his time and country; -- Novalis, that deep, religious, contemplative nature, purified by harsh affliction, and familiar with the Sanctuary of Sorrow, the most ideal of all idealists; -Burns, alternately oppressed by wild desires and wild repentance, by fits of mad, false joy, and black despondency, treated by the Scots nobility as the English treated Shakspeare, as king Charles and his cavaliers did Butler, as king Philip and his grandees did Cervantes;-rough Samuel Johnson, "nowise a clothes-horse and Patent Digester, but a genuine Man," with his inert and unsightly body, his half-blind eye his poverty, disfigurement, and disease conning the twofold problem, first, to keep himself alive, and, secondly, to keep himself alive by speaking the Truth that was in him, let the earth say what she liked;— Ebenezer Elliott, a man of "that singular class who have something to say "-with his slight bravura dash of the fair tuneful Hemans, and the fierce vociferous mouthings of Byron; -Denis Diderot, a sanguineous, vehement, volatile mortal, now swilling from full Circe-goblets, now snuffing with haggard expectancy the hungry wind-penetrating into all subjects and sciences, rummaging in all libraries and laboratories-indulging at Baron Holbach's in over-eating and obscene talk, with a spice of noble sentiment; and dying "with all due stupidity:"-Count Cagliostro, a liar of the first magnitude, starting from the lowest point of Fortune's wheel, and rising to a height universally notable, single against and triumphant over innumerable sheriff's officers of every European climate, ever prowling on his traces; but at last bewitted, arrested, fleeced, hatchelled, bewildered and bedevilled, till the very jail of King's Bench seemed a refuge from them ;-Mirabeau, who went through the Revolution like a substance and a force, not like a formula of one—a member of a race "totally exempt from blockheads, but a little liable to produce blackguards; -Sir Walter Scott, "a most robust healthy man," with such a sunny current of true humor and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things-" in this nineteenth century of ours, our highest literary man, who immeasurably beyond all others commanded the world's ear," yet weakly ambitious to cover the walls of a stone house in Selkirkshire with nicknacks, ancient armor and genealogical shields; - Doctor Francia, born enemy of quacks, with a kind of diabolic-divine impatience of all untruthful persons—a somewhat lonesome, down-looking man, unhappily subject to private hypochondria;—and the perpetually renewed Goethe, a man, according to Carlyle,

Im Ganzem, Guten, Wahren resolut zu leben,-

honored beyond all others by this most earnest of enlightened souls; but whom one of Carlyle's successors in the arena of the Edinburgh Review has, more impartially, placed on a far lower, but more suitable status. It is not over easy to account, at first sight, for the adoration bestowed by the stern, one-sided, spiritual Scot, on the pleasure-seeking, selfish, many-sided, epicurean baron-one who sought ends so apparently different, and by methods so seemingly distinct from those pursued by his devoted follower. Were Goethe living, how would the Latter Day Pamphlets suit him? Mr. Carlyle still reverence so supremely one who would turn their rude earnestness into post-prandial wit? Would Goethe be a convert to the New Downing-street and its cognate philosophy? And would the man who was so torpid while German patriotism was at fever-heat, paying, instead, "an affectedly exclusive attention to the trivial vicissitudes of the stage and criticism at Weimar," be likely to side with the indignant prophet, uttering his sermon from the deeps?

Of all Carlyle's works, the strangest, but dearest and best, is Sartor Resartus. We may say of it what he says of the imaginary MSS. of Teufelsdrockh, that like all works of genius, "like the very sun, which, though the very highest creation or work of genius, has nevertheless black spots and troubled nebulosities amid its effulgence," so this autobiography contains a mixture of insight, inspiration, with dullness, double vision, and even utter blindness. What a thrilling passage is that from the everlasting No to the everlasting Yea—such as Sydney Yendys

describes-

Then I rose, and cursed All hope, all thought, all knowledge, all belief, And fell down still believing. With each hour In my spent soul some lingering faith went out; Woes that began in fire had burnt to blackness; The very good within me had grown grim: The frenzy of my shipwreck'd heart had thrown Its last crust overboard—then, then, oh God! Then in the midnight darkness of my passion, The veil was rent which hid the holy of holies, And I beheld and worship'd.

How beautifully told is the death of Andreas-when the hero first learns the meaning of the inexorable word Never! "Oh, ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noiseless bed of rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye who, wide scattered, still toil lonely in the monsterbearing desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood-yet a little while, and we shall all meet THERE, and our mother's bosom will screen us all; and Oppression's harness and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the gehenna bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more!" The book is full of thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears-strugglings in the dim Time-element—wanderings of a nameless unrest-fever paroxysms of doubt-foreshadowings, or fore-splendors rather, of truth, "sweeter than dayspring to the shipwrecked in the Nova Zembla! ah! like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults"glimpses of immortality, and up-rollings of the curtains of to-morrow. It is a book to read while around us and within us whisper the voices of the night—while we commune with our own heart, and are still. There are better Night Thoughts here than ever Young indited.

The History of the French Revolution has caused some to ascribe a mephistophilestic spirit to Mr. Carlyle, on account of the pervading irony and seeming indifference to moral distinctions, as if Virtue were but a name, and Crime deserved a good word—as if Madame Roland were one with "poor seagreen" Robespierre, and Charlotte Corday indistinguishable from the creature she slew. As a critic in Blackwood objects, "This lofty irony, pungent as it is, grows wearisome. It leads to a most unjust and capricious estimate of the characters and actions of men. The man who has an eye, i. e., who glares upon you like a tiger-he who, in an age of revolution, is most thoroughly revolutionary, and swallows all formulas-he is made a hero, and honorable mention is decreed to him; while all who acted with an ill-starred moderation, are treated with derision." This is substituting energy, or will, for goodness. On the other hand, Mr. Carlyle's apologists (and in this respect he needs them) contend* that this irony is characteristic of highest genius, specially of the gentle Shakspearethat a mind familiar with the circle of human existence becomes superior to mere emotion,

^{*} See, for instance, Fraser's Magazine, July, 1837.

and, in its cool way of regarding matters, seems to sport with feeling :- "No, he still feels; but he endeavors to feel without prejudice, but not without affection." Mr. Gilfillan says, "Is the brand mark of universal reprobation on any brow? That brow, be sure, he (Carlyle) stoops down and kisses with a pitying and pardoning affection. For Danton he has an enthusiastic admiration; for Robespierre a slight but marked penchant; and even for Marat a lurking tenderness." This strange charity does indeed beat that of Charles Lamb hollow. Meantime, of the History itself, as a whole, I cannot but express deep admiration. It is emphatically unique. It stirs the heart's blood, and dims the eyes with tears, and replenishes the brain with thoughts. What has criticism to say of a book that does all that?

Hero Worship again is prodigal of beauties, and riots with power, but the author's substitution of Will for Goodness is painfully prominent. It is truly remarked by Mr. Morell—a writer who will one day attain the reputation he already deserves—that Carlyle's disgust at formalism leads him to make sincerity the whole test of moral greatness, and tends to represent Paul the persecutor as elevated a hero as Paul the apostle.* Sir Bulwer Lytton doubts whether the propensity to venerate persons be a common faculty of the hinhest order of mind.† Carried to excess, hero-worship has its penalties for the worshiper. Surely Mr. Carlyle has worshiped an ideal Goethe, not the real one, or he had not written what he has written. But these lectures, after all, we could ill spare. Who better than this arch-worshiper of Heroes, shall paint the Hero and his vision-

Who shall paint him, wrapt and lonely, when the god within him speaks,

And the passing skirts of Fate smite the blood into his cheeks;

When the future on the ocean of his great soul hangs like night,

And some hull of thought comes ploughing all its mid seas into light?

We are here taught that the history of the world is the biography of great men. We are summoned to see the Hero in varied incarnations, as Divinity, as Prophet, as Poet, as Priest, as King, as Man of Letters. We survey a group of Odins, with strong old Norse hearts—and Mahomets, upon whom

* See Morell's Speculative Philosophy, vol. ii.

has glared the conviction that wooden idols are not real, that only God is real—and Dantes, embodying musically the inner life of our modern Europe—and Shakspeares, wide, placid, far-seeing, like the sun—and Luthers and Knoxes, Cromwells and Napoleons. One would like something from Mr. Carlyle more at length, upon the last mentioned "hero." It were a goodly theme for such an iron pen.

It has been said that Mr. Carlyle accepts the faith of every age but his own. Past and Present is an illustration in point. Like everything from the same source, it is very interesting, graphic, and vigorous. But the Past is altogether lovely, and the Present without one redeeming virtue. He just reverses the picture drawn by Mr. Macaulay, and turns Progress into Retrograde, and assures us that we are in a deplorable condition, and that if we could but return to the days of yore, the days of feudalism, and monkery, and parchment literature, how delightful it would be, and how much it would tend to save our souls alive! He reminds us of the pathetic lament of worthy Master Knickerbocker, the veracious historian of New York, over modern vulgarity and degeneracy: "Ah, blissful and never-to-beforgotten age! when every thing was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again-when Buttermilk Channel was quite dry at low water-when the shad in the Hudson were all salmon," &c., &c.* are capital things, however, in this volume; the sketches, for instance, of abbots Hugo and Samson, of St. Edmondsbury convent: the sarcasms pelted against Midas-eared Mammonism, self-torturing Methodism, galvanic Puseyism. The last would have fancied it had converted Mr. Carlyle, but for this cruel blow-for it agreed with him to an iota in the delectable principle of looking backwards. Who can forget, too, his glorious apostrophe of that great hat, seven feet high, which was perambulating London streets when he was writing this book? Or his excursus upon the philosophy of happiness, the character of the English nation, the nature of conservatism, the dignity and blessedness of labor, the sorrows of "heavywet and gin? Here also are propounded the same wholesome doctrines touching education and emigration, which form the staple of his little volume entitled Chartism. These are the only practical portions of the work, as far as remedial suggestions are concerned;

^{*} Knickerbocker's New York, book iii. chap. iv.

for he is ever more diffuse and definite in exposing abuses than in constructing methods of tangible reform. In fact, Mr. Carlyle is a little apt to frighten us all from our daily work, by swearing that we are all wrong, and going post to destruction; and when we, in our bewilderment, implore him to show us a more excellent way, he bids us go back and mind our own business. The number of his readers whom he has perplexed into a "fix" of this kind, who can tell!

Which very definite scolding and very indefinite "remedial suggestions," also characterize his latest production, the "Latter Day Pamphlets." He is first-rate at fault-finding, and his peremptory style has a strong dash of the Sir Oracle—

Quod modo proposui non est sententia; verum Credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllæ.

Weighty truths, and profitable for these times, are not wanting in these pamphlets. His purpose is,

With honest zeal,
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.*

Nor can we sufficiently admire the power and felicity which animate many of his pages, and the razy humor of his illustrations. For example, the Ou' Clo' history of the nation which once voted for Barabbas:- "A certain people once, upon a time, clamorously voted by overwhelming majority, 'Not he; Barabbas, not he! Him, and what he is, and what he deserves, we know well enough: a reviler of the Chief Priests and sacred Chancery wigs; a seditious Heretic, physical-force Chartist, and enemy of his country and mankind: To the gallows and the cross with him! Barabbas is our man; Barabbas, we are for Barabbas!' They got Barabbas:have you well considered what a fund of purblind obduracy, of opaque flunkeyism, grown truculent and transcendant; what an eye for the phylacteries and want of eye for the eternal nobleness, sordid loyalty to the prosperous Semblances, and high treason against the Supreme Fact, such a vote betokens in these natures? For it was the consummation of a long series of such; they and their fathers had long kept voting so Well, they got Barabbas; and they got, of course, such

Very clever, again, are the hits at our Gorham controversies, parliamentary bagpipes, Houndsditch sausage-making millionaires, public statues, and protectionist peers. The fragment on Pig Philosophy is glorious. On the whole there is little appearance of diminished talent in this last publication, though the writer is going about, Diogenes-like, with that dark lantern of his, searching diligently till he find an honest man and a hero. He tells us, as he always has done, that a beneficent and all-wise despot or autocrat would govern us better than any other man or body of men. And who denies that? The difficulty is to meet with this Model Man, who, like to-morrow, is always coming-never come. Mr. Carlyle calls him loudly enough, but from some unexplained cause he fails to obey the summons. "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," once said an imposing personage: to whom the answer was, "Ay so can I, or any other man: but will they come when you do call for them?" Mr. Carlyle snubs Lord John Russell often enough, but the New Downing street is a chiaroscuro place as yet. He must be a very clever, very good-natured, and perfectly omniscient tyrant, or despot, or Hero, to whom Englishmen at this time of day will consent to become hereditary bondsmen.

And now, methinks, I hear Mr. Carlyle bestowing a word on me, and saying-My unknown and utterly unregarded friend, whom hearsay and traditious report to have vented some balderdash about myself, but whom I, for my part, never have read, never shall read-O si sic omnes !- knowing that thy chaff is chaff, nothing more; but that to me Time is Life, and waste of it in chaffcutting, Sin; cease to be thyself an ape of literature; alas, why bother British readers with thy unwisdom, thy unveracities, thy fatalest, foolishest Incontinence of Pen? To Limbo with thy Goose-manship! I will none of it, Nature ordered not thee to write, nor to befool thyself and others. Retire, and speedily, with thy foolish cackle!

Exhausted reader, is not Mr. Carlyle nearly right?

guidance as Barabbas and the like of him could give them; and, of course, they stumbled ever downwards and downwards, in their truculent stiffnecked way; and—and, at this hour, after eighteen centuries of bad fortune, they prophetically sing "Ou' Clo'! in all the cities of the world. Might the world, at this late hour, but take note of them, and understand their song a little!"

^{*} Pope's Epilogue to the Satires.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Athenœum, a paper that loses no occasion to oppose Mr. Panizzi's elaborate plan of cataloguing the immense library of the British Museum, thus illustrates the clumsiness of the catalogues that now exist:—

"I had occasion to consult the 'Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.' My own set being incomplete, I went to the 'National Library' to see two volumes not on my shelves. Having had a long acquaintance with catalogues made out à la Panizzi, I felt that I was about to adventure on a tedious and time-consuming search; but after having tried in vain to borrow or buy the work in England, troubled the Secretary of Legation to the United States, and exhausted my publisher's efforts to procure it for me in America —for the volumes are out of print—I had no other resource,—so to work I fell. hours spent in a fruitless attempt almost inclined me to doubt if the volnmes were to be found at all. It then occurred to me that I had better first make myself certain that the Memoirs were in the Library. I wrote to America, and in five weeks received for answer an assurance that they had been sent. Thus fortified, I went down again: - and by this time the Reading-room had undergone a change, and more than a hundred and fifty volumes were added to the former catalogues. I began my search systematically. I wrote out the words—' Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania,' and tried to look at them with the eyes of Mr. Panizzi. There were clearly four headings under which the missing volumes might possibly be found :-'Memoirs,' 'History,' 'Society,' and 'Pennsylvania.' I felt a suspicion, however, that any one of these was too simple for the sphynx-like genius of our librarian. began with 'Periodical Publications' in the old catalogue. I there found several works of the same class,—as, for example, 'Hazard's Historical Register of Pennsylvania'-but not the 'Memoirs.' I tried in succession the King's and the Grenville Libraries and the additional catalogues; -in vain. Annoyed, but not discouraged, I began again—trying Pennsylvania through the string of cata- is found."

logues:—to no purpose. This is said in a line,—but it took a long time to do. mencing afresh, I tried 'Historical,'—then, 'Society,'—then, 'Transactions,'—then, 'William Penn,' - then, 'Philadelphia,' - then, 'Penn Society.' It was useless. I had a list of the contents of the two volumes: they contained letters to Algernon Sidney, the Duke of Marlborough, and others. I tried, therefore, some of these names:—no. looked wistfully at the ten or twelve volumes of the Panizzi Catalogue-proper. But a list of works confined to the first letters of the alphabet promised to afford no clue to a set of volumes, the only possible initials of which were M. H. S. and P. Had it been possible to purchase the work anywhere, or at any price, I should have searched no further:but it was not,—and I began to form the desperate resolution of reading the whole two hundred folio volumes of catalogues. By way of gauging the nature of such an undertaking, I took down the first volume of Mr. Panizzi's appeal to posterity; and began to turn over its leaves in some disgust,when my eye lighted on the word 'Academiæ.' I thought for a moment. Academy!-No, certainly not. Yet one should not conclude too hastily. I thought: professed bibliopoles are eccentric. Let us see. United States-Pennsylvania:-not there. Still I turned over the leaves. Ah! Philadelphia! This city, it is true, has no more to do with the 'Memoirs' than London has to do with Macaulay's 'History:'-it is now and then mentioned in them. Still, not to throw away a chance, I pored down columns of works on the schools, cemeteries, prisons, coals, debts, railways, and other interesting matters connected with Philadelphia, until I came on a few words which gladdened and surprised me equally: - these were the 'Memoirs,' under the double heading of 'Academy, Philadelphia.' This is in the 'perfect catalogue' preparing for our greatgrandchildren! From this brief narrative, your readers will see that, with all the aids of Mr. Panizzi's genius, the only sure way to find a book in the British Museum is to begin at A in the catalogue and read on till it

From Chamber's Edinbugh Journal.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

BIGAMY OR NO BIGAMY?

THE firm of Flint and Sharp enjoyed, whether deservedly or not, when I was connected with it, as it still does, a high reputation for keen practice and shrewd business-manage-This kind of professional fame is usually far more profitable than the drumand-trumpet variety of the same article; or at least we found it so; and often, from blush of morn to far later than dewy eve-which natural phenomena, by the way, were only emblematically observed by meduring thirty busy years in the extinguishment of the street lamps at dawn, and their reillumination at dusk-did I and my partner incessantly pursue our golden avocations; deferring what are usually esteemed the pleasures of lifeits banquets, music, flowers, and lettered ease -till the toil, and heat, and hurry of the day were past, and a calm, luminous evening, unclouded by care or anxiety, had arrived. This conduct may or may not have been wise; but at all events it daily increased the connections and transactions of the firm, and ultimately anchored us both very comfortably in the three per cents; and this too, I am bold to say, not without our having effected some good in our generation. This boast of mine the following passage in the life of a distinguished client-known, I am quite sure, by reputation to most of the readers of this Journal, whom our character for practical sagacity and professional shrewdness brought us-will, I think, be admitted to in some degree substantiate.

Our connection was a mercantile rather than an aristocratic one, and my surprise was therefore considerable when, on looking through the office-blinds to ascertain what vehicle it was that had driven so rapidly up to the door, I observed a handsomely-appointed carriage with a coronet emblazoned on the panels, out of which a tall footman was handing a lady attired in deep but elegant mourning, and closely veiled. I instantly withdrew to my private room, and desired

that the lady should be immediately admitted. Greatly was my surprise increased when the graceful and still youthful visitor withdrew her veil, and disclosed the features of the Countess of Seyton, upon whose mild, luminous beauty, as rendered by the engraving from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture, I had so frequently gazed with admiration. That rare and touching beauty was clouded now; and an intense expression of anxiety, fear—almost terror—gleamed from out the troubled depths of her fine dark eyes.

"The Countess of Seyton!" I half-involuntarily exclaimed, as with my very best bow I handed her ladyship a chair.

"Yes; and you are a partner of this celcbrated firm, are you not?"

I bowed again still more profoundly to this compliment, and modestly admitted that I was the Sharp of the firm her ladyship was pleased to entitle "celebrated."

"Then, Mr. Sharp, I have to consult you professionally upon a matter of the utmost—the most vital importance to me and mine." Her ladyship then, with some confusion of manner, as if she did not know whether what she was doing was in accordance with strict etiquette or not, placed a Bank of England note, by way of retainer, before me. I put it back, explaining what the usage really was, and the countess replaced it in her purse.

"We shall be proud to render your ladyship any assistance in our power," I said; "but I understood the Messrs. Jackson enjoyed the confidence of the house of Seyton?"

"Precisely. They are, so to speak, the hereditary solicitors of the family, more than of any individual member of it; and therefore, though highly respectable persons, unfit to advise me in this particular matter. Besides," she added with increasing tremor and hesitation, "to deal with, and if possible foil, the individual by whom I am persecuted, requires an agent of keener sagacity than either of

those gentlemen can boast of; sharper, more resolute men; more—you understand what

"Perfectly, madam; and allow me to suggest that it is probable our interview may be a somewhat prolonged one: your ladyship's carriage, which may attract attention, should be at once dismissed. The office of the family solicitors is, you are aware, not far off; and as we could not explain to them the reason which induces your ladyship to honor us with your confidence, it will be as well to avoid any chance of inquiry."

Lady Seyton acquiesced in my suggestion: the carriage was ordered home, and Mr. Flint entering just at the time, we both listened with earnestness and anxiety to her communication. It is needless to repeat verbatim the somewhat prolix, exclamative narration of the countess: the essential facts

were as follows:-

The Countess of Seyton, previous to her first marriage, was Miss Clara Hayley, second daughter of the Reverend John Hayley, the rector of a parish in Devonshire. She married, when only nineteen years of age, a Captain Gosford. Her husband was ten years older than herself, and, as she discovered after marriage, was cursed with a morose and churlish temper and disposition. Previous to her acquaintance with Gosford, she had been intimate with, almost betrothed to, Mr. Arthur Kingston, a young gentleman connected with the peerage, and at that time heir-apparent to the great expectancies and actual poverty of his father, Sir Arthur Kingston. The haughty baronet, the instant he was made aware of the nature of his son's intimacy with the rector's daughter, packed the young man off to the continent on his The Reverend John Hayley and his beautiful Clara were as proud as the baronet, and extremely indignant that it should be thought either of them wished to entrap or delude Arthur Kingston into an unequal or ineligible marriage. This feeling of pride and resentment aided the success of Mr Gosford's suit, and Clara Hayley, like many other rash, high-notioned young ladies, doomed herself to misery, in order to show the world, and Mr. Arthur Kingston and his proud father especially, that she had a spirit. The union was a most unhappy one. One child only, which died in its infancy, was born to them; and after being united more than two years, a separation, vehemently insisted on by the wife's father, took place, and the unhappilywedded daughter returned to her parent's roof. Mr. Gosford—he had some time before sold out of the army—traveled about the country in search of amusement, and latterly of health (for his unhappy cankerous temper at last affected and broke down his never very robust physical constitution), accompanied for the twelvementh preceding his death by a young man belonging to the medical profession, of the name of Chilton. Mr. and Mrs. Gosford had been seperated a few days less than three years, when the husband died, at the village of Swords, in Ireland, and not far distant from Dublin. The intelligence was first conveyed to the widow by a paragraph in the "Freeman's Journal," a Dublin newspaper; and by the following post a letter arrived from Mr. Chilton, enclosing a ring which the deceased had requested should be sent to his wife, and a note, dictated just previous to his death-hour, in which he expressed regret for the past, and admitted that he alone had been to blame for the unhappy separation.

A copy of his will, made nearly a twelvemonth previously, was also forwarded, by which he bequeathed his property, amounting to about three hundred pounds per annum, to a distant relative residing in New Holland. By a memorandum of a subsequent date, Mr. Chilton was to have all the money and personals he might die in actual possession of, after defraying the necessary funeral expen-This will, Mr. Chilton stated, the deceased gentleman had expressed a wish in his last moments to alter, but death had been too sudden for him to be able to give effect to that good, but too long delayed intention. It cannot be supposed that the long-before practically widowed wife grieved much at the final breaking of the chain which bound her to so ungenial a mate; but as Lady Seyton was entirely silent upon the subject, our supposition can only rest upon the fact that Arthur Kingston—who had some time previously, in consequence of the death of the Earl of Seyton and his only son, an always weakly child. preceded a few months by that of his own father, the baronet, succeeded to the earldom and estates—hastened home on seeing the announcement of Gosford's death in the Dublin paper, from the continent, where he had continued to reside since his compelled departure six years before; and soon afterwards found his way into Devonshire, and so successfully pressed the renewed offer of his hand, that the wedding took place slightly within six months after the decease of Mr. Gosford. Life passed brilliantly and happily with the earl and countess-to whom three children (a boy and two girls) were born-till about five months previous to the present time, when the earl, from being caught, when out riding, in a drenching shower of rain, was attacked by fever, and after an acute illness of only two or three days' duration, expired. The present earl was at the time just turned

of five years of age.

This blow, we comprehended from the sudden tears which filled the beautiful eyes of the countess as she spoke of the earl's decease, was a severe one. Still, the grief of widowhood must have been greatly assuaged by love for her children, and not inconsiderably, after a while, we may be sure, by the brilliant position in which she was left—as, in addition to being splendidly jointured, she was appointed by her husband's will sole guardian of the young lord her son.

A terrible reverse awaited her. She was sitting with her father the rector, and her still unmarried sister, Jane Hayley, in the drawing-room of Seyton House, when a note was brought to her, signed Edward Chilton, the writer of which demanded an immediate and private interview, on, he alleged, the most important business. Lady Seyton remembered the name, and immediately acceded to the man's request. He announced, in a brusque, insolent tone and manner, that Mr. Gosford had not died at the time his death was announced to her, having then only fallen into a state of syncope, from which he had unexpectedly recovered, and had lived six months longer. "The truth is," added Chilton, "that chancing the other day to be looking over a 'peerage,' I noticed for the first time the date of your marriage with the late Earl of Seyton, and I have now to inform you that it took place precisely eight days previous to Mr. Gosford's death; that it was consequently no marriage at all; and that your son is no more Earl of Seyton than I am."

This dreadful announcement, as one might expect, completely overcame the countess. She fainted, but not till she had heard and comprehended Chilton's hurried injunctions to secrecy and silence. He rang the bell for assistance, and then left the house. mental agony of Lady Seyton, on recovering consciousness, was terrible, and she with great difficulty succeeded in concealing its cause from her anxious and wondering relatives. Another interview with Chilton appeared to confirm the truth of his story beyond doubt or question. He produced a formally drawn up document, signed by one Pierce Cunningham, gravedigger of Swords, which set forth that Charles Gosford was buried on the 26th of June, 1832, and that the inscription on his tombstone set forth that he had died June 23d of that year. Also a written averment of Patrick Mullins of Dublin, that he had lettered the stone at the head of the grave of Charles Gosford in Swords burying-ground in 1832, and that its date was, as stated by Pierce Cunningham, June 23, 1832.

"Have you copies of those documents?"

asked Mr. Flint.

"Yes: I have brought them with me," the countess replied, and handed them to Mr. Flint. "In my terror and extremity," continued her ladyship, "and unguided by counsel—for till now I have not dared to speak upon the subject to any person—I have given this Chilton, at various times, large sums of money: but he is insatiable; and only yesterday—— I cannot repeat his audacious proposal: you will find it in this note."

" Marriage!" exclaimed Mr. Flint, with a burst. He had read the note over my shoul-

der. "The scoundrel!"

My worthy partner was rather excited. The truth was, he had a Clara of his own at home—a dead sister's child, very pretty, just about marriageable, and a good deal resembling, as he told me afterwards, our new and interesting client.

"I would die a thousand deaths rather," resumed Lady Seyton, in a low, tremulous voice, as she let fall her veil. "Can there," she added in a still fainter voice, "be any-

thing done—anything"----

"That depends entirely," interrupted Mr. Flint, "upon whether this fine story is or is not a fabrication, got up for the purpose of extorting money. It seems to me, I must

say, amazingly like one."

"Do you really think so?" exclaimed the lady, with joyful vehemence. The notion that Chilton was perhaps imposing on her credulity and fears seemed not to have struck her before.

"What do you think, Sharp?" said my

parter.

I hesitated to give an opinion, as I did not share in the hope entertained by Flint. Detection was so certain, that I doubted if so cunning a person as Chilton appeared to be would have ventured on a fraud so severely punishable. "Suppose," I said, avoiding an answer, "as this note appoints an interview at three o'clock to-day at Seyton House, we meet him there instead of your ladyship? A little talk with the fellow might be serviceable.

Lady Seyton eagerly agreed to this pro-

posal; and it was arranged that we should be at Seyton House half an hour before the appointed time, in readiness for the gentleman. Lady Seyton left in a hackney-coach, somewhat relieved, I thought, by having confided the oppressive secret to us, and with a nascent hope slightly flushing her

pale, dejected countenance.

The firm of Flint and Sharp had then a long conference together, during which the lady's statement and Mr. Chilton's documents were, the reader may be sure, very minutely conned over, analysed, and commented upon. Finally, it was resolved that if the approaching interview, the manner of which we agreed upon, did not prove satisfactory, Mr. Flint should immediately proceed to Ireland, and personally ascertain the truth or

"Mr. Chilton is announced," said Lady Seyton, hurriedly entering the library in Grosvenor Square, where Mr. Flint and myself were seated. "I need not be present, I think you said?" she added in great tremor.

falsehood of the facts alleged by Chilton.

"Certainly not, madam," I replied. "We

shall do better alone."

She retired instantly. Flint rose and stationed himself close by the door. Presently a sounding, confident step was heard along the passage, the library door swung back on its noiseless hinges, and in stalked a man of apparently about thirty-five years of age, tall, genteel, and soldier-looking. He started back on seeing me, recognising, I perceived, my vocation at a glance.

"How is this?" he exclaimed. "I ex-

pected"—

"The Countess of Seyton. True; but her ladyship has deputed me to confer with you on the business mentioned in your note."

"I shall have nothing to say to you," he replied abruptly, and turned to leave the room.

Mr. Flint had shut, and was standing with his back to the door.

"You can't go," he said in his coollest manner. "The police are within call."

"The police! What the devil do you mean?" cried Chilton angrily; but, spite of his assurance, visibly trembling beneath Flint's searching, half-sneering look.

"Nothing very remarkable," replied that gentleman, "or unusual in our profession. Come, sit down; we are lawyers; you are a man of business, we know. I dare say we shall soon understand each other."

Mr. Chilton sat down, and moodily awaited what was next to come.

"You are aware," said Mr. Flint, "that

you have rendered yourself liable to transportation?"

"What!" exclaimed Chilton, flashing crimson, and starting to his feet. "What!"

"To transportation," continued my imperturbable partner, "for seven, ten, fourteen years, or for life, at the discretion of the judge; but considering the frequency of the crime of late, I should say there is a strong probability that you will be a lifer!"

"What devil's gibberish is this?" exclaimed Chilton, frightened, but still fierce. "I can prove everything I have said. Mr. Gos-

ford, I tell you"---

"Well well," interrupted Mr. Flint; "put it in that light how you please; turn it which way you will; it's like the key in Blue Beard, which I dare say you have read of; rub it out on one side, and up it comes on the other. Say, by way of argument, that you have not obtained money by unfounded threats—a crime which the law holds tantamount to highway robbery. You have in that case obtained money for compromising a felony—that of polygamy. An awful position, my good sir, choose which you will."

Utterly chopfallen was the lately trium-

phant man; but he speedily rallied.

"I care not," he at length said. "Punish me you may; but the pride of this sham countess and the sham earl will be brought low. And I tell you once for all," he added, rising at the same time, and speaking in ringing, wrathful tone, "that I defy you, and will either be handsomely remunerated for silence, or I will at once inform the Honorable James Kingston that he is the true Earl of Seyton."

"And I tell you," retorted Flint, "that if you attempt to leave this room, I will give you into costedy at once, and transport you, whatever may be the consequence to others. Come, come, let us have no more nonsense or bluster. We have strong reasons for believing that the story by which you have been extorting money is a fabrication. If it be so, rely upon it we shall detect and punish you. Your only safe course is to make a clean breast of it whilst there is yet time. Out with it, man, at once, and you shall go scot-free; nay, have a few score pounds more—say a hundred. Be wise in time, I counsel you."

Chilton hesitated; his white lips quivered.

There was something to reveal.

"I cannot," he muttered, after a considerable pause. "There is nothing to disclose."

"You will not! Then your fate be on your own head. I have done with you."

It was now my turn. "Come, come,"

I said, "it is useless urging this man further. How much do you expect? The insolent proposal contained in your note is, you well know, out of the question. How much money do you expect for keeping this wretched affair secret? State your terms at once."

"A thousand per annum," was the reply,

and the first year down."

"Modest, upon my word! But I suppose we must comply." I wrote out an agreement. "Will you sign this?"

He ran it over. "Yes; Lady Seyton, as she calls herself, will take care it never sees

the light."

I withdrew, and in two or three minutes returned with a cheque. "Her ladyship has no present cash at the banker's," I said, "and is obliged to post-date this cheque twelve days."

The rascal grumbled a good deal; but as there was no help for it, he took the security, signed the agreement, and walked off.

"A sweet nut that for the devil to crack," observed Mr. Flint, looking savagely after him. "I am in hopes we shall trounce him yet, bravely as he carries it. The cheque of course is not payable to order or bearer?"

"Certainly not; and before twelve days are past, you will have returned from Ireland. The agreement may be, I thought, of use with Cunningham or Mullins. If they have been conspiring together, they will scarcely admire the light in which you can place the arrangement, as affording proof that he means to keep the lion's share of the reward to himself."

"Exactly. At all events we shall get at

the truth, whatever it be."

The same evening Mr. Flint started for

Dublin via Holyhead.

I received in due course a letter from him, dated the day after his arrival there. It was anything but a satisfactory one. The date on the grave-stone had been truly represented, and Mullins who erected it was a highly respectable man. Flint had also seen the grave-digger, but could make nothing out of him. There was no regular register of deaths kept in Swords, except that belonging to Cunningham; and the minister who buried Gosford, and who lived at that time in Dublin, had been dead some time. This was disheartening and melancholy enough; and, as if to give our unfortunate client the coup-degrace, Mr. Jackson, junior, marched into the office just after I had read it, to say that, having been referred by Lady Seyton to us for explanations with respect to a statement made by a Mr. Edward Chilton to the Honorable James Kingston, for whom they, the the Messrs. Jackson, were now acting, by which it appeared that the said Honorable James Kingston was in fact the true Earl of Seyton, he, Mr. Jackson, junior, would be happy to hear what I had to say upon the subject! It needed but this. Chilton had, as I feared he would, after finding we had been consulted, sold his secret, doubtless advantageously, to the heir-at-law. There was still, however, a chance that something favorable might turn up, and as I had no notion of throwing that chance away, I carelessly replied that we had reason to believe Chilton's story was a malicious fabrication, and that we should of course throw on them the onus of judicial proof that Gosford was still alive when the late earl's marriage was solemnized. Finally, however, to please Mr. Jackson, who professed to be very anxious, for the lady's sake, to avoid unnecessary eclat, and to arrange the affair as quietly as possible, I agreed to meet him at Lady Sevton's in four days from that time, and hear the evidence upon which he relied. could not at all events render our position worse; and it was meanwhile agreed that the matter should be kept as far as possible profoundly secret.

Three days passed without any further tidings from Mr. Flint, and I vehemently feared that his journey had proved a fruitless one, when, on the evening previous to the day appointed for the conference at Seyton House, a hackney coach drove rapidly up to the office door, and out popped Mr. Flint, followed by two strangers, whom he very watchfully escorted into the house. "Mr. Patrick Mullins, and Mr. Pierce Cunningham," said Flint, as he shook hands with me, in a way which, in conjunction with the merry sparkle of his eyes, and the boisterous tone of his voice, assured me all "Mr. Pierce Cunningham will was right. sleep here to-night," he added; "so Collins

had better engage a bed out."

Cunningham, an ill-looking lout of a fellow, muttered that he chose "to sleep at a tavern."

"Not if I know it, my fine fellow," rejoined Mr. Flint. "You mean well, I dare say; but I cannot lose sight of you for all that. You either sleep here or at a stationhouse."

The man stared with surprise and alarm; but, knowing refusal or resistance to be hopeless, sullenly assented to the arrangement, and withdrew to the room appointed for him, vigilantly guarded. For Mr. Mullins, we engaged a bed at a neighboring

tavern.

Mr. Flint's mission had been skilfully and successfully accomplished. He was convinced, by the sullen confusion of manner manifested by Cunningham, that some villanous agency had been at work, and he again waited on Mullins, the stone-cutter. "Who gave you the order for the grave-stone?" he asked. Mr. Mullins referred to his book, and answered that he received it by letter. "Had he got that letter?" "Very likely," he replied, "as he seldom destroyed business papers of any kind." "A search was instituted, and finally this letter," said Mr. Flint, "worth an earl's coronet, torn and dirty as it is, turned up." This invaluable document, which bore the London post-date of June 23, 1832, ran as follows:-

"Anglesea Hotel, Haymarket, London, June 23, 1832.

"Sir:—Please to erect a plain tombstone at the head of Charles Gosford, Esquire's, grave, who died a few months since at Swords, aged thirty-two years. This is all that need be inscribed upon it. You are referred to Mr. Guiness, of Sackville street, Dublin, for payment.

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD CHILTON."

"You see," continued Flint, "the fellow had inadvertently left out the date of Gosford's death, merely stating it occurred a few months previously; and Mullins concluded that, in entering the order in his daybook, he must have somehow or other confounded the date of the letter with that of Gosford's decease. Armed with this precious discovery, I again sought Cunningham, and, by dint of promises and threats, at last got the truth out of the rascal. It was this: -- Chilton, who returned to this country from the Cape, where he had resided for three years previously, about two months ago, having some business to settle in Dublin, went over there, and one day visited Swords, read the inscription on Charles Gosford's grave-stone, and immediately sought out the grave-digger, and asked him if he had any record of that gentleman's burial. Cunningham said he had, and produced his book, by which it appeared that it took place December 24, 1831. "That cannot be," remarked Chilton, and he referred to the Cunningham said he had head-stone. noticed the mistake a few days after it was erected; but, thinking it of no consequence. and never having, that he knew of, seen Mr.

Mullins since, he had said, and indeed thought, nothing about it. To conclude the story—Chilton ultimately, by payment of ten pounds down, and liberal promises for the future, prevailed upon the gravedigger to lend himself to the infamous device the sight of the grave-stone had suggested to his fertile, unscrupulous brain."

This was, indeed, a glorious success, and the firm of Flint and Sharp drank the Countess of Seyton's health that evening with great enthusiasm, and gleefully "thought of

the morrow."

We found the drawing-room of Seyton House occupied by the Honorable James Kingston, his solicitors, the Messrs. Jackson, Lady Seyton, and her father and sister, to whom she had at length disclosed the source of her disquietude. The children were leaving the apartment as we entered it, and the grief-dimmed eyes of the countess rested sadly upon her bright-eyed boy, as he slowly withdrew with his sisters. That look changed to one of wild surprise as it encountered Mr. Flint's shining, good-humored countenance. I was more composed and reserved than my partner, though feeling as vividly as he did the satisfaction of being able not only to dispel Lady Seyton's anguish, but to extinguish the exultation, and trample on the hopes, of the Honorable James Kingston, a stiff, grave, middle-aged piece of hypocritical propriety, who was surveying from out the corners of his affectedly unobservant eyes the furniture and decorations of the splendid apartment, and hugging himself with the thought that all was his! Business was immediately proceeded with. Chilton was called in. He repeated his former story, verbatim, and with much fluency and confidence. He then placed in the hands of Jackson, senior, the vouchers signed by Cunningham and Mullins. The transient light faded from Lady Seyton's countenance as she turned despairingly, almost accusingly, towards us.

"What answer have you to make to this gentleman's statement, thus corroborated?"

demanded Jackson, senior.

"Quite a remarkable one," replied Mr. Flint, as he rang the bell. "Desire the gentlemen in the library to step up," he added to the footman who answered the summons. In about three minutes in marched Cunnigham and Mullins, followed by two police officers. An irrepressible exclamation of terror escaped Chilton, which was immediately echoed by Mr. Flint's direction to the police, as he pointed towards the trembling caitiff: "That is your man: secure him."

A storm of exclamations, questions, remonstrances, instantly broke forth, and it was several minutes before attention could be obtained for the statements of our two Irish witnesses and the reading of the happilyfound letter. The effect of the evidence adduced was decisive, electrical. Lady Seyton, as its full significance flashed upon her, screamed with convulsive joy, and I thought must have fainted from excess of emotion. The Reverend John Hayley returned audible thanks to God in a voice quivering with rapture, and Miss Hayley ran out of the apartment, and presently returned with the children, who were immediately half smothered with their mother's ecstatic kisses. for a few minutes bewilderment, joy, rapture! Flint persisted to his dying day that Lady

Sevton threw her arms round his neck, and kissed his bald old forehead. This, however, I cannot personally vouch for, as my attention was engaged at the moment by the adverse claimant, the Honorable James Kingston, who exhibited one of the most irresistibly comic, wo-begone, lackadaisical aspects it is possible to conceive. He made a hurried and most undignified exit, and was immediately followed by the discomfited "family" solicitors. Chilton was conveyed to a station-house, and the next day was fully committed for trial. He was convicted at the next sessions, and sentenced to seven years' transportation; and the "celebrated' firm of Flint and Sharp derived considerable lustre, and more profit, from this successful stroke of professional dexterity.

From the Examiner.

THE MONUMENT TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

A LETTER FROM WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Now the fever hath somewhat subsided which came over the people from the grave of Sir Robert Peel, there is room for a few observations on his decease and on its consequences. All public writers, I believe, have expatiated on his character, comparing him with others who, within our times, have occupied the same position. My own opinion has invariably been that he was the wisest of all our statesmen; and certainly, though he found reason to change his sentiments and his measures, he changed them honestly, well weighed, always from conviction, and always for the better. He has been compared, and seemingly in no spirit of hostility or derision, with a Castlereagh, a Perceval, an Addington, a Canning. one of these is worthy of notice, namely Canning, whose brilliancy made his shallowness less visible, and whose graces of style and elocution threw a veil over his unsoundness and lubricity. Sir Robert Peel was no satirist or epigrammatist: he was only a statesman in public life, only a virtuous and friendly man in private. Par negotiis, nec Walpole alone possessed his talents for business. But neither Peel nor his family was enriched from the spoils of his country; Walpole spent in building and pictures more than double the value of his hereditary estate, and left the quadruple to his descendants.

Dissimilar from Walpole, and from commoner and coarser men who occupied the same office, Peel forbade that a name which he had made illustrious should be degraded and stigmatized by any title of nobility. For he knew that all those titles had origin and nomenclature from military services, and belong to military men, like their epaulets and spurs and chargers. They sound well enough against the sword and helmet, but strangely in law-courts and cathedrals: but, reformer as he was, he could not reform all this; he could only keep clear of it in his own person.

I now come to the main object of my letter. Subcriptions are advertised for the purpose of raising monuments to Sir Robert Peel: and a motion has been made in Parliament for one in Westminster Abbey at the public expense. Whatever may be the precedents, surely the house of God should contain no object but such as may remind us of His presence and our duty to Him. Long ago I proposed that ranges of statues and busts should commemorate the great worthies of our country. All the lower part of our National Gallery might be laid open for this purpose. Even the best monuments in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's are deformities to the edifice. Let us not continue this disgrace. Deficient as we are in architects, we have many good statuaries, and we might well employ them on the statues of illustrious commanders, and the busts of illustrious statesmen and writers. Meanwhile our cities, and especially the commercial, would, I am convinced, act more wisely, and more satisfactorily to the relict of the deceased, if, instead of statues, they erected schools and almshouses, with an inscription to his

memory. We glory in about sixty whose busts and statues may occupy what are now the "deep solitudes and awful cells" in our National Gallery. Our literary men of eminence are happily more numerous than the political or the warlike, or both together. There is only one class of them which might be advantageously excluded, namely, the theological; and my reasons are these. First, their great talents were chiefly employed on controversy; secondly, and consequently, their images would excite dogmatical discord. Every sect of the Anglican Church, and every class of dissenters, complaining of undue preferences. Painting and sculpture lived in the midst of corruption, lived throughout it, and seemed indeed to draw vitality from it, as flowers the most delicate from noxious air; but they collapsed at the searching breath of free inquiry, and could not abide persecution. The torch of Philosophy never kindled the suffocating fagot, under whose smoke Theology was mistaken for Religion. Theology had, until now, been speculative and quiescent: she abandoned to Philosophy these humbler qualities: instead of allaying and dissipating, as Philosophy had always done, she excited and she directed animosities. Oriental in her parentage, and keeping up her wide connections in that country, she acquired there all the artifices most necessary to the furtherance of her designs: among the rest was ventriloquism, which she quite perfected, making her words seem to sound from above and from below and from every side around. Ultimately, when men had fallen on their faces at this miracle, she assumed the supreme power. Kings were her lackeys, and nations the dust under her palfrey's hoof. By her sentence Truth was gagged, scourged, branded, cast down on the earth in manacles; and Fortitude, who had stood at Truth's side, was fastened with nails and pulleys to the stake. I would not revive by any images, in the abode of the graceful and the gentle Arts, these sorrowful reminiscences. The vicissitudes of the world appear to be bringing round again the spectral Past. Let us place great men between it and ourselves; they all are tutelar: Grote, and Macaulay!

not the warrior and the statesman only; not only the philosopher; but also the historian who follows them step by step, and the poet who secures us from peril and dejection by his counter-charm. Philosophers in most places are unwelcome: but there is no better reason why Shaftesbury and Hobbes should be excluded from our gallery, than why Epicurus should have been from Cicero's or Zeno from Lucullus's. Of our sovereigns, I think Alfred, Cromwell, and William III. alone are eligible; and they, because they opposed successfully the subverters of the laws. Three viceroys of Ireland will deservedly be placed in the same receptacle; Sir John Perrot, Lord Chesterfield, and (in due time) the last Lord-Deputy. One Speaker, one only, of the Parliament; he without whom no Parliament would be now existing; he who declared to Henry IV. that until all public grievances were removed, no subsidy should be granted. The name of this Speaker may be found in Rapin; English historians talk about facts, forgetting men.

Admirals and generals are numerous and conspicuous. Drake, Blake, Rodney, Jervis, Nelson, Collingwood; the subduer of Algiers beaten down for the French to occupy; and the defender of Acre, the first who defeated, discomfited, routed, broke, and threw into shameful flight, Bonaparte. Our generals are Marlborough, Peterborough, Wellington, and that successor to his fame in India, who established the empire that was falling from us, who achieved in a few days two arduous victories, who never failed in any enterprise, who accomplished the most difficult with the smallest expenditure of blood, who corrected the disorders of the military, who gave the soldier an example of temperance, the civilian of simplicity and frugality, and whose sole (but exceedingly great) reward was the approbation of our greatest man.

With these come the statesmen of the Commonwealth, the students of Bacon, the readers of Philip Sidney, the companions of Algernon, the precursors of Locke and Newton. Opposite to them are Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton; lower in dignity, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Scott, Burns, Shelley, Southey, Byron, Wordsworth; the author of Hohenlinden and the Battle of the Ballic; and the glorious woman who equaled these two animated works in her Ivan and Casabianca. Historians have but recently risen up among us: and long be it before, by command of Parliament, the chisel grates on the brow of a Napier, a

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

THE REVENGE.

LEVASSEUR and his confederates sailed for the penal settlements in the ill-fated convictship, the Amphytrion, the total wreck of which on the coast of France, and consequent drowning of the crew and prisoners, excited so painful a sensation in England. A feeling of regret for the untimely fate of Le Breton, whom I regarded rather as a weak dupe than a purposed rascal, passed over my mind as I read the announcement in the newspapers; but newer events had almost jostled the incidents connected with his name from my remembrance, when a terrible adventure vividly recalled them, and taught me how fierce and untameable are the instincts of hate and revenge in a certain class of minds.

A robbery of plate had been committed in Portman Square, with an ingenuity and boldness which left no doubt that it had been effected by clever and practised hands. The detective officers first employed having failed to discover the offenders, the threads of the imperfect and broken clue were placed in my hands, to see if my somewhat renowned dexterity, or luck, as many of my brother officers preferred calling it, would enable me to piece them out to a satisfactory conclusion. By the description obtained of a man who had been seen lurking about the house a few days previous to the burglary, it had been concluded by my predecessors in the investigation that one Martin, a fellow with half a dozen aliases, and a well-known traveler on the road to the hulks, was concerned in the affair; and by their advice a reward of fifty pounds had been offered for his apprehension and conviction. I prosecuted the inquiry with my usual energy and watchfulness, without alighting upon any new fact or intimation of importance. I could not discover that a single article of the missing property had been either pawned or offered for sale, and little doubt remained that the crucible had fatally diminished the chances of detec-

tion. The only hope was, that an increased reward might induce one of the gang to betray his confederates; and as the property was of large value, this was done, and one hundred guineas was promised for the required information. I had been to the Printer's to order the placards announcing the increased recompense; and after indulging in a long gossip with the foreman of the establishment, whom I knew well, was passing at about a quarter-past ten o'clock through Ryder's Court, Newport Market, where a tall man met and passed me swiftly, holding a handkerchief to his face. There was nothing remarkable in that, as the weather was bitterly cold and sleety; and I walked unheedingly on. I was just in the act of passing out of the court towards Leicester Square, when swift steps sounded suddenly behind I instinctively turned; and as I did so, received a blow on the left shoulder-intended, I doubt not, for the nape of my neckfrom the tall individual who had passed me a minute previously. As he still held the handkerchief to his face, I did not catch even a momentary glance at his features, and he ran off with surprising speed. The blow, sudden, jarring, and inflicted with a sharp instrument-by a strong knife or a dagger-caused a sensation of faintness; and before I recovered from it all chance of successful pursuit was at an end. The wound, which was not at all serious, I had dressed at a chemist's shop in the Haymarket; and as proclaiming the attack would do nothing towards detecting the perpetrator of it, I said little about it to any one, and managed to conceal in entirely from my wife, to whom it would have suggested a thousand painful apprehensions whenever I happened to be unexpectedly detained from home. The brief glimpse I had of the balked assassin afforded no reasonable indication of his identity. To . be sure he ran at an amazing and unusual pace, but this was a qualification possessed. by so many of the light-legged as well as light-fingered gentry of my professional acquaintance, that it could not justify even a random suspicion; and I determined to forget the unpleasant incident as soon as possible.

The third evening after this occurrence, I was again passing along Leicester Square at a somewhat late hour, but this time with all my eyes about me. Snow, which the wind blew sharply in one's face, was falling fast, and the cold was intense. Except myself, and a tallish, snow-wreathed figure—a woman apparently-not a living being was to be seen. This figure, which was standing still at the further side of the square, appeared to be awaiting me, and as I drew near it, threw back the hood of a cloak, and to my great surprise disclosed the features of a Madame Jaubert. This lady, some years before, had carried on, not very far from the spot where she now stood, a respectable millinery business. She was a widow with one child, a daughter of about seven years of age. Marie-Louise, as she was named, was one unfortunate day sent to Coventry Street on an errand with some money in her hand, and never returned. The inquiries set on foot proved utterly without effect: not the slightest intelligence of the fate of the child was obtained—and the grief and distraction of the bereaved mother resulted in temporary insanity. She was confined in a lunatic asylum for seven or eight months, and when pronounced convalescent, found herself homeless, and almost penniless, in the world. This sad story I had heard from one of the keepers of the asylum during her sojourn there. It was a subject she herself never, I was aware, touched upon; and she had no reason to suspect that I was in the slightest degree informed of this melancholy passage in her life. She, why, I know not, changed her name from that of Duquesne to the one she now bore-Jaubert; and for the last two or three years had supported a precarious existence by plausible begging-letters addressed to persons of credulous benevolence; for which offence she had frequently visited the police courts at the instance of the secretary of the Mendicity Society, and it was there I had consequently made her acquaint-

"Madame Jaubert!" I exclaimed, with unfeigned surprise, "why, what on earth can you be waiting here for on such a night as this?"

"To see you!" was her curt reply.

"To see me! Depend upon it, then, you are knocking at the wrong door for not the

first time in your life. The very little faith I ever had in professional widows, with twelve small children, all down in the measles, has long since vanished, and "-

"Nay," she interrupted-she spoke English, by the way, like a native—"I'm not such a fool as to be trying the whimpering dodge upon you. It is a matter of business. You want to find Jem Martin?"

"Ay, truly; but what can you know of him? Surely you are not yet fallen so low as to be the associate or accomplice of burglars?"

"Neither yet, nor likely to be so," replied the woman; "still, I could tell you where to place your hand on James Martin, if I were but sure of the reward."

"There can be no doubt about that," I

"Then follow me, and before ten minutes are past you will have secured your man."

I did so—cautiously, suspiciously; for my adventure three evenings before had rendered me unusually circumspect and watchful. She led the way to the most crowded quarter of St. Giles's, and when she had reached the entrance of a dark, blind alley, called Hine's Court, turned into it, and beckoned me to follow.

"Nay, nay, Madame Jaubert," I exclaimed, "that won't do. You mean fairly, I dare say; but I don't enter that respectable alley alone at this time of night."

She stopped, silent and much embarrassed. Presently she said, with a sneer, "You are

afraid, I suppose?"

"Yes, I am."

"What is to be done, then?" she added, after a few moments' consideration. is alone, I assure you."

"That is possible; still, I do not enter that cul-de-sac to-night unaccompanied save

by you."

"You suspect me of some evil design, Mr. Waters?" said the woman, with an accent of reproach. "I thought you might, and yet nothing can be further from the truth. sole object is to obtain the reward, and escape from this life of misery and degradation to my own country, and if possible begin the world respectably again. should you doubt me ?"

"How came you acquainted with this robber's haunts?"

"The explanation is easy, but this is not the proper time for it. Stay; can't you get assistance?"

"Easily-in less than ten minutes; and if you are here when I return, and your information proves correct, I will ask pardon for my suspicions."

"Be it so," she said, joyfully; "and be

quick, for this weather is terrible."

Ten minutes had not passed when I returned with half a dozen officers, and found Madame Jaubert still at her post. We followed her up the court, caught Martin, sure enough, asleep upon a wretched pallet of straw in one of the alley hovels, and walked him off, terribly scared and surprised, to the nearest station-house, where he passed the

remainder of the night.

The next day Martin proved an alibi of the distinctest, most undeniable kind. He had been an inmate of Clerkenwell prison for the last three months, with the exception of just six days previous to our capture of him; and he was, of course, at once discharged. The reward was payable only upon conviction of the offender, and the disappointment of poor Madame Jaubert was extreme. She wept bitterly at the thought of being compelled to continue her present disreputable mode of life, when a thousand francs-a sum she believed Martin's capture would have assured her-besides sufficient for her traveling expenses and decent outfit, would, she said, purchase a partnership in a small but respectable millinery shop in Paris. "Well," I remarked to her, "there is no reason for despair. You have not only proved your sincerity and good faith, but that you posesss a knowledge-how acquired you best know of the haunts and hiding-places of burglars. The reward, as you may have seen by the new placards, has been doubled; and I have a strong opinion, from something that has reached me this morning, that if you could light upon one Armstrong, alias Rowden, it would be as certainly yours as if already in your pocket."

"Armstrong — Rowden!" repeated the woman with anxious simplicity; "I never heard either of these names. What sort of

person is he?"

I described him minutely; but Madame Jaubert appeared to entertain little or no hope of discovering his whereabout; and ultimately went away in a very disconsolate mood, after, however, arranging to meet me

the next evening.

I met her as agreed. She could obtain, she said, no intelligence of any reliable worth, and she pressed me for further particulars. Was Armstrong a drinking, a gaming, or a play-going man? I told her all I knew of his habits, and a gleam of hope glanced across her face as one or two indications were men-

tioned. I was to see her again on the morrow. It came; she was as far off as ever; and I advised her to waste no further time in the pursuit, but to at once endeavor to regain a position of respectability, by the exercise of industry in the trade or business in which she was well skilled. Madame Jaubert laughed scornfully; and a gleam, it seemed to me, of her never entirely subdued insanity shot out from her deep-set, flashing eyes. It was finally settled that I should meet her once more at the same place at about eight o'clock the next evening.

I arrived somewhat late at the appointed rendezvous, and found Madame Jaubert in a state of manifest excitement and impatience. She had, she was pretty sure, discovered Armstrong, and knew that he was at that moment in a house in Greek street, Soho.

"Greek street, Soho! Is he alone?"

"Yes; with the exception of a woman who is minding the premises, and of whom he is an acquaintance under another name. You will be able to secure him without the least risk or difficulty, but not an instant must be lost."

Madame Jaubert perceived my half-hesitation. "Surely," she exclaimed, "you are not afraid of one man! It's useless affecting to suspect me, after what has occurred."

"True," I replied. "Lead on."

The house at which we stopped in Greek street, appeared to be an empty one, from the printed bills in the windows announcing it to be let or sold. Madame Jaubert knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, which was presently opened by a woman. "Is Mr. Brown still within?" Madame Jaubert asked in a low voice.

"Yes: what do you want with him?"

"I have brought a gentleman who will most likely be a purchaser of some of the

goods he has to dispose of."

"Walk in, then, if you please," was the answer. We did so; and found ourselves, as the door closed, in pitch darkness. "This way," said the woman; "you shall have a light in half a minute."

"Let me guide you," said Madame Jaubert, as I groped onwards by the wall, and at the same time seizing my right hand. Instantly as she did so, I heard a rustle just behind me—two quick and violent blows descended on the back of my head, there was a flash before my eyes, a suppressed shout of exultation rang in my ears, and I fell insensible to the ground.

It was some time, on partially recovering my senses, before I could realize either what

had occurred or the situation in which I found myself. Gradually, however, the incidents attending the artfully-prepared treachery of Madame Jaubert grew into distinctness, and I pretty well comprehended my present position. I was lying at the bottom of a cart, blindfold, gagged, handcuffed, and covered over by what, from their smell, seemed to be empty corn sacks. The vehicle was moving at a pretty rapid rate, and judging from the roar and tumult without, through one of the busiest thoroughfares of London. It was Saturday evening; and I thought, from the character of the noises, and the tone of a clock just chiming ten, that we were in Tottenham court road. I endeavored to rise, but found, as I might have expected, that it was impossible to do so; my captors having secured me to the floor of the cart by strong cords. There was nothing for it, therefore, but patience and resignation: words easily pronounced, but difficult, under such circumstances, to realize in practice. My thoughts, doubtless, in consequence of the blows I had received, soon became hurried and incoherent. A tumultuous throng of images swept confusedly past, of which the most constant and frequent were the faces of my wife and youngest child, whom I had kissed in his sleep just previous to leaving home. Madame Jaubert and James Martin were also there, and ever and anon the menacing countenance of Levasseur stooped over me with a hideous expression; and I felt as if clutched in the fiery grasp of a demon. I have no doubt that the voice which sounded in my ear at the moment I was felled to the ground must have suggested the idea of the Swiss-faintly and imperfeetly as I caught it. The tumult of brain only gradually subsided as the discordant uproar of the streets-which no doubt added to the excitement I was suffering under, by suggesting the exasperating nearness of abundant help which could not be appealed to-died gradually away into a silence only broken by the rumble of the cart-wheels, and the subdued talk of the driver and his companions, of whom there appeared to be two or three. At length the cart stopped, I heard a door unlocked and thrown open, and a few moments afterwards I was dragged from under the corn-sacks, carried up three flights of stairs, and dropped brutally upon the floor till a light could be procured. Directly one was brought, I was raised to my feet, placed upright against a wooden partition, and staples having been driven into the panelling, securely fastened in that position,

with cords passed through them, and round my armpits. This effected, an authoritative voice, the now distinct recognition of which thrilled me with dismay, ordered that I should be unblinded. It was done; and when my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the suddenly-dazzling light and glare, I saw Levasseur and the clerk Dubarle standing directly in front of me, their faces kindled into flame by fiendish triumph and delight. The report that they had been drowned was then a mistake, and they had incurred the peril of returning to this country for the purpose of avenging themselves upon me; and how could it be doubted that an opportunity, achieved at such fearful risk, would be effectually, remorsely used? A pang of mortal terror shot through me, and then I strove to awaken in my heart a stern endurance, and resolute contempt of death, with, I may now confess, very indifferent success. The woman Jaubert was, I also saw, present; and a man, whom I afterwards ascertained to be Martin, was standing near the doorway, with his back towards me. These two, at a brief intimation from Levasseur, went down stairs, and then the fierce exultation of the two escaped convicts-of Levasseur especiallybroke forth with wolfish rage and ferocity. "Ha—ha—ha!" shouted the Swiss, at the same time striking me over the face with his open hand, "you find, then, that others can plot as well as you can-dog, traitor, scoundrel that you are! 'Au revoir-allons!' was it, eh? Well, here we are, and I wish you joy of the meeting. Ha-ha! How dismal the rascal looks, Dubarle!" (Again the coward struck me.) "He is hardly grateful to me, it seems, for having kept my word. always do, my fine fellow," he added with a savage chuckle; "and never neglect to pay my debts of honor. Yours especially," he continued, drawing a pistol from his pocket. "shall be prompt payment, and with interest too, scélérat!" He held the muzzle of the pistol to within a yard of my forehead, and placed his finger on the trigger. I instinctively closed my eyes, and tasted in that fearful moment the full bitterness of death; but my hour was not yet come. Instead of the flash and report which I expected would herald me into eternity, a taunting laugh from Levasseur, at the terror he excited, rang through the room.

"Come—come," said Dubarle, over whose face a gleam of commiseration, almost of repentance, had once or twice passed; "you will alarm that fellow down stairs with your noise. We must, you know, wait till he is gone, and he appears to be in no hurry. In the meantime, let us have a game of piquet for the first shot at the traitor's carcass."

"Excellent—capital!" shouted Levasseur, with savage glee. "A game of piquet; the stake your life, Waters! A glorious game! and mind you see fair-play. In the meantime, here's your health, and better luck next time, if you should chance to live to see it." He swallowed a draught of wine which Dubarle, after helping himself, had poured out for him; and then approaching me, with the silver cup he had drained in his hand, said, "Look at the crest! Do you recognize it—fool, idiot that you are?"

I did so, readily enough: it was a portion of the plunder carried off from Portman

Square.

"Come," again interposed Dubarle, "let

us have our game."

The play began, and—— But I will dwell no longer upon this terrible passage in my police experience. Frequently even now the incidents of that night revisit me in dreams, and I awake with a start and cry of terror. In addition to the mental torture I endured, I was suffering under an agonizing thirst, caused by the fever of my blood, and the pressure of the absorbing gag, which still remained in my mouth. It was wonderful I did not lose my senses. At last the game was over; the Swiss won, and sprang to his feet with the roar of a wild beast.

At this moment Madame Jaubert entered the apartment, somewhat hastily. "This man below," she said, "is getting insolent. He has taken it into his tipsy head that you mean to kill your prisoner, and he wont, he says, be involved in a murder, which would be sure to be found out. I told him he was talking absurdly; but he is still not satisfied, so you had better go down and speak to him

vourself."

I afterwards found, it may be as well to mention here, that Madame Jaubert and Martin had been induced to assist in entrapping me, in order that I might be out of the way when a friend of Levasseur's, who had been committed to Newgate on a serious charge, came to be tried, I being the chief witness against him; and they were both assured that I had nothing more serious to apprehend than a few days' detention. In addition to a considerable money-present, Levasseur had, moreover, promised Madame Jaubert to pay her expenses to Paris, and assist in placing her in business there.

Levasseur muttered a savage imprecation on hearing the woman's message, and then

said, "Come with me, Dubarle; if we cannot convince the fellow, we can at least silence him! Marie Duquesne, you will remain here."

As soon as they were gone, the woman eyed me with a compassionate expression, and, approaching close to me, said, in a low voice, "Do not be alarmed at their tricks and menaces. After Thursday, you will be sure to be released."

I shook my head, and as distinctly as I could made a gesture with my fettered arms towards the table on which the wine was standing. She understood me. "If," said she, "you will promise not to call out, I will relieve you of the gag."

I eagerly nodded compliance. The gag was removed, and she held a cup of wine to my fevered lips. It was a draught from the waters of paradise, and hope, energy, life, were renewed within me as I drank.

"You are deceived," I said, in a guarded voice, the instant my burning thirst was satisfied. "They intend to murder me, and you will be involved as an accomplice."

"Nonsense," she replied. "They have

been frightening you, that's all."

"I again repeat you are deceived. Release me from these fetters and cords, give me but a chance of at least selling my life as dearly as I can, and the money you told me you stood in need of shall be yours."

"Hark!" she exclaimed. "They are com-

ing !"

"Bring down a couple of bottles of wine," said Levasseur, from the bottom of the stairs. Madame Jaubert obeyed the order, and in a few minutes returned.

I renewed my supplications to be released, and was, of course, extremely liberal of pro-

mises.

"It is vain talking," said the woman. "I do not believe they will harm you; but even if it were as you say, it is too late now to retrace my steps. You cannot ecape. That fool below is already three-parts intoxicated: they are both armed, and would hesitate at nothing if they but suspected treachery."

It was vain to urge her. She grew sullen and menacing, and was insisting that the gag should be placed in my mouth, when a

thought struck me.

"Levasseur called you Marie Duquesne, just now; but surely your name is Jaubert is it not?"

"Do not trouble yourself about my name," she replied: "that is my affair, not yours."

"Because if you are the Marie Duquesne who once kept a shop in Cranbourne Alley,

and lost a child called Marie-Louise, I could

tell you something."

A wild light broke from her dark eyes, and a suppressed scream from her lips. "I am that Marie Dusquesne!" she said, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Then I have to inform you that the child so long supposed to be lost I discovered

nearly three weeks ago."

The woman fairly leaped towards me, clasped me fiercely by the arms, and peering in my face with eyes on fire with insane excitement, hissed out—"You lie—you lie, you dog! You are striving to deceive me! She is in heaven: the angels told me so, long since."

I do not know, by the way, whether the falsehood I was endeavoring to palm off upon the woman was strictly justifiable or not; but I am fain to believe that there are few moralists that would not, under the circumstances, have acted pretty much as I did.

"If your child was lost when going on an errand to Coventry street, and her name is Marie-Louise Duquesne, I tell you she is found. How should I otherwise have become acquainted with these particulars?"

"True—true," she uttered: "How else should he know? Where is she?" added the woman, in tones of agonized intreaty, as she sank down and clasped my knees. "Tell me—tell me, as you hope for life or mercy, where I may find my child?"

"Release me, give a chance of escape, and to-morrow your child shall be in your arms. Refuse, and the secret dies with me."

She sprang quickly to her feet, unclasped the handcuffs, snatched a knife from the table, and cut the cords which bound me with eager haste. "Another draught of wine," she said, still in the same hurried, almost insane manner. "You have work to do! Now, whilst I secure the door, do you rub and chafe your stiffened joints." The door was soon fastened, and she assisted in restoring the circulation to my partially-benumbed limbs. This was at last accomplished, and Marie Duquesne drew me towards a window, which she softly opened. "It is useless," she whispered, "to attempt a struggle with the men below. You must descend by this," and she placed her hand upon a lead water-pipe, which reached from the roof to within a few feet of the ground.

"And you," I said; "how are you to

escape?"

"I will tell you. Do you hasten on towards Hampstead, from which we are distant in a notherly direction about a mile. There is a house at about half the distance. Procure help, and return as quickly as possible. The door-fastenings will resist some time, even should your flight be discovered. You will not fail me?"

"Be assured I will not." The descent was a difficult and somewhat perilous one, but it was safely accomplished, and I set off at the top of my speed towards Hampstead.

I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when the distant sound of a horse's feet, coming at a slow trot towards me, caught my ear. I paused, to make sure I was not deceived, and as I did so, a wild scream from the direction I had left, followed by another and another, broke upon the stillness of the night. The scoundrels had no doubt discovered my escape, and were about to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate creature in their power. The trot of the horse which I had heard was, simultaneously with the breaking out of those wild outcries, increased to a rapid gallop. "Hallo!" exclaimed the horseman as he came swiftly up. "Do you know where these screams come from?" It was the horse patrol who thus providentially came up! I briefly stated that the life of a woman was at the mercy of two escaped convicts. "Then, for God's sake, jump up behind me!" exclaimed the patrol. "We shall be there in a couple of minutes." I did so: the horse—a powerful animal, and not entirely unused to carry double-started off, as if it comprehended the necessity for speed, and in a very brief space of time we were at the door of the house from which I had so lately escaped. Marie Duquesne, with her body half out of the window, was still wildly screaming as we rushed into the room below. There was no one there, and we swiftly ascended the stairs, at the top of which we could hear Levasseur and Dubarle thundering at the door, which they had unexpectedly found fastened, and hurling a storm of imprecations at the woman within, the noise of which enabled us to approach them pretty nearly before we were heard or perceived.

Martin saw us first, and his sudden exclamation alarmed the others. Dubarle and Martin made a desperate rush to pass us, by which I was momently thrown on one side against the wall; and very fortunately, as the bullet levelled at me from a pistol Levasseur held in his hand would probably have finished me. Martin escaped, which I was not very sorry for; but the patrol pinned Dubarle safely, and I griped Levasseur with a strength and ferocity against which

he was as powerless as an infant. Our victory was complete; and two hours afterwards, the recaptured convicts were safely

lodged in a station-house.

I caused Madame Duquesne to be as gently undeceived the next morning as possible with respect to her child; but the reaction and disappointment proved too much for her wavering intellect. She relapsed into positive insanity, and was placed in Bedlam, where she remained two years. At the end of that period she was pronounced convalescent. A sufficient sum of money was raised by myself and others, not only to send her to Paris, but to enable her to set up as a milliner in a small but respectable way. As lately as last May, when I saw her there, she was in health both of mind and body, and doing comfortably.

With the concurrence of the police authorities, very little was said publicly respecting my entrapment. It might perhaps have excited a monomania amongst liberated convicts-colored and exaggerated as every incident would have been for the amusement of the public—to attempt similar exploits. I | Ryder's Court, Leicester Square.

was also anxious to conceal the peril I had encountered from my wife; and it was not till I had left the police force that she was informed of it. Levasseur and Dubarle were convicted of returning from transportation before the term for which they had been sentenced had expired, and were this time sent across the seas for life. The reporters of the morning papers, or rather the reporter for the "Times," "Herald," "Chronicle," "Post," and "Advertiser," gave precisely the same account, even to the mispelling of Lavasseur's name, dismissing the brief trial in the following paragraph, under the head of "Old Bailey Sessions:"-Alphonse Dubarle (24), and Sebastian Levasson (49), were identified as unlawfully-returned convicts, and sentenced to transportation for life. The prisoners, it was understood, were connected with the late plate robbery in Portman Square; but as a conviction could not have increased their punishment, the indictment was not pressed."

Levasseur, I had forgotten to state, admitted that it was he who wounded me in

LANDOR ON HAYNAU. WALTER SAVAGE

IN A LETTER TO THE EXAMINER.

SIR: Accounts have reached every part of England announcing the reception of Haynau. Whatever is new is generally more acceptable in this country than in any other; and murderers have lately been the principal objects of solicitude and compassion. Personal wrongs, urgent necessity, and neglected education, the fault of parents or of government, have impelled the greater part of these wretches to the commission of their crime. Yet the feeling is false and morbid which induces those of a better nature to visit them in their prisons, and to comfort them under the sentence of the laws. excuse then is there for patronizing the deliberate murderer of brave soldiers, not met in the field of battle, not taken with arms about them, who, if they had fought against Haynau, fought against the invader of their country, fought for the laws of the land, fought for their wives and children? What excuse is there for scourging in the public market-place the most delicate of girls and mothers? Ages have passed over our heads since such atrocities were committed in Europe; and only one man has been found capable of committing them.

Most deservedly has this wretch been designated in all languages as the Hangman Haynau. Is it credible that he has the audacity and impudence to venture into this country; to walk openly in our streets? If Marat and Robespierre and Couthon had been displaced and exiled, is ours the land in which they would have claimed the rites of hospitality? Yet they were only the engines of the laws which, many as were the innocent struck down by them, many the noble, many the aged, many the young, spared tor-

ture, spared degradation.

I think itsprobable that the gentleman in the Times, who defends on every occasion the exercise of arbitrary power, may receive a reprimand from Petersburg. For, the disgrace of Haynau (this is the term in Courts, where turpitude has no such meaning) came, like all other continental movements, from that quarter. Of existing rulers, certainly the Emperor of Russia is the most able; and whenever he permits a cruelty under his subjest crowns, he insures to himself popularity by compassing in due time the humiliation of the subordinate actor. He was resolved that the youth he protected at Vienna should lose forever his hold on the Hungarians, while he took himself off a little and stood aloof, breathing a tepid air of clemency.

There is much to be admired in the character of this potentate, but there is greatly more to be feared. He is guided by one sole star, and never turns his eyes away from it.

Variable as the winds are the counsels of every nation round, while his are conducted by calm, sagacious men, along the same line of polity from age to age. Whatever he meditates he effects. He knows that the hour of action is not to be accelerated by putting on the hands of his watch. Omnipotent not only at Athens, but through Athens at Munich; omnipotent at Vienna, at Berlin, at Stockholm, at Copenhagen, he excites, or suppresses, or modulates, or varies, the discordant cries of France in every Department. The eastern empire rises up again, with greater vigor and surer hopes than Constantine in Byzantium could impart to it, and is now overshadowing and overawing the dislocated and chaotic West. Nicholas wills the abolition of republics; France swears to maintain them; and instantly throws down her own that she may the more readily subvert the Roman. In the hand of Napoleon his halfdozen royalets were never more pliable manikins than the nephew is in the hand of Nicholas. It will use him for a time, as for a time it used Haynau. In England, it seems,

I this discarded butcher, stripped by Austria of his apron and cleaver, is not to be touched, but is, on the contrary, to be respected. And why? Because he has come upon our shores!

Unquestionably the hangman will find defenders here in England: but the defenders of such a wretch, whether in print or Parliament, are even worse than himself. Criminals who have been put into the pillory for much smaller offences, and indeed for one only, have undergone thereby the sentence of the law; yet public indignation pelts them, and the press acquiesces. Mr. Baron Rothschild calls the unfortunate man his friend. Jews are most peculiarly citizens of the world: Baron Rothschild among the rest: but Baron Rothschild, the friend of Haynau, has a better right to be a citizen of the world than a citizen of London: and a better to be a citizen of London than its representative. Never let us hear again of the indignities the scourger and hangman has undergone, nor of extenuating comparisons between his crimes

and the crimes of others.

The distinguished writer in the Times is indignant that a person of Haynau's age should be scouted and insulted. There are crimes of which age and infirmity itself are an aggravation. Age ought to be exempt from the violence of the passions: age ought to be lenient, considerate, compassionate: age should remember its past impetuosities, and rejoice in their extinction: age must often have seen around its own domestic hearth the irrepressible ebullition of generous emotions, and sometimes of ungenerous. nearer to the grave we are, the more should we be on a level with the humanities, and the more observant of those fellow-men whom we are leaving on this side of it. There is folly in calling it an act of cowardice to drive away an assassin, whetever be his age or his condition. Gray hairs are venerable only on the virtuous. We have seen gray-whiskered wolves; but we never have seen a body of the most innocent villagers backward to pursue them in consideration of this merit.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ALISON, THE HISTORIAN.*

It is ever the fate of genius to be in advance of its age-too often to be rewarded only by its neglect or its censures. Galileo in the dungeon of the Inquisition was no unapt type of high intellect persecuted by the dull-sighted many. When Divine wisdom often failed to obtain a hearing on earth, genius in the creature cannnot look to fare better. "Go up, bald head!" has not seldom been the cry of the would-be wise of the Gentiles, as it was of the children of Israel. Disasters have come upon nations, ruin to empires, not because there was no voice to warn, but no wish to listen—not from the absence of wisdom, but from its neglect. Who listened to Demosthenes, when he strove to save Athens from her blindness? Did not six generations neglect the warnings of the great Sobieski, ere Poland fell? Who listened to Burke, when with prophetic eye he scanned the future of the French Revolution, and in the brilliance of the meteor beheld the gathering of the storm? Yet Burke lived to hear his éloge begun, and posterity has completed it. Nations live faster, as well as longer, now than in ancient times; the increased vigor of the species hurries on society from stage to stage; and in the rapidity with which disaster follows error, and retribution crime, we not only behold the means by which Providence now preserves the nations by purifying them, but by which wisdom and virtue are rewarded, folly and passion punished, in the lifetime of a single generation. An erring people now no longer escapes misery by handing it over to posterity; the impostor or deluder rarely reaches his grave unmasked; the Present seldom bequeathes a golden idol which the Future finds to be brass. This is a comforting assurance to the honest and

wise, a benefit to the species, a terror to evildoers, a warning to fools. The day of dupes, the reign of folly, is shortened; and if men still go astray (as assuredly they ever will) it will not be from the mists of ignorance, but from the allurements of passion. Time, nowa-days, speedily winnows error from truth, and falsifies theories and predictions in the lifetime of their authors.

There is no more difficult task for genius than to detect in their secret springs the issues of future events. This can only be attempted after scanning keenly and widely the pages of history, and generalizing from an extensive view of the workings of human passion; and the attempt is never successful, save when seconded by transcendent natural abilities. The mere fact of the reprinting of Mr. Allison's political essays proves that he possesses this prescient faculty in a very high degree; and when we examine them in detail, the coincidence of events with his predictions is marvellous. The fact that all these essays were written for the monthly press, most of them of course hastily, still further heightens our admiration for the accuracy of his views and the ability with which they are developed. We have nothing similar in our language: they stand forth alone in the world of letters. We have recently had reprints of critical and historical essays of first-rate excellence; but in the department of politics, not one. Among the published selections of articles from the Edinburgh Review, no series of political essays has found a place. Praised to the skies on their first appearance, not unfrequently changing the politics of Government, they have nevertheless been left behind by the march of the world. Time has weighed them in his balance, and found them wanting.

Edinburgh and London: 1849-50.
2. "Essays, Political and Miscellaneous." By
Archibald Alison, LL.D. 3 vols, 8vo. Edinburgh

and London: 1850.

^{*1. &}quot;History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restorations of the Bourbons in 1815." By Archibald Alison, LL.D. Fourteen vols. 8vo. With Portraits, Ediphurgh and London: 1849-50.

[&]quot;Open one of the political essays of the Blue and Yellow, which were read and admired by all the world thirty or forty years ago, and what do you find? Loud declamations against the continuance of the war, and emphatic assertions of the inability of England to contend at land with the conqueror of Continental Europe; continual re-

proaches of incapacity against the Ministry who'were preparing the liberation of Spain and the battle of Waterloo; ceaseless assertions that the misery of Ireland was entirely owing to misgov-ernment—that nothing but Catholic emancipation, and the curtailment of the Protestant Church were required to make that Island the most happy, loyal, and contented realm, and its Celtic inhabitants the most industrious and well-conditioned in Europe; loud denunciations that the power of the Crown had "increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished;" lamentations on the evidently approaching extinction of the liberties of England under the combined action of a gigantic war expenditure and a corrupt selfish oligarchy; strong recommendations of the speedy abolition of slavery in our West India Colonies, as the only mode of enabling our planters to compete with the efforts of slave sugar-states. Time has enabled the world to estimate these doctrines at their true value; and amidst great efforts at bolstering them up, subsequent times have quietly consigned them to the tomb of all the Capulets."*

Besides their prescient sagacity, what is well worthy of remark in Mr. Alison's political essays, is their eminently practical nature. Not a plan which he proposes, not a remedy which he suggests, but bears the stamp of efficacy and simplicity. Well versed in the affairs of men and in the functions of civil administration, no crude theory or speculative plan escapes him; and he makes his views as intelligible to others as they are manifest to One would think he had been Premier for as long a period as he has been Sheriff—although, in these days, we fear this is but a doubtful compliment. Of his intimate acquaintance with the science of government and the actual state of the nation, these volumes furnish redundant proof. Not to mention his splendid essays on Parliamentary Reform and the British Constitution—as to the sagacity of which the last eighteen years have been one long sad commentarywe would say to a skeptic, look at his article on Crime and Transportation. Does he not lay bare the fearful progress of crime amongst us as with the scalpel of the anatomist, and probe the devouring gangrene with the skill of a Cooper? When and how has Government, with all its gigantic aid from commissions and committees, ever attempted to legislate for this monster malady? attempt has never been seriously made. Arrest it by secular education!—as well arrest the Thames with sand. The spectacle of crime multiplying ten times faster than the population, and every seventh person in these

islands a pauper, hanging a dead weight on the arm of Industry, should rouse one and all to the portentous aspect of the future. He who can read that essay, and still shut his eyes to the crime accumulating in the heart of the State, and sapping the foundations of its prosperity, would not be convinced though one rose from the dead; he who can imagine a simpler or more effectual series of alleviations than is there set forth, had better divulge it. Or look at his essay on Direct Taxation. Could the present errors of the income-tax be more convincingly exposed, or the true principles of the system more clearly explained? What a depth of sagacity, what a practical knowledge of politics and human nature, in his reasons for extending the property-tax to a lower class than it now affects! -not merely for justice' sake, as at present all property under £200 a-year is virtually exempted; not for the sake of any great addition to the revenue, but in order to interest the majority of the nation in opposing its undue extension. Without such a safeguard, he says, and says most truly, this tax will become an insidious engine of confiscation. The Ten-pounders, paying nothing to it, will selfishly urge on its progressive increase, till the whole landed aristocracy will be despoiled to gratify the urban constituencies. He shows how this tax ought to be lowered onehalf upon income, and suggests a feasible plan for the delicate operation of rating professional men. He shows how heavily the present tax bears upon landlords and the agricultural classes—among other reasons, because they cannot possibly conceal their revenue; while commercial men and capitalists can do so readily, and actually do so to an enormous extent. His words are especially worthy of attention at the present moment, when the removal of the Income Tax is about to be discussed in Parliament, and when our whole system of taxation imperatively calls for reconsideration, and a readjustment of its burdens. Finally, look at almost the last article in his third volume, "Free Trade, Finance, and Reform," dated April and May, 1850. Could there be an abler elucidation of the present state of the country, or a more crushing exposure of the numberless errors and flimsy fallacies of the Whig Ministry? We would gladly transcribe, for the enlightenment and discomfiture of that owlish party, his graphic picture of the prostration of Britain under Liberal misgovernment. But the passage is too long to be extracted, and will not bear curtailment. "Future ages," he says, in concluding it,

^{* &}quot;Alison's Essays,"—Art., Macaulay, vol. iii., p. 631.

"will ask what were the devastating wars, the stunning calamities, the loss of provinces, the severance of colonies, which inflicted such deep and irremediable wounds on the British nation, during these memorable periods; and they will be answered, it was thirty years of unbroken peace at home, a series of brilliant colonial conquests abroad, and one system." We likewise pass over, with regret, his counter-picture of what we might have been under other government, in order to make room for a warning that should interest even the dullest ear.

"To the modern rulers of the British nation, to the constituents of the majority of the House of Commons, to buy cheap and to sell dear is the great object of ambition. They have gained the first—let them see whether they will secure the last. Let them see whether, amidst the ruin of the agricultural interest, and the declining circumstances of all trades which are exposed to the effects of foreign competition, they, the sellers of commodities, will make their fortunes. If they do, it will be a new erain society; for it will be one in which the trading class amass riches in consequence of the ruin of their customers.

"There is no monitor, however, to nations as to individuals, like suffering. Let Free Trade, therefore, have a fair trial. Let the shopkeepers see what benefit they are likely practically to gain by the ruin of their customers. They have the government in their hands, for they have the appointment of a majority in the House of Commons. The agricultural interest, the colonies, the shipping interest, the small manufacturer, are, to all practical purposes, disfranchised. Let the trading classes, then, feel the effects of their own measure. These will be such that they cannot continue. Ere long a change of policy, and probably of rulers, will be forced upon Government by the universal cry of suffering. But let them recollect that it is their measures which are now upon trial; that theirs will be the responsibility if they fail; and that, if the empire be dismembered and the national independence lost, theirs will be the present loss, and theirs the eternal infamy."*

The whole essay is a proof that we have "fallen upon evil days,"—a melancholy confirmation of the saying of the old senator, when he sent his youthful heir one day to the council board—"My son, I would have you learn with how little wisdom a great nation may be governed!"

But, circumscribed as we are in our limits, it is less Mr. Alison's politics that we mean to review, than the general character of his writings, and his peculiarities of mind and opinion. We find these fully developed in the recent issue of his History and Essays;

so that we need not enter upon any examination of his brilliant "Military Life of Marlborough," and various works on social and political economy, further than to state that they all bear the same impress of profound reflection and vivid and vigorous thought. His Essays are a splendid supplement to his history, and the two combined exhibit his intellect in all its breadth and beauty. Though the latter work, constructed for immortality, will ever surpass its successor in general favor, because treating of a subject of permanent and universal interest, it is difficult to say to which the palm is due for intrinsic excellence. Our own taste inclines us at present to prefer the Essays—perhaps because they possess the charm of novelty, which frequent perusal has taken from his greatest work. But in this we rather indicate a predilection than offer an opinion. If magnitude of conception and talent in the execution awaken our admiration in the History, the variety of natural gifts and extent of acquired knowledge will no less surprise us in the Essays. Surpassing those of Jeffrey-who, not widely learned, seldom original, moreover never gives one the feeling that he is in earnest, or deeply impressed with his subject: unlike those of Sidney Smith, whose vigorous and sparkling wit was chiefly expended on topics of ephemeral interest; possessing all the profound philosophy of Mackintosh, with ten times his pictorial powers and consequent popularity; rivaling Macaulay himself in ancient and modern lore, but inferior to him in condensation of ideas and arrangement of details, Alison surpasses him in the variety and grandeur of the subjects he discusses, and in the elevation of mind and grasp of intellect with which he treats them. In some respects these two great writers are remarkable contrasts. Macaulay, supreme in miniature-painting, exquisite in the selection and use of his colors and in the management of details, is unrivaled in the Historical Essay, or in delineating a memorable event or a particular era. Alison, excelling in breadth and grandeur of style, negligent of details, yet guided by exquisite art, is supreme on the extended canvas of History. Alison is a Michael Angelo, without his gloom; Macaulay combines the beauty of Raphael with the minuteness of the Dutch school. The erudition of both is amazing; but Alison's is the more varied. The style of the latter is free, flowing, vigorous; of the former, elegant exceedingly, but marked with care. Both are poetic in temperament—both at times rise to the highest

^{* &}quot;Essays," vol. iii. pp. 716, 717.

flights of eloquence; but in earnestness and power the palm rests with Alison. Macaulay addresses himself to the every-day world; Alison to the higher qualities of our nature. The former uses gossip frequently and systematically, to give piquancy to his narrative; Alison rarely, and only to depict character. No historian represents, in an equal degree with Macaulay, the average ideas, feelings, and political wants of the English people; he hits, without falling below or flying beyond, the popular mark; and his admirable sense and tact, and clear, business-like, yet brilliant style, confer on his works unbounded popularity. He is the representative of the Present: Alison is the advocate of the English

sent; Alison is the advocate of the Future. It is a difficult task, in those days, for a man to work out for himself fame as a first class author. The great works of former genius overshadow all mediocre attempts at immortality; and the public is ever chary of placing a new statue in their temple of High Art. Amusing works rise into notice like soap-bells, and glow for their day in the rainbow hues of popular favor: but elevated works, which aim as nothing less than an eternity of fame, encounter a very different reception. Whenever such an aut Casar aut nullus appears, he is received with the cold eye of distrust. Reputations already made are endangered, old opinions threatened with subversion. Critics fear to err; and it is safer to censure than to eulogize -to point out blemishes, than give verdict on the whole performance. In such cases, the public never dissent from the critics at first; and, laudatores præteriti, are always ready to back their censures and unfavorable Mr. Alison, when the first vocomparisons. lumes of his History appeared, was a man unknown to public fame. Though a staunch Conservative, his name was not identified with that of his party. No party organs praised his work while yet in embryo-no flourish of trumpets hailed its debut. It did not spare the errors of his own party, and it was felt as a mortal stroke by his opponents. He wrote, too, against the spirit of the times. It was during the fervor of Reform that the early volumes of his Conservative History appeared; and both then and since, his opinions have run counter to those of the majority of the nation. Independent in spirit and conscious of his powers, he did not surrender one iota of his convictions for the sake of catching the popular gales; and he has lived to reap the recompense. He worked for enduring fame, and he has obtained his reward even in the present generation.

In all his writings Mr. Alison emphatically condemns the time-serving principle of expediency, ever too popular with mankind; and in his History he loses no opportunity of exhibiting the cheering truth, that national virtue ever triumphs in the end. His application of religion as a test to the conduct alike of nations and individuals, has been called the very salt of his great work; and it forms a sure, unwavering guide amid the mazes of conflicting opinions. His impartiality is unquestioned; and he not only gives the truth, but the whole truth. Everything has at least two sides, and Alison gives both. He knows well that the same man may be made a villain or a demigod, the same age be painted black or white, and with equal truth, by a one-sided sketcher, and that the only way to keep the reader right is to show him both views. He is of too elevated a nature to take any interest in the gossipry of scandal, and has no love for pulling down the great characters that stalk through his pages, by needlessly recounting their peccadilloes. Frailties he knows are everywhere —no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; and he never makes his pages piquant with scandal when he can render them elevating by noble examples. In his delineation of character, he metes out eulogy and censure with discriminating hand. There is a natural tendency for a grand impression to absorb all minor ones, and it is an error into which men of warm feelings, like Mr. Alison, are very apt to fall; but the care with which he avoids this is not less remarkable than honorable to him. Such calm discrimination, indeed, is indispensable in the delineation of real life, where peculiarities of the most opposite description are not unfrequently found united in the same person. Human nature is a bundle of contradictions, which the comprehensive powers of pen can alone depict. utmost skill of the brush or the chisel fail in the attempt. They can only seize an hour of a lifetime, one phase of the strangely-changing soul; and whoever represents living men thus, represents them defectively. In his dealing with such mixed characters, Mr. Alison follows the method indicated by Shakspeare:-"As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoiced at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition."

"We shall not," says Mr. Alison, in reviewing Macaulay's History of England, "in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production,

adopt the not uncommon practice of reviewers on such occasions—we shall not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than our author, nor set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a lifetime. We shall not imitate certain critics who look at the bottom of the pages for the authorities of the author, and, having got the clue to the requisite information, proceed to examine, with the utmost minuteness, every particular of his narrative, and make, in consequence, a vast display of knowledge, wholly derived from the reading which he has suggested. We shall not be so deluded as to suppose we have made a great discovery in biography, because we have ascertained that some Lady Caroline of the last generation was born on the 1st October 1674, instead of the 8th February 1675, as the historian with shameful negligence has affirmed; nor shall we take credit to ourselves for a journey down to Hampshire to consult the parish register on the subject. As little shall we in future accuse Macaulay of inaccuracy in describing battles, because, on referring, without mentioning it, to the military authorities he has quoted, and the page he has referred to, we have discovered that at some battle, as Malplaquet, Lottum's men stood on the right of the Prince of Orange, when he says they stood on the left; or that Marlborough dined on a certain day at one o'clock, when, in point of fact, he did not sit down, as is proved by incontestable authority, till half-past two. shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticisms to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information."*

This is well said, and doubtless owes not a little of its pungency to the waspish attacks with which his own writings have been assailed. All errors should be noted by reviewers, both small and great, even for the benefit of the author himself-and such criticism Mr. Alison and all worthy authors will hail with satisfaction; but to infer general inaccuracy from casual error, is to exemplify in sober life the old fable of the fault-finding fly on the cupola of St. Paul's.† It would

took me.

have been more than human, if so extensive a work as Mr. Alison's History had been immaculate—if no slip of the memory or pen had occurred during its composition; but every successive edition has been weeding them out; and this present edition may challenge the closest scrutiny to detect even a trivial error. It is after the closest scrutiny and painstaking comparison with earlier editions, that we thus speak in its favor. New authorities, such as the Memoirs of Chateaubriand, Lamartine's Girondins, the concluding volumes of Thiers' History, &c., have been consulted; -fresh maps have been added to the magnificent atlas which illustrates the work, and a gallery of beautiful and authentic portraits adorns its pages; -- many of the battle-scenes have been retouched,* and additional light thrown on that most puzzling of great engagements, the battle of Waterloo. The index continues in its former state of perfection; and a noble chapter of Concluding Reflections has been added, which closes the History with profound and original observations on the grand features of national politics and the general progress of mankind.

Many illustrious men have neglected their genius in youth—many more do not become aware of possessing it till that fleeting seedtime of future glory is past forever. "Amid my vast and lofty aspirations," says Lamartine, "the penalty of a wasted youth over-Adieu, then, to the dreams of genius-to the aspirations of intellectual enjoyment!" Many a gifted heart has sighed the same sad sigh; many a noble nature has walked to his grave in sackcloth, for one brief dallying in the bowers of Circe—for one short sleep in the Castle of Indolence. But no such echo of regret can check the aspirations of our author. Brought up at the feet of Gamaliel in all that relates to lofty religious feeling and the admiration of art, and in not a little concerning the grand questions of national politics, his youth was well tended; and almost ere he emerged from that golden dreamy period, he had embarked on the undertaking which was to be the mission of his life, his passport to immor-

^{* &}quot;Essays," vol. iii. pp. 644-5.

Mr. Alison, in one of his beautiful essays on Art, when remarking that the tendency of genius is to beget genius in others, quotes illustratively the instance of the youthful Correggio, who, on beholding the works of the "Caracci," exclaimed, "I, too, am a painter!" The works of Raphael we think it should have been, for Correggio lived before the Caracci. The value of the illustration, of course, is no ways affected by this slip; but what a theme for vituperation it may yet furnish to some of his critics! The puny attacks of some of these gentlemen remind one of the gnats trying to sting an elephant; and their frequency can only be accounted for by the maxim of the great Dr. Johnson, that "whoever attacks established reputations, is certain to find read-

ers." A recent writer on "Alison's Fallacies about the Fall of Rome," winds up a flimsy and vainglorious article by remarking, that perhaps he had been wasting space in disproving Mr. Alison's classical knowledge! If the above slip had caught his eye, he would doubtless have demonstrated, with equal "logic," that our author knows no more about art than a bagman!

^{*} The account of the battle of Bautzen might still be improved.

tal fame. Among the dazzling and dazzled ; crowd whom, from all parts of Europe, the fall of Napoleon in 1814 had attracted to the French metropolis, was a young Englishman, who, hurrying from his paternal roof, arrived in time to witness the magnificent pageants which rendered memorable the residence of the Allied Sovereigns and armies in Paris. Napoleon had fallen; the last act of the revolutionary drama seemed to have closed; and on the Place Louis XV. assembled Europe, and repentant France joined in the obsequies of its earliest victims and holiest martyrs. It was in the midst of those heart-stirring scenes, that the first inspiration of writing a history of the momentous period then seemingly closed, entered the throbbing breast of that English youth—and that youth was Alison. Ten years of travel, meditation, and research followed, during which the eye and the ear alike gathered materials for his great undertaking, and the mind was expanding its gifted powers preparatory to moulding these materials in a form worthy of the great events to be narrated, and of the high conception which the youth longed to realize. Other fifteen years of composition were required ere the History was brought to a close, and the noble genius of its author awakened the admiration of Europe.

Strange as it may sound in unreflecting ears, we attribute much of the success of Mr. Alison's History to his imaginative powers. In a volumnious work, where a thousand trivial occurrences must be recounted, and many dry subjects discussed, it is imagination alone that can carry the reader through the mass of details—that can float Truth down the flood of Time. It is the peculiar faculty of imagination to clothe whatever it touches with beauty, yet without derogating from reality. The sunbeam adorns the spray of the waterfall with rainbow hues, without altering its nature; the author may paint his subject in lively colors, without injuring the justness of the outline. "We cannot too often repeat," says Madame de Stael, "that imagination, far from being an enemy to truth, brings it out more than any other faculty of the mind," &c., &c. It is the highest quality of art; and it is of as much use to the historian as to the writer of romance: nay more, for with the latter, dry matter can be rejected—with the former, it must be retained and made interesting. This is the great difficulty in large histories—the narrative must be made interesting, yet kept real. Without this, the utmost powers of

intellect and research will be displayed in vain wisdom that nobody reads is lost.

But more than this is requisite to the successful writing of history: Art must mould the materials which research has collected and imagination adorned. The principles of proportion must be steadily kept in view; otherwise sameness will weary, progress be unmarked, and the reader be perplexed to discern what is trivial from what is important. If equal light be thrown upon all parts of a picture, the effect is ruined. It is this fault which mars the great historians of The justly celebrated writers of the graphic school of History, which arose in that country after the Revolution, have, almost without exception, fallen into this mistake. In the effort to avoid the tame apathetic narrative of former historians, they have glided unconsciously into the opposite error; in the desire to be interesting and picturesque, they have finished all parts with the same minuteness, and have thus destroyed the perspective. Look at Michelet, and even the great Sismondi. Their narrative is admirably clear and graphic, but there is a want of subordination and exaltation of events: all are treated in the same minute, careful style. Or else, in the author's desire to be truthful and truthful-like, he quotes largely from old chronicles or modern state papers, and smothers the interest of his narrative by a mass of foreign matter. Of the thirty volumes of Michelet's Histoire des Français, about one-half are taken up with quotations of this kind,—an error which not only clogs the narrative, but breaks the unity of the performance. Look at Thiers. In describing the circumstances of the Tenniscourt Oath-the locking of the Assembly doors against the deputies-the conduct of the captain on guard—the deputies' intentions of forcing from him the pass-word, and the very proper advice of Bailly to let the good-natured fellow alone—all are given so minutely as to make them appear of as much historical importance as the taking of the oath itself. In history, the general thread of the narrative should be (as it always is in Hume and in the old Classic historians) clear but unambitious-it must be kept in the shade; events of secondary importance must rise into half light; while a flood of radiance should be thrown upon the grand crises of the history. It is on such parts that the author should lavish his highest powers, and on such only. He must know not only where to be prodigal of his genius, but where to refrain.

On our first perusal of the History, we were astonished at the effect it produced on us; it had all the charm of romance, as well as the durable interest of history. The soul of the poet was felt in its scenes of grandeur or misfortune; the hand of the painter sketched the thrilling adjuncts of the battle-field; the spirit of the soldier breathed in the narrative of charging armies and heroic exploits; the eloquence of the orator spoke to us in his perorations; the eye of the general pointed out the manœuvres that lost or won a kingdom. All this, and a great deal more, we felt, in common with others, before we got half through the work; but it was not till repeated perusals had made us familiar with it, and given us the power of analyzing so extensive a work, that we came fully to appreciate the merit of the author, by discerning the grand plan upon which he worked. It is founded on a systematic application of those principles of relief and proportion which we have already declared indispensable in all high art; and when once discovered, it can be traced throughout every portion of the History. The ten years which he spent in preparation were not spent in vain: before he put pen to paper, the plan was complete in all its details—the chart of his History was already laid down minutely -the clue of Ariadne was prepared, which was to lead him unembarrassed through the "mighty maze" of the Revolutionary contest. The heroic mood cannot always be sustained; the ardor of the battle-field, or the breathless struggle of parties, will pall if long continued: the mind requires as much relief in a long history as the eye seeks and finds in the varying hues of nature. "Whenever I am particularly dull," said Sir Walter Scott, "be assured it is not without an object; and on all occasions Mr. Alison takes excellent advantage of this principle of our nature. Chapters on the great questions which rose into notice during that period, give variety to the work; as each new nation enters the arena, a condensed view is given of its past history and present resources; and even the driest topics lose somewhat of their dryness from the position they occupy,-generally filling up some pause in the contest, some lull of history, bordering on and relieving some dreadful strife of nations. Linked to his well-connected narrative, are the brilliant episodes upon the rise of our Indian Empire, the American war, and the South American revolutions; completing the history of that first-born and mightiest of revolutions, which, cradled in France, enthroned in Europe,

spread its arms to the uttermost parts of the earth.

If we examine our author's critical Essays, we shall see with what care he has sought out the true principles of the art of history in the works of others; if we turn to his History, we will see how successfully he has embodied them in his own. Art is as discernible in his great work as in the masterpieces of painting and the drama. On the approach of a decisive battle, for instance, we first see the hostile armies scattered, perhaps, in cantonments, and the plans of their chiefs; we then see them draw rapidly together, and sweep towards one another like lowering thunder-clouds. The unimportant preliminary combats of the manœuvring hosts are dismissed in a sentence; and the narrative glides on unbroken and swift-

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

While the rival hosts slumber around their watchfires, on the night before the battle, a paragraph indicates their respective advantages, force, and valor, and the weighty issues hanging on the soldier's arm. Then comes the battle—a vivid, startling picture, that makes the heart beat faster; then the pursuit, the efforts of the pursuer and pursued—the surrender or the armistice. The reader feels the approach of a Borodino or a Leipsic with unfailing prescience; and from that instant the interest never flags—the author never draws bridle till the battle is won and its fruits reaped.

Mr. Alison has permanently placed history on a level with the fine arts, and, under the mask of nature, has reared the most artistic monument that this or any other country has ever produced. In the nature of his subject, he has a great advantage over the immortal work of Gibbon. The Decline and Fall of Rome, most interesting to classical readers, most instructive to the philosophic of all ages, is too far removed from us by time, difference of civilization, antagonism of religion, to awaken our deepest sympathies,especially in an age when generosity and imagination, the higher parts of our intellectual and moral being, are kicking the beam in the popular balance of utilitarianism, and when the momentous interest of present questions, present convulsions, is driving the memory of all others from our thoughts. But the interests at issue in the narrative of Alison come home to every heart; they are peculiarly those of present times—our fathers or ourselves took part in the contest he describes. Democracy, skepticism, machinery —these are prominent characteristics of the present age; and he shows us the era in which they all began. His work forms a magnificent portal to the Present; it contains a key to the strange characters which the passions of men are now writing upon the earth-those hieroglyphics of which the writers themselves know not the meaning, but which seem to speak to us of sorrow rather than of joy. In another respect, too, Mr. Alison's subject was a happy one, for it gave to his History the rare but unrivaled charm of unity of interest. The period of not quite thirty years which it embraces, beheld the development and extinction of one idea, the French Revolution; and in the changing fortunes of the war all the balanced interest of a poem is experienced. It is a prose epic of the mighty struggle between Religion and Infidelity—an epic, in which the nations of Europe are first seen groveling in selfishness; next, crushed in suffering; rising at length purified, and striking to the ground their fell oppressor. In which France, exulting in successful violence, fearing neither God nor man in their strength and passion, feels amid her triumphs the iron entering her soul, and, prostrate at last, owes her life to the clemency of her former victims.

There is a mistake which persons casually referring to his History for information are apt to fall into. Wishing for full details of some minor occurrence, they are greatly disappointed to find it recounted en passant in half-a-dozen lines; and, with fretful impatience, they fancy that the work is less perfect than it ought to be. What would they have? Evidently not a history, but an encyclopædia of history, or a Biographie Universelle, with every event of life fully detailed under separate heads, and which they would be the first to toss away in disgust; or, at the best, a work like the laborious annals of Guicciardini, which, though abounding in excellent passages, is quite unreadable by any but a bookworm.* A little reflection would quickly convince them of this, and would reveal to them a beauty where at first they saw only a defect. The author's forethought has extended even to the mechanical parts of the work; and if we would

posed, a single glance will suffice. All extraneous matter, however interesting-especially decrees, treaties, statistics—is thrown into the foot notes or appendix; even the dates are often eliminated from the text; and the narrative flows on unbroken—its brilliant reflections and splendid achievements glittering on its surface "like stars on the sea." You find a sentence, perhaps, running thus: "Early in June the fleet, consisting of ten sail of the line and twenty transports, sailed from Portsmouth, and after a stormy and tedious voyage, at length cast anchor off Vigo, and next day the disembarkation commenced." There is no precise date given; but in the margin you find, opposite the beginning of the sentence, "June 2," and at its close, "June 10-11." Why not incorporate these dates? you say. Even in the single sentence supposed, such incorporation would be no improvement; without giving one reader in a hundred any information he cared about, it would encumber the sentence, and distract attention from the simple facts of the narrative. But in the case of a condensation of events, where a single paragraph gives a dozen minor actions or treaties of a campaign, the thing would be intolera ble: one would see little else than the names of the twelve months, and at least as many stumbling-blocks of figures. This trivial matter tends to illustrate the many and far greater difficulties which, unperceived by the general reader, beset the path of the historian.

In order to exhibit the charming and graphic narrative which has rendered the History deservedly so popular, we extract a passage hitherto unnoticed by reviewersthe death of Duroc, the early and attached friend of Napoleon. It happened on the day of the battle of Bautzen. The Allied forces, worsted, but in unbroken array, were retreating with great skill and steadiness, leaving nothing behind. Evening was setting in. Irritated at seeing his prey escaping, Napoleon hastened to the advanced posts, and soon fifty thousand men pressed closely on the retiring foe, and the cavalry of the Guard was let loose in pursuit. It was all in vain. "What!" cried Napoleon, "after such a butchery, no results—no prisoners? Those fellows there will not leave us a nail; they rise from their ashes. When will this be over?"

"The balls at this moment were flying thick around him, and one of the Emperor's escort fell dead at his feet. 'Duroc,' said he, turning to the Grand Marshal, who was by his side, 'fortune is

^{*}An offer of pardon is said to have been made to an Italian galley-slave, on the condition of his reading through this work; but the prisoner rejected the offer, considering his work in the galleys the lighter slavery of the two.

resolved to have one of us to-day.' Some of his suite observed with a shudder, in an under-tone, that it was the anniversary of the battle of Essling and the death of Lannes. The melancholy anticipation was not long of being realized. The enemy retired to a fresh position behind the ra-vine of Makersdorf; and Napoleon, who was anxious to push on before night to Gorlitz, himself hurried to the front, to urge on the troops who were to dislodge them from the ground which they had occupied to bar the approach to it. His suite followed him, four abreast, at a rapid trot through a hollow way, in such a cloud of dust that hardly one of the riders could see his righthand man. Suddenly a cannon-ball glanced from a tree near the Emperor, and struck a file behind, consisting of Mortier, Caulaincourt, Kirgener, and Duroc. In the confusion and dust, it was not at first perceived who was hurt; but a page soon arrived and whispered in the Emperor's ear, that Kirgener was killed, and Duroc desperately wounded. Larrey and Ivan instantly came up, but all their efforts were unavailing: Duroc's entrails were torn out, and the dying man was carried into a cottage near Makersdorf. Napoleon, profoundly affected, dismounted, and gazed long on the battery from whence the fatal shot had issued. He then entered the cottage, and ascertained, with tears in his eyes, that there was no hope. 'Duroc,' said he, pressing the hand of the dying hero, 'there is another world where we shall meet again.' Memorable words, wrung by anguish even from the child of Infidelity and the Revolution. Finally, when it was announced, some hours afterwards, that all was over, he put into the hands of Berthier, without articulating a word, a paper, ordering the construction of a monument on the spot where he fell, with this inscription:- Here the General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand Marshal of the Palace to the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, struck by a cannon-ball, and died in the arms of the Emperor, his friend. " Napoleon pitched his tent in the neighborhood

of the cottage where Duroc lay, and seemed for the time altogether overwhelmed by his emotions. The square of the Old Guard, respecting his feelings, arranged themselves at a distance; and even his most confidential attendants did not for some time venture to approach his person. Alone he sat, wrapped in his gray greatcoat, with his forehead resting on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, a prey to the most agonizing reflections. In vain Caulaincourt and Maret at length requested his attention to the most pressing or-'To-morrow-everything!' was the only reply of the Emperor, as he again resumed his attitude of meditation. A mournful silence reigned around; the groups of officers at a little distance hardly articulated above their breath; gloom and depression appeared on every countenance; while the subdued hum of the soldiers preparing their repast, and the sullen murmur of the artillerywagons, as they rolled in the distance, alone told that a mighty host was assembled in the neighborhood. Slowly the moon rose over this melancholy scene; the heavens became illuminated by the flames of the adjoining villages, which had I

fallen a prey to the license of the soldiers; while the noble bands of the Imperial Guard played alternately triumphant and elegiac strains, in the vain hope of distracting the grief of their chief. Could the genius of painting portray the scene—could the soul of poetry be inspired by the feelings which all around experienced, a more striking image could not be presented of the mingled woes and animation of war—of the greatness and weakness of man—of his highest glories, and of his nothingness against the arms of his Creator."*

We do not add a word of comment—the scene is for ever engraven on the reader's heart. No wonder that such a narrative has called forth the enthusiastic admiration of all

Style, in authors of original genius, is always worthy of attention: for with them at least, whatever it may be among the pigmies of literature, it is a development of their mental character—it reveals some phases of the author's intellectual temperament. Style, in fact, with them, is THOUGHT; it is their greatest characteristic; it is more peculiarly theirs than their opinions, and more permanently so; these may change with access of information, but style changes rarely, never without an extensive change in the moral being of the author. Thus we see Mr. Alison's style as completely formed in his Essays written in 1819 as in his latest compositions. His knowledge, in the interval, must have increased incomparably, his intellect grown wider and profounder; but the style remains unchanged: it is a reflex of his mental temperament. Let us consider its character.

A logical style—a style addressing itself to the pure reason, and eliminating every superfluous word—is admirable in the exact sciences; because there, all passion being excluded, the mind acts easily to the height of its natural powers. The highest eloquence cannot express equality better than the mute sign of algebra; the figures of poetry are wasted in proving the axiom that the whole is greater than its part. But when prejudices are to be overcome-when feeling and imagination must be appealed to—when a certain emotion is to be excited in the breast of the reader, or a picture painted on his mind's eye, the case is widely different. Then the thought must be clothed with beauty or terror, to arrest the mind, and the vigor of earnestness must send it home to the

^{* &}quot;History of Europe during the French Revolution," vol. xi. 393-395.

[†] See the Essays on Robert Bruce, the Tyrol, and National Monuments, in vol. ii.

heart: feature after feature, color after color, must be added, till the scene rise before the imagination. Terseness, admirable quality as it is, in such circumstances often defeats itself. It is seldom that the heart starts at once from indifference into deep feeling in a moment: in the mimic world of literature or the stage, never. Emotion must run long in one channel before it acquires the velocity of passion. Like the streamlet issuing from its quiet cradle in the mountain lake, its early movements are languid and slow; it is when slope after slope has been descended, when wave after wave has risen and dashed against its leaders, that the flood sweeps onward in irresistible might. Similarly, in the moral world, it is a stunning succession of griefs that makes the strong head reel and the weak heart break; it is drop after drop of burning gall that works up man to madness; it is when wave after wave dashes over our soul, that we cry loudest to Him who alone can save us. Hence, all writings that most powerfully affect the heart are based on this principle of iteration, of working upon an emotion till it seizes the whole soul—on the knowledge that bare truth can never pierce human indifference; that it must be arrayed in the hues of imagination ere the heart takes note of its presence; that, in fine, in the words of Napoleon, "It is imagination that rules the world." All impassioned authors write thus instinctively. Ardent and vivid in their conceptions, they seize the most striking view of their subject, and make the lightnings of genius to play around it, till, bright and burning, it stamps itself durably upon the reader's soul. Such is the style of Alison, especially in his essays, where the freer nature of the subject allows fuller scope to the natural ardor of his mind. THE IDEAS OF TRUTH IN THE LANGUAGE OF IMA-GINATION, that is the grand feature of his style. The structure of his sentences is very pleasing and readable—free and flowing, exquisitely natural, vigorous. Composition evidently costs him no effort; and his manuscript -rapid, gliding, angular, scarcely exhibiting a single erasure or interlineation-corroborates the supposition.

Taking as our text the Essays as now published, and the present edition of his History, there is but one blemish with which we can honestly charge his composition, and that is, an occasional deficiency of arrangement in details. The train of thought does not always progress so steadily as it ought; some links in the chain of ideas might be transposed with advantage. The arrangement of his

paragraphs, of his leading thoughts, is always excellent; it is the development and illustration of these in his sentences that is sometimes defective. His meaning in such places is never in the least degree obscure-never feeble in expression: it is not that his inferences or illustrations are in their wrong place -they come most naturally; but they are not always in their best place. This is, perhaps, being hypercritical, in criticising an author so voluminous as Mr. Alison; and it is so unquestionably in regard to the Essays, composed in "hot haste," and in which the animated and unstudied style of the author, the sole source of the blemish, forms no small part of their charm. In them we see him writing as naturally, as free from care, as if the eye of a critic were never to light upon his pages—as if he were condensing his own thoughts for his own behoof. He must have an extraordinary consciousness of power, justified, indeeed, by the reality. most varied and most difficult subjects, his style ever tells us of a man who has no fear of going wrong, who trusts implicitly to the dictates of his head and heart, and who, assured of the truth of his ideas, takes no care in trimming and polishing them; he trusts their form to the impulse of the moment. We would gladly have seen less of this blemish in his History; yet what else could one expect? It was a work of extraordinary compass; its opinions-nay, many even of its facts—were sure to be canvassed in every corner of the country. It took him five-andtwenty years to compose it as it stands. Was it to be expected—nay, was it to be desired -that its completion should be delayed for some half-dozen years longer, when the casualties of life might terminate any day the career of its gifted author, and leave the mission of his life unfinished? They only who have had a similar task in hand can conceive with what deep-felt emotion he must have laid down his pen at last, and thanked his God who had given him health and strength to complete it! What aspirations, what depressions must have traversed his spirit in those long years of composition! How often must his perseverance have been nigh giving way under the heart-sickness of hope deferred! Verily, they who enter upon the labor of a lifetime, with all its chances of interruption and failure, need an enthusiastic and enduring heart.

Judging from some passages, Mr. Alison is aware of this, the only blemish of his History, as any of his critics can be; and the present edition is superior in this matter to

its predecessors. But the defect will never | be entirely remedied by its author. "Perhaps no man living," says an unsparing political antagonist, "could have done greater justice to the subject, although writers hereafter, profiting by his toil, may improve upon his work." Never was there a work so extensive, in which the blemishes could be so easily removed without affecting its spirit or features. All the varied elements, all the many-colored stones for the edifice, are there, in their proper proportions and in their proper places: a little clipping and polishing is alone wanting to make it, not only a monumentum ære perennius, but a lasting model of perfection. But perfection of power and of finish were never possessed by one person. A Homer or a Michael Angelo never exhibits the delicate finish of a Virgil or a Raphael. It is not that the union is absolutely incompatible, but morally it is so. There is an obstacle opposed to it in the temperament of original genius. An artist of great originality generally seeks after Power, in some degree at the expense of Beauty. Moreover, he is averse to retouching or recasting his works. His mind takes delight in successive creations, but chafes under the task of amendment. However much to be lamented, the fact is unquestionable. "It would be a fine thing," says M. Ponsard, "if a poet were to arise who would correct Shakspeare by Racine, and compliment Racine by Shakspeare." But can eclectism in art, in aspiring after the fusion of heterogeneous elements, do more than effect an imperfect soldering between qualities which exclude or neutralize one another? To borrow part of one system and part of another—to wed, for example, the ornate grace of Racine to the energetic nudity of Dante-to temper the turbulent and fantastic buffooneries of Aristophanes by the melancholy gayety of Moliere -is such an attempt desirable, or such a union possible? Certainly the attempt will never be made by second-rate genius. Originality implies unity. All the grand epochs of intellectual creation, all the great monuments of art, attest this. A man may excel in many diverse pursuits, but his mode of excelling is the same in all. He can be supremely great only when following the master-impulse of his nature. There never was a perfect artist; and, to the end of time, men must learn to avoid the faults of genius, while they strive to imitate its excellencies.

As a specimen of what Mr. Alison can do, we would point to his splendid dissertation on Parliamentary Reform, written at the time the famous Bill was under discussion, where I if a page of his contains fewer ideas than a

we see his clear, flowing, manly style, resting on a no less perfect development of thought, the ideas succeeding each other in the best order-at once a monument of political wisdom, and a model for the highest efforts of essay-writing. But if we would learn to what perfection arrangement of details can be brought, turn to the pages of Macaulay. That great writer excels in the lucid progression of ideas, and in the concision and symmetry of his sentences. Each of these is rounded and put into its place with a care and finish truly marvelous; which in his Essays is exceedingly beautiful, but becomes almost painful in his larger work. Such a style is of incalculable importance in the prominent parts of his narrative; but we cannot help thinking its constant use a blemish in an artistic composition; for it tends to destroy that relief which is so grateful to a reader's mind, and that subordination of events which is so helpful to his intellect.

Physiologists have discovered, that when food is given in a highly concentrated form, much of it is lost, and that bulk as well as nutriment is required ere food is easily and economically assimilated by the stomach. In like manner, when great terseness and condensation of ideas is practised by authors, a great portion of their wisdom and beauty is lost, for nine out of ten readers will not pause over the sentences long enough to extract their full import. Thus, also, an artificial style—a style in which ornament and fancy overlay simplicity—is much more fatiguing to a reader than a natural one; for, in the former, ideas are presented to the mind in a guise to which it is unaccustomed. Elaboration itself may become irksome. We know no author, living or dead, who can equal Lamartine in the minuteness, delicacy, or gorgeousness of his finishing; yet we defy any man to read twenty pages of his beautiful Voyage en Orient without a sense of weariness. We must estimate works not only by the quantity and value of their contents, but by the shape in which they are presented to us; and the more nearly this fulfills the natural aim of the work, the nearer it comes to perfection. A dictionary of dates is meant for reference, but the primary object of a history is to be read; and over and above all research, and impartiality, and philosophic acumen, we require that such works be composed in a style most acceptable to the reader's mind. Accordingly we hold that Alison's style of composition is admirably adapted, is the most suitable of all, for large works.

page of Macaulay's, it certainly contains larger ones; this is both a greater sign of genius and gives more of grandeur and simplicity to his works. And we conceive that it is Macaulay's lucid arrangement of details which gives him his only advantage over his grander rival.* In expressing this opinion, we take no account of their political principles. It would be idle for us to enter on such a discussion: for all we could say here, the partisans of each would continue as bigoted as ever. Indeed, argument in politics is at all times a feeble engine of conviction; experience and self-interest are the only sure

winners of proselytes. Mr. Alison is evidently a man of great ardor of feeling, and he pours forth his ideas rather with the impetuosity of oratory than in the measured tone of didactic composition. He is the most rhetorical writer of the present day; and his eloquence is of the highest kind-figurative, splendid, and convincing. Indeed so often does this style recur, that we are tempted to name it as his chief peculiarity. His whole Essays are tinged with it; and in many parts—for instance, the five or six opening pages of his "Carlist Struggle in Spain"—the language is pure oratory. As a specimen of this description of writing, and of his powers as a public speaker, we extract the peroration of a speech delivered by him at a dinner in Glasgow, in 1839, given to the first colonists who left the Clyde for New Zealand. After some remarks on the astonishing progress of mankind from the ferocity and ignorance of barbarism to the benefits and enterprises of civilization, he thus concludes :-

"Those marvellous changes do indeed enlarge the circle of our ideas, for they carry us back to primæval days, and the first separation of the

different races of mankind upon earth. For what said the Most High in that auspicious moment, when the eagle first sported in the returning sunbeam-when the dove brought back the olive branch to a guilty and expiring world, and the 'robe of beams was woven in the sky which first spoke peace to man?'-- God shall increase Japhet, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.' God has multiplied Japhet, and well and nobly has he performed his destiny. After conquering in the Roman legions the ancient world—after humanizing the barbarism of antiquity by the power of the Roman sway and the influence of the Roman law, the 'audax Iapeti genus' has transmitted to modern times the glorious inheritance of European freedom. After having conquered in the British Navy the empire of the seas, it has extended to the utmost verge of the earth the influence of humanized manners, and bequeathed to future ages the far more glorious inheritance of British colonization.

"But mark the difference in the action of the descendants of Japhet—the European race—upon the fortunes of mankind, from the influence of that Religion to which the Roman Empire was the mighty pioneer. The Roman legions conquered only by the sword; fire and bloodshed attended their steps. It was said by our own ancestors, on the hills of Caledonia, that they gave peace only by establishing a solitude—'ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.' The British colonists now set out with the olive branch, not the sword, in their hand; with the cross, not the eagle, on their ban-They bring not war and devastation, but peace and civilization around their steps; and the track of their chariot-wheels is followed, not by the sighs of a captive, but by the blessings of a renovated world.

"'He shall dwell,' says the prophecy, 'in the tents of Shem.' Till these times that prophecy has not been accomplished: the descendants of Shem—the Asiatic race, still hold the fairest portion of the earth; and the march of civilization. like the path of the sun, has hitherto been from east to west. From the plains of Shinar to the Isles of Greece-from the Isles of Greece to the hills of Rome-from the hills of Rome to the shores of Britain-from the shores of Britain to the wilds of America, the progress of civilization has been steadily in one direction, and it has never reverted to the land of its birth. Is, then, this progress destined to be perpetual? Is the tide of civilization to roll only to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and is the sun of knowledge to set at last in the waves of the Pacific? No, the mighty day of four thousand years is drawing to its close; the sun of humanity has performed its destined course; but long ere its setting rays are extinguished in the west, its ascending beams have glittered on the isles of the eastern seas. stand on the verge of the great revolution of time—the descendants of Japhet are about to dwell in the tents of Shem-civilization is returning to the land of its birth, and another day and another race are beginning to dawn upon the human species. Already the British arms in India have given herald of its approach, and spread into

^{*} We conclude our remarks on this subject by quoting the opinion given on a somewhat similar case by Mr. Leitch Ritchie, -himself a writer of great elegance, and of whom it may justly be said "nihil tetigit quod non ornavit." It occurs in a review by him of Leigh Hunt's Autobiography:— "Sir Walter Scott's being 'the least quotable for sententiousness, or wit, or any other memorable brevity, in the whole circle of illustrious writers,' is not a defect in his literary character, as Mr. Hunt seems to consider it. Scott was an artist—that is the whole secret. His efforts were directed, not to minute points of the picture, but to the general effect. He was more a writer of epics than of epigrams. The very rapidity with which he wrote shows his possession of the subject, while it necessarily involves a want of attention to the finish and nicety of details." There is more of the epigrammatic and antithetic in Alison than in Scott; yet Mr. Ritchie's remarks on the great novelist's style aptly corroborate our opinion in regard to the historian's.

the heart of Asia the terrors of the English name ! and the justness of the English rule. And now we see the race of Japhet setting forth to people the isles of the East, and the seeds of another Europe and a second England sown in the regions of the sun. But mark, gentlemen, the words of the prophecy: 'He shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.' It is not said Canaan shall be his slave. To the Anglo-Saxon race is given the sceptre of the globe; but there is not given the lash of the slave-driver, or the rack of the executioner. The East will not be stained by the same atrocities as the West; the frightful gangrene of an enslaved race is not to mar the destinies of the family of Japhet in the Oriental world. Humanizing, not destroying, as they advance; uniting with, not enslaving, the inhabitants with whom they dwell, the British race may be improved in vigor and capacity in the Eastern hemisphere, and the emigrants whom we see around us may become the progenitors of a race destined to exceed the glories of European civilization, as much as they have outstripped the wonders of ancient enterprise. Views such as these arise unbidden at such a moment as the present, and they promise to realize the beautiful anticipations formed forty years ago by the Bard of Hope-the Poet-Laureate of New Zealandwho appears, in this instance, to have been almost inspired by the spirit of prophecy :-

" 'Come, bright Improvement! in the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid, Art, shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Zealand's hills, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Índian chants a dismal song;
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk;
There shall the flocks on thymy pastures stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silence mark on woodland heights around
The village curfew as it tolls profound."*

There is a striking resemblance in many places between the style of Alison and that of Dr. Croly. Particularly when comparing the essays of these gifted writers which adorn the pages of the periodical press (thus composed under similar circumstances), we find in both the same rhetorical rhythm, the same earnestness and fervor, the same telling use of antithesis; and in both we see a peculiar elevation of mind and grandeur of ideas, ever guided by the light of Divine Revelation. Nay, even in things military a common sympathy unites them. The brilliant author of "Salathiel" glows with animation while depicting the iron progress and matchless skill of the Roman Legionaries; and never does he appear to greater advantage than when

his narrative rings with the clash of spear and morion, with the shock of charging squadrons and the roar of red artillery. It is ever so with chivalric and enthusiastic Alison and Croly, Scott, Aytoun, and Macaulay,-men trained to peace from their youth upwards, and warm and gentle in heart as philanthropy could desire,—have never been surpassed in martial composition, and exhibit the fire of the soldier as remarkably as even the distinguished military annalist of the Peninsular War.* There is a dread majesty in war which fascinates their spirits. It stands before them, clothed, indeed, in terrors, but still the grandest embodiment of Power and Genius that ever stalked over earth-the arena on which heroism and selfdevotion are forced into their noblest forms. Moreover, they were born or grew up within its purple shadow, and it has left its tint on the many-colored tablets of their hearts.

But images in greater frequency and beauty start up before the mind of Dr. Croly. He is not only a poet in heart, but a poet developed; he not only feels the principles of beauty within him, but he has found the endless counterparts of them in the external world of nature and of man; and no sooner does his soul see beauty than his eye beholds a physical form that can illustrate the viewless emotion. We find no great variety of imagery in Mr. Alison. He seems to have made a vocabulary of similies and illustrations when he first began the literary career; and the objects which then presented themselves to his mind as types of his ideas, have now become so blended with those ideas, that no sooner does the one rise to his mind than it calls up by association the other also. He is never recherché in his imagery; often striking, his similies are always plain; he picks them up instinctively as he hurries along, and uses them not for their beauty, but for perspicacity and force. His use of figurative language (a little excessive, by-the-bye, in the first editions of his History) frequently reminds one of Homer. As in the epic bard of Greece, the figures are always apt and unlabored, with little variety—the same figures recurring whenever similar ideas are express-Figurative expressions abound, curt similies are frequent, and he often quotes remarkable sayings of remarkable men with the happiest effect; but he never shows any tendency to allegorical writing, or to that species of anecdotical illustration, which-

^{*} Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, whose exquisite battle-scenes must be familiar to our readers.

sometimes quaint and apt, sometimes degenerating into lifeless conceits—is often beautiful, but never vigorous. He is too earnest for it. It does admirably in light literature, but is rather out of place in elevated works, where dignity and earnestness are expected by the reader. A man who has time to hunt for conceits or recherché analogies, cannot be much impressed with his subject; and whenever an author is in sang froid, so is his reader.

The best excuse for any blemishes in Mr. Alison's writings is, perhaps, the true one: he has little time to polish his details. has a legacy of original thought to bequeath; he feels within him a fountain of fresh thoughts ever gushing impatiently to flow forth into the light of day, and it is to set free these fountains that he writes. We do not say that he is impelled by an irresistible desire to benefit his fellow-men, for we believe that there is more of grandiloquence than of truth in such phrases. By a beautiful law of Providence, the means most conducive to the happiness of our race are precisely those which best confer happiness on the individual: each one most effectually promotes the well-being of the species when he discharges his duty to himself, when he acts in accordance with the lofty tendencies of his nature. It is to satisfy the immortal essence within, that all great men write and act in the world. All high genius is impelled outwards; it demands to take form, to go forth into the world, irrespective of consequences, irrespective of whether it be smiled or frowned on, whether it be hailed as a prophet or derided as a dreamer. To take form and go forth is ever its imperious desire: the inner voice is only hushed by the exit of the crier. Let no Utilitarian, proud of a false system, let no Materialist, glorying in his deadening creed, preach to the Poet that he is deluded, and that he would do better to spin calico and win gold, than weave, amid solitude and neglect, the rainbow fancies that flit in mingled storm and sunshine through his soul. Genius cares not for the offerings of Earth or the meed of Mammon: the siren voice of the world cannot reach him amid the music of the spheres; the paltry Present shrinks away before a deathless Eternity. There is a heavenly idol shrined in his heart; and at the sight of its beauty, at the call of its spirit voice, all other fascination is forgotten. It is as real and far less perishable, as enthralling and far more noble an entity for him, than the golden calf that wins the worship of the worldling. It is no fiction, that

cry of the spirit to be born into the world. Sit down by yonder couch, where early Genius is dying, and behold the melancholy that clouds that young brow. Whence comes He is leaving no dear ones behind; his existence has been made happy rather by the mind and soul that gave him, than by the sweet links of human life or the world's smile. Yet a shadow is resting on the warm springs of life, and it is another hand than Death's is chilling them; the fountains of youth are troubled, but not at the coming Spectre of the Grave. He tells you that he sees within a world of bright forms that no eye but his has ever beheld; that he deemed it the mission of his life to paint that lovely spirit-land in fadeless colors; but that now he is passing vainly away, that the sights and sounds of that fair world are vanishing even from him, and that, when his eye is quenched, they will fall back into the void, and pass irrecoverably away, like a forgotten dream.

Grand and original in his conceptions, knowing that it is in the possession of these that he differs from other men, and that it is such basis alone that makes fame buoyant above the floods of time, Alison is negligent of details. His whole strength is centred on his ideas. It is to give them that he Enthusiastic in spirit, confident in his powers, he plunges into his subject as a war-horse leaps into the mêlée; and a flood of ideas, and energy unfailing, bears him unfaltering through. Yet what a marvelous beauty in those sentences! Expletives may be heaped, repetitions oft recurring; yet the effect of the whole is in the highest degree charming. Vivid in idea, dramatic in delineation, poetic in temperament, he rivets and enchants the mind of his reader, and hurries him along as if through the pages of romance. Once warmed in his subject, his eloquence is irresistible; the tide of oratory bears the reader ceaselessly onwards. Earnestness is the great power for moving the hearts of men; it is earnestness that makes thought contagious; it is this which constitutes the magnetic power of public speaking. When Kemble, on being asked what he thought of the elder Kean, answered, "Sir, he is terribly in earnest," he not only correctly discerned the source of that fiery actor's influence over his audience, but proclaimed the key to success in all the arts that aim at moving the heart of man. Alison is always in earnest. The reader feels in a moment that not a word of that admiration, of that censure, of that warning, of that counsel, but

comes from the writer's heart. His sentences are not constructed with the careful elegance so enchanting in some gifted writers, where every thought is polished ere it is placed in its setting,—still less with that dead beauty, where poverty of thought strives to conceal itself under perfection of form. But there is a life in his writings, such as no others can rival; the result of a gifted, original mind, conscious of its powers, and pouring forth its thoughts fresh as they flow from their fountains of beauty, ardent and glowing as the lava from its source of fire. In his warnings to kings, rulers, people, you seem to listen to the voice of a prophet; in the enthusiasm of his eulogy, in the fervid eloquence of his perorations, you hear his heart

speaking.

Although no stranger to the sciences of matter, intimately conversant with the life of nature and the heart of man, Mr. Alison never enters on the domain of pure science. mind possesses the clear-seeing powers of logic, as is manifest in his delicate unraveling of the web of history, and tracing to their source the complex causes which originate the revolutions of nations. But his cast of thought is heroic, not material; it is less logical than poetic; or rather, the logical process in his mind is lost to view under the superimposed beauty of imagination. This union of opposite qualities, rare in second rate men, seems to be almost universal in minds of the highest order. Napoleon, that most wonderful of men, was a proficient in the exact sciences, yet every thought sprang from his lips in the fervid colors of poetry. His was the soul of Asia linked to the intellect of Europe; his language burned with the intensity of his thoughts; and his bulletins, his speeches, his conversations resembled less the language and ideas of real life than the fervid declamation and glowing images of the drama. Genius, says Dr. Johnson, is great natural parts accidentally turned to some particular pursuit, and can be directed at will to any others. The general voice of history, and the closer testimony of biography, confirm the remark. Michael Angelo was poet, painter, sculptor, architect, and in all sublime; painting and architecture, poetry and philosophy, met in Leonardo da Vinci; mathematics, wit, and imagination were equally developed in Pascal; Cæsar would have been great in anything; Napoleon was unrivaled in the cabinet, as in the field; Wellington, pre-eminently the first soldier of our times, has declared that his natural turn was for civil affairs—and any one acquainted

with his career, from the governorship of Mysore downwards, will own that he did not miscalculate his administrative powers. A perusal of the writings of Alison, and still more, we doubt not, a personal knowledge of their author, would leave one in hesitation as to what is his peculiar talent. If any one department of thought hold a more prominent place in his writings than others, this is rather an indication of its superiority in general interest and importance, than of any restrictive predilection in the author himself. War, politics, and the fine arts—the last especially, a world in itself-he seems equally at home in them all; and he discusses with equal gusto and ability the "breaking of the line," the principles of the drama, or the basis of a constitution. There can be little doubt that, had his career permitted of it, he would have left a high name in the annals of His military bent, as well as his military talent, is conspicuous in almost every chapter of his History. Admirable in his criticisms on strategy, he is not unknowing in the minuter science of tactics. Heroic in heart, chivalrous in spirit, he has in him the lofty daring of the Paladins of Charlemagne; of undaunted moral courage (still rarer gift), he would have stood like Wellington at Torres Vedras, alone amid a sea of difficulties, unshaken beneath a load of responsibility. His fine person, tall and herculean, is made for command; and he possesses those advantages of nature, and gallantry of bearing, which never fail to sway the minds and win the hearts of the soldiery.

Like all men who have durably left a name in the annals of serious literature, Mr. Alison has immense powers of application. mere reading he has gone through, exclusive of study and note-taking, appears to an ordinary person incredible. Two thousand volumes, and two-thirds of these in a foreign language, were the basis upon which he reared his great History; and the information on other subjects which he exhibits in his miscellaneous writings is not less extraor-Politics and history, novels and dinary. poetry, the drama and the arts, alike engage his attention. Every master-piece of antiquity has been scanned by him-every remarkable continental work undergoes his The literature of the day, the newspaper presses of France and England, of America and the Colonies, are ready to illustrate or corroborate his statements; and in his hands trade-circulars, blue-books, and parliamentary returns become eloquent from the truths they unfold. With the eye and the ease of genius, he instantaneously detects i the results to which they point, and singles out at once from a mass of rubbish what will be of use to him afterwards. Regarding the varied monuments of his talents and industry at one time, we might fancy that his whole leisure from his professional duties was devoted to the classics of Greece and Rome, to the master-pieces of English, French, and Italian literature, or to the exclusive study of the fine arts; then again we see him, his great work uppermost in his mind, solely bent on history and the politics of nations; once more he seems to be wholly engrossed with the monthly and quarterly journals, and the daily emanations of the British and Continental press. Despite his official and literary engagements, he ever keeps abreast of the times, and is master of every subject as it rises into notice-almost, indeed, before it assumes a definite form. It is this immense general knowledge, joined to his candor and independence, which gives such great weight to his writings. It imparts a universality to his mind, before which prejudice cannot stand; and, seconded by a capacious mind, it gives a grandeur and variety to his conceptions, unrivaled by any other writer. Yet there is nothing of the look of the hard student about him. His handsome face and person are redolent of vigorous health, and his air and manners tell rather of the world of fashion than of the seclusion of the study.

The art of criticism, which first sprang up in this country about half a century ago, may be said to have reached its highest perfection Minute, marvelously in Professor Wilson. searching and profound, and lightening the profundity of his reflections by a vein of the most genial humor-rivaling Jeffrey in delicacy, transcending him immeasurably in genius, originality, and power-that extraordinary man unites the loveliness of a poet's heart and fancy to the subtle analysis of the moral philosopher. His criticism, which restricts itself to art as depicted in literature, is of the widest range, from a single word or phrase up to the general character of a whole work. Often, with the brevity and brilliance which none but a poet may aspire to, he presents the essence or spirit of a work in a few sentences of exquisite beauty; condensing the grand ideas, the airy thoughts of the author, into statue-like forms, the offspring of his own poetic creation. But it is minute criticism, it is brilliant analysis, that is his peculiar province: it is in his essay on "Byron's Address to the Ocean," or on the time of Shakspeare's tragedies, that his modus operandi is most characteristic: and in this no one can approach his throne. He stands without a rival, at home or abroad; he reigns

supreme as King of Critics.

In the writings of Alison, we behold another range, another style. He criticises the arts of color and form as well as the creations of literature. The poet and the sculptor, the painter and the dramatist, the architect and the historian, stand side by side in his pages; and grand analogies are drawn, with exquisite discernment into character, between kindred professors of different arts. Thus, one magnificent essay is devoted to Homer, Dante, and Michael Angelo; another to Virgil, Tasso, and Raphael; in which admirable portraitures of these artists are given, and the genius characterizing each group is shown to be homogeneous. The largeness of view habitual to Alison disqualifies him for minute criticism, or at least makes it distasteful to him. With second-rate artists he never meddles-he reserves his power exclusively for intellects of the highest order; and it is to the essence alone, not to the accidents, of their works that his criticism is directed. Fancy a spectator standing at sunrise on the summit of the Brenner, or on one of the loftier heights of the Swiss or Tyrolese Alps. He overlooks the valleys and lesser heights that lie in dusk below, and fixes his gaze on the mountain-peaks that tower above their fellows, and which already the golden sun is lighting up like beacons for the world to gaze at. He is too far off to number the cascades that sparkle on their slopes, to criticise the varied hues of the woodlands, the fantastic cliffs, or the picturesque details of the dells. But he looks at their grand forms, their broad lights and shadows, their masses of coloring; and he compares one glittering peak with another, and points out the different qualities which excite or impair our admiration. It is thus that Alison uses his critical powers: in criticism, as in everything else, it is largeness of style that characterizes him.

In variety, his essays surpass any others with which we are acquainted. Politics, from the dawn of history downwards; history, in every age and country; painting, mediæval and modern; architecture, from ancient Athens to modern London; poetry, in all its masterpieces; the drama, in all its ages; and last, not least, the fascinations of the stage—the splendid but fleeting triumphs of the tragedian. All these subjects he treats with exquisite freshness of thought and simplicity of manner. The merest tyro can understand

his criticism; for it is based on no conventionalisms or subtle system, but on the feelings of the heart—on principles common to all mankind. "No man," says Augustus Schlegel, "can be a true critic or connoisseur, without universality of mind, without that flexibility which enables him to adapt himself to the peculiarities of other ages and nations, and, what ennobles human nature, to recognize and duly appreciate whatever is beautiful and grand under the external accessories which were necessary to its embodying, even though occasionally they may seem to dis-guise and distort it."

This universality and flexibility are possessed by Alison. He does not set out with a Procrustean code, by which to gauge the varying works of art: we behold his principles growing under our eye, building themselves up in simple grandeur. Of course, from the nature of the Essays, his art-principles cannot be found assembled and arranged in any one place; they must be sought for through a dozen different articles; but even the greatest economist of time will have no reason to regret the extended perusal. He takes the monuments of art that have pleased men in all ages, he shows us the causes of that universal admiration, and presents, as deductions, the general principles of art.

Standing already on the pedestal of fame, Alison has not yet reached the zenith of his renown. Great reputations require time to ripen. Prejudices of old opinion, the jealousy of contemporaries, the passions of the multitude, ever veil for awhile the full blaze of a great man's glory; but from all these disturbing influences opinion is freed by the lapse of time. "The grave," says Alison, speaking of the fame of the mighty dead, and unconsciously foreshadowing his own,-"the grave is the greatest of all purifiers. Literary jealousy, interested partiality, vulgar applause, exclusive favor, alike disappear before the hand of Death. We never can be sufficiently distrustful of present opinion, so largely is it directed by passion or interest. But we may rely with confidence on the judgment of successive generations on departed eminence; for it is detached from the chief causes of present aberration. So various are the prejudices, so contradictory the partialities and predilections of men, in different countries and ages of the world, that they never can concur through a course of centuries in one opinion, unless it is founded in truth and justice. The vox populi is often little more than the vox diaboli; but the voice of ages is the voice of God."

LITERARY PENSIONS .- Her Majesty has been pleased to grant a pension of 100l. a year to Mr. John Payne Collier, the editor of Shakspeare and author of the "History of the English Stage." The warrant is dated the 30th of last month, and expressly mentions that the pension is given "in consideration of his literary merits." Few men have done more than Mr. Collier for the illustration of our Elizabethan literature, and of the lives of the many worthies of the great period of English poetry.

We are glad, too, to see it stated that some trifling addition has been made to the paltry pittance granted by Government to the widow of Lieut. Waghorn, in recognition of the distinguished services of her late husband. The Committee for the management of the Bombay Steam Fund have, it is said, presented her with a Government annuity of 25l. out of the unappropriated balance of the funds in their hands. This fund was constituted by the proceeds of a public subscription, at Bombay, in 1833, for the purpose of promoting the great object of steam communication with England, and the amount raised has been appropriated, from time to time, in accordance with that design. The station houses for the overland route across the Desert were constructed by these means. This is a most fitting appropriation of the remaining surplus.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE STORY OF MARIA FORSTER.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JEAN PAUL.

THOSE who are familiar with the history of the first French Revolution, will remember that, among the distinguished and amiable persons who fell by the guillotine, was a brave German gentleman named Forster. He had hailed the beginning of the Revolution as the dawn of a new and glorified era of humanity, and stood by what he deemed a noble cause, till he saw the last spark of nobleness expire in the black ashes of the "Reign of Terror." It is he who compares this grand convulsion to "an explosion and new creation of the world," but likens the actors in it, as they busily buzzed about him, to a mere "handfull of flies" (handvoll Mücken). Falling under the suspicions of the "ruling powers," he indignantly disdained to avail himself of the means of flight that were secretly held out to him by his friends; and thus, after sacrificing country, and kindred, and fortune, and everything else that was dear to him, he had also to yield up his life as the last contribution he could offer to the holy cause of liberty: that liberty which, at its advent, came in the guise and glory of a god, but which afterwards took the shape of a raging and destroying fiend, and swept across the land, consuming everywhere its most devoted worshipers.

After his death, his widow retired with her children, to nurse her sorrows amidst the splendid scenery of the Rhine. Here, from earliest infancy, her two daughters were familiarized with the glowing forms of mountains, with forests, and streams, and waterfalls, and all the brilliant fascinations that appertain to nature in her grandest shapes. This wondrous scenery, the memory of the father's death, and the high-minded instructions of their mother, fostered in the daughters an impassioned love of solitude, and excited in one of them an enthusiasm of disposition which in the end became fatal to her peace. With everything about her to

intoxicate the imagination, and with little of grave reality to balance it by cultivating the more sober faculties, Maria (as we believe, the elder,) came indeed to live in an utterly ideal element, which she fancifully peopled with heroic beings, selected chiefly from the immortals of the ancient world, though a few of the more exalted moderns were admitted to the like distinction. With these phantoms of the mind she held a lofty converse; reading continually the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the lessons of wisdom and of beauty which they offered her, some taint of a too extravagant veneration for the memories or persons of the writers. Not the less, however, did she devote herself with exact fidelity to all her filial and domestic duties; nor did she entirely avoid the society around her, or withdraw herself in disdain from all communication with common minds. On the contrary, she was ever ready to rejoice where there was gladness, and to sympathize with all the sorrowful; to participate, in short, in all the interests and affections in the midst of which she lived. Yet, when her daily rounds of work or of amusement had been finished. when the cares of the day were over, and night had covered all things with her dark and quiet mantle, she would turn with longing and with ecstacy to her beloved books. and sit for long hours in rapt communion with the spirits that spoke to her through their pages.

At this time the writings of Richter had become the general delight of Germany. Maria, when but a child of ten years old, had read some of them with a wondering and innocent admiration, and, with childlike enthusiasm, had written him a letter, expressing her thankfulness for the pleasure he had thus given her. As she grew up to womanhood, he became the ideal of everything in man that she had ever dreamed of or imagined. As he stood revealed to her

in the tender and sentimental portions of his i works, her imagination arrayed him with the grandest attributes; in him she saw the purest and holiest of men, a noble saint, a new redeemer, who alone could bear her over the waves and passions of this fretful life, and charm to rest and peacefulness her young but agitated heart. Then came over her the desire to be near him, to live in some relation in his presence, and to hold with him a closer spiritual and personal communion. So, in her thirteenth year, she wrote to him again, and said: "Is it not too bold-dare I write to the dearest friend of man, and call him my father? Ah, I shall perhaps never see him whom I have to thank for so much, for the dearest benefits, the most elevated truths, all the good that excites my imitation, and a whole eternity that has opened before my soul. When I think on your infinite goodness, I burst into tears, and my heart is filled with blessings for you. This firm faith in you is a blessing of which no man can rob me. You will ask, perhaps, who it is that speaks thus boldly to you? But I am only a little girl; so little, that I need not mention my name. Ah, were I grown up, as I shall be, neither land nor sea should prevent me from once in my life seeing him who has long held the place of a father in my heart. But my own faults, and intervening relations, hold me back; and I would not trust myself to write one word to you, if I did not hope to deserve your indulgence and pardon for my wishes." She further told him that her whole life was a continual "striving after goodness," and yet expressed herself distressed at the little progress she could make, owing, as she believed, to her defect of talent, rather than to any want of inward truthfulness or sincerity. Her highest wish, for the present, was to deserve the esteem of the good Richter, and to enjoy the satisfaction of having him once to call her daughter.

As she grew older, Maria still continued to write, closing every letter with an ardent wish to visit her admired author. The first portion of this latter correspondence expressed only a longing for a mere spiritual union, deferring the hope of its fulfillment to that future world for which she earnestly prepared her soul. But at length her letters betrayed a desire to unite her being in some sort with the object of her veneration, to partake of the blessedness which she believed would spring from a living relationship with him, and she even signified her impatience for a more intimate connection. With-

out ever having seen the man, she had become madly in love with him; or rather in love with her own ideal—the extravagant conception which represented him in her imagination. As she became aware of this, and her eyes were opened to the strangeness of her longings, she was overwhelmed with the bitterest confusion at the wildness of her dreams. It seemed as with impious presumption she had stretched forth her hands to touch the sacred ark of genius, and now the invisible guardian of the ark would fiercely strike her dead! Hitherto her letters had been all anonymous, but the day after making a virtual acknowledgment of her passion, she wrote another letter with her name, imploring to be forgiven for the impatience of the last, and retracting the tender announcement it contained, though, by the confusion of her language, in fact repeating both. Still other letters followed in quick succession, wherein she strove in vain to conceal the conflict that was laying waste her moral nature; for while she prayed him to forget her, she still held fast the hope of being admitted to his presence.

While her letters were anonymous, of course none of them were answered. But now she waited in burning impatience for some reply. Day by day she waited; rising every morning in a flush of expectation, which was daily dissipated, like the gilded dews, or as the brilliant cloud-pictures that heralded the rising sun. In her excited mind she found no explanations for delay; she reckoned not the distance, the interruption of the post by the war-disturbed condition of the country, the literary labors of her friend, or the many possibilities that lie between the reception and the answer to a letter. One sole thought took possession of her mind—the thought that she was dispised by the most revered of men; that where she had looked for sympathy and healing she had found only unmerited contempt. All this pressed with an intolerable weight on her soul. In the bitterness of her pangs she knew no rest. Like "Mariana in the moated grange—"

"Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
She only said, 'my life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.'"

with him, and she even signified her impalement Her self-torturing spirit was persuaded that tience for a more intimate connection. With in death only was peace. Accordingly, in

the twilight of a May morning, she stole out of the house, and went with a fearful purpose to the river. The unrisen sun was sending forth his earliest messengers of light, and in the east they were strewing his path with splendors. The misty earth sent up her exhalations of mild incense, in mute worship of the brilliant power that was coming to make her glorious. The forms of the old mountains were clothed with mystic majesty, and, all around, the trees and flowers were still and solemn in their beauty. But the troubled eve saw little, and that dimly, of all that various spectacle; saw only the glimmering river, in whose cold and liquid arms she was longing to be hushed in final rest. Yet she looked round on the home where her mother was still sleeping, and which now the first sun-rays were just touching with a modest glory; and the thought of the inconsolable sorrow which she was about to bring upon that dear and widowed mother suddenly came over her, and made her waver in her purpose. And now her sister, who had all night long unobservedly been witness of Maria's agony, and had secretly followed her with fearful apprehensions, sprang with painful solicitude to her side, and saved her from her despair. Not yet was she fated to visit the dark kingdoms where the weary seek for They walked home in silence quietness. from the river's brink, and when calmer moments of reflection came, Maria resolved firmly never more to peril her mother's peace by any similar deed of rashness, or in any way to leave her while she lived.

Shortly afterwards, the long expected letter arrived from Richter. He said:—

"Your four letters from a good but over-excited heart have been received. I guessed the name, and so did a friend of mine, in the first hour. Your noble, departed father is worthy of so good a daughter. But as the earth did not reward him, may he now, when he looks down upon his daughter, be rewarded by seeing her full of a pure ardor for goodness and virtue. He would speak to her thus:- 'May a good man receive my dear Maria as a daughter, and be to her a spiritual father. He will calm her excitement with a kindness and indulgence that cannot be imagined; he will tell her that in actual life, especially in marriage, the strength of passion in women, even innocent violence, has been the thorns and daggers upon which happiness has fallen and bled; that the mightiest and holiest of men, even Christ, was all gentleness, mildness, and peace. He will tell her she may soar with the wings of the spirit, but with the outward limbs must she only walk. She may kindle a holy fire in her heart, but must not act till the fire has become a pure light to guide

your own father, desire such for my dear Maria, and will be that father to her. Your dream to come to me, you have, on awaking, laid aside. Leave your mother? Never! I shall more probably go to you than you come here. I and my wife both love you, and greet you kindly. Remain always good, my daughter."

To this letter Maria answered gratefully, and forwarded, at the same time, a note she had written the night before the attempted suicide, in which she had entreated Richter to look upon her as one departed, since she could not endure to live under the thought of his contempt. He, on his part, was alarmed and shocked at the recklessness to which the choice between life and death seemed so indifferent. It seemed that the affair was growing ominously serious. However, after a short time, he wrote again:—

"The abundance of what I have to say to you, of which much should go only from the lips to the ear, and my want of time, have delayed my answers to your last letters. The first that you wrote to me after my answer has shaken me more than any calamity for many years; for had it not been for an apparent accident, you would have thrown a frightful death-shadow over the whole of my future life. You should see my coffer of letters, of which, at the best I have not, for want of time, answered one-sixth part, and between me and my best friends there is often a delay of months. Your first four lettars truly animated me. I saw in them only a rare exalted love, and a glowing soul, but not a single line unworthy of you or of me, and I answered them with more interest and joy than I usually express. You demanded the answers only too hastily, too punctually. Might I then not have journeyed, or been sick, or dead, or absent, or engaged in business? The fearful step that you would on that account have taken, I must, notwithstanding the strength of mind it betrays, condemn most severely; but never let there be mention of it between us. Besides, I wish you on your own account, and on mine, to show my two letters to your good mother, whose most painful sorrows I know well how to imagine. You think much too well of me as a man. No author can be as moral as his works, as no preacher is as pious as his sermons. Write to me in future very often of all that is nearest your heart, either of joy or sorrow. You will thus relieve your mind of what rests upon it. You have become, by a peculiar bond, more knit to my life than any other absent acquaintance,only draw not false conclusions from my long silence. Very delightful to me will be our first meeting. May you be happy, my child; may these apparently only slightly and calmly written words rejoice, and not confuse or wound your heart."

act till the fire has become a pure light to guide her.' I also, who speak to you in the name of calmness seemed to settle on the troubled

brow. Maria sought to subdue her restlessness, and to sustain her soul in a state of pensive quietude. This, however, lasted but a little while. The poison of a never-to-besatisfied and hopeless passion was circulating in the vital currents of her life, and could not be expelled. In the gloomy hour when she resolved on self-destruction, she had discovered, or suspected, that her inclination towards Richter was more than a girlish reverence; that it demanded a warmer and more welcome love than that of father or of friend; and, therefore, seeing that she could not, without dishonor, cherish this unhappy passion, she came to a resolution never to see him who was its object, and bound herself with a solemn vow not again to indulge the wish of meeting.

With this feeling she wrote to him:-

"The only honorable way that can lead me to the heart for which I so long, is the grave. You will never be seen by me on this earth, for I love you too much, therefore write to me something consoling; tell the poor Maria that you will love her when we meet beyond this world. She can think of no joy in heaven, if there, as here, she is divided from the only soul through which she lives. Never again write me a letter so full of wisdom as the first, but rather one in which there is nothing but a lock of your hair; and be assured I will not cease to write till you tell me you have sent it willingly, and with the consent of your good wife also, for I deserve it, and would give half my hopes of happiness for it. I have no greeting for you from my mother, highly as she esteems Jean Paul, as neither she nor any one knows to whom I write, nor anything of the whole history. For, as she asked me at that time, 'wherefore I would tear myself from her,' I promised her never to leave her, if she would ask me no questions. She cannot know how resolute I am, nor yet again how unreserved, and that it is my dearest happiness that Jean Paul has taken me for his adopted child. Ah, my father, only love me and be happy."

To an unromantic reader, the request of a "lock of hair" from a man about fifty years of age, may seem to have a shade of the ridiculous. Nevertheless, to poor Maria it was quite a precious gift. In her unhappy state of mind, this innocent memorial of a beloved head promised the tenderest consolation, and, in her esteem, would have a value utterly transcendent. She believed, apparently, that it would be one of the profoundest of satisfactions to her heart. It is true that, like a stream of oil, it might be likely to quicken rather than soothe the flames on which it was cast; yet, in her extreme yearning to quell her vast excitement, she might l

even think that this would yield her some relief. The cold untroubled sense of man or woman must not too closely scan the dreams and longings of a distracted mind. Richter, for his part, did not, as yet, know how passionately she loved him; and, therefore, regarding her desire for his hair as a merely innocent and romantic whim, he good-naturedly complied with it; writing, at the same time, with a playful allusion to his scanty possession of the article.

"The lock," said he that my wife has just cut from my bald pate, is the best answer to your letter. Be not anxious, I pray you, that I should let your letters, written as they will, be misunder-stood to your disadvantage. I understand your warm, idealizing heart, and its great power: how, then, shall the words of a moment make me err? What I complain of is, that the sun-heat of your mind ripens too soon, or rather scorches and dries up its sweet fruit. Your vow never to see me comes to nothing, (now comes sermonizing, which you have forbidden,) for, in the first place, one cannot vow for others; and, secondly, we vow only to do what is good, and leave the bad; and this vow we bring with us into the world in the form of conscience, and no newer oath can contradict it. Another thing, to swear to avoid a certain city, or a certain man, without reason, is to seek to control Providence; and, finally, your vow does not extend to me, and I shall see you whenever I can. No; I paint to myself the hour when you will first see my Caroline and my children, and then me, and I shall also see all your friends. You are the only invisible correspondent to whom I write so unreservedly, and send my hair. Could I do it if I had not so much esteem for you, and so much confidence that you would do much more for me than I deserve, or can ever repay? Would you only not err when from business or necessity I am silent to your letters. Do not torment yourself, for your pain is doubled in me.

P. S.—I have much cause to wish that you should tell all to your mother and sister, and find in their confidential love no occasion for opposition."

The result of this, perhaps, too kind and tender letter was far otherwise than Richter had expected. The words so gently admonitory seemed, in Maria's view, to justify the fond belief that he was disposed to sanction and return her passion.

"He loves me!" she whispered frantically to herself; he promises to seek me; nay, he even declares that he suffers on my account."

And again the hope, the burning fierce desire to see him, arose and raged within her; though, as one has said, "the veil of holy innocence lay upon her," and in less enraptured moments she was troubled with a fear that, in her communications with the be-

loved, she had passed the delicate bounds of womanly reserve; and this again distracted her. From the tone of her many letters, Richter observed, with deep anxiety, the terrific tempest in her soul, and, seeing that he could not calm it, he prudently left off writing. Then the poor bewildered girl began to see her error, and with heart-broken repentance wrote to him, promising to be again only a child, a loving child, who would look up to him as a kindly father who should guide her wandering feelings along the steadfast paths of goodness. After this Ritcher wrote to her again:—

"I have received your last six letters regularly, but not always actually without the seals broken.* Your last three letters were welcome to me, as they again beautifully spake of the only possible relation that can exist between us—that of a father and a daughter; a relation in which your first letters enchanted me, and which has hitherto remained unchanged on my part. In this relation alone I ventured to love you so deeply, to send you the lock of my hair, to give you my confidence, and to oppose your incomprehensible scruples to our meeting. The word father is, for a father, no less than the word daughter, a sacred and holy word-dearer than all other words! Why do you imagine me troubled? I am happy with my children and my Caroline, and as truly beloved by them as they are by me. The sciences are my heaven. Why then should I be unhappy, except at these diastrous times, when all the nations of Europe bleed? Your unreserve gives me no pain; at least, unless you feel it yourself; on the contrary, it gives me only joy. idolize me too much, instead of following my counsels. I shall, therefore, offer you no more advice, so well do I know the female heart, especially the souls of fire to which you belong. Send me, instead of letters that I have not time to answer, rather journals of your life, your family, your little experiences. May it be well with you, dear daughter, and the gentle spirit of love, without that of fire, fill your breast."

In soliciting her "little experiences," Richter apparently wished to divert the gloomy intensity of feeling under which she was suffering, into a channel in which it should have harmless play; to suggest to her, indeed, an interesting occupation, whereby she might record her personal history, and exhibit her excited feelings, in the shape of some real or imaginary narrative, which, by the time and labor needed for its elaboration, would possibly prevent her from dwelling too exclusively upon the remorses and distractions of the hour. As it was, Maria was perpetually per-

plexing herself with new devices of self-torture; vague notions of intolerable dread arose and haunted her in solitary reveries; her being was a wilderness wherein all fearful and distressing images roamed at large in dim confusion, and where there breathed or bloomed no longer any pleasant thought or thing, but only wild and unconquerable agencies of desolation. Anchoring with long continuance by "one gloomy thought," her soul, when it strove again to brave the perils of the depths of life, was floated wide away out of the genial latitudes of hope, and was wrecked in darkness and tempest on the sandbanks of despair. It seemed to her, at last, that the image of the best and most beloved of men, which she in her idolatry had set up and consecrated in her heart, had, in the delirium of her adoration, been insufferably profaned, and she deemed that an expiation was demanded for the sin. Thus her thoughts flew back to suicide, that drear mystical gulf of desperation, of whose shores only the desperate have knowledge. Not forgetful, however, of her former vow, she determined not to sacrifice herself while her mother was still living. But the mother died, and then she believed she was at liberty to make choice of her own destiny. There was yet another tie which bound her strongly to the earth—her solitary orphan sister, who would be left without a friend. But, as if fate had predestinated and prepared her doom, a friend of the family, who had been long absent from the neighborhood, unexpectedly returned, and to him, as she conceived, she might safely leave her sister for protection.

Filled with an unquenchable anguish, with a riotous restlessness that she could not calm, she now thought she would go to the beloved, and, in meek prostration at his feet, solicit some word of hope and comfort. Yet, pondering this great adventure, she speedily recoiled from it, deeming that the meeting she desired was an impossible one on earth, and must be left for another world, where there would exist none but spiritual relations. As she could not now have hope to merge her life in unison with his, she would defer the aspiration for fulfillment to a period when worldly ties should be dissolved. Aimless, expectationless, and refusing to be comforted, she at length resolved, in her deep wretchedness, to take a clandestine flight to those invisible kingdoms of hope and dread which lie across the bridgeless stream of death. For this dark journey she prepared herself with singular deliberation. The domestic

^{*} Richter, for some reason, wished her to understand that her letters were inspected at the Post-office.

affairs of her friend and sister were all carefully arranged; whatever she was capable of providing for their comfort was minutely and quietly provided; and when all her duties had, as she conceived, been scrupulously performed, she wrote the following final letter to Richter:

"Do not be angry, dearest father, at receiving these lines from your unfortunate Maria. My mother has been two months dead, and she will consent that I shall now follow her. She wished me to take care of my sister—that is done. Her happiness is secure, and I can no longer endure to live, where mine has so incomprehensibly failed. Ah! in the great universe of God there will yet be a place where I can recover my peace, and be as I wish. I have suffered so much! I dare to die! Ah! you will despise me as long as I live, for you will never understand how I have languished to do something for you, or for those dear to you, and how much the thought has killed me, when I learned that I could not make you happy. But despise me not so much, as not to let your children, of whom I cannot think without tears, accept a little present from me. Let them not know from whom it came. I would willingly be wholly forgotten, and, unmarked, vanish away. No one can learn my history from myself. have burnt all books and journals. Your hair only remains on my neck, and I take it with me. Farewell, beloved father! Ah, that it must be so with me! Oh, that it were all a dream, and that I had never written to you! My unfortunate spirit will hover about you. Perhaps I shall be able to give you a sign, or to bring you some higher knowledge."

On the day she wrote this letter, Maria employed herself in her customary manner. In the evening she prepared the usual meal for her friend and sister, and, as the former stated afterwards, "fulfilled with graceful attention the duties of a kind and careful hostess." She arose from table to write a letter, and about eight o'clock asked her sister to sit down at the piano, embracing her, at the same moment, with warmth and agitation. She turned away from her, and threw herself on the breast of their mutual friend, saying to him, with choking voice, " Take care of my poor sister;" and then abruptly left the room. When she had gone, the attention of the friend and sister was attracted by the letters she had left behind: their anxiety was instantly aroused, and they hastened out in search of her. They met a multitude of people bringing back her drowned body, which a fisherman had just taken from the stream. They bore it into the nearest house, and applied the ordinary means of resuscita-Once the unhappy girl opened her eyes for an instant, but being resolved to die,

she resisted all the efforts made for her recovery; and, although she became for a time conscious, calm, and self-possessed, she breathed her final sigh before the morning.

The intelligence was sent to Richter, along with the letter already cited, and cast a cloud over his life which it took a long time to clear away. He rejoiced, however, that he had not followed the counsels of some who had advised him to treat the unfortunate with ridicule and severity. The amiable Eliza Lee, (from whose modest and graceful "Life of Richter" the letters here quoted have been taken,) conceives that Jean Paul somewhat erred, nevertheless, in his treatment of this poor girl. She thinks that had he permitted her to visit him, she would probably have been cured of her unlucky passion. The sight of a man fifty years of age, with the look of a farmer more than of a poet, might have brought the bewildered damsel to her senses. "She would have found him fulfilling the duties of a good citizen, a kind father, a faithful husband; leading a prosaic life," with birds and squirrels about his house; paying rents and taxes, and butchers' and bakers' bills, like any other respectable man of civilized society; and the sight and knowledge of these things might have subdued the fever of her imagination, and taught her the bounden need of conforming her notions of men and things to the actual standard they present in every-day reality. We know not what ultimate effect such an arrangement might have produced, but it seems to us that there was at least one very strong objection to it; for however sensible and charitable a man's wife may be, (and Richter's Caroline was eminent in these respects,) it would be hardly likely to contribute to her comfort to introduce as guest into the family a romantic maiden of seventeen, who was violently and avowedly in love with her husband! We incline to think that the proper cure must have been sought for in other directions. If it were put to a jury of married women, we fancy they would unanimously acquit Richter of the charge of blame implied in his refusal to admit Miss Forster into his family. It were difficult to say what ought to have been done in a case so painful and peculiar. There may be a question whether Richter ought to have written so many of those pretty letters. Perhaps, to have drawn her away from solitude into occupations and amusements suited to an intellectual and generous girl, to have given her a larger and more accurate knowledge of the living world, to have allowed

her more action and less sentiment, might have gradually enabled her to gain command over her feelings, and in that case would have restored her to reasonable views of her position. Yet it is idle to speculate; rarely is a danger apprehended before it has befallen us; nay, how often will it happen that even if a danger be foreseen, there is wanting either the energy or the means for avoiding it?

This, then, is the literal story of Maria Forster. A noble-minded, high-spirited, passionate, and heroic girl, whose soul was planted with the elements of all greatness, but which rose not to maturity from lack of a suitable cultivation. Nature had endowed

her with sense, imagination, large capacity of emotion, courage, and aspirations that towered after a goodness unattainable; but these, unhappily, were all distorted, disruptured, perversely developed, by an extravagant sentimentalism, natural to her character, and also signally encouraged by the circumstances and environment in which she lived. She was one to whom it would have been a blessing to be less bountifully gifted. A child of passion and of fire, whose heart, like a volcano, cast up a burning lava which consumed it, producing barrenness and desolation where the gentlest flowerage of the affections might have grown.

NEW METHOD OF ENGRAVING PLATES FOR PRINTING FERNS, SEA WEEDS, ETC.—At a meeting of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, Dr. Branson read a paper describing this process. His mode of operation is to place a frond of fern, algæ, or similar flat vegetable form, on a thick piece of glass, or polished marble; then taking and softening a piece of gutta percha, of proper size, and placing on the leaf and pressing it carefully down, it will receive a sharp and accurate impression from the plant. The gutta percha retained level, and allowed to harden by cooling, is then handed to a brass caster, who reproduces it in metal from his moulding vase. This, it will be obvious, is the most delicate and difficult part of the process, and one which, a few years ago, would not, we suspect, have been executed in Sheffield. As it is, Dr. Branson has had many brass plates thus produced from sandeasting, which only required a little surface dressing to yield at once, under the copperplate printing press, most beautiful as well as faithful impressions of the original leaves: indeed, many of the exhibited specimens of ferns, printed in green color, and slightly embossed, as they must needs be by the printing, were such perfect fac-similes of the

natural pattern, that they might easily be taken for it. Besides these matters, the doctor exhibited a large variety of patterns of embossed leather, which had been produced by a somewhat analogous operation. As, however, this latter invention is not so much for copying designs as for creating them, and, at the same time, saving all the expense of die-cutting, the following is the course pursued :- The operator takes a piece of common hard white soap of the required size and surface, and upon that executes any design, whether of the depth and boldness of ordinary embossing or in the delicate lines of an etching; in either case the work is executed with the greatest ease. From this soapmodel or engraving an impression is taken in gutta percha; from that a secondary one, which on being cast in brass, as before, may be used for printing or embossing in the ordinary way. The reader stated that his main difficulty was in getting the last gutta percha coat to separate from the mould of the same substance into which it was pressed. He had found, however, that by powdering both the surfaces with common bronze dust, before taking the impression, they did not adhere.—Sheffield Times.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHARLES DICKENS AND DAVID COPPERFIELD.

PROBABLY there is no single individual who, during the last fourteen years, has occupied so large a space in the thoughts of English folk as Charles Dickens. Not that these years have been by any means deficient in This time of profound peace (as it events. is officially designated) has seen many a contest fought out head to head, horn to horn, in the good old John Bull style. More than one combatant has distinguished himself from the herd, been hailed as veritable hero by all his brethren, minus one, and worship-During these fourteen ed accordingly. years kings have been tumbled from their thrones and set up again, unless killed by the fall; ministers have been ousted and reinstalled; demagogues have been carried on the popular shoulders, and then trampled under the popular feet; innumerable reputations have flared up and gone out; but the name and fame of Charles Dickens have been exempt from all vicissitude. One might suppose him born to falsify all the commonplaces about the fickleness of public favor, to give the lie to all the proverbs, to destroy the resemblance of all the similies. In his case this same public favor is a tide that never ebbs, a moon that never wanes; his wheel of fortune has a spoke in it, and his popularis aura is a trade wind. Almost on his first appearance his own countrymen unanimously voted him a prophet, and have held by the doctrine with unrivaled devotion ever since. In every other subject men find matter for doubt, discussion, and quarrel; whether protection can be restored; whether corpses conduce to the health of congregations; whether man be what the Scotch folk call him-merely "mon," a curtailed monkey; whether Colonel Sibthorp's beard be real; whether the Rev. R. Montgomery or Master J. Milton be the greater poet; everywhere the pugnacity natural to the human race finds room to join issue on.

And, specially confining ourselves to contemporary literature, we have heard men gravely doubt the philosophic depth of Bulwer, the perspicuity of Tennyson, the im-

partiality of Macaulay, and the orthodoxy of Carlyle: Dickens only dwells in a little Goshen of his own, away from the shadow of criticism. The very mention of his "last number" in any social gathering, is sure to be the signal for a chorus of eager admira-Go where you will, it is the same. There is not a fireside in the kingdom where the cunning fellow has not contrived to secure a corner for himself as one of the dearest, and, by this time, one of the oldest friends of the family. In his company the country squire shakes his jolly sides, the city merchant smooths his care-wrinkled forehead; as he tells the tales to misses in their teens, mammas, grandmammas, and maiden aunts-God bless them all-their eyes glisten and flow over with the precious diamond-drops of sympathy. We have been told, that when The Old Curiosity Shop was drawing to a close, he received heaps of anonymous letters in female hands, imploring him "not to kill little Nell." The wretch ungallantly persisted in his murderous design, and those gentle readers only wept and forgave him.

How are we to account for this wide-spread popularity? Not because the author is faultless—he is too human for that; not because his plots are of absorbing interest—neither Shakspeare's nor Scott's are so; but because of his kindly, all-pervading charity, which would cover a multitude of failings, because of his genial humor and exquisite comprehension of the national character and manners, because of his tenderness, because of his purity, and, above all, because of his deep reverence for the household sanctities, his enthusiastic worship of the household gods.

By means of all these blandishments he has nestled close to our hearts, and most men would as soon think of dissecting a first cousin as of criticising Charles Dickens. Moreover, he is so thoroughly English, and is now part and parcel of that mighty aggregate of national fame which we feel bound to defend on all points against every attack. Upon our

every-day language his influence has been immense—for better or worse. We began by using Wellerisms and Gampisms in fun, till they have got blended insensibly with our stock of conversational phrases; and now in our most serious moments we talk slang unwittingly, to the great disgust of the old school, who complain that, instead of seeking the "well of English undefiled" by Twickenham, we draw at haphazard from the muddy stream that has washed Mile End.

The truth is that the people, as soon as they have done growing, set up for language, as for everything else, a fixed standard of perfection, and stigmatize all deviation by the name of corruption. Whereas in reality, fixity of phraseology would argue stagnation of thought. On the other hand, the increase of the national vocabulary may be regarded as a tolerably exact measure of the development of the national intelligence. Look at America. What a vast number of strange words and phrases have been coined, as exponents of strange things and strange doings! These again, by means of steam-presses and steamships, have been familiarized to England and her colonies, and, in spite of all purists, indissolubly amalgamated with the common mother-speech. A legion of academicians could not prevent it. By virtue of a law, as certain as the laws of physical motion or chemical combination, the slang of one age becomes the serious phraseology of the next. We have nothing for it but to submit, and talk like the rest of the world. After all, much that the purists censure as barbarism is nothing but genuine Saxon, which has been current by immemorial tradition in province or metropolis, and which is now once more introduced into polite life, its respectability being vouched for by a popular author or "a good story." Pantagruel, Sancho Panza, and Falstaff, are as guilty in their way as Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp; and for Dickens it may be said, to his eternal honor, that if he has corrupted our tongue ever so much, his whole efforts have been directed to purify our hearts.

The time will come when "The Life of Charles Dickens" (in half-a-dozen volumes) will take its place beside the lives of Samuel Johnson and Walter Scott, when the curious public will be able to ascertain what and whom he had to dinner on any given day, (say the 1st of December, 1850,) with all manner of statistics respecting the lion's private life. Meanwhile, we must be content with such scanty and scattered notices as he

has given of himself in the prefaces to his various books, especially those prefixed to the recent cheap editions, which, from their unaffected modesty and exquisitely polished style, are among the most charming of his productions. They show that the author, while proud of his success, has not been spoilt by it. The blaze of triumph has not dazzled him.

We are not going to quote largely from what must be familiar to all our readers. We give only one passage from the preface to the last edition of *Pickwick*, which narrates the real origin of that "world-famous" book:—

I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the Morning Chronicle newspaper, (of which one series had lately been collected, and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend, Mr. George Cruikshank.) waited upon me, to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers; then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life.

When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet street-appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by the bye—how well I recollect it—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen, and so fell to busi-

This auspicious bargain was struck in 1835. Before the close of the following year, "Boz" was one of the most famous names in England. The young author had sprung at one bound over the heads of his elder rivals. He had penetrated into the very heart of public opinion, and carried it by storm before the advanced forts of criticism had had time to open their fire upon him. And so, when they did fire, it was only to hail the conqueror with a salvo of applause. For, if possession is nine-tenths of the law, it is all in all of the battle.

But a truce to these warlike metaphors, which cannot without force be applied to one who has done more, we verily believe, for the promotion of peace and goodwill between man and man, class and class, nation and nation, than all the congresses under the sun. One good joke and one general laugh melts reserve into hilarity, and converts the stiffest company into a set of "jolly good fellows." Boz, and men like Boz, are the true humanizers, and therefore the true pacificators, of the world. They sweep away the prejudices of class and caste, and disclose the common ground of humanity which lies beneath factitious, social, and national systems. They introduce the peasantry to the peerage, the grinder at the mill to the millionaire who owns the grist. They make John, Jean, and Jonathan, shake hands over the same board —which is not a board of green cloth by any means. Sam Weller, we suppose, made old England more "merrie" than it had ever been since Falstaff drank, and roared, and punned, at the Globe Theatre. In the interval, Britannia had grown haggard and sad, and worn with the double duty of taking care of the pence and providing sops for her lion, to keep him couchant; and now, once more, the old lady laughed till the tears ran down her wrinkles. It has done her a world of good. La Belle France, too, who is somewhat chary of her applause, has condescended to pronounce Boz un gentil enfant; and Germania has learnt some things from him which were not dreamed of in her philosophy. For his fun is not mere fun. been so, we should have tired of it long ago. Deep truths are hidden, scarcely hidden, beneath. Bacchus and his rout would soon have palled on the taste of old Hellas, but for the mystic and solemn meanings that lurked beneath the external riot. The baskets, carried aloft, to all appearance filled only with "various leaves," contained in reality the sacred symbols of eternal verities. The mask grinned grotesquely, but you felt that grave, earnest eyes were watching you from behind it. So our sly philosopher dresses himself in motley to attract grownup children to his chair. All experience, as embodied in a host of proverbs—those axioms of life—attests the wisdom of such a course. The preacher is left alone in the desert, while a sommerset thrown in the street gathers a And if the mountebank crowd at once. cares to seize the opportunity, he can make the spectators auditors. Or, again, the lips of the chalice may be smeared with honey,

though there is salutary absinthe in the

draught.

And now that we are on classic ground, indulge us, gentle reader, in one more old saw (hacked though it be) for the sake of the modern instance, and instead of "Horatius Flaccus," please to read "Charles Dickens."

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico Tangit et admissus circum præcordia ludit.

So wily Horace, while he strove to mend, Probed every foible of his laughing friend, Played lightly round and round the peccant part, And won unfelt an entrance to his heart.

We have read *Pickwick* many times over, each time with increased pleasure. Nevertheless, in these reperusals we cannot fail to be made aware of certain defects which escape notice in the tumultuous applause of a first reception. The most notable of these defects is the change which takes place in the character of Mr. Pickwick and his friends, who, from being at first purely ridiculous, come in the end to be objects of our affectionate sympathy and admiration. The author has himself noticed this change in his recent preface:—

I do not think this change will appear forced or unnatural to my readers, if they will reflect, that in real life the peculiarities and oddities of a man, who has anything whimsical about him, generally impress us first; and that it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look below these superficial traits, and to know the better part of him.

The apology is, certainly, ingenious; but it is one which can only be pleaded in mitigation. The author of a book, the creator of the characters, is not supposed to be as unacquainted with them as his readers. Doubtless in this case the author grew fond of his imaginary people as he went on, and felt, moreover, that by taking a more serious tone he could excite a deeper interest in their fortunes. And he was quite right to make the change. Twenty numbers of burlesque would have been intolerable. Yet the artistic ensemble of the book is damaged thereby. The fault lies with the mode of publication -fractional and periodical; for thus the author has no opportunity of revising his work as a whole, of correcting mistakes, and producing uniformity of tone. This is the great disadvantage of publishing a tale by installments, though the plan may be very suc-

cessful in the £ s. d. point of view, inasmuch ! as many people can afford twenty shillings who will not part with a sovereign. It would be well if the writer were to abstain from publishing any portion till he had written the whole. But then these authors are always lazy, and rarely work without the devil at their elbow, waiting for - copy. Again, the club disappears entirely in the course of the story. All the better. Mr. Blotton, of Aldgate, was no fit associate for Mr. Pickwick. The Theory of Tittlebats is also unworthy of the Hon. Gent. The story of "Bill Stumps, his Mark," is obviously borrowed from "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle" in the Antiquary—the plagiarism of a plagiarism. Moreover, those doleful tales, entitled "The Queer Client" and the "Madman's Manuscript," are out of keeping with the rest of the book. They remind one of the nightmares which occasionally interpunctuate the festivities of the Christmas week. After all, these are but specks on the sun.

Next came Nicholas Nickleby, which, on the whole, satisfied the popular expectation, though one missed the exuberant bilarity of Pickwick. Mrs. Nickleby and the theatrical people seem to have made the deepest impression. The Hero-and what a name for a hero !-is a mere walking gentleman. Many of the characters-Smike and old Nickleby, for instance-are distorted out of all human compass. Arthur Gride was a second edition of Trapboys in the Fortunes of Nigel. Unfortunately, too, about this time, the young author seems to have conceived a notion that it was his mission to exterminate special abuses, and he went about the task with a zeal worthy of a Paladin or Hercules himself. This time he fixed on the cheap Yorkshire schools, which in real truth are by no means the hells of brimstone-and-treacle which he represented them to be. In those remote uplands, twenty pounds a year goes a great deal farther than in the populous districts, and will keep a boy well in corduroy dittos and cold mutton. One of the most famous of the schoolmasters thereabouts was unlucky enough to have only one eye, and a monosyllabic name beginning with S; so that he was immediately dubbed Squeers, and his "establishment for young gentlemen" Dotheboys Hall. The poor man's occupation was gone, and the distress of mind consequent thereon was said to have shortened his nights and, ultimately, his days.

In the next novel, Oliver Twist, the monster marked out for attack was the New Poor Law. This ulterior object was so apparent that the effect of the tale was in some degree marred. On the other hand, the fun of the tale directed people from its serious object; and we are not sure even that the purpose was right. At all events, the design failed; and the author, thenceforward, instead of framing his story to suit a moral, framed it to suit nature, and left the moral to shift for itself, which is a much more truthful, pleasant, and profitable method. Besides, these sweeping attacks are seldom wholly just or well-aimed. The reckless spirit of knight-errantry is prone to mistake windmills for giants.

Oliver Twist is the only novel in which one can trace any resemblance between Dickens and Ainsworth. Bill Sykes, and Fagin, and Nancy, might have been creations of the latter. The Artful Dodger, however, is a "kinchin" of Dickens's own brain.

Master Humphrey's Clock appeared in a new form, and at weekly instead of monthly intervals. Mr. Pickwick and the Wellers were recuscitated without much success. But the machinery of the clock was soon found to be as cumbrous as that of the club, and discarded accordingly. The Old Curiosity Shop, with Dick Swiveller to laugh at, Quilp to hate, and little Nell to love, made amends for all. Only Tom Moore has cause to complain, that, after Mr. Swiveller's misquotations, his melodies can never be taken au sérieux again.

Barnaby Rudge had been advertised to appear years before as a romance in three volumes, under the name of "Gabriel Varden." Perhaps it was in part composed before Pickwick. A Scott-ish influence is palpable throughout. The opening scene, for example, at the village inn, reminds one of Kenilworth; the assault on Newgate smacks strongly of the Heart of Mid-Lothian. The Raven, we are informed, was taken from the life,—a favorite pet of the author's having kindly sat for the portrait. We have heard that one of his friends, an indifferent punster, observed on some social occasion that Dickens was raven-mad; the only foundation for a story generally current about that time that he was raving-mad,-he being all the while as sane as ever-that is, as nearly allied to sanity as a "great wit" can be.

About this time Dickens made an expedition to America. There he was received as if he had been a sovereign or a soprano; feasted, fêted, banqueted, and bored to death. On his return he wrote the American Notes, which, though conceived generally in a kindly

spirit, disappointed the expectations of our transatlantic brothers. The rage they manifested throws some doubt on the genuineness of their hospitality. They had counted on praise for their pudding. The quiet banter to which we in England had been long ago accustomed was incomprehensible to them. There was one passage, especially, about a drove of pigs which Charles Dickens met on the road, which excited their ire amazingly. That matter-of-fact people cannot understand a joke, and persisted in fixing upon the unconscious author some arrière pensée. Another chapter about the slave trade was peculiarly riling, since it consisted chiefly of extracts from their own newspapers and indisputable facts. Let an American be the strongest possible abolitionist at home, he is always prepared to defend slavery against all attacks from without.

We will venture to say that none of the multifarious criminals who have fled for refuge to the bosom of the Republic, ever deserved a tenth part of the abuse that was lavished on Dickens. One of our friends happened to be at a theatre at Boston, and witnessed a travestie of *Macbeth*. Into the witches' cauldron were thrown all the most useless things on earth—Pennsylvanian bonds, Mexican rifles, &c., &c. Finally, as a ne plus ultra, was consigned to the infernal flame "Dickens's last new work," amid the applausive laughter of the happy gods.

This unmerited abuse put our author So he laid the scene of on his mettle. his next novel, Martin Chuzzlewit, partly in America, in order to show that sensitive young people what he could say of them when no friendly recollections bound him to reticence. The exasperation, of course, increased tenfold; and if we may judge from the sentiments of casual "statesmen," still continues unabated. We have heard more than one apathetic-looking stranger express a savage desire to "lick" him the next opportunity. On the former occasion they only licked his shoes. But, we suppose, Dickens would no more dream of showing himself in Broadway, than Haynau of revisiting London.

Mrs. Gamp, the virtual heroine of this tale, achieved a tremendous success. The United Kingdom pealed and repealed with laughter, though we suspect that the mothers of England looked upon a monthly nurse as too sacred a character to be jested with. Mrs. Harris was a glorious creation, or rather conception. Only the numerous and respectable persons who bear that name must feel themselves aggrieved, for their very existence is

now made a matter of doubt. By one breath of the magician the solid flesh-andblood of all the Harrises has been volatilized

into a hypothetical phantom.

Talking of phantoms brings us to the Winter Tales, now five in all—the Carol, the Chimes, the Cricket, the Battle of Life, and the Haunted Man. One might have expected that a propos of this genial season, this time of immemorial saturnalia, we should have been treated to a duodecimo of pure fun, and riot, and frolic, like Blindman'sbuff, or Hunt-the-slipper. The reverse, however, is the case; in spite of a few comic touches, the tone of these tales is sad and solemn. They seem to have been inspired by the night-winds wailing without, and not at all by the Yule-logs roaring within. In consequence, these tales are the least popular of all his works. Besides, the metaphysics and the ghosts do not harmonize. There is a natural antipathy between the two. They cannot be co-existent. Each class feels itself to be an anachronism in the presence of the We cannot conceive Aristotle or Archhishop Whately being haunted. Therefore, in this false position, the metaphysics grow hazy, and the ghosts prosy: which, indeed, ghosts are always apt to be. Darius, and Hamlet the elder, and the White Lady, were obviously, none of them, on speaking terms with the soul of wit.

Dickens's ghosts, however, are animated by the best motives, and come from below to enforce the angels' message—Peace and goodwill. He who lies awake of a winter's night to listen to the music of these chimes, will rise in the morning, if a sadder, yet a wiser and better man. They ring, as Tennyson would have his Christmas Bells

ring,—

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor; Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out all shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

May the time come—we trust that it is even now coming—when a peal like this shall ring out from every town, every village, and every lonely upland church, frighting away, as of old, the evil spirits from men's souls! Let the night-winds howl never so loud, or the earth be muffled never so deep with snow, that chime shall be heard by all with the mind's ear, and the burden of the music shall be, Peace and Goodwill, Goodwill and Peace—the old words still.

While upon the subject of the minor works, we ought not to omit all mention of the Pictures from Italy, which was the result of a Continental tour, and, we have no doubt, paid the expenses of the same. Like all that has ever come from that pen, it is pleasant, plain, and readable; but still we are of opinion that such success as it had was due rather to the established reputation of the author than to the intrinsic merits of the book. Italy, "cradle of the arts," and all the rest that Corinne says it is, might be covered throughout its length and breadth with the sheets which have been written and printed about it during the present century. We have had Classical Tours, Artistical Tours, Mediæval-antiquities-and-Machicollated-battlement Tours, -all more or less dull and valuable. There is still room for a Mannersand-customs-of-the-lower-orders Tour, such as we expected, and did not find, in Mrs. Stisted's Highways and Byeways. Now Dickens, we should suppose, is not profoundly versed either in old Latin or modern Italian, and he is too honest to pretend it; he has no sterling knowledge of art, and despises the spurious cant of connoisseurship, so his observation was necessarily confined to the still life of Italy; and his "Pictures" are mere flower and fruit pieces, pretty enough in their way, but far inferior to those larger "Pictures from England," which are executed with all the humor of Ward, the pathos of Redgrave, and the brilliance of Mulready. To them we return with a feeling of pleasure, akin to the pleasure of coming home.

Dombey and Son has been out so long that everybody must have read it, and so

lately that nobody can have forgotten it. We therefore pass over it, not without a tearful glance at little Paul's coffin, and a smile of recognition for Toots and Captain Cuttle; and proceed to the examination of our new friend, David Copperfield, who, after many trials, was at length happily settled for life, on the 31st of October. This, the last, is, in our opinion, the best of all the author's fictions. The plot is better contrived, and the interest more sustained, than in any other. Here there is no sickly sentiment, no prolix description, and scarcely a trace of exaggerated passion. The author's taste has become gradually more and more refined; his style has got to be more easy, graceful, and natural. The principal groups are delineated as carefully as ever; but instead of the elaborate Dutch painting to which we had been accustomed in his backgrounds and accessories, we have now a single vigorous touch here and there, which is far more artistic and far more effective. His winds do not howl, nor his seas roar through whole chapters, as formerly; he has become better acquainted with his readers, and ventures to leave more to their imagination. This is the first time that the hero has been made to tell his own story,-a plan which generally insures something like epic unity for the tale. We have several reasons for suspecting that, here and there, under the name of David Copperfield, we have been favored with passages from the personal history, adventures, and experience, of Charles Dickens. Indeed, this conclusion is in a manner forced upon us by the peculiar professions selected for the ideal character, who is first a newspaper reporter and then a famous novelist. There is, moreover, an air of reality pervading the whole book, to a degree never attained in any of his previous works, and which cannot be entirely attributed to the mere form of narration. We will extract one of the passages which seem most unquestionably autobiographical, and which have, therefore, a double interest for the reader (the "book," in all probability, was Pickwick) :-

I labored hard with my book, without allowing it to interfere with the punctual discharge of my newspaper duties; and it came out and was very successful. I was not stunned by the praise which sounded in my ears, notwithstanding that I was keenly alive to it, and thought better of my own performance, I have little doubt, than anybody else did. It has always been in my observation of human nature, that a man who has any good reason to believe in himself never flourishes himself before the faces of other people in order that they may believe in him. For this reason,

I retained my modesty in very self-respect; and the more praise I got, the more I tried to de-

It is not my purpose, in this record, though in all other essentials it is my written memory, to pursue the history of my own fictions. They express themselves, and I leave them to themselves. When I refer to them, incidentally, it is only as a part of my progress.

Having some foundation for believing, by this time, that nature and accident had made me an author, I pursued my vocation with confidence. Without such assurance, I certainly should have left it alone, and bestowed my energy on some other endeavor. I should have tried to find out what nature and accident really had made me, and

to be that, and nothing else.

I had been writing, in the newspaper and elsewhere, so prosperously, that when my new success was achieved I considered myself reasonably entitled to escape from the dreary debates. One joyful night, therefore, I noted down the music of the parliamentary bagpipes for the last time, and I have never heard it since; though I still recognize the old drone in the newspapers, without any substantial variation (except, perhaps, that there is more of it), all the live-long session.

David Copperfield the Younger was born at Blunderstone, near Yarmouth—there is really a village of that name. We do not know whether Charles Dickens was born there too; at all events, the number and minuteness of the local details indicate an intimate knowledge of, and fondness for, Yarmouth and its neighborhood--which are anything but charming at first sight, or on a slight acquaintance. We have reason, however, to believe that the sons of the land are as honest and true-hearted Englishmen as you will find anywhere. We are indebted to one of them for the information that the local details in Copperfield are singularly accurate, only in one place he says "the sands" where he ought, in Yarmouth phrase, to have said "the deens." Our friend also says that he has detected many Norfolk provincialisms in Dickens; for instance, he talks of "standing anything up," where in current English one says "setting" or "placing." Our author probably uses such phrases wittingly, in order to recommend them for general adop-

Dickens is always great on the subject of childhood—that sunny time, as it is conventionally called, but which, as Dickens represents it, and as we recollect it, is somewhat showery withal. Little David is quite as successful a portrait as little Paul. Who cannot confirm, from his own earliest recollections, the exquisite truth of the following passage?

There is nothing half so green that I know

anywhere, as the grass of that churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it; and I see the red light shining on the sun-dial, and think within myself, "Is the sun-dial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time

again?"

Here is our pew in the church. What a highbacked pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and is seen many times during the morning's service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him-I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and he makes faces at me. I look at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep-I don't mean a sinner, but mutton -half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then? I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain; and if so, how he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit, and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up, and from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty.

And now I see the outside of our house, with the latticed bedroom windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling air, and the ragged old rooks'-nests still dangling in the elm trees at the bottom of the front garden. Now I am in the garden at the back, beyond the yard where the empty pigeon-house and dog-kennel are—a very preserve of butterflies, as I remember it, with a high fence, and a gate and padlock; where the fruit cluster on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since, in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing in the winter twilight, dancing about the parlor. When my mother is out of breath, and

rests herself in an elbow-chair, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straitening her waist, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty.

On the whole, these early numbers, for their freshness of tone, their naturalness, and their quiet pathos, are perhaps superior to all the rest. One is tempted to make in favor of Dickens's fictitious children the wish which in our own childhood we fondly expressed in reference to kittens and lambs, namely, that they might never grow up into cats and sheep respectively. Diis aliter vi-

Further on, how well the petty tyrannies and manifold meannesses of Salem House are contrasted with the mild and manly regime of Dr. Strong!-a broad hint "to parents and guardians," who turn away from the good old grammar-schools, with their endowed masters (endowed in more senses than one), and send their children and wards to some ignorant charlatan, who by dint of shameless puffing induces a gullible public to try his newly-invented hotbed for young minds. We should like to send those schoolmasters abroad.

Miss Trotwood, the kind-hearted ogress of an aunt, fortiter in modo, suaviter in re, is excellent throughout, though her admiration for Mr. Dick passes the bounds of probability. About the husband, too, there is a mystery ending in nothing. The Micawbers, both Mr. and Mrs., are glorious, with their long speeches, reckless improvidence, everlasting troubles, and hearty appetites; they must be of Irish extraction, though the author does not say so. We never read anything more deliciously absurd, more exquisitely ludicrous, than the following:

"We all came back again," replied Mrs. Micawber. Since then, I have consulted other branches of my family on the course which it is most expedient for Mr. Micawber to take; for I maintain that he must take some course, Master Copperfield," said Mrs Micawber, argumentatively. "It is clear that a family of six, not including a domestic, cannot live upon air." "Certainly, ma'am," said I.

"The opinion of those other branches of my family," pursued Mrs. Micawber, "is, that Mr. Micawber should immediately turn his attention to coals."

"To what, ma'am?"

"To coals, said Mrs. Micawber. "To the coal trade. Mr. Micawber was induced to think, on inquiry, that there might be an opening for a man of his talent in the Medway Coal Trade. Then, as Mr. Micawber very properly said, the first step

to be taken clearly was, to come and see the Medway. Which we came and saw. I say 'we,' Master Copperfield, for I never will," said Mrs. Micawber, with emotion, "I never will desert Mr.

I murmured my admiration and approbation.

"We came," repeated Mrs. Micawber, "and saw the Medway. My opinion of the coal trade on that river is, that it may require talent, but that it certainly requires capital. Talent, Mr. Micawber has; capital, Mr. Micawber has not. We saw, I think, the greater part of the Medway; and that is my individual conclusion. Being so near here, Mr. Micawber was of opinion that it would be rash not to come on and see the Cathedral. Firstly, on account of its being so well worth seeing, and our never having seen it; and, secondly, on account of the great probability of something turning up in a cathedral town. We have been here," said Mrs. Micawber, "three days. Nothing has, as yet, turned up; and it may not surprise you, my dear Master Copperfield, so much as it would a stranger, to know that we are at present waiting for a remittance from London to discharge our pecuniary obligations at the hotel. til the arrival of that remittance," said Mrs. Micawber, with much feeling, "I am cut off from my home (I allude to lodgings in Pentonville), from my boy and girl, and from my twins."

One of the finest passages to be found in this, or indeed any book, is that description of the storm at Yarmouth, which flings the dead body of the seducer on the shore, to lie amid the wrecks of the home he had desolated. The power of the artist impresses such an air of reality upon it all, that we do not think of questioning the probability of such poetical justice.

We have said that in David Copperfield there was scarcely a trace of exaggerated passion. But for Rosa Dartle, we should have said there was no trace. Her character we must think unnatural, and her conduct melodramatic. A wound, even on a woman's cheek, inflicted by a child in a fit of passion, is not a sufficient cause to turn all the tenderness of that woman's nature to bitterness. It is impossible that any woman could have behaved as she did when David brought to Mrs. Steerforth the news of her only son's death:

"Rosa," said Mrs. Steerforth, "come to me!" She came, but with no sympathy or gentleness. Her eyes gleamed like fire as she confronted his mother, and broke into a frightful laugh.

"Now," she said, "is your pride appeased, you madwoman? Now has he made atonement to -with his life! Do you hear?—His life!"

Mrs. Steerforth, fallen back stiffly in her chair, and making no sound but a moan, cast her eyes upon her with a wide stare.

"Ay!" cried Rosa, smiting herself passionately on the breast, "look at me! Moan, and groan,

and look at me! Look here!" striking the scar,

"at your dead child's handy-work!"

The moan the mother uttered, from time to time, went to my heart. Always the same. ways inarticulate and stifled. Always accompanied with an incapable motion of the head, but with no change of face. Always proceeding from a rigid mouth and closed teeth, as if the jaw were locked and the face frozen up in pain.

"Do you remember when he did this?" she proceeded. "Do you remember when, in his inheritance of your nature, and in your pampering of his pride and passion, he did this, and disfigured me for life? Look at me, marked until I die with his high displeasure; and moan and groan for what you made him!"

"Miss Dartle," I entreated her. "For Heaven's

"I will speak!" she said, turning on me with her lightning eyes. "Be silent you! Look at me, I say, proud mother of a proud, false son! Moan for your nurture of him, moan for your corruption of him, moan for mine!"

She clenched her hand, and trembled through her spare, worn figure, as if her passion were

killing her by inches.

"You, resent his self-will!" she exclaimed. "You, injured by his haughty temper! You, who opposed to both, when your hair was gray, the qualities which made both when you gave him birth! You, who from his cradle reared him to be what he was, and stunted what he should have been! Are you rewarded, now, for your years of trouble?"

"O Miss Dartle, shame! O cruel!"

"I tell you," she returned, "I will speak to her. No power on earth-should stop me, while I was standing here! Have I been silent all these years, and shall I not speak now! I loved him better than you ever loved him!" turning on her fiercely. "I could have loved him, and asked no return. If I had been his wife, I could have been the slave of his caprices for a word of love a-year. I should have been. Who knows it better than I? You were exacting, proud, punctilious, selfish. My love would have been devoted-would have trod your paltry whimpering under foot!"

With flashing eyes, she stamped upon the

ground as if she actually did it.

And so she continues for a page more, with still increasing violence. Similarly, that scene where she seeks out the poor unfortunate Emily, to trample upon and triumph over her, shocks us by its unfeminine violence. Even were such a scene ever so natural, ever so probable, it would be wearisome from its Whatever conveys to the reader's mind unmingled pain and horror, should be dispatched as quickly and as lightly as possible, not dwelt upon. Rosa Dartle is not a being cast in the same mould of humanity as those around her; and she destroys the harmony of the picture. Such a character is as incongruous and out of place as one

of the tragedy queens from a minor theatre would be parading the Strand in full costume in common daylight. Fortunately Miss Dartle is not one of the most prominent characters, and only parades a back street, not the main thoroughfare of the story. Mrs. Dombey, in the former tale, was a blemish of the same kind, only more conspicuous. We hope the genus is becoming extinct, and that the next fictitious world of our author's creation will contain only the familiar animals, and be free from the visitations of any similar Mastodon. Such creatures are common in the Radcliffian formations. If resuscitated in our era, they can be nothing but galvanized fossils, salient anachronisms, frightful to all

This last paragraph of ours, which began in English, has slid somehow into Carlylese; which brings us to the Latter-Day Pamphlets in general, and No. II. in particularthat on Model Prisons-which has an immediate connection with our present subject, inasmuch as our author has consigned his two villains-in-chief, Heep and Littimer, to one of these establishments, with the double purpose of punishing the former and satirizing the latter. Fourteen years ago he exposed (by means of the resolute Pickwick) our system, if system it could be called, of Imprisonment for Debt; now he assails our system, systematized to the last degree, of Imprisonment for Crime. Then, we left our debtors to rot unheeded, as if they had been the most hopeless of criminals; now, we cherish the malefactors, as if they had been the bene-factors of society. Then, we persecuted Misfortune, now we pamper Vice. We have rushed from extreme to extreme, missing in our haste that most precious of all things, the golden mean. Our humanity has sickened, died, and been corrupted into Humanitarianism. We admit that the error is not wilful, nay, that it may arise from the kindest and noblest motives; but for all that, the actual damage inflicted on society may be, we believe is, great. Our kind and noble-hearted pilots, being not over-skilled in navigation, in their fear that their ship might strike upon Scylla, have put her head round and run her into Charybdis; which notable whirlpool swallows up a vast amount of the crew's bread and other stores, without much chance of our being able to find them after any assignable number of days.

Let us hear Carlyle's description of a model prison, as given in number II., the pam-

phlet before alluded to:-

Several months ago, some friends took me with

them to see one of the London prisons; a prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings, cut out, girt with a high ring-wall, from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some thousand or twelve hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings, within the compass of London. looked at the apartments, sleeping-cells, diningrooms, working-rooms, general courts or special and private: excellent all, the ne plus ultra of human care and ingenuity; in my life I never saw so clean a building; probably no duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness.

The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cookingplaces, we tasted; found them of excellence superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work, picking oakum, and the like, in airy apartments with glass-roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs; others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean flagged courts: methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort reigned everywhere supreme. The women in other apartments, somenoteable murderesses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing: in long ranged of washhouses, drying-houses, and whatever pertains to the getting up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us; and we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to "cherish their vanity," when visitors looked at them. Schools too were there; intelligent teachers of both sexes, studiously instructing the still ignorant of these thieves.

Now let us hear Dickens, who follows as junior on the same side. (We ought to premise, for the benefit of those who have not yet read Copperfield, if such there be, that Mr. Creakle was the tyrannous schoolmaster who nearly bullied little David's incipient manliness out of him, and is a Middlesex magistrate, and leading Humanitarian. Not that the Humanitarians are all Creakles, by any means.)

As we were going through some of the magnificent passages, I inquired of Mr. Creakle and his friends what were supposed to be the main advantages of this all-governing and universally over-riding system? I found them to be the perfect isolation of prisoners—so that no one man in confinement there knew anything about another;

and the reduction of prisoners to a wholesome state of mind, leading to sincere contrition and repentance.

Now, it struck me, when we began to visit individuals in their cells, and to traverse the passages in which those cells were, and to have the manner of the going to chapel, and so forth, explained to us, that there was a strong probability of the prisoners knowing a good deal about each other, and of their carrying on a pretty complete system of intercourse. This, at the time I write, has been proved, I believe, to be the case; but as it would have been a flat blasphemy against the system to have hinted such a doubt then, I looked out for the penitence as diligently as I could.

And here, again, I had great misgivings. I found as prevalent a fashion in the form of the penitence, as I had left outside in the forms of the coats and waistcoats in the windows of the tailors' shops. I found a vast amount of profession, varying very little in character; varying very little (which I thought exceedingly suspicious) even in words. I found a great many foxes, disparaging whole vineyards of inaccessible grapes; but I found very few foxes whom I would have trusted within reach of a bunch. Above all, I found that the most professing men were the greatest objects of interest; and that their conceit, their vanity, their want of excitement, and their love of deception (which many of them possessed to an almost incredible extent, as their histories showed), all prompted to these professions, and were all gratified by them.

However, I heard so repeatedly, in the course of our goings to and fro, of a certain Number Twenty-Seven, who was the favorite, and who really appeared to be a Model Prisoner, that I resolved to suspend my judgment until I should see Twenty-Seven. Twenty-Eight, I understood, was also a bright particular star; but it was his misfortune to have his glory a little dimmed by the extraordinary lustre of Twenty-Seven. I heard so much of Twenty-Seven, of his pious admonitions to everybody around him, and of the beautiful letters he constantly wrote to his mother (whom he seemed to consider in a very bad way), that I became quite impatient to see him.

I had to restrain my impatience for some time, on account of Twenty-Seven being reserved for a concluding effect. But at last we came to the door of his cell; and Mr. Creakle, looking through a little hole in it, reported to us, in a state of the greatest admiration, that he was reading a hymnbook.

There was such a rush of heads immediately to see Number Twenty-Seven reading his hymnbook, that the little hole was blocked up, six or seven heads deep. To remedy this inconvenience, and give us an opportunity of conversing with Twenty-Seven in all his purity, Mr. Creakle directed the door of the cell to be unlocked, and Twenty-Seven to be invited out into the passage. This was done; and whom should Traddles and I then behold, to our amazement, in this converted Number Twenty-Seven, but Uriah Heep!

He knew us directly; and said, as he came out, with the old writhe,—

"How do you do, Mr. Copperfield? How do!

you do, Mr. Traddles?"

This recognition caused a general admiration in the party. I rather thought that every one was struck by his not being proud, and taking notice

"Well, Twenty-Seven," said Mr. Creakle, mournfully admiring him, " how do you find your-

self.to-day?"

"I am very umble, sir," replied Uriah Heep. "You are always so, Twenty-Seven," said Mr.

Here another gentleman asked, with extreme

" Are you quite comfortable?"

"Yes, I thank you, sir," said Uriah Heep, looking in that direction. "Far more comfortable here, than ever I was outside. I see my follies now, sir. That's what makes me comfortable."

Several gentlemen were much affected; and a third questioner, forcing himself to the front, inquired, with extreme feeling, "How do you find

the beef?"

"Thank you, sir," replied Uriah, glancing in the new direction of this voice, "it was tougher yesterday than I could wish, but it's my duty to bear. I have committed follies; gentlemen," said Uriah, looking round with a meek smile, "and I ought to bear the consequences without repining."

A murmur, partly of gratification at Twenty-Seven's celestial state of mind, and partly of indignation against the contractor who had given him any cause of complaint (a note of which was immediately made by Mr. Creakle), having subsided, Twenty-Seven stood in the midst of us, as if he felt himself the principal object of merit in a highly meritorious museum.

The inference at which Dickens hints is identical with that which Carlyle draws; that is to say, an entire condemnation of the whole system. When from points of view so widely different two independent observers have come to the same conclusion, we have the strongest presumption that the said conclusion is right. When a fortress, or bastile, is attacked by strong bodies from opposite quarters at the same time, the said fortress, or bastile, is in imminent danger. If the garrison do not forthwith bring some cogent arguments, or some practical proofs to bear upon the foe, their cause is lost.

The coincidence of opinion between the two authors is the more remarkable, as they are probably divided in opinion upon every other subject, secular or sacred. We even remember a passage in Dombey and Son, which looks like an overt declaration of war against the great priest of Hero-worship.

However this may be, it is certain that no one has been more instrumental than Dickens in fostering that spirit of kindly charity which impels a man to do what he can, however narrow his sphere of action may

be, to relieve the sufferings and to instruct the ignorance of his brethren; while Carlyle, on the other hand, treats all such efforts with lofty disdain, and would call them mere attempts to tap an ocean by gimlet-holes, or some such disparaging metaphor. But that is neither here nor there. What we are concerned with just now is, that we have two men, shrewd observers both, who, starting from the opposite poles of opinion, have for once coincided on a practical question. Fortunately both these gentlemen have front seats on the platform, and are sure of a hearing; we in the body of the room, though sorely incommoded by stouter and taller men, can yet manage to raise our humble voice and cheer both the speakers as they denounce the grievous injustice of taxing the honest laborer to support the lazy thief, and the grievous impolicy of making the gaol more comfortable than the cottage.

The moral duties of every individual are threefold in their aspect; they have relation, first, to the God who is everywhere; secondly, to his fellow-men who are around him; and, thirdly, to the devil that is within him. And similarly the social duties of every government have relation, first, to the Eternal Justice; secondly, to the community; and, thirdly, to the criminal. Considerations of the first must determine the degree of punishment to be inflicted; considerations of the second and third must determine the kind. If a government (and by government we mean all constituted authorities), out of sympathy for the criminal, does not inflict the punishment which it believes the crime to deserve, that government fails in its first and greatest duty, and violates the divine conditions of its appointment by "bearing the sword in vain.' Again, if a government inflicts punishment of such a kind as is not likely to deter the criminal from a repetition, or others from an imitation, of his offence, that government fails in its second duty, its duty to the community. When these two primary obligations are satisfied, then we may think about the third; which means. practically, that we are to reform the said criminal if we can. Whatever efforts are made to reform him, they should be always preceded or accompanied by some punishment, terrible in proportion to the magnitude of the offence; but terrible always, both to him who suffers and to those who hear of it. Our new-fangled schemers ignore the first two duties, and thus take up a false position in setting about the third. What wonder if they fail in it? We should like to know

why those sentenced to transportation for a short term are not sent? If sent to the Antipodes, they might fall on their feet in their new world. As it is, they are returned, after a brief coddling in prison, to their old haunts, their old associates, and their old associations. Of course, the old habits of crime recur too, with double force, for they have tried the punishment, and find it rather pleasant than otherwise. If they are in want now, they reflect on the plenty of the gaol; if they are ragged, filthy, and obliged to sleep in a ditch, they look back with regret to the clothes, bed, and baths, of the privileged felon. In the barren wilderness, they long for the flesh-pots of Egypt, For it is, as it was three thousand years ago, only too natural for men to prefer bondage with plenty to freedom with privation.

But this is not a subject which can be discussed at the fag-end of an article destined to light literature. We leave it, knowing that the cause is in right good hands. Only, we trust that it may be argued tem-

perately and without acrimony. We would do all honor to the motives of those good souls who stickle for the reformation of the criminal; we merely differ as to the means. We would have the State begin the work earlier—in the lanes, and alleys, and byways, not in the prisons; we prefer formation to reformation, prevention to cure. We would take the possible felons of six years old by the forelock, and lead them to church and to school, that the earliest lessons impressed on the little heart might not be the lessons of vice, selfishness, and brutality, but the lessons of reverence, self-respect, and duty.

We take leave of Charles Dickens with a thankful acknowledgement of the great services he has rendered to society, and a sincere hope that he may outlive by many years these new model-prisons, strong as they look, and may long enjoy health and strength to aid in putting a score of such nuisances DOWN.

DR. ROBINSON'S RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, FROM THE ERDKUNDE OF CARL RITTER, PART XV. BERLIN, 1850.

[We translate the following article from the great work of Ritter, as being the tribute of the leading geographer of the age to American enterprise and scholarship.]

This work, originally written in the English language in Berlin, was translated by the author himself, and under his inspection, into German; and the two editions which appeared simultaneously in Halle and London, are to be considered as originals. The same may be said of the third, which was published in the same year at Boston. The dedication is the only point of difference, the English edition being dedicated to Lord Prudhoe (now Duke of Northumberland); the American to the Rev. Moses Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Andover Theological Seminary; and the German to the author of this article. The accompanying maps were drawn by H. Kiepert, with great talent, and with scrupulous exactness, from the innumerable bearings, distances, and routes noted down by the author during the journey, and were engraved by Henry Mahlmann in the most accurate and beautiful manner. These maps have raised the cartography of Palestine, since the work of Berghaus, to a higher stage of truthfulness to nature, and are, perhaps, the first German works of this kind, at home or abroad, which, on account of their acknowledged value, adorn alike editions in Germany, England, and America.

The combination of the keenest observation of topographical and local relations, like that of Burckhardt, with much preparatory study, especially the learned study of the Bible and philological and historical criticism, as also a knowledge of the language of the country on the part of the younger traveler, Eli Smith, who had resided for many years at Beirut as a missionary, and become thoroughly naturalized,—all this distinguishes the present journey from every former one,—a journey prosecuted with con-

scientious motives, as also with uncommon power of body and mind, and from which the scientific treatment of the subject has, for the first time, gained a safe foundation, upon which future times will be in a situation to build up with more success than here-"No earlier work," remarks Prof. Olshausen, a competent judge, "has brought to light a greater store of new and important observations and (historic-critical) investigations respecting Palestine." The rules for observation laid down and followed out in it, will remain as a guiding star to all future travelers who wish to study biblical antiquities in the Holy Land itself. Hence, this work forms an epoch in biblical geography. The author is familiar with the efforts of his predecessors, and, as becomes the true scholar, everywhere acknowledges and makes them prominent, while, too, he follows out the truth as discovered and recognized by himself with strict consistency, against the legends of monks and mere tradition, and, therefore, had to set himself in opposition to many errors. For this reason, the very generally acknowledged merits of this most important work of modern times in this department have not secured the author from adversaries, and not even from the most shallow assaults, partly unjust and often pas-

As he cared little about opinions, but only for truth, and as every human labor has its errors, so his work is considered by himself, as innumerable passages show, as one that may be constantly improved by the progress of like researches. Of this his own continued contributions and corrections are themselves proof, as also his purpose to visit the Holy Land a second time. The editor of one of these contributions (Prof. Roediger) justly claims for E. Robinson the merit of having brought up again for discussion the most difficult problems in the topography of Palestine, in order to make an advance in them. That this is particularly the case in reference to the topography of Jerusalem, in which very reputable men, as Schultz, Krafft, Tobler, Gadow, and others, have come forward to his aid, will be seen hereafter.

That on certain points we have come to results different from those of our esteemed friend, where the progress of observation has given us liberty to do so, our earlier researches at Sinai and respecting Kadesh Barnea, will serve as examples.

For the often shallow and frequently bitter criticisms by which this work of the

American writer has been unworthily attacked in Episcopal England and in Catholic France, a fact which stands in glaring contrast to the impartial and thorough reviews of German scholars, the leading principles of the work itself must account, which gave offence to travelers who had other aims in view. These principles are, however, such as we also must heed, for they are the only ones by which scientific results can be reached. They may be laid down here in reference to all the literary works before mentioned by us.

As regards the foundation of historical tradition, which has been considered in Palestine as a principal source of local information, both the authors (Robinson and Smith) distinguish two kinds: First, the younger tradition, beginning from the time of Constantine, which issued from the Church of the Byzantine period, and was enlarged by foreigners during all the succeeding cen-Second, the primitive native tradition, which is deeply rooted in the Semitic languages, lives still in the mouth of the people, and has come down even to our times, especially in local names, a circumstance made possible by the great analogy of the younger Arabic idiom, which continued to be that of the people, with the older Hebraic vernacular language. Thus, for instance, the Greek names of places, as Diospolis, Nicopolis, Ptolemais, Antipatris, have long ago been lost, while the oldest native names of the same towns, Lud Lydda, Amevas Emmaus, Akka, and Kefo Saba, are still used by the people. This native or popular tradition, however, had little influence on that of the Byzantine Church; nor was it regarded by travelers, who from ignorance gave themselves up to the more convenient guidance of the Church, or of the monks in the convents where they found shelter in their wanderings. primitive-native tradition, according to the investigation of both our travelers, was found to be almost impossible; while the foreign one (that of the Byzantine Church and the succeeding times) always needed the attestation of other testimony, especially that of the Scriptures, with which, however, it was often found in contradiction, as was already known to be often the case. Proofs of the existence of this ancient native tradition had indeed been already given by Seetzen, who, on his map of the Dead Sea and the lower Jordan, inserted many ancient places which had been unmentioned and utterly forgotten since the time of Jerome; but Robinson has brought

to light a very great treasure of such discoveries, pertaining to the earliest geography of Palestine.

For the like reason, all the convents, which in general have served as the principal taverns for pilgrims and earlier travelers, (except Burkhardt and Rüppell), were avoided by Dr. Robinson; as were also the monks as guides, and the common pilgrim routes. In his work, indeed, their statements are examined; and in the process they could only appear in their whole historical inconsistency. There are, however, three periods of these traditions to be distinguished, in which, as a matter of course, they would but lose in credibility with the progress of time. The first period is that of the fourth century, the representatives of which are found in the Itinerarium Hierosolymitanum, the Onomasticon of Eusebius and Jerome, and the other writings of the latter father. In these works, along with many clerical hypotheses, there is also much material which originated in popular tradition; as also many names of places, which, although still in existence, had never yet been identified. The second period is that of the Crusades, the tradition of which is most perfectly preserved to us in the work of Brocardus, (A. D. 1283). This writer, in his brief and succinct geographical notices, is of far greater value than the two thick folio volumes of Quaresmius, a later author, who, however, has been regarded, since the beginning of the seventeenth century, as the principal source of the third period.

In perfect consistence with these fundamental views, the travelers did not lodge in monasteries, but pitched their tent in the open air among the peasantry, and engaged individuals from among them as guides, only from village to village, or for short distances. They thus gathered the most correct information from natives, and that only near their immediate homes. They shunned the routes generally traveled, and made the richest discoveries on innumerable side-routes and byways. They never attempted to draw out information in the usual direct manner of questioning, viz., where a certain place might be, or how it might be called. Even the most ignorant Arab guide or muleteer will never be at a loss to answer satisfactorily to such a question. Their way of ascertaining facts was rather a continual survey of bypaths and cross-roads, and a constant cross-examination of different individuals from various parts of the country; in which proceeding, indeed, Eli Smith's familiarity with the vernacular language and the habits of the natives was indispensable. Each of the two travelers kept a journal of his own. These were never compared during the journey, but served at the end of it to fill out and complete, by comparison, the results gained.

With these preliminary observations, which seemed to us necessary on account of the constant use we have made of Dr. Robinson's materials, we conclude our account of the sources already published.

Geography, like geognosy, is a science progressing rapidly and vigorously; it knows no stop; with every year it gains new ground, both in breadth and depth. In five years after the publication of Berghaus' map, in consequence of the copiousness of new materials, and the new independent construction, which was the natural result, a new delineation of Palestine became again the standard map. In reference to the country east of the Jordan, it approached the map of Berghaus; but for the far more important and comprehensive portion west of the Jordan, i. e. Palestine proper, it opened a totally no-This map was executed for Robinson's work by H. Kiepert, who, while consulting the previous labors of Berghaus and others, did his work in a way so masterly and so critically scientific, that it has received the acknowledgment of all connoisseurs, and has become the standard for all succeeding maps.

The materials for this western portion of the map were the net-work of cross-roads and by paths traveled by Robinson and Smith; the many thousand compass-bearings taken by them, all mutually controlling one another, and their very exact observations and descriptions of the physical features of the country, surpassing by far in definiteness the like traits for which Burkhardt is so celebrated. All these circumstances, notwithstanding the very few recent astronomical observations, have accomplished what is indeed extraordinary for the true configuration of a land as pictured in a map. With what sagacity and ingenuity Kiepert has availed himself of their labors, we may best learn from his instructive memoir, to which we here refer the reader.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE first half of the eventful nineteenth century has come to a close; and another grand period in the world's history, memorable by its fifteen years of war no less than by its five-and-thirty years of peace, is added to the long line of extinct centuries. We who have lived and moved among its stirring scenes, we who have borne a part (for who has not?) in making it what it was, now stand upon the neutral ground between the irrevocable past and the unknown future, powerless to real the one or to forecast the other, but happily permitted to turn to account the experience of another fifty years.

It is true that half a century in the history of a great nation is but as a single year in the lifetime of an individual; but as the turning-point for good or evil of a whole life may rest on a single day or hour, so the events of a single year, a single act of legislation, a single outbreak of misguided popular excitement, may form the first step in the prosperity or decadence of an empire. Much more, in these modern times, when events press closer and closer on each other; when thought takes its tone from the rapid movement and incessant whirl of material things; when Science, aided and stimulated at every turn by her own past inventions, and moving forward to fresh discoveries with a momentum proportioned to the increasing numbers of mankind, may fifty years suffice to work changes which centuries, cast in the old sluggish mediæval mould, were altogether unable to bring about. But that very growth of population which, if accompanied by a proportionate accumulation of wealth, multiplies the chances of great discoveries by adding to the number of men of leisure, and of great inventions, by increasing the pressure of competition, while it widens the market for manufacture—that very growth of population exaggerates the significance and deepens the importance of every event which is capable of influencing the condition of the people. For every million of men who hailed the surrender of Malta, or watched, with excited curiosity, the return of Napoleon from

Egypt, or wept the death of Abercrombie, or discussed the policy of the union with Ireland, two millions are now alive to profit or to suffer by those events, and not a year now passes over our heads that does not add at least its million of subjects to the empire on which it is our boast that the sun never sets.

The fact that in the last fifty years the population of the United Kingdom has doubled itself, suggests a consideration which ought not to be lost sight of in executing the task which we have somewhat rashly set ourselves of comparing the progress of the nation during the present and the past century-namely, that the first half of the nineteenth may be fairly regarded as an equivalent period to the whole of the eighteenth century, seeing that a given population existing throughout a hundred years is, according to all the rules of arithmetic, tantamount to double the number living for half the term. At all events, we shall find it convenient to assume that the aggregate population of the eighteenth approaches very near to an equality with that of the first half of the nineteenth century, and that the former may be used as a standard to which to refer Without some such standard, it the latter. would not be easy to answer the anxious question which is constantly suggesting itself to every true patriot,-Whether the nation still retains those energies and talents which have raised it to such an unexampled pitch of greatness, or whether it exhibits any marks of that degeneracy which history records as having been, sooner or later, the fate of all great and powerful empires? We may seek for an answer to this question either in a record of the events which have taken place, or of the men who, in the several walks of art, literature, and science, including the art military and the great art and science of government, have earned for themselves niches in the temple of Fame.

Happily, in one important point, the two periods under review do not admit of very exact comparison. Already, in this nineteenth century, we have enjoyed more than two years of peace for every year of warfare; whereas our ancestors of the eighteenth century had more than two years of war for every three of peace. While we, at the end of thirty-five years of peace, have still good grounds for anticipating a longer continuance of that most desirable state, their longest peace of twenty-six years was broken by conflicts with Spain, and disturbed by the abortive invasion of the Pretender.

The five great wars of the last centurythe wars of the Spanish and of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' war, the disastrous War of Independence, and the war of the French Revolution-continuing, in the aggregate, upwards of forty years, taxed to the very utmost the energies and resources of the nation. The last of these wars, a legacy from the past to the present century, was terminated on the plain of Waterloo. The empire of the seas, colonial possessions of vast extent, the two strongest fortresses in the world, Gibraltar and Malta, wrested from the grasp of Spain and France, and martial glory enough to have satisfied old Rome herself, and to last us for a thousand years to come, have been, perhaps, cheaply purchased by the loss of the North American provinces, and a national debt of nearly 800,000,000, which not even thirty-five years of peace have been able materially to reduce. The names of Rooke, Hawke, Anson, and Boscawen, of Rodney, Keppel, Jervis, Howe, Bridport, Duncan, and Sir Sidney Smith, remind us of deeds of unrivaled gallantry on our own peculiar element; while those of Marlborough, of Clive, of Wolfe, of Abercrombie, and of Moore, serve to convince us that the genius of our people is essentially warlike, and that no enterprise by sea or land is too difficult for the skill of our commanders or the gallantry of our men.

Two great names still remain, the one belonging both to the past and present century, the other to this nineteenth century alone-Nelson and Wellington; the one without an equal in the annals of naval warfare, the other still living in a ripe old age to receive the grateful homage of a nation which he first saved as a soldier and then served as a statesman. Less fortunate than the naval heroes of the last century (if to die at Trafalgar can be deemed a misfortune), Nelson closed his career of victory with a glorious death; more fortunate than our military hero of the eighteenth century, Wellington has been spared to crown a youth and manhood of successful military exploits by an age of devotion

to the service of his sovereign and the good of his country. Centuries must elapse before the example of such men will lose its power; before the memory of such achievements will cease to stimulate to great and glorious deeds. Happily the long peace, or, to speak more correctly, the long freedom from war with the more powerful and civilized nations of the earth, which we have enjoyed, has not afforded any opportunity for fully testing the influence of those examples and those recollections; but the bombardment of Algiers, the untoward battle of Navarino, the siege of Acre, the operations on the coasts and in the rivers of China, and the somewhat irregular exploits of Sartorius and Napier, have maintained our naval reputation; while the successive contests in the East have proved that, with that other arm of ours, we are as able to repair a disastrous defeat as to sustain with honor an unprovoked attack. China brought to terms, and Scinde and the Punjaub added to our already vast possessions, sufficiently attest that military prowess which brought, in the century earlier, the Pindarree, the Mahratta, and the Burmese wars to a successful issue. In glancing at events of such recent occurrence, we must not forget to do honor to that gallant soldier, Sir Charles Napier, who rivived, in the battle of Meanee, the recollection of the hard-fought fields of Plassev and Assaye; nor withhold our tribute of applause from the brave men who fought at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon, captured the town and citadel of Mooltan, and finished the desperate struggle with the Sikhs by the fierce conflict of Chillianwallah and the decisive victory of Goojerat. Of those who served us so well in Scinde, China, Affghanistan, and the Punjaub-Napier, Nott, Sale, Pollock, Pottinger, Keane, Smith, Gilbert, Hardinge, Gough-some have, perhaps, not yet fought their last battle; but be this as it may, we have the satisfaction of knowing that more than one of our heroes of the Punjaub (we allude especially to Major Edwardes, who opened the second Sikh campaign by a nine hours' victorious conflict with Moolraj) yet lives in the very prime of manhood, to perpetuate, and, if needs be, to revive the recollection of the long train of brilliant deeds of arms which have won for England her magnificent empire of the East.

The annexation of Scinde and the Punjaub to our already vast possessions on the continent of India, reminds us of another test of the vigor and vitality of England,—another proof that we have not yet arrived at that

stationary period of our history which may be regarded as the prelude to national decay. The work of national aggrandizement is going on with ever-increasing spirit. Hong Kong has been annexed to our dominions by the sword; a second Gibraltar has been found and fortified in Aden; the vast continent of Australia is being peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race; Rajah Brooke is displaying his adventurous spirit in the new settlement of Sarawak; and New Zealand, the future Great Britain of the Pacific, is the theatre of experiments in colonization of the greatest interest and promise: meanwhile, the tide of emigration is setting in more and more strongly and steadily; and the six million of British subjects sown, as it were broadcast, over every part of the habitable globe (to say nothing of the hundred million who own our sway in India, and of other forty million, subjects of our allies or tributaries), is being rapidly recruited yearly by immigration and natural increase.

From the subject of colonization the transition is easy and natural to ships and com-If the nation has been really making progress in these fifty years, the results will infallibly exhibit themselves in the increasing number of our ships, and the growing amount of our commercial transactions. Assuming the population of the United Kingdom to have doubled since the commencement of the present century, it is obvious that a twofold increase in our shipping would indicate a stationay, and any increase beyond that amount a growing, commercial activity. Now, the amount of shipping registered as belonging to the British empire in the year 1800, was nearly 18,000 ships, of an aggregate tonnage of nearly 2,000,000: in 1845 the vessels were nearly 32,000, and the tonnage nearly 4,000,000. During the present century, therefore, our shipping has increased at about the same rate as our population. But these figures, if taken by themselves, would not fairly represent the growth of our commerce; for it may be stated in round numbers that, in the year 1801, 5000 ships of 1,000,000 tons burden were entered inwards as engaged in foreign trade, whereas in the year 1849, there were entered inwards upwards of 20,000 ships, with a tonnage exceeding 4,000,000, being a more than fourfold increase. As it must be obvious that the true measure of commercial activity is not the number of ships, but the number of voyages which they are able to make in a given time, it follows that our commerce has been quadrupled, while our population has undergone a barely twofold increase.

Among the means which have been in operation to enable one ship to do the work of two, the introduction of steam has played the principal part, not merely as a substitute for sails, but as a means of quickening the river navigation of sailing vessels.

If from the ships we pass to their cargoes, we obtain a result scarcely less satisfactory, making due allowance for the diminished price which has been brought about by competition in all articles of consumption, no less than in the produce of our own manufactures. The imports of foreign and colonial merchandise, which in the first year of the century fell short of 32,000,000l. of real or declared value, and in the first year of the peace did not reach 27,500,000l. amounted in 1849 to nearly 59,000,000l. sterling. Under the least favorable supposition, therefore, our imports have kept pace with our population; and, allowance being made for the depreciation to which we have referred, have doubtless greatly exceeded it. quantity of these imports reserved for home consumption has borne so equable a proportion to the total imported, that the numbers just given may be taken to represent; with sufficient fairness, our command of the comforts and luxuries of life at the begining and at the close of the first half of the present

Again, the declared value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures in the year 1801 was close upon 25,000,000*l*.; but the average value of late years has considerably exceeded 50,000,000*l*., being a

more than twofold increase.

But a still better illustration of the activity and progressive increase of that commerce which we all feel to lie at the very foundation of our national greatness, may be drawn from a comparison of the exports of our own native produce and of some of our staple articles of manufacture. We will take coal as our first illustration. In the year 1801 there were exported coastwise from the two ports of Newcastle and Sunderland less than 2,000, 000 tons of that valuable fuel; in the year 1847 the quantity fell very little short of 4,500,000 tons; so that in less than half a century the home consumption of coal from these two sources has greatly outstripped the growth of population. But the increase in our exports to foreign parts from the same ports has been still more remarkable; for while in 1801 the quantity exported was less than 150,000 tons, in 1847 it amounted to very nearly 1,500,000 tons, being more than a ten-fold increase. Nor is the force of the comparison much impaired if we substitute for the year 1801, which was a year of war, the year 1816, the first year of peace. The chief increase in our foreign coal trade has taken place since the peace. The money value of our exports in coal and culm in each of the years 1848 and 1849 exceeded 1,000,000*l*. sterling.

We will take another article of prime necessity, and one requiring for its production comparatively little skill, as a test of the relative activity of our commerce now, and at the beginning of the present century, namely, salt. The export of this valuable condiment in the year 1801, slightly exceeded 7,500,000 bushels; in 1827 it fell even below that amount; but in the year 1848 we exported very nearly 19,000,000 bushels. In this article, then, we have more than a twofold export to set against our standard of comparison—a less than twofold increase of population.

If from coal and salt we pass to iron, we shall obtain results still more remarkable. It appears from estimates of the total quantity of iron produced in England and Wales at different periods, that while in 1750, by the use of charcoal, about 27,000 tons of iron were made, in 1788, after coke had been partially substituted for charcoal, about 68,000 tons, and in 1806 about 250,000 tons, in 1849 the quantity amounted to about 2,000,000 tons. In 1848 the export of iron and steel, wrought and unwrought exceeded 626,000 tons, valued at nearly 5,000,000l., exclusive of machinery and mill-work to the value of upwards of 800,000%. Hence it appears that the present export of iron alone more than doubles the total quantity produced in the early part of the present century, and that the total production of iron has been, at least, quadrupled.

It is in the rapid growth of our textile manufactures, however, -whether measured by the quantity exported, or by the total quantity of the raw material consumed, -that we have the most extraordinary indication of the great and growing prosperity of the country. Porter, in a paper published in the last number of the Statistical Society's Journal, tells us that the quantity of cotton consumed in the year 1800 was somewhat above 56,000, 000 lbs., but that in 1849 it had reached the almost incredible amount of 775,500,000 We have thus an increase in the short period of half a century of 1284 per cent! Nor has this astonishing increase in the consumption of cotton taken place at the expense of other textile manufactures; for we find

the same authority stating that, in the comparatively short interval from 1831 to 1849, the import of foreign flax has advanced from 936,000 cwt. to 1,800,000 cwt.—a nearly twofold increase: while the value of linen exported has risen from little more than 1,700,000 in 1832, to upwards of 3,000,000 in 1849; and of linen yarn from about 9,000l. to about 738,000l.; a nearly twofold increase of the finished manufacture, a more than eighty-fold increase of the half-finished means of foreign production.

Even though the use of cotton has very largely superseded that of woollen, the export of woollen goods has suffered no diminution, if we omit from comparison the few years which immediately succeeded the restoration of peace with America; for whereas in 1819 the export of woollen goods fell short of 6,000,000l. sterling, the export in 1847 had nearly reached 7,000,000l. Nor has the vast increase of the cotton manufacture taken place at the expense of that of silk; for the importation of silk, which at the beginning of the present century amounted to about 1,000,000 lbs., now exceeds 5,500,000; while the declared value of silk goods exported has risen from 371,000l. in 1820, to 978, 000l. in 1847.

It is rather from fear of wearying the reader with statistical details than from any want of material for the further illustration of the question we are now considering, that we abstain from entering into further proofs of the progressive increase which has taken place in the manufactures and commerce of the country during the period included in our review. The same consideration for the reader prevents us from entering into details respecting the sources from which we have drawn our facts and figures, or into explanations of the reasons which have induced or compelled us to prefer one year to another in the comparisons we have instituted. Suffice it to say, that we have not allowed ourselves to be influenced in any degree by a desire to represent the state and progress of the nation in manufactures and commerce in too favorable a light. In some instances, indeed, we have done our subject injustice, by taking as our term of comparison some other year than the year 1849; which, as the reader will probably recollect, presents the remarkable phenomenon of an increase in the declared value of our exports over the year immediately preceding it of 10,000,000% sterling, and an increase to about half that amount over the year 1847, which, for convenience sake, we more than once selected for comparison.

The immense and rapidly increasing amount of raw material which the foregoing figures prove to be consumed by our manufactures, points not merely to a large external commerce, busied in exchanging those things which we have in excess for others of which we stand in need, but to a still larger internal commerce in articles of the first necessity to our own population. Iron worked into tools and machines, cotton, linen, silk and wool wrought into articles of clothing, are being exchanged in constantly increasing quantities for the corn and cattle of the agriculturist. Our exports, on the other hand, amounting, one year with another, to nearly 60,000,000l. of declared value, are replaced partly by the raw material of manufacture, partly by the corn, meat, fruit, oil, and spices, the tea, sugar, and coffee, which constitute the simple enjoyments and wholesome luxuries of the people.

A glance at the table of imports, and especially at the quantities retained for home consumption, serves to place in a very striking light the benefits conferred upon the mass of our population by a flourishing external commerce. We will specify a few of the articles so retained for consumption during the

vear 1848.

Under the head of corn, meal, and flour, we retained for our own use nearly two million quarters of wheat, upwards of a million and a half quarters of Indian corn, and nearly a million and a half quarters of flour and meal. Of tea we retained nearly 49,000,000 lbs; of coffee, more than 37,000,000 lbs.; of cocoa, nearly 3,000,000 lbs. Of sugar, we reserved more than 6,000,000 cwt. Of currants we consumed 380,000 cwts.; and of other dried fruit a quarter of a million cwt.; of butter, 286,000 cwt.; of cheese, 425,000 cwt. Our list would be incomplete if we did not specify the small item of 88,000,000 of eggs.

From this enumeration we have been obliged to omit many articles, of which, in a more formal and statistical treatise, we should have made honorable mention. But we have said enough to show, that it is not for the mere profit of the manufacturer and the shipowner, or even of the artisans employed in the production of articles of export, that England carries on her vast transactions in every quarter of the globe; but that our fellowcitizens of every class may enjoy, not only needful food and clothing, but many luxuries denied to rich men even in the past century.

We must not omit to mention, as a test of the state and progress of the nation, the extent to which we have availed ourselves, at different periods, of the materials employed

in the construction of houses and buildings. The consumption of bricks and timber is justly held to form a measure of the prosperity of the country, inasmuch as it is one indication of the amount of money available for objects of a more durable kind than food and clothing. Now it appears that the number of bricks consumed in England and Scotland in the year 1802 somewhat exceeded 700,000,000. In the year 1849, when the construction of railroads had, to a great extent, ceased, the consumption was considerably upwards of 1,400,000,000.

The consumption of timber, again, which in 1801, amounted to only 162,000 loads, in

1848 had reached 864,000 loads.

It is, of course, impossible to ascertain to what extent iron, which for many years past has been more and more largely used for building purposes, is being used in conjunction with bricks and timber; but the figures just adduced leave no doubt that the consumption of building materials has much more than kept pace with the increase of population. It is also well known, that each successive census has shown a slight, though not important, increase of houses relatively to population.

But if we would form a just conception of the wealth with which our vast manufacturing industry and flourishing commerce have endowed us; if we would gain some idea of the immense sums which yearly pass through the hands of our working classes, we must turn to that page of our blue-book which tells us of the consumtion, chiefly, though not exclusively, by working men, of the three superfluities, beer, spirits, and tobacco. Mr. Porter, in a work to which we have already had occasion to refer,* gives the following table, which we transfer without alteration to our columns:—

British and Colonial Spirits. \pounds 20,810,208
Brandy $\underbrace{\hspace{1cm}}$ 3,281,250

Total of Spirits. \pounds 24,091,458
Beer of all_kinds, exclusive of that brewed in private families. $\underbrace{\hspace{1cm}}$ 25,383,165
families. $\underbrace{\hspace{1cm}}$ 7,588,607 \pounds 57,063,230

This unprecedented expenditure, chiefly by the working classes (for it is exclusive of upwards of six million gallons of wine retained

^{*} On the Self-imposed Taxation of the Working Classes in the United Kingdom. By G. R. Porter, Esq., F.R.S. "Journal of the Statistical Society," vol. xiii. part 4.

mainly for the use of the rich)—this expenditure on luxuries which, if not always pernicious, are at least not necessary, is brought forward to prove the vast sums of money which, in a country like ours, pass every year through the hands of working men, attesting the prosperity much more, alas! than the wisdom or civilization of the people.

It may assist the reader to form a just idea of the magnitude of this sum, if we remind him that it greatly exceeds the total net revenue of the nation, and is equal to the declared value of our exports even in flourishing years. We are sorely tempted to enlarge upon this subject, and to quote some of Mr. Porter's severe but just observations on the moral inferences to be drawn from these remarkable figures; but we feel that we must not allow ourselves to be drawn away too far or too long from the subject which we have taken in hand.

From the progress of the nation in manufactures and commerce, the transition is natural and easy to those undertakings by which in all ages commerce has been most effectually promoted: we mean the construction of roads, and the improvement of all the means and appliances of locomotion. In this important point, the first half of the present century has an undeniable advantage over the last century; for though the construction of navigable canals dates as far back as the year 1755, when the Sandy-brook Canal was authorized by Act of Parliament, to be followed in 1759 by the Act authorizing the construction of the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal; nevertheless, out of 2200 miles (the estimated length of the navigable canals in England), upwards of 500 miles have been dug since the year 1800. Again, though England, previous to the beginning of the present century, was not destitute of good roads, still the grand improvement in roadmaking, which brought the turnpike roads of England to a degree of perfection that almost makes us regret the introduction of railroads, is due to the late Mr. M'Adam, a man of our own time, who first brought his plans to bear about the year 1820. This grand improvement in road-making may be fairly set off against the introduction of navigable canals in the last century, so as to leave the railroad and the steamship as the peculiar honor of our own times.

It is a curious fact in the history of rail-ways, that the first Act obtained for the construction of a public railway for the conveyance of goods was passed in the first year of this century. Up to the year 1830 inclusive,

no less than sixty-nine Acts of Parliament for the same purpose were obtained; but it was not till that year that the Liverpool and Manchester line, for the conveyance of goods and passengers, was opened. The history of railroads since that period is too fresh in the recollection of the reader to justify minute Suffice it to say that a capital of 200 or 300 millions has been raised, an income of between 11 and 12 millions secured, more than 6000 miles of railway opened, upwards of 60,000,000 passengers carried to and fro in one year, at a speed varying from twenty to fifty miles an hour, and a staff of more than 50,000 well-paid officials brought into existence. The history of railways has its painful reminiscences, to which it is not our intention to refer in this place. Taking them altogether, the railroads of England are works of which the men of this century may be justly proud.

Steam navigation, also, is the work of our own times; for though Jonathan Hulls, more than a century ago, proposed the application of steam power to the propulsion of vessels, and though attempts were made to realize the idea in France, America, and Scotland, between the years 1781 and 1790, it was not till 1806 that Fulton succeeded in establishing steam navigation in America, nor till 1811 that the Comet first plied for passengers on the Clyde. The rapid progress which steam navigation has made since that date may be inferred from the single fact, that in the year 1848 we possessed 1253 steam-vessels, of 168,078 tons burthen; of which number no less than 128, of 16,476 tons burthen, were built in the year in question. Our limits will not allow of our tracing the several leading points in the history of this important improvement in navigation: we are content simply to bring to mind the fact, that this too is the work of our own days-one of the many triumphs of this busy, bustling, nineteenth century.

While we are upon the subject of the improvements in the means of intercommunication which characterize the ninetenth century beyond the last, or indeed any former century, we must not omit to contrast the great engineering works of our own time with those of the century preceding us. While the eighteenth century could boast only of Westminster Bridge, completed in the year 1750, and Blackfriars' Bridge, in 1770, we have built in the metropolis, in the first half of the present century, Waterloo Bridge, London Bridge, the Southwark and Vauxhall Iron Bridges, and the Hammersmith and Charing

Cross Suspension Bridges. The London and West India Docks, the Breakwater at Plymouth, the Thames Tunnel at Rotherhithe, the Menai Suspension Bridge, and the two Tubular Bridges, form more than equivalents for the Eddystone Lighthouse and the Bridgewater Canal, the great engineering works of

the past century. But perhaps we cannot better illustrate the superiority of our own times to the eighteenth century in this respect, than by recalling the fact, that in order to construct 2200 miles of navigable canal, no less than three-quarters of a century were required (for the first canal was opened in 1758, and the Caledonian Canal was completed in 1834), while twenty years of our own more stirring and active, and we may in justice add, more peaceful times, our larger command of capital, added to our greater mechanical skill, have enabled us to complete more than 6000 miles of railroad. When, moreover, it is considered how much more costly these modern works are, how much more complicated in their machinery, and how much more expensive in the staff required for their management, we cannot but form a very satisfactory opinion of the pecuniary and scientific resources of our own time. In connection with the subject of railroads, we must not fail to mention that other great invention, the Electric Telegraph, which has converted into simple matter of fact the most improbable of poetic fictions, and outstripped the fantastic performances of Prospero's "tricksy spirit," binding nations together by invisible ties of sympathy, conveying the anxious inquiries of relatives, and the important instructions of men of business and of governments, with the rapidity of thought, and arresting the steps of the thief and murderer as by the paralysing stroke of a magic wand.

If the rapid increase of manufacturing industry, the spread of commerce, and the improvement of our means of internal and external intercommunication, have really enriched us as they would seem to have done, we ought to find indications of increasing wealth in the rapid accumulation of capital. Such indications, accordingly, are not wanting. Let us take only a few of them. The sums insured against fire, though partly indicating the growing prudence of the community, form no uncertain measure of the increase of property requiring such protection. Now, in the first year of this century, the sum so insured in the United Kingdom exceeded £232,000,000, but in the year 1841 it had already nearly trebled itself, being upwards

of £681,000,000. We regret that we have no means at hand of ascertaining the increase which has taken place, in the same period of time, in the sums insured upon life; but there can be no doubt that they also would exhibit a very considerable increase. amounts invested in this manner for the insurance of property and life would indicate the growing prudence and accumulating wealth of the upper and middle classes, but not of the classes which form the bulk of the community. Fortunately, however, we are able to produce satisfactory evidence upon this point also, in the shape of the returns The first savings' from the savings' banks. bank was established at Tottenham in 1804, by Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, though proposals for the formation of a parochial saving club, on the principles of those now common in our rural districts, had been circulated in 1799. It was not, however, till 1817 that savings' banks received legislative recognition and encouragement. The sums received in the year 1819 (they fell off half a million in 1820) amounted in round numbers to a million and a half; in 1848 the sum invested was about twenty-six millions and a quarter, exclusive of £600,000 invested by the charitable institutions, and more than three millions placed by friendly societies in the hands of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. This immense sum of twenty millions sterling stood in the names of more than one million depositors, having on an average upwards of twenty-five pounds a-piece. In confirmation of the deductions to be drawn from these figures, and in illustration of the great and rapid accumulation of capital that has been going on, we may adduce the increase in the amount of personal property which has been shown to have taken place in the interval from 1814 to 1841. At the former period the amount was estimated at £1,200,000,000, at the latter period at £2,000,000,000. Again, it has been shown that the capital subject to legacy-duty in Great Britain, on the average of the forty-four years between 1797 and 1841, was nearly £26,000,000, while in the single year 1840 it was nearly £40,500,000. As the average for the whole period is evidently much higher than the amount for any single year at the beginning of the century, it is clear that a very great increase of property subject to the legacy-duty must have taken place in the first half of the present century. more illustration of the same class, and we leave this part of the subject. In the year

1798, the value of real property in Great Britain was estimated at £995,000,000, while Sir Robert Peel, in bringing forward his proposal for an income-tax, in 1842, stated it at £1,820,000,000. Taking these figures one with another, there can be no reasonable doubt that the real and personal property, and the investments and savings of the wealthier and poorer classes, have very far outstripped the growth of population; in other words, that the people of England, taking one man with another, are richer than they were fifty years ago. The extraordinary diminution which has taken place during the same period in the price of some of the first articles of necessity, serves to prove that they are not only richer, in the sense of having more money and more capital at their command, but also in being able to purchase with the same amount of money a much larger quantitity of all the necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life.

If further proof were needed of the accumulation of capital which has been taking place during the last fifty years, it would be afforded by the sums which have been devoted to charitable purposes. It is true that this test is open to the objection that the application of money to such purposes is something more than an indication of surplus capital seeking this best of all investmentsthat it is a measure also of the charitable and religious feelings of the community, and that a progressive increase in moneys so applied might take place without any real increase of available capital, but as the natural result of stronger religious convictions, growing tenderness of feeling, and more exact and profound knowledge of the amount of destitution, disease, and suffering prevailing among the great mass of the population. We admit the force of such objections as these, and shall accordingly leave to the reader the alternative of attributing the vast increase of charitable establishments during the first half of the present century, either to the growth of capital, the spread of religious and benevolent feelings, enlarged knowledge of the wants of the poor, or (what is more probable) the combined influence of all these causes. If the facts we are about to detail do not convince the reader that the country is growing rapidly richer, it will be some comfort to him to think that it is growing better. Perhaps it will be still more satisfactory to reflect, that as the nation has grown rich, it has not ceased to be kind, and that it has not allowed itself to forget whose steward the rich man is declared to be.

We will first take a comprehensive view of this subject, by throwing together all the metropolitan charities of every kind established during the present century, and comparing them with those set on foot during the whole of the eighteenth century. The number of charities founded during the past fifty years is 294; those established during the last century, 109; whence it appears that in fifty years the separate works of charity of our contemporaries have been nearly threefold those of our ancestors of the last century; and when it is considered that the founding of these new charities has been coincident with a very liberal patronage of those already in existence, there can be no reasonable doubt that the expenditure of charities at the present time is much greater than at any former period. The summary from which we have taken these figures does not pretend to be complete; * but it shows a grand total of 491 metropolitan charities, exclusive of the charities in the gift of the several city companies; exclusive also of Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals, of savings' banks and loan societies, of parochial schools, and of Government grants. These 491 charities have an income of £1,022,864, exclusive of £741,869 derived from funded property, land, or other permanent securities. So that the annual subscriptions to metropolitan charities, contributed chiefly by inhabitants of the metropolis, amount to more than a million sterling, or about ten shillings a head on every man, woman, and child resident therein. The annual additions in the shape of legacies is also known to be very considerable.

It may not be uninteresting to observe, that while the two classes of general medical hospitals and asylums for orphans and other necessitous children have exhibited no increase of number during the present, as compared with the past century, and colleges, hospitals, and other asylums of the aged, have fallen off more than one-half, medical charities for special purposes and general dispensaries have increased twofold; and that societies for the preservation of life and public morals, for reclaiming the fallen and staying the progress of crime, for the relief of destitution and distress, for the blind, deaf and dumb, for aiding the resources of the industrious, for providing pensions for the aged and incapacitated, for gratuitous instruction, religious and secular, and for Bible and

^{*} The Charities of London. By Sampson Low, jun. 1850.

missionary purposes, have very largely in-It further affords an interesting indication of the direction which public charity is now taking, that whereas in the last century there was but one society for the preservation of life and the protection of morals, there are now no less than twelve such societies; that in place of four societies for reclaiming the fallen and staying the progress of crime, there are now eighteen; that in lieu of one society for aiding the resources of the industrious, there are now fourteen; and that provident and pension societies have increased from sixteen to eighty-six. The fact is also too striking to be omitted, that the annual voluntary contributions to Bible and Missionary societies fall very little short of half a million, exclusive of a hundred and sixty thousand subscribed to other purposes, chiefly religious; and that in the fifty years, from 1800 to 1849 inclusive, eleven millions of money have been expended by the several missionary societies. It will be seen then, that considerably more than half the income derived by our charities from voluntary contributions is devoted to purposes of a strictly religious character.

Another illustration of the point we are now considering, namely, the accumulation of capital, may be derived from the history of learned societies. Previous to the eighteenth century there was but one such society-the Royal Society-founded in 1660, and chartered in 1662. During the eighteenth century four new societies were established: the Society of Antiquaries, in 1707; the Society of Arts, in 1753; the Medical Society of London, 1773; and the Linnean Society, in 1788. During the present century there have been added to the list no less than thirty societies, among which it will be sufficient to specify the Geological Society, the Zoological Society, the Royal Society of Literature, the Royal Astronomical Society, the Royal Asiatic Society, the Royal Geographical Society, the Statistical Society, and the Archæological Associate and Institute. The British Association for the Advancement of Science, founded in the year 1835, is not included in the foregoing list; nor the Royal, London, and Russell Institutions, of which the first was set on foot in 1800. The only provincial society founded in the last century was the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester; whereas no less than twentyfive provincial societies of importance have been established during the present century."

Scotland appears to have taken the lead in the establishment of literary and scientific

societies; for we find that during the eighteenth century it possessed no less than six metropolitan and one provincial society, to which have been added during the present century six metropolitan and eight provincial societies. In Ireland the Royal Irish Academy alone existed in the eighteenth century: sixteen leading societies are of more recent foundation. We must not omit to mention, as strictly belonging to learned societies, the large number of twenty-two printing societies, of which the Camden, Parker, Shakspeare, Sydenham, Ray, and Cavendish, are among the most important.*

The increase of scientific societies, taken merely as an indication of the accumulation of capital, leaving an available surplus for annual subscriptions to such purposes, is open to the same objection as the increase of charitable societies. It is not merely the possession of surplus funds by the educated classes, but probably also a growing taste for scientific and literary pursuits, which prompt men to associate in this manner. On either supposition, however, or on the theory that both causes have contributed to the result, the rapid growth and generally flourishing state of these societies may be regarded as a very satisfactory proof of national progress.

If the period we have been passing in review have really been characterized by this commercial activity, this growth of manufactures, and this accumulation wealth; if we have been justified in pointing to the liberal support of charitable institutions, and the no less liberal patronage of scientific societies, as evidences, not merely of certain peculiar tendencies of the public mind, but also of surplus capital seeking investment, we ought to find a material manifestation and embodiment of these tendencies in that unerring index to the true state of a nation, the metropolis of the empire. To that, as to a centre, the enterprise, the skill, the talent, and the taste of the people, are irresistibly attracted. In it their effects and workings are all displayed. Its docks are crowded with shipping, its thoroughfares obstructed by traffic, its buildings display on every side the energies and the impulses that are at work within it. The nation, conscious of its greatness, seeks to embody that consciousness in structures, vast in dimension and costly in ornament. The Legisla-

^{*} The foregoing facts, with some corrections and additions, are taken from a work by the Rev. A. Hume, entitled, The Learned Societies and Printing Clubs of the United Kingdom. 1847.

ture must have its Palace of Westminster, and will not suffer its instinct to be thwarted by an empty exchequer, or the protests of financial reformers. Its hero-worship breaks forth on every side into columns and statues -the heroes not always of the worthiest, the statues not always of the best-its yearning after education takes a material form in such institutions as King's College, University College, and the City of London School; the strength of the popular element displays itself in the British Musem, the Museum of Economic Geology, in palaces and royal gardens thrown open to the public, and in royal parks laid out for the exercise and recreation of the people; the commercial tendencies and business habits of the nation, assuming more and more the form of association for purposes of profit, betray its ambitious nature and conscious self-importance by such buildings as the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, the Corn and Coal Exchange, the joint-stock and private banking-houses, and assurance offices; and retail trade, infected with the same spirit of display, lines our thoroughfares with plate-glass and or-molu. The higher and middle classes, meanwhile, scorning the privacy of isolated dwellings, rear whole streets of palaces, to show that with them, too, the spirit of association is at work. Science, however, with characteristic modesty, continues to make little outward display; but charity, infected, alas! with something of the ostentation which is the besetting sin of mercantile communities, addresses herself to the senses in forms somewhat too ornate to be consistent with her character, and too lavish of expense to be in keeping with her objects. Above all, the growing Church feeling, which, in moderation, contents itself with propriety of external form and internal decoration, when carried to excess, becomes lavish in external ornament, and competes with Rome herself in the gorgeousness of its ecclesiastical upholstery. On the other hand, as if to show the strength and universality of this feeling, even the grim Dissenter abandons his four bare walls, and revels in all the luxuriance of Gothic. The prison, too, as if to typify that morbid sympathy with the criminal which is one of the besetting sins of our age, exchanges its massive walls and gloomy portals for a more gay and smiling exterior; while the union workhouse shadows forth, by meretricious ornament, the unsoundness and glaring contradiction of the arguments by which our degrading and demoralizing Poor-law is supported and defended. With |

far more propriety, the modern lunatic asylum displays, in its vast extent, its pleasing exterior, and its attractive pleasure-grounds, contrasting so favorably with the prison-like appearance of its predecessors, the wide prevalence of that distressing malady of the mind, and the happy change that has come over the spirit of our philosophy, and the wise reform introduced into our methods of treatment. Nor will any one who knows how to sympathize with the equally happy change which is coming over the spirit of our philanthropy, grudge the model lodginghouses, and the baths and wash-houses, such ornament as their promoters shall deem consistent with the unpretending nature of their claims.

That wealth has been accumulating, during the last fifty years, faster than population has increased; that it has sought investments, not merely in undertakings promising profit, but also, to a very creditable extent, in works of science or humanity, bringing their own peculiar reward; that it has displayed itself somewhat ostentatiously, and not always under the guidance of good taste, or a just perception of the fitness of things, in the substantial form of metropolitan improvement, we hold to be a fair inference from the facts and figures which we have adduced. Nor are these evidences of increasing wealth, accompanied by proportionate outlay on works of utility and charity, confined to the metropolis. The country also exhibits at least a satisfactory advance in true civilization. The capital raised for the construction of railroads has been expended, not, as some will have it, in defacing the rural landscape, but in superadding the attraction of architectural forms, rarely unpleasing, often singularly beautiful, and in conferring upon every considerable city the ornament of at least one handsome pile of buildings. In almost every seaport, docks have been built or enlarged, the coast is being studded with harbors, new towns have come into existence, and public buildings, rivaling the best structures of the metropolis in extent and magnificence, have been erected in our busy seats of manufacture and commerce. In the smaller provincial towns, literary institutions and mechanics' institutes, museums and libraries, schools and churches, are being called into existence, to vindicate the claim of the country to share with the capital in charitable impulses, and in zeal for education and the spread of religion. Even remote rural villages have been made to feel the workings of the strong spirit

of the times; and cottages, fit for the dwellings of civilized men, are seen standing side by side with churches restored or newly built, in which consideration for the accommodation of the poor seems to vie with zeal for the honor of God's house.

A man must be blind, indeed, who cannot see on every side of him proofs that this nation, during the last fifty years, has been both accumulating capital and expending it upon purposes of lasting utility. At the same time, we flatter ourselves that we detect many signs of improvement in the tastes and habits of men of wealth and station—a check seems to have been given to the lavish profusion of Indian nabobs and wealthy parvenus, and even riches earned in trade are now expended with far better taste, and directed by a much sounder feeling, than at any former period of our history. seems to be less than there was before of vulgar riot and profusion; the habits of the higher orders have undoubtedly improved; and if we may believe the testimony of those who know most of the artisans in our large towns, and of the laborers in our rural districts, the great mass of the population is making slow but sure advances towards that civilization of which even the humblest and poorest are susceptible. Among the influences at work for their refinement and elevation, we are bound to acknowledge the labors of the clergy, more than ever alive to the responsibilities they have taken upon themselves, and the exertions of those who, whether as advocates of sanitary reforms, or of provident institutions and habits, are working with the Church towards the accomplishment of the same great pur-

Much has been said and written about Mammon-worship, the haste to grow rich, and the reckless spirit of competition which are said to characterize the times in which we live. Far be it from us to offer incense to that greedy god, to extenuate the dangers and temptations which riches bring with them, or to palliate the evils of a heartless and dishonest competition. But while we would not shut our eyes to the evils which lie one side, we should be wilfully blind not to recognize the countervailing advantages which present themselves on the other. The gold which, as if in bitter irony, the Israelites of old cast into the form of a calf to worship, becomes an instrument of mercy when put to its original uses—when wisely spent in stimulating and rewarding honest labor, increasing the comforts and rational enjoyments of the people, promoting the great cause of education, and, above all, instructing the poor in what concerns their best and highest interests.

That spirit of competition, too, which some men amongst us denounce as the accursed cause of the squalid misery of so large a fraction of the whole working population, and for which they would substitute an almost untried principle of association, which, if successful, would ere long restore competition in a new and equally objectionable form—even this competition, so deprecated and so feared, is in itself, when kept within the limits of honesty, the means of conferring the inestimable blessing of cheapness. We say deliberately the blessing of cheapness; for cheapness, honestly brought about, (by which we mean a genuine article at a low pricefor a bad article is dear at any price,) lies at the root of all civilization. For the great mass of the population of all countries and all times, the first necessity is food; and unless it be cheap relatively to the value of labor, there is no surplus fund for clothing; unless clothing be cheap, no surplus for shelter; unless hodses be cheap, (cheap again in the sense of being good at a low price,) no surplus for books, or for education of children, or provision against sickness, want of employment, and old age. Owing to the operation of that principle of competition which is now so loudly denounced, the laboring population have long been in the possession of cheap clothing; and for a short period, thanks to the combined effects of at least one good harvest and of free trade in corn, food, too, can be obtained on moderate terms. Some steps have also been taken to add to cheap food and cheap clothing that other grand requisite, cheap shelter; and we trust that as soon as the state of the revenue will permit, the repeal of the window duties and of the timber tax, together with a cheap supply of pure water to our towns, will complete the good work, of which the repeal of the excise on glass and on bricks formed so auspicious a commencement. When the price of food, clothing, and shelter shall have been reduced, the repeal of the excise on soap and paper may be expected soon to follow. that remains after that, as being of secondry importance, may be left to the operation of the natural law of supply and demand.

Happily, the time, if not already gone by, is rapidly passing, when the doctrine of cheapness and the practice of economy were scorned as vulgar things. The doctrine and the practice are gaining acceptance where

lavish expenditure were once the order of the day, and the thought of economy associated with the idea of meanness. Now, on the other hand, debt is going out of fashion, and beginning to be condemned, not merely as inconvenient, but also as dishonest and cruel. The rich man who contracts obligations he cannot fulfil, is classed with the poor man who makes no provision for the casualties of the future—with the yeoman who farms with insufficient capital, and the tradesman who embarks in unprincipled speculations, or openly courts bankruptcy by selling goods at less than thier cost price.

There are indications, too, full of promise for the future, that idleness, whether in the higher or lower classes, will not be much longer tolerated—that it will expose the rich man to contempt, and the poor man to

punishment; and that honest labor we bill more than ever secure of its just reward. The ruinous doctrines and practices which have brought about so large a proportion of our population into a state of abject dependence, have fallen into discredit and disuse; the habit of indiscriminate almsgiving is beginning to be held in as little respect as drunkenness, or debauchery, or any other form of weak and sinful self-indulgence; and the laws against which Bishop Burnet, and Malthus, and Chalmers, so eagerly protested, and which Sir George Sinclair, and Dr. Begg, and other philanthropic observers of the operation of the Poor-law in Scotland, have united in condemning, are fast falling into disrepute. On the other hand, the dignity of labor was never more heartily recognised, or its claims more warmly responded to.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

BIBLIOMANIA.

Or all the passions to which the human mind can surrender itself, there is none more absorbing than the mania of book-collecting. Let those speak honestly who have indulged in it. It is a species of bulimia—an insatiable appetite, which "grows by what it feeds on." I have purchased my experience of this matter rather dearly, having at one period occupied much time, and laid out more money than I like to think of, in forming a select and curious library. My books formed my chief solace and amusement during many years of an active and unprofitable professional life. The pressure of pecuniary difficulties forced me to part with them, and taught me practically, though not pleasantly, the vast distinction between buying and selling. It was something to see placarded, in imposing type, "Catalogue of the valuable and select library of a gentleman, containing many rare and curious editions." But alas! the sum produced was scarcely a third of the intrinsic value, and less than half of the original cost. There have been instances—but they are "few and far between"—where libraries have been sold at a premium. Take, for example, the collection of Doctor Far-

larly rich in Shaksperian authorities and black-letter lore, which produced above £2,200, and was supposed to have cost the owner not more than £500. Many were presents. When you get the character of a collector, a stray gift often drops in, and scarce volumes find their way to your shelves, which the quondam owners, uninitiated in bibliomania, know not the worth of. I once purchased an excellent copy of the quarto "Hamlet," of 1611, of an unsuspecting bibliopolist, for ten shillings; my conscience smote me, but the temptation was irresisti-The best copy in existence of the Caxtonian edition of Gower's "De Confessione Amantis," fol. 1483, one of the rarest among printed books, when found perfect, was purchased by a Dublin bookseller, at Cork, with a lot of old rubbish (in 1832), for a mere trifle, and was sold afterwards for more than £300. It is now in the celebrated Spencer Library at Althorp. For some time after the sale of my library I was very miserable. I had parted with my old companions, everyday associates, long-tried friends, who never

mer, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, singu
* This small and dingy volume, originally published at sixpence, has sold for £12.

quarreled with me, and never ruffled my temper. But I knew the sacrifice was inevitable, and I became reconciled to what I could not avoid. I thought of Roscoe, and what he must have suffered in the winter of life, when a similar calamity fell on him, and he was forced by worldly pressure to sell a library ten times more valuable. I recollected, too, the affecting lines he penned on the occasion:-

"TO MY BOOKS.

(By W. Roscoe, on parting from his Library.)

"As one, who, destined from his friends to part, Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile To share their converse, and enjoy their smile, And tempers, as he may, affliction's dartie Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art, Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile My tedious hours, and lighten every toil, I now resign you; nor with fainting heart; For pass a few short years, or days, or hours, And happier seasons may their dawn unfold, And all your sacred fellowship restore; When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers, Mind shall with mind direct communion hold, And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

What time does book-collecting occupy! what anxiety it excites! what money it requires! The great use of books is to read them; the mere possession is a fantasy. Your genuine book-collector seldom reads anything but catalogues, after the mania has fully possessed him, or such bibliographical works as facilitate his purchases. If you are too poor to buy, and want to read, there are public libraries abundantly accessible. There is a circulating library in every village, and there are plenty of private collections undisturbed by their owners. Subscribe or borrow; don't steal!-a common practice enough, notwithstanding, and not without authority.* If your friends are churlish, and won't lend, and your pockets are empty, and you can't even subscribe, still you can think -you must try to remember what you have read, and live on your recollections of past enjoyment, as the wife of Bath did in old Chaucer's tale. You'll save your eyes, too; and when you get beyond forty-five, that point is worth attending to. After all, what do we collect for? At most, a few years' possession of what we can very well do without. When Sir Walter Raleigh was on his way to execution, he called for a cup of ale, and observed, "That is good drink, if a

man could only stay by it." So are rare and curious libraries good things, if we could stay by them; but we can't. When the time comes, we must go, and then our books, and pictures, and prints, and furniture, and china go, too; and are knocked down by the smirking, callous auctioneer, with as little remorse as a butcher knocks a bullock on the head, or a poulterer wrings round the neck of a pullet, or a surgeon slips your arm out of the socket, chuckling at his own skill, whilst you are writhing in unspeakable

agony.

Don't collect books, and don't envy the possessors of costly libraries. Read and recollect. Of course you have a Bible and Prayer-book. Add to these the Pilgrim's Progress, Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Byron (if you like), a History of England, Greece, and Rome, Boswell's Life of Johnson, and Napier's Peninsular War. A moderate sum will give you these; and you possess a Cabinet Encyclopedia of religious, moral, and entertaining knowledge, containing more than you want for practical purposes, and quite as much as your brains can easily carry. Never mind the old classics; leave them to college libraries, where they look respectable, and enjoy long slumbers. The monthly periodicals will place you much more au courant with the conversation and acquirements of the day. Add, if you can, a ledger, with a good sound balance on the right side, and you will be a happier, and perhaps a better read man, than though you were uncontrolled master of the Bodleian, the National Library of France, and the innumerable tomes of the Vatican into the bargain.

Don't collect books, I tell you again emphatically. See what in my case it led to-"one modern instance more." Collect wisdom; collect experience; above all, collect money-not as our friend Horace recommends, "quocunque modo," but by honest industry alone. And when you have done this, remember it was my advice, and be

grateful.

What I say here applies to private collecting only. Far be it from me to discourage great public libraries, which, under proper arrangements, are great public benefits; useful to society, and invaluable to literature. But as they are regulated at present, fenced round with so many restrictions, and accessible chiefly to privileged dignitaries, or wellpaid officials, who seldom trouble them, they are little better than close boroughs, with a very narrow constituency.

^{* &}quot;This borrow, steal-don't buy."-Vide Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SALARIES OF ARTISTS AND ACTORS.

In all ages, successful actors have been an uncommonly well paid community. This is a substantial fact which no one will deny, however opinions may differ as to the comparative value of the histrionic art, when ranked with poetry, painting, and sculpture. The actor complains of the peculiar condition attached to his most brilliant triumphs-that they fade with the decay of his own physical powers, and are only perpetuated for a doubtful interval through the medium of imperfect imitation-very often a bad copy of an original which no longer exists to disprove the libel. In the actor's case, then, something must certainly be deducted from posthumous renown; but this is amply balanced by living estimation and a realized fortune. There are many instances of great painters, poets, and sculptors, (aye, and philosophers, too,) who could scarcely gain a livelihood; but we should be puzzled to name a great actor without an enormous salary. I don't include managers in this category. They are unlucky exceptions, and very frequently lose in sovereignty what they had gained by service. An income of three or four thousand per annum, argent comptant, carries along with it many solid enjoyments. The actor who can command this, by laboring in his vocation, and whose ears are continually tingling with the nightly applause of his admirers, has no reason to consider his lot a hard one, because posterity may assign to him in the Temple of Fame a less prominent niche than is occupied by Milton, who, when alive, sold "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds; or by Rembrandt, who was obliged to feign his own death, before his pictures would provide him a dinner. If these instances fail to content him, he should recollect what is recorded of "Blind Moeonides:"

"Seven Grecian cities claim'd great Homer dead, Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread."

No doubt it is a grand affair to figure in the page of history, and be recorded amongst the "shining lights" of our generation. But there is good practical philosophy in the

homely proverb which says: "Solid pudding is better than empty praise;" the reputation which wins its current value during life is more useful to the possessor than the honor which comes after death, and which comes, as David says, in the Rivals, "exactly where we can make a shift to do without it." To have our merits appreciated two or three centuries hence, by generations yet unborn, and to have our works, whether with the pen or pencil, admired long after what was once our mortal substance is "stopping a beer-barrel," are very pleasing poetical hallucinations for all who like to indulge in them. Posterity, then, will be the chief gainers, and of all concerned the only party to whom we owe no obligations. The posterity, too. which emanates from the nineteenth century is much more likely to partake of the commercial than the romantic character, and to hold in higher reverence the memory of an ancestor who has left behind him £30,000 in bank stock or consols, than of one who has only bequeathed a marble monument in "Westminster's Old Abbey," a flourishing memoir in the "Lives of Illustrious Englishmen," or an epic poem in twenty-four cantos. I would not have it supposed that I depreciate the love of posthumous fame, or those "longings after immortality," which are powerful incentives to much that is good and great; but I am led into this train of reasoning by hearing it so constantly objected as a misfortune to the actor, that his best efforts are but fleeting shadows, and cannot survive him. This, being interpreted fairly, means that he cannot gain all that genius toils for; but he has won the lion's share, and ought to be satisfied.

Formerly the actor had to contend with prejudices which stripped him of his place in society, and degraded his profession. This was assuredly a worse evil than perishable fame; but all this has happily passed away. The taboo is removed, and he takes his legitimate place with kindred artists according to his pretensions. His large salary excites much wonder and more jealousy, but he is no longer exposed to the insult which Le Kain,

the Roscius of France, once received, and was obliged to swallow as he might. Dining one day at a restaurateur's, he was accosted by an old general officer near him. "Ah! Monsieur Le Kain, is that you? Where have you been for some weeks-we have lost you from Paris?" "I have been acting in the south, may it please your Excellency," replied Le Kain! "Eh bien!—and how much have you earned?" "In six weeks, sir, I have received 4,000 crowns." " Diable !" exclaimed the general, twirling his moustache with a truculent frown-" What's this I hear? A miserable mimic, such as thou, can gain in six weeks double the sum that I, a nobleman of twenty descents, and a Knight of St. Louis, am paid in twelve months." Voila une vraie infamie! "And at what sum, sir," replied Le Kain, placidly, "do you estimate the privilege of thus addressing me?" In those days, in France, an actor was denied Christian burial, and would have been roué vif if he had presumed to put himself on an equality with a gentleman, or dared to resent an unprovoked outrage.

The large salaries of recent days were even surpassed amongst the ancients. In Rome, Roscius, and Æsopus, his contemporary, amassed prodigious fortunes by their professional labors. Roscius was paid at the rate of £45 a day, amounting to more than £15,000 per annum of our currency. He became so rich that at last he declined receiving any salary, and acted gratuitously for several years. A modern manager would give something to stumble on such a Ros-No wonder he was fond of his art, and unwilling to relinquish its exercise. Æsopus, at an entertainment, produced a single dish, stuffed with singing-birds, which, according to Dr. Arbuthnot's computation, must have cost about £4,883 sterling. He left his son a fortune amounting to £200,000 British money. It did not remain long in the family, as, by the evidence of Horace and Pliny, he was a notorious spendthrift, and rapidly dissipated the honest earnings of his father.

Decimus Laberius, a Roman Knight, was induced, or, as some say, compelled by Julius Cæsar, to appear in one of his own mimes, an inferior kind of dramatic composition very popular amongst the Romans, and in which he was unrivalled, until supplanted by Publius Syrus. The said Liberius was consoled for the degradation by a good round sum, as Cæsar gave him 20,000 crowns and a gold ring, for this, his first and only appearance on any stage. Neither was he "alone in his

glory," being countenanced by Furius Leptinus and Quintus Calpenus, men of senatorial rank, who, on the authority of Suetonius, fought in the ring for a prize. I can't help thinking the money had its due weight with Laberius. He was evidently vain; and in his prologue, preserved by Macrobius, and translated by Goldsmith, he laments his age and unfitness quite as pathetically as the disgrace he was subjected to. "Why did you not ask me to do this," says he, "when I was young and supple, and could have acquitted myself with credit?" But, according to Macrobius, the whole business was a regular contract, with the terms settled beforehand. "Laberium asperæ libertatis equitem Romanum, Cæsar quingentis millibus, invi-tavit, ut prodiret in scenam." Good encouragement for a single amateur perform-

Garrick retired at the age of sixty, having been thirty-five years connected with the stage. He left behind him above £100,000 in money, besides considerable property in houses, furniture, and articles of vertu. He lived in the best society, and entertained liberally. But he had no family to bring up or provide for, and was systematically prudent in expenditure, although charitable, to the extreme of liberality, when occasion required. Edmund Kean might have realized a larger fortune than Garrick, had his habits been equally regular. George Frederick Cooke, in many respects a kindred genius to Kean, threw away a golden harvest in vulgar dissipation. The sums he received in America alone would have made him independent. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons both retired rich, though less so than might have been expected. She had through life heavy demands on her earnings, and he, in evil hour, invested much of his property in Covent Garden Theatre. Young left the stage in the full zenith of his reputation, with undiminished powers and a handsome inde-Macready is about doing the pendence. same, under similar circumstances. Liston and Munden were always accounted two of the richest actors of their day, and William Farren, almost "the last of the Romans," is generally reputed to be "a warm man." Long may he continue so! Miss Stephens, both the Keans, father and son, Macready, Braham, and others, have frequently received £50 a night for a long series of performances. Tyrone Power would probably have gone beyond them all, such was his increasing popularity and attraction, when the untimely catastrophe occurred which ended his career,

and produced a vacancy we are not likely to

see filled up.

John Bull has ever been remarkable for his admiration of foreign artists. The largest sums bestowed on native talent bear no comparison with the salaries given to French and Italian singers, dancers, and musicians. An importation from "beyond seas" will command its weight in gold. This love of exotic prodigies is no recent passion, but older than the days of Shakspeare. Trinculo, in the Tempest, thus apostrophizes the recumbent monster, Caliban, whom he takes for a fish :-- "Were I in England now, (as I was once,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man-any strange beast there makes a man."

Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Grisi, Taglioni, Rubini, Mario, Tamburini, Lablache, cum multis aliis, have received their thousands, and tens of thousands; but, until the Jenny Lind mania left everything else at an immeasurable distance, Paganini obtained larger sums than had ever before been received in modern times. He came with a prodigious flourish of trumpets, a vast continental reputation, and a few personal legends of the most exciting character. It was said that he had killed his wife in a fit of jealousy, and made fiddle-strings of her intestines; and that the devil had composed a sonata for him in a dream, as he formerly did for Tartini. When you looked at him, you thought all this, and more, very likely to be true. His talent was almost supernatural; while his "get up" and "mise en scene" were original and unearthly, such as those who saw him will never forget, and those who did not can with difficulty conceive. The individual and his performance were equally unlike anything that had ever been exhibited before. No picture or description can convey an adequate idea of his entrance and his exit. To walk simply on and off the stage appears a common-place operation enough; but Paganini did this in a manner peculiar to himself, which baffled all imitation. While I am writing of it, his first appearance in Dublin, at the great Musical Festival of 1830, presents itself to "my mind's eye," as an event of yesterday. When he placed himself in position to commence, the crowded audience were hushed into a death-like silence. His black habiliments, his pale, attenuated visage, powerfully expressive; his long, silky, raven tresses, and the flash of his dark eye, as he shook them back over his shoulders; his thin, transparent fingers, unusually long, the l mode in which he grasped his bow, and the tremendous length to which he drew it; and, climax of all, his sudden manner of placing both bow and instrument under his arm, while he threw his hands behind him, elevated his head, his features almost distorted with a smile of ecstasy, and his very hair instinct with life, at the conclusion of an unparalleled fantasia! And there he stood, immovable and triumphant, while the theatre rang again with peals on peals of applause, and shouts of the wildest enthusiasm! None who witnnssed this will ever forget it, nor are they likely again to see the same effect produced by mere mortal agency.

The one string feat I always considered unworthy of this great master of his art. It has been done by fifty others, and is at best but an imperfect exhibition on a perfect instrument; a mere piece of charlatanerie, or theatrical "gag," to use a professional term, sufficiently intelligible. There have been, and are, mighty magicians on the violin. Spagnoletti, De Beriot, Ole Bull (who, according to some, plays without any string at all), Sivori, Joachim, Ernst, Levy, &c., &c., are all in the list of great players; but there never was more than one Paganini; he is

unique and unapproachable.

In Dublin, in 1830, Paganini saved the Musical Festival, which would have failed but for his individual attraction, although supported by an army of talent in every department. All was done in first-rate style, not to be surpassed. There were Braham, Madame Stockhausen, H. Phillips, De Begnis, &c., &c.; Sir G. Smart for conductor, Cramer, Mori, and T. Cooke for leaders; Lindley, Nicholson, Anfossi, Lidel, Herrmann, Pigott, and above ninety musicians in the orchestra, and more than one hundred and twenty singers in the chorus. The festival was held in the Theatre-Royal, then, as now, the only building in Dublin capable of accommodating the vast number which alone could render such a speculation remunerative. The theatre can hold two thousand six hundred persons, all of whom may see and hear, whether in the boxes, pit, or galleries.* The arrangement was, to have oratorios kept distinct on certain mornings, and miscellaneous concerts on the evenings of other days. The concerts were crushers, but the first ora-

^{*} At one of the concerts during the festival, on two of the performances of Jenny Lind, on the night when George IV. came in state. and on several of the Command Nights of Lord Normanby, as well as on various benefits, this number has been exceeded.

torio was decidedly a break down. The committee became alarmed; the expenses were enormous, and heavy liabilities stared them in the face. There was no time to be lost, and at the second oratorio, duly announced, there stood Paganini, in front of the orchestra, violin in hand, on an advanced platform, overhanging the pit, not unlike orator Henley's tub, as immortalized by the poet. Between the acts of the Messiah and the Creation, he fiddled "the Witches of the Great Walnut Tree of Benevento," with other equally appropriate interpolations, to the ecstatic delight of applauding thousands, who cared not a pin for Haydn or Handel, but came to hear Paganini alone; and to the no small scandal of the select few, who thought the episode a little on the north side of consistency. But the money was thereby forthcoming, everybody was paid, the committee escaped without damage, and a hazardous speculation, undertaken by a few spirited individuals, was wound up with deserved success.

When the festival was over, the town empty, and a cannon-ball might have been fired down Sackville-street without doing much injury, Paganini was engaged by himself for a series of five performances in the theatre. For this he received £1143. His dividend on the first night's receipts amounted to £383 (horresco referens!) without a

shilling of outlay incurred on his part. He had the lion's share with a vengeance, as the manager cleared with difficulty £200. The terms he demanded and obtained were a clear two-thirds of each night's receipts, twenty-five guineas per night for the services of two auxiliaries, worth about as many shillings, the full value allowed for every free ticket, and an express stipulation that if he required a rehearsal on a dark morning, when extra light might be indispensable, the expense of candles should not fall on him-a contingency which by no possible contrivance could involve a responsibility exceeding five or six shillings. In 1848, the second year of the famine, and the first of the rebellion which did not take place, the six performances of Jenny Lind in Dublin produced seven thousand pounds sterling, of which five thousand eight hundred were paid to her and the parties with whom she was associated.* 'In America, if the furor she has at present excited continues, as is almost certain, for the next twelve months, her receipts will reach a sum sufficient to buy the fee simple of ten German principalities.

FATE OF A GENIUS.—It is with regret that | we announce the death of Mr. M'Intosh, violin-maker, residing in Dovecotland, Perth, and lately of Dublin. M'Intosh was a Highlandman, and having there acquired the art of violin-making, afterwards went to Ireland, where he commenced buisness. Here he was very successful, both because he produced good articles and was extremely steady. realized above 300l. annually, having got extraordinary prices for his instruments-some of them selling at the enormous sums of 101., 151., 201., and 301., each. He also supplied the famed Paganini with violin strings, who highly appreciated his workmanship. About that period also Mr. M'Intosh's sons were giving concerts throughout Ireland and England, and one of them by chance met Paganini in his father's shop. The latter, immediately on being informed of his skill in the profession, requested that he should play a piece of music before him, which he accordngly did, and which fascinated the great vio-

linist so much that he conferred on him the honor of his own title, by which he is now generally known. Subsequently, however, M'Intosh tried to invent the "perpetual movement," which so many have failed in-left Dublin to get rid of his friends, who greatly opposed him in the matter, and came to Scotland. He has now been continually working at the affair for eleven years, the latter four or five of which he spent in an attic in Dovecotland, Perth, and seemed to enjoy the high hope of one day or other completing what has cost many a man his life, and what also seems inconsistent with and contrary to the works of nature. He died on Wednesday morning at one o'clock. Up to the eleventh hour he kept his door shut against the kindness of friends and neighbors, and never would he admit a single individual to afford him assistance. Starvation and poverty were his only visitors, and yet hope cast for him a bright aspect for the future.-Perthshire Advertiser.

^{*} Let it not be forgotten that while the Swedish Nightingale has gained unprecedented emolument, her charities have been equally without parallel. In Dublin she gave £400 to various public institutions, and Mr. Lumley, with whom she was engaged, gave £200.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CURIOSITIES OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F. S. A.

Tales of marvelous adventure, narratives of remarkable lives and actions, the peculiarities of eccentricity, the daring of successful imposture—in short the thousand-and-one adventures which prove "truth stranger than fiction," go toward completing the fascination which volumes devoted to "remarkable characters" invariably possess. A few pages may here be agreeably devoted to a brief review of some "celebrities," who in their day were notorious; and who may be safely taken as "fair samples" of the large "genus" included in "eccentric biography."

Let us begin with an old Scottish traveler, who possessed all that inherent love of wandering for which his countrymen are famous. Lithgow has told his own interesting story in the rare volume of travels he printed first in 1614, and secondly in 1640, under the title of "The totall Discourse of the rare Adventures, and painefull Peregrinations of longe Nineteene Yeares Travailes from Scotland to the most famous kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Perfited by three deare bought voyages, in surveying of fortyeight kingdomes ancient and modern; twentyone rei-publicks, ten absolute principalities, with two hundred Ilands. Wherein is contayned an exact relation of the Lawes, Religions, Policies and Governments of all their Princes, Potentates, and People. Together with the grievous tortures he suffered by the Inquisition of Malaga in Spaine; his miraculous discovery and delivery. And of his last and late return from the Northern Isles, and other places adjacent."

Lithgow's book is as curious as his adventures. It is written in a strong spirit of self-reliance, that spirit which must have enabled him to persevere through much difficulty and danger; but which gives rather too bombastical a tone to his diction; and perhaps shows too good an opinion of himself. It would be impossible to guess what a critic of the present day would say of a

traveler who ended his preface with such words as these: "And now, referring the well-set reader to the History itselfe, where satisfaction lyeth ready to receive him, and expectation desirous of deserved thanks; I come to talke with the scelerate (rascally) companion; if thou beest a villain, a ruffian, a Momus, a knave, a carper, a critick, a buffoon, a stupid ass, and a gnawing worme, with envious lips, I bequeath thee to a carnificiall reward, where a hempen rope will soon dispatch thy snarling slander, and free my toilsome travailes, and now painfull la-bours, from the deadly poison of thy sharpedged calumnies, and so go hang thyself; for I neither will respect thy love, nor regard thy malice, and shall ever and always remaine, to the courteous still observant, and to the critical knave as he deserveth."

Our traveler, according to his own account, was one of those gay young gentlemen who occasionally find absence from their ordinary haunts a matter of convenience or necessity; he was subject, too, to what he quaintly calls "a quotidian occular inspection" of himself and his affairs, which his warm temper could not brook; and so he says-"I choosed rather to seclude myself from my soil, and exclude my relenting sorrows to be entertained with strangers," accordingly he made voyages to the Orcades and Zetland; and then into Germany, Bohemia, Helvetia, and the Low Countries; and ultimately visited Paris, where he resided for ten months before he started on one of his principal tours.

He left Paris in company with some of his countrymen, on the 7th of March 1609, reaching Rome in forty days afterwards; a curious instance of the little speed with which journeys were made in those days under ordinary circumstances. Here he affirms that some Scottish priests, connected with the Inquisition, endangered his life, and determined to arrest him, perhaps for using as free

language in Rome, about "that anti-Christian courtezan," the Pope, as he does in his book. But he was sheltered by the old Earl of Tyrone, and ultimately made his escape by leaping the walls of the city at night.

After rambling in Italy, he sailed for Venice. Thence he traveled to Lombardy and Dalmatia. While sailing among the Greek islands, his vessel was nearly taken by Turkish pirates; and his description of the commencement of the engagement with them is no bad specimen of the grandiloquent style of his entire narrative. He says—"In a furious spleene, the first hola of their courtiesies, was the progress of a martiall conflict, thundering forth a terrible noise of gally-roaring pieces. And we, in a sad reply, sent out a back-sounding echo of fiery flying shots; which made an equinox to the clouds, rebounding backwards in our perturbed breasts, the ambiguous sounds of fear and hope." Escaped from this danger, he risked his life and liberty in Crete, to effect the deliverance of a young Frenchman who had been condemned for life to the galleys, for a fatal affray in Venice occasioned by a quarrel with a courtezan. After traveling on foot more than four hundred miles, he again took boat for Milo, and beating about in the islands of the Mediterranean, on one occasion narrowly escaped a fatal shipwreck. "There was nothing saved but my coffin," says Lithgow, "which I kept always in my arms, partly that it might have brought my dead body to some creek, where being found, it might have been by the Greeks buried; and partly I held it fast also, that, saving my life, I might save it too; it was made of reeds, and would not easily sink, notwithstanding it was full of my papers and linen, which I carried in it; for the which safety of my things the Greeks were in admiration."

After much of traveling, with but ordinary incident therein, our author at last starts for Turkey, and gives a curious wood-cut of himself, dressed in costume, saying,—"Loe, here is mine effigie affixed, with my Turkish habit, my walking staff, and my turbant upon my head, even as I traveled in the bounds of Troy, and so through all Turkey." He now returned into Asia Minor; and at Aleppo joined a caravan of twelve hundred persons who were journeying to Jerusalem.

Our traveler was always a loyal man, and on making an excursion to the River Jordan, brought away a memorial for King James I., which nearly cost him his life; at Jerusalem he also obtained for the Queen some relics which savor more of Popery than such strict

Protestantism as he professed would seem to tolerate. His true courtier-like love for King James peeps forth in his account of his final adventure in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. All the pilgrims with whom he traveled were marked in the arm (apparently in the way sailors now do such things) with the sacred monogram; "but," says Lithgow, "I decyphered and subjoined below mine, the foure incorporate crowns of King James, with this inscription in the lower circle of the crown Vivat Jacobus Rex—and heere is the modell thereof," adds he, giving the cut. All this greatly exasperated the infidels, we are told, until he began "to recite the heroick virtues of our matchless monarch" when "their fury fell," and they were miraculously tolerant of the "British Solomon," all of which was related for his edification by Lithgow at an interview with him on his return. At Geneva he felt perfectly at home, and apostrophizes the place in an alliterative couplet, quite characteristic of the taste of his times—

"Glance, glorious Geneve; gospel-guiding gem; Great God govern good Geneve's ghostly game."

Lithgow's restless spirit and uneven temper breaks forth in the apology with which he commences his second narrative of travel: -"Whether discontent or curiosity drove me to this second perambulation, is best reserved to my own knowledge; as for the opinion of others, I little care either for their sweetest temper, or their sourest censure." He journeyed to Ostend; and then he says, "I measured all the Netherlands with my feet, in two months space;" and thence, after many adventures, to Algiers, where he had an interview with the famous English pirate, Captain Ward; "who, in spight of his denied. acceptance in England, had turned Turke, and built there a faire pallace, beautifyed. with rich marble and alabaster stones, with. whom I found, domestic, some fifteene circumcised English runagates, whose lives and countenances were both alike, even as desperate as disdainful." The readers of our old ballad poetry will remember the song upon "the battle" between Captain Ward and the Rainbow. "Yet," says Lithgow, "he was placable, and joyned me safely with a passing land-conduct to Algiers; yea, and divers times in my ten days staying there, I dyned: and supped with him," but with commendable prudence he slept "aboard the French

From thence he journeyed to Barbary; and

remained some time at Fez, in Morocco, on the beauty of which he expatiates largely. He then goes into the desert, where he sees some real marvels, for he declares—"among these Arabe tents I saw smiths work, out of cold iron, horse shoes and nails, which are only mollified by the vigorous heate and rays of the sun, and the hard hammering of hands upon the anvil. So have I seen it heated also in Asia. I could be more particular here, but time, paper, printing, and charges will not suffer me."

He now returned back to Tunis, where he again remained with "generous Ward," the pirate; and from thence to Malta; staying in Sicily some time, and ascending Etna, "whose terrible flames and cracking smoke is monstrous fearfull to behold." Arriving at Messina, he relates an adventure there, which is curiously characteristic of the varied fortunes which the gay gallants of the day occasionally encountered :- "There, in Messina, I found the (sometime) great English gallant, Sir Francis Varney, lying sick in an hospitall, who, after many misfortunes in exhausting his large patrimony, abandoning his country, and turning Turk in Tunis, was taken at sea by the Sicilian galleys, in one of which he was two years a slave, when he was redeemed by an English Jesuit, upon the promise of his conversion to the Christian faith, when set at liberty. He turned common soldier, and here, in the extremest calamity of extreme miserie, contracted death-whose dead corpse I charitably interred." What a history is told in these few words of one who had "fluttered in pomp and folly" at the court of Elizabeth.

From hence he visited Rome and Vienna; traveled down the Danube to Buda, and thence into Moldavia, where "for a welcome" he was robbed and bound to a tree, but fortunately discovered in time to save his life, and he then goes to Poland—"a mother and nurse for the youths and younglings of Scotland, who are yearley sent hither in great numbers, besides thirty thousand Scots families that live incorporate in her bowells. And certainly Poland may be termed in this kind to bee the mother of our commons, and the first commencement of all our best merchants wealth, or at least, the most part of them."

Sickness induces his return homeward, but his natural restlessness again conquered him, and he commenced his third and most unfortunate journey, which, as he says, had a "miserable effect." The meritorious part of it was, how-

ever, but his own ambition to complete his visit to entire Europe, which he had now traveled over, "except Ireland and the halfe of Spain." Being therefore provided with letters of safe conduct, he went first to Ireland.

Embarking at Youghal, he goes to St. Malo, thence to Paris, leaving it with as bad a character as he gives to Ireland; and thence into Spain. At Malaga he was staying in 1620, when the English fleet anchored there, which were sent against the pirates in Algiers; and now, he says, "came ashore hundreds of my speciall freends, and old familiars, Londoners and courtiers, with whom desirously met, we were joviall together," and going on board his Majesty's ship, the Lion, the general Sir Robert Maunsell, wished our traveler to accompany them to Algiers; but his property being on land "unhappily came I ashore in a fisher-boat, to my dearebought destruction;" for he was seized, accused of being an English spy, and some papers being found in his possesion, involving doctrinal points and attacks on the Pope, with confutations of the miracles of the Lady of Loretta, he gets into the dungeon of the Inquisition. His long detail of his tortures there may be spared the reader. After cruel suffering, he obtained release through the accidental communication of his wrongs to an English merchant, who obtained him a safe passage to England. He was taken to the king, and recounted his wrongs, and the famous Gondomar, being ambassador at that time from Spain, promised him all due restitution and satisfaction. But Gondomar's promises were never kept; he put off the day of redress from time to time, until he being about to leave England, "seeing his policy too strong for mine oppressed patience," says Lithgow, "I told him flatly to his face what he was, and what he went about; which afterward proved true.' But the court was no place for the enunciation of truths. They were both at this time in the presence-chamber, before many courtiers, and the pride of the Spaniard and the temper of the ill-used Scotchman clashed; when, says Lithgow, "he rashly adventured the credit of heaven in a single combat against me, a retorted plaintiff." He struck Lithgow, who returned the blow, and the unfortunate traveler, although generally commended for his spirited behavior was imprisoned for nine weeks in the Marshalsea, in Southwark; "whence I returned," says he, "with more credit than he left England with honesty, being both vanHe now applied for redress through the English Privy Council, but the death of King James I. constrained him to prefer a bill of grievance to the House of Lords: and here, after seventeen weeks' delay, he obtained an order for the consideration of his suit; but the Parliament at that time being suddenly dissolved by Charles I., and no Parliament having been called for some years, his case was unconsidered and unrelieved.

Meantime he had recovered "the health and use" of his body again; "and finally," he says, "merit being masked with the darkness of ingratitude, and the morning spring tide of 1627 come, I set face from court to Scotland, suiting my discontents, with a pedestriall progress, and my feet with the palludiate way, I fixed my eyes on Edinburgh." But the ruling passion of Lithgow was still at work unsubdued by previous perils and cruelties; he rambled again, but not out of the British dominions. He traveled over his own land, and compiled the results he tells us in a goodly tome, entitled "Lithgow's Survey of Scotland," but which does not appear to have been printed. His account of his travels was, however, not his sole work in the field of literature, - previous to his departure from Scotland in 1618-he published "The Pilgrim's Farewell to his Native Country;" "A Discourse on the Siege of Breda," was printed in 1637; "Scotland's Welcome to King Charles" upon the accession of that monarch; "The Gushing Tears of Godly Sorrow" at Edinburgh in 1640, "The present Survey of London and England's State," 1643, and an "Exact relation of the Siege of Newcastle," including a commentary on the Battle of Marston Moor.

Lithgow's career is altogether peculiar. His travels were lonely—his life the same—he appears to have been of an irritable temper, restless in his habits, "sudden and quick to quarrel." Life was, indeed, to him but "one long and painful pilgrimage" ever wandering; never satisfied; his only rest—the

grave!

He is a good type of the earnest and energetic old travellers—men of iron frame and undaunted nerve, who faced all dangers and triumphed over all. The difficulties which beset their paths have now vanished in a great degree before modern civilization,—we have less of "hair-breadth 'scapes" in going over the ground he traversed, but there is less of romance in the deed. It is only in the record of their adventures that we know what were the chances encountered in the

olden time, and can contrast the changes wrought in the world since then.

From one who saw and did much let us turn our attention to one who did much

though seeing nothing.

Of the many blind men whose actions have been recorded, there is none, perhaps, more remarkable than John Metcalf, known in his day as "blind Jack of Knaresborough." It is less surprising to find a man bereft of the faculty of sight and devoted to the study of an art or an acquirement, after secluding himself in abstruse speculation, becoming a proficient in that to which he has consecrated himself; than to see a man like Metcalf occupying his place in the world like other men, and acting through life with the same amount of freedom and intelligence, pursuing his avocation or his pleasures, and following occupations which it would appear that his bereavement had totally unfitted him for-such as building bridges or constructing high-roads in very unpropitious places; yet all this and more did Metcalf effectually accomplish during a long, an active and a useful life. What a lesson is the life of such a man for the indolent!

John Metcalf was born in 1717, at Knaresborough in Yorkshire. At the age of four years, his parents, who were laboring people, put him to school, where he continued two years, when he was seized with the smallpox, which deprived him of his sight, notwithstanding all the means that were em-

ployed for its preservation.

About six months after this attack he was able to go from his father's house to the end of the street, and to return without a guide; and in about three years he could find his way alone to any part of Knaresborough.

He became very expert in swimming, and on one occasion saved the lives of some companions. As he grew older he took to hunting, and was soon a great proficient in the sport; he could find his way well over the country, "looked after" his flock and herds, nay, carried persons through "short cuts" and fords in the river with no difficulty, and is even recorded to have had some wonderful adventures with travelers whose guide he became, leading them quite safely through the night in most dangerous roads to the point of their destination, they being totally unconscious of his want of vision. He is reported to have walked between London and Berwick as quickly as the parliamentary member did in his coach. But his most remarkable occupation was road-mak-

Among the numerous roads which Metcalf contracted to make was part of the Manchester road from Blackmoor to Standish-foot. As it was not marked out, the surveyor, contrary to expectation, took it over deep marshes, out of which it was the opinion of the trustees it would be necessary to dig the earth till they came to a solid bottom. This plan appeared to Metcalf very tedious and expensive, and liable to other disadvantages. He therefore argued the point privately with the surveyor, and several other gentlemen, and ultimately got the job of its construction. Having engaged to complete nine miles in ten months, he began in six different parts, having nearly four hundred men employed. One of the places was Pule and Standish Common, which was a deep bog, and over which it was thought impracticable to make any road. Here he cast it fourteen yards wide, and raised it in a circular form. The water, which in many places ran across the road, he carried off by drains; but found the greatest difficulty in conveying stones to the spot on account of the softness of the ground.

Those who passed that way to Huddersfield Market, were not sparing of their censure of the undertaking, and even doubted whether it would ever be completed. Having, however, leveled the piece to the end, he ordered his men to collect heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles which they could span with their hands. These bundles were placed close together, and another row laid over them, upon which they were well pressed down and covered with stone and gravel. This piece, being about half a mile in length, when completed was so remarkably good, that any person might have gone over it in winter, unshod, without being wet; and though other parts of the road soon wanted repairs, this needed none for twelve years.

Metcalf, in the year 1802, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, concluded a long life of useful labor, during which the power of habit, combined with a good understanding, enabled him to overcome impediments apparently insurmountable. His adventures were as varied, his speculations as peculiar, and his successes as great as those of any other man.

From the People's Journal.

LAMARTINE AND COUNT D'ORSAY.

BY CAROLINE FRY.

THE Count d'Orsay is an amateur in art rather than an artist. But what is an amateur? He is a volunteer amongst artists; and in the atelier, as on the battle-field, it is often the volunteers who bear away the palm. What is an amateur? He is an artist whose genius is his only vocation. It is true that he does not receive in his youth and in the opening years of his life that rough education of the trade from which arises a Michael Angelo, or a Raphael. He knows less of the traditions, the mechanism, the secrets of his art; but if he owes less to the master he owes more to Nature. He is her work. It is she who made him what he is; it is she who inspires him; it is in Nature's scale that we must weigh him. It was nature who placed the chisel and the mallet of the sculptor in the elegant and aristocratic hands of Madame de Lamartine, of Madame de Sernesie, of M. de Niewerkerke, and of the Count d'Orsay.

The Count d'Orsay is of a family from whom we might, above any other, expect the cultivation of all that is beautiful in art. The son of a general of our historic years, as celebrated for his beauty as for his feats in arms, and the brother of that lovely duchess of Grammont, whose name recalls all the graces and all the refined wit of the court of Louis XIV., he himself, before he had attained the celebrity of the artist or the man of letters, bore the stamp of Nature: his features were a type of nobility and dignity, and in the saloons of Paris and of London he exercised an Athenian dictatorship in matters of taste and elegance. He was one of those men whom we might have supposed to be devoted to vain and trifling success, because nature seems to have created such futile triumphs solely for his pleasure; but who deceive nature, and, after having gathered the light admiration of the fair sex and youth of their age, escape from this atmosphere of frivolity before the time when it would leave its idolators in vacuum, and by patient study and labor transform themselves into new characters-into men of real and substantial merit. The Count d'Orsay resided a long

time in England, where he led and gave ton to that aristocratic society, too stiff and formal in its own etiquette, but which ever admires that which it is most deficient in—grace and ease of manner. But he also rendered himself estimable and important by the intelligent and indefatigable patronage he extended toward Frenchmen of all classes who found themselves lacking resources in the great desert of London. One of the most admirable institutions for rendering aid to Frenchmen in England owes to him its name and its prosperity.

At this period he began to handle clay, marble, and the chisel. Bound by an attachment, grown into a kindred spirit with one of the most beautiful and splendid women of the age, he made her bust during her life; and he again executed it more ideal and more touching after her death. He moulded in rough forms, in a style of rude and savage grandeur, the rustic features of O'Connell; he sculptured the form of Wellington, calm yet vigorous in his venerable age. These figures immediately became popular, being multiplied by thousands both in England and Paris. They were new creations; nothing factitious, nothing meretricious; nothing of art save that highest of all art, in which we lose sight of the artist in the man. 'These early successes were precursors of others more complete. He sought for a subject. He found one—Lord Byron, who was his intimate friend, and with whom he traveled for two years in Italy, but who has become but a cherished remembrance in his heart.

The figure of Lamartine is one which, in our opinion, presents no ordinary difficulties to the sculptor. And why? His features are simple, regular, calm and noble: true. But in their simplicity, their regularity, their repose, they possess expressions of very opposite characters. In reproducing this type the difficulty that presented itself to the artist was to convey the idea of variety under one image. This was the problem: the Count d'Orsay has solved it.

Nature, who does not condescend to our arbitrary conventionalities, sometimes creates men whom we may denominate as compound men (des hommes multiples); she made many more such in the early ages; they knew nothing of our foolish jealousies, our absurd prejudices, but allowed a man to be—if God so endowed him—a poet, an orator, a soldier, a statesman, an historian, a philosopher, a man of letters. Athens was full of such men, from Solon to Pericles and Alcibiades, from Cicero to Cæsar. Nothing was then

known of that system of caste in intellect and character which now in France as well as in India prevents a man from practising several trades or displaying a variety of talents and characters at the same time. This moral mutilation of man was not then invented; this is why the men of those days appear so great-it is because we see them as they really are. But it is no longer thus. If you touched a lyre in your youth, you are forbidden to take up the sword at a later period; willing or not, you must take your stand amongst poets; if you have once worn an uniform, you are interdicted from becoming a writer; if you have once been an orator, it would be impossible to become a soldier and to command an army; if you have written history, you must not take part in events which are to form the materials for future historians. This is our law; this is what we call division of labor; it is what I more justly call the mutilation of human faculties. But, after all, it is useless to complain; it is an established fact, known and recognized. However, it sometimes happens that nature revolts against these arbitrary distinctions of our times, and that she gives to the same man talents at once opposite and perfect.

Let us imagine Lamartine sitting to the Count d'Orsay. He sees before him several Lamartines; which shall he choose? Is it Lamartine of the Méditations Poétiques, of the Harmonies Religieuses, and Jocelyn? Is it Lamartine of the Hotel de Ville, haranguing the multitude to deliver the Revolution from the flag of Terror, breathless with excitement, his breast bare, and his garments rent? Is it Lamartine writing L'Histoire des Girondins? Is it Lamartine on horseback in the fire of the days of May and June, leading the columns of the Garde Mobile and the Garde Nationale against the Place de Grève or against the barricades of the insurgent Faubourgs? Is it Lamartine vanquished, robbed of his power and popularity, retiring from his political career and taking refuge in literature, and devoted to labors by the midnight lamp that would exhaust the power even of youth? No, the Count d'Orsay has not chosen any one of these; he has done better, he has produced the Lamartine of Nature-Lamartine as he really is; as we have seen him in poesie, on the tribune, in history, at the Hotel de Ville, and in the Faubourgs, in solitude and literary labor.

It is this combination which gives such incomparable superiority to this work of art. It is not a certain character, a particular incident or part of the life of the man; it is the

man, the compound man, such as nature and circumstances made him. This work will be seen and judged at the Gallery; every stroke of the chisel, every muscle, every line of bronze or marble may be criticised. But they will see the life of a man—they will exclaim with one of our friends on first beholding it, "C'est le buste du feu sacre." Beranger, that profound judge, quitted the atelier filled with admiration. As the intimate friend of the model, no one could better appreciate the work of the sculptor.

And moreover it seems that Lamartine himself was much struck with his own image, for the impression he received at once awoke his slumbering muse which had so long been silent amidst the tunult of other thoughts and engagements. On receiving, at Maçon, this bust, presented to him by the statuary, he immediately improvised the following stancas addressed to the Count D'Orsay. Our readers will again recognize the voice which touched our hearts in our youthful days, and which time, instead of weakening, has rendered more mature, more solemn, and more thrilling than ever.

TO THE COUNT D'ORSAY.

When the fused bronze within thy mould of clay Bequeaths my image to a race unborn, The legacy thy partial hands convey Will court the careless gaze of pride or scorn. When they behold this deeply furrow'd brow, Like the worn bed of thought's impetuous tide, In doubt and wonder will they seek to know To whom this form, this image was allied.

Is it a soldier, smitten as he stands?
True to his country, and undaunted still!
A poet? Or a priest with earnest hands?
An orator, who moulds the factious will?
A messenger of Peace, by Faith endow'd,
O'er the rough billows of dissension driven,
Baring his breast before the angry crowd,
That its pure liberty may speed to heaven?

For in this dauntless foot, this quivering brow, These speaking lips, which seem to breathe and live, This gesture calm, this bounding heart below, This attitude, which dreams cestatic give; And in that arm, which seems to rule alone, And in that eye with inspiration fraught, Phidias has petrified seven souls in one, And in enduring bronze the wonder wrought.

Seven souls! Oh Phidias! And alas for me Not one remains! The sport of cruel Fate! With blighted hopes, outliving destiny: All that I might have been: 'tis now too late! Like a torn tree rent by the storms of years, My scattered branches mark my swift decline, Whilst the besotted age, with mocking sneers, Asks, why the chance of battle I resign?

"He praised his God," say they, "yet see him now, Heart-smitten by the idols of his love!"
The crowd despise him, and the great would bow His judgment to their own—nor justice prove.
"Our blood," they cry, "why didst thou spare to shed? We would have dared the fury of the crowd;" And the couched lion rears his angry head;
"My strength is virtue, wherefore am I cowed?"

Go, Phidias, break thy dangerous, wondrous birth, And cast the fragments in the fire, the wave, Lest some heart raised above its kindred earth, Confused with doubt, should say, in accents grave, When reading on my cheek contempt or scorn: "Let the world run its race from end to end Amongst the thousands that are daily born, No patriot proves himself his country's friend."

Yes, Phidias! Break this image, hide this face From a posterity who would consign A figure of Olympus to disgrace! And in oblivion bury glory's shrine! Trust not my shadow to a race unknown,— The pillory of time would mock my rest; I weary of the light—and seek alone The sleep of death, Nepenthe's sole bequest.

Let autumn leaves, by night-winds softly spread,
And the loved sod of my own native hills,
Form the last winding-sheet of this sad head,
And quickly hide me from my country's ills.
One whispered sigh is all I ask below;
A name embalmed in one fond breaking heart;
I lived for man, but on my tomb bestow
Olivion's blessed veil, nor grieve that I depart.

A. DE LAMARTINE.

There is one more stanza still more touching and as solemn as the others, but we do not feel ourselves at liberty to copy it; the author did not address it to the public, but to an individual heart. We submit to the discretion which he would, without doubt, have required of us.

What a gift is that which can inspire such verses!—still greater that which could dictate them spontaneously in the midst of the preoccupation of business and the difficulties of the times. We congratulate the Count D'Orsay and M. de Lamartine; the one has produced a beautiful page in verse, the other in marble. They have mutually repaid each other, but our debt to them cannot be cancelled; we owe them a double emotion, and already our readers share in the sentiment.

A. DE LA GUERONNIERE.

The translator of the above beautiful verses testified her feelings by appending the following:—

ENVOI.

(ADDRESSED TO LAMARTINE.)

Peace to that wounded spirit! time will quell The surging waves of popular ferment; France will awake, and Justice breathe her spell O'er the wild factions that her bosom rent. Then shall her patriots shine in their own light, Emerging from th' eclipse by discord thrown, And thou, Lamartine, in thy country's sight, The seven-soul'd idol, Gallia's honor'd son.

A beacon, shedding far its warning light; A tone of music, every thought refining; A star of radiant beauty beaming bright, In the clear firmament of genius shining; A landmark, rising o'er the waves of time; A golden pillar of a glorious state; Thy spirit still shall live in thoughts sublime Beyond the reach of cold oblivion's fate.

MEETING OF THREE ROYAL FAMILIES.

(SEE PLATE.)

THE friendly re-union of the sovereigns of three ! kingdoms at Eu, in France,-two of which had long maintained towards each other hostile attitudes,-in September, 1843, was an event of extraordinary interest, and attracted at the time much attention. The last friendly meeting of the sovereigns of England and France took place between Henry VIII. and Francis I., upon the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold. The sumptuous preparations and incidents of that meeting, and its remarkable consequences, gave it great historical importance. The meeting at Eu was as different from that as the state of feeling and public sentiment of the present day is different from that which obtained in those ruder and more boisterous ages. The meeting was in open air, on the fair green turf, with the bright heavens for a canopy, and good nature, and good feeling, and enlightened intentions, alone ruled the cheerful familiarity of the auspicious occasion. It was justly regarded by both nations, as not only a beautiful indication of friendly sentiment, but as a pledge of future amity between the great nations whose mutual interests of peace are becoming more and more thoroughly understood. The King and Queen of the Belgians, allied to both the other royal families, were fitting attendants upon such a scene. The particulars of the re-union, as published at the time, were regarded with extreme interest by the entire civilized world, both for the rarity and dignity of the occasion, and the peaceful presages it afforded, so congenial to the taste and conducive to the interest of our enlightened era. Though the subsequent fortunes of the French king have changed the hopes and modified the estimate of the world in respect to him and his dignity, the reader will find in the following paragraph from the Paris "Messager," a picture of the event alluded to, which was warmly responded to at the time by the British press, and presents a pleasant aspect of royalty:-

France has been attentive to the important spectacle which the royal residence of Eu has witnessed. She has approved of, as England has congratulated herself upon, it. This interview of the two great constitutional royalties of Europe is a new guaran-

ty of peace for this world, and a new pledge of good harmony between the two countries and the two Governments. The visit of the Queen of England is a spontaneous and striking testimony of her personal sentiments for our King, and of the affection which she bears the royal family. Queen Victoria has seen at the Château of Eu all that she had expected to find there. She there beheld the old friend of her noble father; a king whose great sagacity has triumphed over every trial, and whose powerful genius, preserving the peace of the world, has fixed France, strong and glorious, on the basis of order and the laws. She beheld there, with a deep sympathy, two queens, models of virtue; princesses, the ornament and pride of the throne; and by the side of the august widow and the royal infant, three of those princes for whom the glory of France is an object of worship, and who have no other aim, no other passion, but to be loved by France, and to serve her. Admirable and touching union of simple virtues and tender affections in the midst of grandeur! Rare and lovely spectacle, which must be keenly felt by the Queen of England, and in which her noble heart has, it may be asserted, found its own appropriate movements and most natural emotions. The adhesion which the British cabinet has so willingly given to the desire of Queen Victoria, the very presence of her Minister of Foreign Affairs at the Château of Eu, are authentic manifestations of the good terms on which the two governments stand towards each other at present. This good understanding, which is so important for the general peace, and of which the cause of constitutional principles, the order of Europe, and the development of modern civilization will reap the advantage, will doubtless draw from an event so honorable to England and France new elements of strength and durability. Europe will behold in it a pledge of the candor and upright conciliation with which all questions, even the most delicate, will be treated in future. The brilliant days which her Majesty the Queen of England has just passed on the soil of France, in the midst of our royal family, will leave a lively and profound impression on the two countries. Popular acclamation was not warfing to the monifectation of effective and the contract of the monifectation of effective and the contract was a section to the contract of t not wanting to this manifestation of affection and esteem given from so high a source to the grand character of the king, and to the dynasty of July. The young and gracious queen heard and received it with emotion, and responded to it with all the charm of her kind disposition. The two royalties appeared still greater when in contact. France and England, whenever they shall be brought near to each other, will increase in mutual esteem and honor.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The Author of Jane Eyre.—New editions of "Wuthering Heights," and "Agnes Grey," novels originally published under the assumed title of Ellis and Acton Bell, and invested with interest, because connected with Currer Bell, the author of "Jane Eyre," have been published, with some prefatory account of these authors, which the reader will be glad to see. The following is the Atheroum's synopsis of the contents of the biographical preface. The real name of the sisters here alluded to is Bronts:—

"The lifting of that veil which for a while concealed the authorship of 'Jane Eyre' and its sisternovels, excites in us no surprise. It seemed evident from the first prose pages bearing the signa-tures of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, that these were Rosalinds-or a Rosalind-in masquerade:some doubt as to the plurality of persons being engendered by a certain uniformity of local color and resemblance in choice of subject, which might have arisen either from identity, or from joint peculiarities of situation, and of circumstance. It seemed no less evident that the writers described from personal experience the wild and rugged scenery of the northern parts of this kingdom; and no assertion or disproval, no hypothesis or rumor, which obtained circulation after the success of 'Jane Eyre,' could shake convictions that had been gathered out of the books themselves. In the prefaces and notices before us, we find that the Bells were three sisters:-two of whom are no longer amongst the living. The survivor describes their home as

"A village parsonage, amongst the hills bordering Yorkshire and Lancashire. The scenery of these hills is not grand-it is not romantic: it is scarcely striking. Long low moors, dark with heath, shut in little valleys, where a stream waters, here and there, a fringe of stunted copse. Mills and scattered cottages chase romance from these valleys: it is only higher up, deep in amongst the ridges of the moors, that Imagination can find rest for the sole of her foot: and even if she finds it there, she must be a solitude-loving raven,-no gentle dove. If she demand beauty to inspire her, she must bring it inborn: these moors are too stern to yield any product so delicate. The eye of the gazer must itself brim with a 'purple light,' intense enough to per-petuate the brief flower-flush of August on the heather, or the rare sunset-smile of June: out of his heart must well the freshness that in later spring and early summer brightens the bracken, nurtures the moss, and cherishes the starry flowers that spangle for a few weeks the pasture of the moor-sheep Unless that light and freshness are innate and selfsustained, the drear prospect of a Yorkshire moor will be found as barren of poetic as of agricultural interest: where the love of wild nature is strong, the locality will perhaps be clung to with the more

passionate constancy, because from the hill-lover's self comes half its charm.'"

Thus much of the scene:—now as to the authorship of these singular books:—

"About five years ago, my two sisters and myself, after a somewhat prolonged period of separation, found ourselves re-united and at home. Resident in a remote district, where education had made little progress, and where, consequently, there was no inducement to seek social intercourse beyond our own domestic circle, we were wholly dependent on ourselves and each other, on books and study, for the enjoyments and occupations of life. One day, in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course, I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse: I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me,-a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. * * Meantime, my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not but be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses too had a sweet sincere pathos of their own. We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors. This dream, never relinquished even when distance divided and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and consistency: it took the character of a resolve. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed. Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our names under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because-without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what was called 'feminine,'-we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward, a flattery, which is not true praise. The bringing out of our little book was hard work. * Ill-success failed to crush us: the mere effort to succeed had given a wonderful zest to existence; it must be pursued. We each set to work on a prose tale; Ellis Bell produced 'Wuthering Heights,' Acton Bell 'Agnes Grey,' and Currer Bell also wrote a narrative in one volume. These MSS, were perseveringly obtruded upon various publishers for the space of a year and a half; usually, their fate was an ignominious and abrupt dismissal. At last 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Agnes Grey,' were accepted, on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors."

The MS. of a one-volume tale by Currer Bell had been thought by Messrs. Smith & Elder so full of promise, that its writer was asked for a longer story in a more saleable form.—

"I was just completing 'Jane Eyre,' at which I had been working while the one-volume tale was plodding its weary round in London: in three weeks I sent it off; friendly and skillful hands took it in. This was in the commencement of September, 1847; it came out before the close of October following, while 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Agnes Grey,' my sisters' works, which had already been in the press for months, still lingered under a different management. They appeared at last. Critics failed to do them justice."

The narrative may be best concluded in the writer's own words.

"' Neither Ellis nor Acton allowed herself for one moment to sink under want of encouragement; energy nerved the one, and endurance upheld the other. They were both prepared to try again: I would fain think that hope and the sense of power was yet strong within them. But a great change approached; affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look back on, grief. In the very heat and burden of the day, the laborers failed over their work. My sister Emily first declined. The details of her illness are deep-branded in my memory, but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh: from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was To stand exacted as they had rendered in health. by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render. months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the errors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure, which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes. Towards the decline of that day, we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them. She died December 19, 1848. We thought this enough; but we were utterly and presumptuously wrong. was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path, with slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed that she found support through her most painful journev. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear my testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through. She died May 28, 1849. What more shall I say about them? I cannot and need not say much more. In externals, they were two un-

obtrusive women; a perfectly secluded life gave them retiring manners and habits."

"Though the above particulars be little more than the filling-up of an outline already 'clearly traced and constantly present whenever those characteristic tales recurred to us,—by those who have held other ideas with regard to the authorship of 'Jane Eyre,' they will be found at once curious and interesting from the plain and earnest sincerity of the writer."

Additional Annotations on the New Testament, by Dr. S. T. Bloomfield, is a supplementary volume recently put forth by this eminent Biblical scholar, whose Notes on the Greek Testament are so well known to scholars in this country. The new volume is said to exhibit the same careful learning and judgment which have rendered its predecessor so popular. The Church of England Review closes a critique in this language:

"Dr. Bloomfield has spared neither labor nor expense in the preparation of his work, which we can safely recommend to all Biblical students as the most important and valuable aid to the accurate knowledge of the Greek Testament extant in the English language.

The Baroness Von Beck's Memoirs of personal adventures during the late Hungarian war, have been issued by Bentley, of London, in 2 vols. It is thus spoken of in the Miscellany:

"The interest of this remarkable work is twofold. It is at once a history of public events, and a narrative of personal adventures. In both aspects it will enchain the attention of the reader. We have had a great many books on the Hungarian war; and is not too much to say that this is, far beyond comparison, the most absorbing of them all. We place it even before Klapka's Memoir as a picture of the life struggle and its terrible vicissitudes; while its personal details, arising out of the extraordinary part which its heroic author took in the actual horrors of the war, cast into shadow the scanty revelations of Madame Pulsky."

Great Literary Discovery.—A correspondent of the Athenœum asserts that an extraordinary, and, in every point of view, valuable collection of letters, illustrative of the life, writings, and character of the poet Pope, has just turned unexpectedly up, and been secured by Mr. Croker for his new edition of the poet's works.

"The collection consists of a series of letters addressed by Pope to his coadjutor Broome—of copies of Broome's replies—and of many original letters from Fenton (Pope's other coadjutor in the Odyssey), also addressed to Broome. It is known that Pope and Broome quarreled:—but when, or what about, has never been sufficiently understood. Broome, however, has told the story by binding together the whole of their correspondence, with other letters illustrative of the quarrel. These I have seen:—and a more curious revelation of Pope's character has not been made since the discovery of his unpublished correspondence with Lord Oxford, which you announced some time back, and which

is still, I understand, in Mr. Croker's possession. When the Oxford and the Broome papers shall be published, the reader will see how untrue Mr. Roscoe's life of the poet is to the actual occurrences and character of the poet and the man;—and, after all, how much nearer Johnson is to the truth of his life than all his other biographers put together. The Broome correspondence, I may add, explains one of the obscurest passages in the memorable treatise on the Art of Sinking in Poetry."

Moorland Cottage is a neat Christmas story, by the author of "Mary Barton," just published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London, and will probably be reproduced by the HARPEES. The Examiner says of it:

"The author of 'Mary Barton,' may well put in a claim to obtain audience at Christmas. Her clients have been the oppressed and poor, and her most persuasive advocacy the uncompromising truth. The beauty of her writing is its straitforward sincerity. Language flows from her without effort—manifestly without pretence or affectation."

The Leader says:

"Close observation, delicate perception of character, steady reliance on truth, never faltering into conventionalism—a style clear, straitforward, and felicitous, will win for this Christmas book a charmed and numerous public."

Across the Atlantic is the title of a new work on this country, by the flippant author of "Sketches of Cantabs," which the Athenœum indifferently praises, with some gentle hints to Americans. The reviewer says:

"Very probably our tourists ask too much across the water. It is as useless to seek the repose of European manners in the eastern cities of America as to look for high culture as a rule in the backwoods of Australia, or of the Cape. But, after all, we see no great harm in the traveler's laugh, if it be only good natured. Even Mrs. Trollope may be held to have done some good in her off-hand and not very discriminating caricatures. Some few Americans have ceased to feed with the knife; many have begun to doubt the propriety of chewing tobacco, with its accompaniments, in the drawing-room; strangers are less frequently offended at the theatres by seeing legs dangling over the box tiers, or backs turned on the audience; and "row-dyism" has declined from the gentleman to the gent. Every successive traveler reports an improvement in these matters. But the Americans entertain no love for the satirists whose censures they have justified by practical admissions. The wonder is, that even sensible Americans, while admitting their small foibles—as they may very well do without sacrificing an atom of real dignity -refuse to submit to the literary censures of the stranger. Almost every French, German, and Italian tourist in England finds some fault with our manners, country, or institutions:—our weather is held to be execrable, our lower classes boori, our aristocracy exclusive, our manners cold, and our We admit the sarcasm when it is streets dull. just, -smile at it when it is not. We do not rage and bluster against the right of private opinion, even when the denunciation is in our view uncivil in its form and threatening in its consequences."

A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the Larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund, with additions from the Lexicons of Gessner, Facciolati, Scheller, and Georges. By E. A. Andrews, LL. D. HARPER & BROTHERS. It has been well known to scholars that Professor Andrews has been, for several years, diligently engaged upon a reproduction of the great Lexicon of Freund. Encouraged by the liberality of the enterprising house to which classic scholars are indebted for several of the most costly and valuable lexicons extant among us, he has spared no pains nor labor to render this work everything that the wants of the country and the state of learning required. With consummate industry and skill, he has here embodied all the useful features of the various lexicons in use, bringing them into a compass not too large for the school, yet large enough for the most thorough scholar. The original plan of Freund,-that of developing the historical as well as logical growth of a word, and setting forth its meaning and usage in all the different eras of the language,--has been firmly adhered to. By an ingenious device of typography, each root is readily distinguished from its derivatives, and so marked as to catch the eye of the student instantly. It is clearly arranged, the definitions are concise, perspicuous, and comprehensive, the quotations and references remarkably full and apposite, and the mechanical execution beautiful. We do not doubt that it will be esteemed by scholars as a work of greatest merit, and as a most desirable contribution to our classical literature.

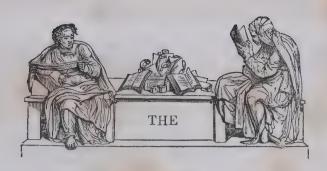
Mythological Dictionary. One of the most comprehensive as well as creditable enterprises for the improvement of classic study is the undertaking of Dr. Smith, to compile a new and enlarged series of archæological helps, calling to his aid, by the most liberal rewards, the research and assistance of the best scholars of England and Germany. A series has thus been produced of extraordinary accuracy, learning, completeness, and excellence, which are published in London in three large octavos. A small edition of one of these great works, prepared for schools, has just been issued by the HARPERS, and edited by Dr. Anthon, as a Classical Dictionary, designed to take the place of Lemprière. It is sufficiently large for the uses of the school-room, and loroughly accurate, orderly, and useful, combining all the wealth of learning and research which the greater work possesses. It will prove an invaluable accession to our literary helps, and unquestionably take the place of all others now in use.





Milligans

LOCOVERER OF THE RUINS OF ANCIENS NINEVE...



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MARCH, 1851.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

DR. LAYARD AND NINEVEH.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

WHEN "Nineveh and its Remains" was published, two years ago, the very title of the work was certain to excite the utmost curiosity, but the disclosures contained in it far exceeded all the imagination could have conceived. That a city, originally built, as we are informed in the Scriptures (Genesis x. 11 and 12 verses), by one of the early descendants of Noah-a city which, for countless or at least unknown ages, had vanished from the face of the earth, so that not one memorial or authentic record of the manners and customs of its inhabitants had been preservedthat ancient Nineveh should have been, as it were, called up to pass before the eyes of the mortals of the nineteenth century, was an event calculated to beget the utmost interest and astonishment. That so marvellous a work should have been performed by the enterprise, perseverence, and genius of a single unassisted man, was not the least surprising circumstance in the matter.

The city of Nineveh was the metropolis of the great Assyrian empire, and there is abundant evidence to prove that it was once

the largest and most populous city in the world. Whether Ninus, the builder or restorer of that vast city, completed it before or after the overthrow of Zoroaster, is uncertain. It is agreed by all profane writers, and confirmed by the Scriptures, that it exceeded all others in circuit and magnificence; for it was in circumference four hundred and eighty stadia, or furlongs, (sixty miles), the walls being a hundred feet high, and so broad that three chariots might be driven abreast on the ramparts. These walls were adorned with fifteen hundred towers, each two hundred feet high.

But this city, built in the plains of Assyria, on the banks of the river Tigris and in the region of Eden, was founded long before the time of Ninus, and, as ancient historians report, was called Campsor, until Ninus amplified it and gave it the name of Nineveh.

This Campsor, then, must have been founded by Asshur, who, as we learn from Genesis, went forth from the land of Shinar and built Nineveh. Nothing more concerning it, however, is told in the sacred writings, till the

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time of the prophet Jonah, who describes it as an "exceeding great city of three days' journey." He also indicates its immense population, saying, that it contained "more than six score thousand persons that could not discern between their right hand and their left hand." Supposing one-sixth of the inhabitants of Nineveh to have been in this deplorable state of ignorance, we have a population more than seven hundred thousand in number.

The preaching of the prophet Jonah caused the people of Nineveh to repent, and accordingly the city was spared for a time; yet shortly afterwards Nahum was commanded to declare the burden of Nineveh, to proclaim the city's destruction, and to announce the downfall of the Assyrian empire. This prophet speaks of it as a city with many strongholds, and many gates with bars; that had multiplied her merchants above the stars of heaven; whose inhabitants and princes were numerous as the locusts; and whose store and glory of pleasant furniture was endless.

The destruction of the city, in the year B. C. 606, by the combined armies of Cyaxares, king of Persia, and Nabopolassar, who was, as Dr. Layard thinks, the Assyrian governor of Babylon, fulfilled this prediction to the very letter. Nineveh was laid waste: she was indeed "made a desolation, and dry

like a wilderness."

We learn from Diodorus Siculus that the city was destroyed partly by water and partly by fire, and that many talents of gold and silver rescued from the flames were carried to Ecbatana. Lucian of Samosata, who flourished about A. D. 180, informs us that Nineveh had perished utterly—that not a vestige of the city remained, and that even the place where it stood was no longer known.

We take it for granted that all our readers, having inspected the extraordinary sculptures now in the British Museum, or seen drawings from them, and having formed a due estimate of the obligations this country lies under to the discoverer, will have been anxious, long since, to know something of that remarkable person; and such information we are happy to be enabled, in part at least, to communicate.

Since the time of Lucian nearly seventeen centuries have elapsed, and the name of Nineveh, until lately, alone remained. Its very ruins were no longer on the face of the land; and in this age of science and inquiry, no antiquarian before Dr. Layard ever seriously bethought himself of seeking out the Nineveh and Babylon of Holy Writ, and of

searching for the buried palaces of the Assyrian monarchy. True it is, that the notice of travelers in Assyria had been attracted long ago to huge mounds, apparently composed of earth and rubbish, and that it was conjectured that these were the remains of the stupendous capitals, Nineveh and Babylon. A mass of brickwork, vitrified and rising out of the aggregated rubbish of centuries, was believed to be the remains of the tower of Babel.

The Temple of Belus, according to Herodotus, and some mounds in the neighborhood, were supposed to be the hanging gardens and marvellous structures attributed to Semiramis, the wife of Ninus, who built Babylon; but the difficulty of reaching those localities, while it excited the interest of the antiquarian, prevented the traveler from vis-

iting them.

Greater curiosity was awakened by the presumed site of Nineveh than of Babylon. Several travelers had noticed the numerous mounds on the left bank of the Tigris, opposite the modern city of Mosul; and what tradition had called the tomb of Jonah, on the top of one of the mounds, gave a certain probablity to the conjecture that it indicated the site of Nineveh; but it is to Dr. Layard that we are indebted for a knowledge of that important fact, confirmed as it is by the extraordinary remains he has forwarded to this country.

The Layards are descended from a distinguished family, named Raymond, long settled in the south of France, who claimed affinity with the Raymonds, sovereign Counts of Toulouse; were among the earliest supporters of the reformed religion in that country, and espoused the cause of the persecuted Albigenses. The Raymonds, nevertheless, continued to receive honors and grants from successive sovereigns of France, intermarrying with the noblest families, until the massacre of the Huguenots, in 1572, when two of the brothers fell victims in that terrible slaughter, whilst a third (the heir) succeeded in effecting his escape into Holland.

The immediate ancestor of the existing branch of the Raymonds, or rather Layards, came over to this country, with William Prince of Orange, and held a high command, under that Protestant Prince, at the battle of the Boyne.

From that period the family definitively settled in England. Having already embraced the Protestant faith, Raymond was content, for its sake, to give up his country,

and relinquish his property in France; but warned by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, he dropped his patrimonial name, and assumed that of Layard, probably the name of an estate, as one of the family was subsequently called Raymond de Layarde; destroying at the same time every document which, preserved and transmitted to his descendants, might tempt any one of them to return to Catholicism, and enable him to recover the estates in France.

This, the last of the Raymonds, was the grandfather of Dr. Layard, the late Dean of Bristol, and of his two brothers, both gene-

rals in the English army.

The second son of the Dean of Bristol, Henry Peter John, held for many years a high civil appointment in Ceylon, was a man of great abilities and varied acquirements, and was the father of Austen Henry Layard, the subject of our present memoir, who was born at Paris, during a temporary visit of his parents to that metropolis, on the 5th March, 1817.

The early youth of Layard was passed at Florence. Familiar with the language of Italy, it is no wonder that the glorious literature of that country subsequently solicited his attention; or that, born with a love of the fine arts, his taste should have been ennobled and purified by a contemplation of the glorious models of sculpture and painting in which Florence abounds. Was it here that he acquired that command over his pencil, which he afterwards found infinitely serviceable to him amid the ruins of Nim-This faculty was afterwards fully excited "by the appalling sight of slabs with the noblest sculptures and the finest inscriptions, crumbling into dust before his eyes. No draughtsman had been provided to help him; and had he not instantly determined to arrest by the quickness of his eye and the magic of his pencil these fleeting forms, which were about to disappear forever, many of the finest remains of ancient art would have been irrecoverably lost."

Layard returned from Italy to his native country for education. That being completed, he devoted himself to the study of the law, which, however, proved little attractive to him. Pope, paying an elegant compliment to the accomplished Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, exclaims—

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

For our part, we should not greatly grieve if we knew that even a second Mansfield was lost in a Layard. About the age of eighteen, Layard's travels in Italy, Russia, and other countries, excited in him a strong passion for still more extended adventure, which, accompanied by an ardent desire for knowledge, and an energy which "knew not what it was to intermit," decided him upon abandoning his profession, and settling in the East, where he had family connections.

In the summer of 1839, with a friend for a companion, Dr. Layard left England. Traversing Germany, they passed through Dalmatia into Montenegro, where Dr. Layard was induced to stay for a brief period, having engaged to aid a young and energetic chief in civilizing and otherwise improving the condition of his brave but semi-barbarous subjects. From Montenegro the friends made their way as they best could through Albania and Roumelia, an enterprise in which they encountered many adventures, and, finally, at the end of the year, arrived by Adrianople at Constantinople. We are informed that Dr. Layard proceeded to Bagdad, and into Syria; but we have no means of following his footsteps with accuracy or certainty during this period of his wandering and eventful life. At this time his friend guitted him, and now he was left to pursue his course alone.

We earnestly hope that some day—and that not a distant one-Dr. Layard will give to the world an account of the extraordinary adventures which befel him, when the eager wish to acquire knowledge, which he desired to exercise for the profit and benefit of his fellow-creatures, carried him into strange and many lands. If other men have acquired a larger experience of diversified life, few have encountered and surmounted greater difficulties; and none have ever engaged themselves to the attainment of a nobler object. dering in the desert, he was frequently attacked and plundered by wild Arabs, and was constantly in peril. Now he might be found settling disputed points of geography, or seeking historical remains-now making his way, as a Hakim, over wilds hitherto untrodden by the foot of Europeans, or sojourning with the barbarous Bactyari in their mountains, civilizing and teaching the people, and, having some small knowledge of medicine, saving the life of their chief's only son.

The foregoing are but brief and faint indications of the varied life and adventures of Dr. Layard, previous to the happy accident which enabled him successfully to prosecute that undertaking which resulted in the extraordinary discoveries that have rendered.

his name so famous. As early as 1841, Dr. Layard had inspected the ruins on the east bank of the river Tigris, which have been generally believed to be the ruins of Nineveh. Let the doctor himself describe the sensations with which he viewed them:—

"He" (the spectator) "has left the land where nature is still lovely, where, in his mind's eye, he can rebuild the temple, or the theatre, half doubting whether they would have made a more grateful impression upon the senses than the ruin before him. He is now at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilization or of their arts: their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures, the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating: desolation meets desolation; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thoughts and earnest reflections, than the temple of Balbec and the theatres of Ionia."

Shortly afterwards, Dr. Layard had a second opportunity of viewing the ruins of Nimroud, and of examining them; and it was upon this occasion that the thought suggested itself to him, and impressed itself upon his mind, of making excavations. He had, he tells us, hopes that some persons in England might have been induced to aid in the undertaking.

It would seem, however, although we are not expressly told so, that, despairing of fulfilling the vision, or of realizing the hopes, which the sight of these mysterious mounds had excited, he had determined upon abandoning his project and returning home. He had reached as far as Constantinople, on his way back to England, when, in a happy moment, he obtained a letter of introduction to Sir Stratford Canning, Her Majesty's Ambassador at the Sublime Porte. It is not at all wonderful that so distinguished a statesman at once perceived that no ordinary person

had been presented to his notice, or that he should have invited him to prolong his stay in the East, and discharge some extra duties of the embassy to which he has now become officially attached. Neither is it surprising, when the character of Sir Stratford is remembered, and the interest he takes in such researches* as Dr. Layard had at heart is known, that, in the autumn of 1845, he should have mentioned to Dr. Layard his readiness to incur, for a limited period, the expense of excavations in Assyria, in the hope that, should success attend the attempt, means would be found to carry it out on an adequate scale.

During Dr. Layard's stay in England, he suffered greatly from an aguish fever, which recurred monthly, and which he had caught in the damp chambers it was necessary he should inhabit at Nimroud. In spite, however, of this severe indisposition, so inimical to literary or intellectual pursuits, he prepared for the press, during his brief residence in this country, the "Nineveh and its Remains," and "The Monuments of Nineveh, from Drawings made on the Spot;" besides a volume of inscriptions in the cuneiform character for the British Museum, which, we trust, will soon be published and submitted to the examination of the learned world.

Our readers know the already triumphant result of Dr. Layard's enterprise and perseverance, which have brought into the possession of this country treasures beyond all price.

^{*} Dr. Layard observes, in his "Nineveh," "I need scarcely remind the reader that it is to Sir S. Canning we owe the marbles of Halicarnassus, now in the British Museum. The difficulties which stood in the way of the acquisition of these invaluable relics, and the skill which was required to obtain them, are not generally known. I can testify to the efforts and labor which were necessary, for nearly three years, before the repugnance of the Ottoman Government could be overcome, and permission obtained to extract the sculptures from the walls of a castle which was more jealously guarded than any similar edifice in the Empire. Their removal, notwithstanding the almost insurmountable difficulties raised by the authorities and inhabitants of Budroon, was most successfully effected by Mr. Alison. The Elgin marbles, and all other remains from Turkey and Greece, now in Europe, were obtained with comparative ease."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BIOGRAPHY.*

Although history and biography both relate to the affairs of men, and are employed in the narrative of human events, they are governed by opposite principles, and require, for their successful prosecution, different powers and habits of thought. The main object of history is the tracing out the growth of nations, the great events which lead to their rise or fall, the causes operating on the social body, which at one period conduct to power and greatness, at another induce weakness and decay. Biography is concerned with individual life. Its aim is to trace the annals, not of nations, but of persons; to portray, not the working of general causes on the progress of empires, but the influence of particular characters on their most interesting The former requires habits of general thought, and the power of tracing one common principle through a great variety of complicated details; the latter, close attention to individual incidents, and a minute examination of the secret springs of The first is closely allied human conduct. to the generalizations of the philosopher; the latter requires the power of the dramatist. The two branches of composition, however, are nearly allied, and frequently run into each other. History generally finds its most interesting episodes, often its most important subjects, in the narrative of individual greatness; biography is imperfect unless, in addition to tracing the achievements of the individuals it records, it explains their influence upon the society among whom they arose.

What we call the histories of antiquity were, for the most part, only biographies, and they owe their principal interest to that circumstance. The *Crypædia* of Xenophon is a philosophical romance, clothed with the eloquence of an orator; the fragments which remain of Sallust, the rhetorical narrative of Quintus Curtius, are the avowed biographies

of indidivual men. Even the regular histories of classical times owe their chief charm to the simplicity of the subject, in which one state or contest stands prominently forward, and the others are thrown into a shade which only renders the more striking the light thrown on one particular subject, or the efforts of individual greatness. Herodotus has earned his deathless fame by the narrative he has given of the great war between Persia and Greece, on which the destinies of mankind depended; Thucydides, by his profound exposition of the strife of aristocracy and democracy in the contest between Lacedæmon and Athens. The long narrative of Livy has survived the floods of Time almost entirely, from the charming episodes descriptive of character or manners which he has introduced, and the dramatic power with which he has narrated the exploits of individual men; and what has given Tacitus immortality, is neither any luminous views on the progress of mankind, nor any just appreciation of the causes of greatness in particular states, but the depth to which he has fathomed the real springs of action in particular men, and the terrible truth with which he has unveiled that most appalling of all spectacles—a naked human heart.

The great difficulty of history, as it must be written in modern times, arises from the multitude and complication of the events which have to be recorded. So intimately connected have the States of Europe been since the rise of modern civilization, that he who writes the annals of one must write the history of all. The progress, internal and external, of all its powers must be brought forward abreast; and such is their number and importance, that not only is the historian oppressed with the variety and complication of his materials, but he finds it next to impossible to produce interest in the reader amidst such a sea of details; and often fails, from the impossibility of attaining that essential requisite in the rousing of human sympathy-unity of emotion. Add to this the infinity of subjects a historian even of an in-

^{*} Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. I. Reprinted in beautiful form by Harper & Brothers.

dividual state must now embrace, and which I almost overwhelm the exploits of particular men by their multitude and complication. Strategy, statistics, trade, navigation, commerce, taxation, finance, currency, paper credit, poor laws, agriculture, socialism, chartism, form a few of the topics, any one of which would require volumes for its elucidation, yet none of which can be omitted without exposing the historian to the imputation, from some one or other, of having overlooked the most important part of his subject. So great is this difficulty, so extensive the embarrassment it produces, that it may safely be pronounced to be insurmountable by any effort, how great soever, unless the endeavors of the historian are aided by unity of interest in the subject, or overpowering greatness of influence in the characters with whom he has to deal. it is, perhaps, only in the wars of the Crusades, of the Succession in Spain, and of the French Revolution, that such unity of interest is to be looked for, or such surpassing grandeur of character is to be found, from the achievements of a Richard Cour-de-Lion, a Marlborough, or a Napoleon.

From this great difficulty, biography is entirely free, and thence the superior interest with which, when properly treated, works of that description are attended. We are so constituted that we must concentrate our interest; dispersion is fatal to its existence. Every novelist and romance-writer knows this; there must always be a hero and a heroine; but two or three heroes and heroines would prove fatal to the interest. Ariosto tried to divide the interest of the reader among the adventures of a dozen knights-errant; but even his genius proved unequal to the task, and he was obliged to concentrate the whole around the fabulous siege of Paris to restore the broken unity of his power. The great and signal advantage of biography is, that, from its very nature, it possesses that personal interest and individual character which the epic poet and novelist feel to be essential to the moving of the human heart, but which the historian so often finds himself unable to attain, without omitting some important parts of his subject, or giving undue prominence to the characters of individual men.

For this reason it is, that the most popular works which ever have been written have been biographies of illustrious men. No one would think of comparing the intellect of Plutarch to that of Tacitus, his eloquence to that of Cicero's; yet he has made perhaps a greater impression on the imagin-

ation of subsequent ages than either of these illustrious men. If we examine the images of the mighty of former days which are engraven on our minds, we shall find that it is not so much the pictured pages of Livy or Quintus Curtius, as the "Lives of Plutarch," which have given them immortality. We complain of his gossip, we lament his superstition, we smile at his credulity, but we devour his pages; and after the lapse of seventeen hundred years, they remain one of the most general popular works in existence. It is the same in modern times. No one would think of comparing Boswell in point of intellect to Johnson; in point of eloquence to Burke; in point of genius to Gibbon; yet he has produced a work superior in general interest to any of these illustrious men, and which is daily read by thousands, to whom the "Reflections on the French Revolution," the moral essays of the "Rambler," and the "History of the decline and Fall," will for ever remain unknown.

To render biography, however, thus generally attractive, it is indispensable that its basis should be that first element in the narration of human action—TRUTH. Without this, it wants the great superiority of the narrative of real event over fictitious creations, how interesting soever they may be-that of recording what has actually occurred in real life. How important an element this is in awakening the sympathies of the human heart, may be seen even in children, who, when particularly fascinated by any story they are told, invariably end by asking, "But is it all true?" The value of truth, or rather of what is "vraisemblable," is felt even in imaginary conceptions, which it is well known are never so attractive, or interest so powerfully, as when they most closely resemble the events and characters of actual existence. The real is and ever must be the only sure foundation of the ideal. Novels are most delightful when they approach nearest to what we behold around us in real life, while yet containing a sufficient blending of romance and sentiment, of heroism and magnanimity, to satisfy the higher aspirations of our being. Biography is most charming when it depicts with fidelity those characters, and records with truth those events, which approach nearest to that imaginary perfection to which every generous mind aspires, but to which none ever has attained, or ever will.

It has been said with truth, that the events which are suitable for epic poetry are such as are "probable but yet elevating." We are so constituted by our bonds to earth, that

our chief interest must ever be derived from the virtues or the vices, the joys or sorrows, of beings like ourselves; but we are so filled with more ennobling thoughts and aspirations, by our destiny in Heaven, that we can be satisfied only by what points to a higher state of existence, and feel the greatest enjoyment by being elevated, either by the conceptions of fancy or the records of reality, to a nearer view of its perfection. If novels depict merely imaginary existences, they may charm for a season, like the knights of Ariosto, or the heroes of Metastasio; but they are too much in the clouds permanently to interest sublunary mortals. If they record merely the adventures of low, or the vulgarity of middle life, they may amuse for a season, like the characters of Smollet; but they will sink ere long, from the want of that indispensable lifeboat in the sea of time, an elevating tendency. It is characters like those of the Iliad, of Shakspeare, of Scott, and Schiller, which combine the well-known and oft-observed characteristics of human nature with the oftimagined but seldom seen traits of heroism and magnanimity which border on the realms of the ideal that for ever fascinate the imagination, and dwell in the heart of man. reason is, they contain enough of reality to tell us it is of humanity that the story is told, and enough of the ideal to make us proud of our connection with it.

The great and chief charm of biography is to be found in this, that it unites, from its very nature and object, those too indispensable requisites to durable popularity in works of fiction, and combines them with the value and the solid information of truthful narrative. It possesses the value of history, without its tedium—the interest of romance, without its unsubstantiality. It culls the flowers from the records of time, and casts into the shade all the accompanying weeds and briers. If a judicious and discriminating selection of characters were made—if those persons were selected for the narrative who have been most illustrious by their virtues, their genius, or their magnanimity, or, as a contrast, by their vices, and who have made the greatest and most durable impression on human affairs, a work might be produced exceeding any one of history in its utility, any of romance in its popularity. David Hume strongly advised Robertson, eighty years ago, instead of writing the Life of Charles the Fifth, to write a series of biographies, on the plan of Plutarch, for modern times; and it is, perhaps, to be regretted that the advice was not followed. Yet were the abilities of the Scotch

Principal, great as they were, not such as peculiarly fitted him for the task. His mind was too philosophical and discursive to give it its chief interest. He wanted the dramatic turn, the ardent soul, the graphic power, the magnanimous disposition, which was essential to its successful accomplishment. A work in three thousand pages, or six volumes, recording the lives of fifty of the greatest and most illustrious men in Europe, from the days of Alfred to those of Napoleon, executed in the right spirit, and by a man of adequate genius, would be the most popular and elevating book that ever appeared in modern Europe. Many such have been attempted, but never with any success, because they were not set about by the proper To do justice to such an undertaking would require a combination of opposite qualities rarely to be met with in real life.

As biography deals with individual characters, and is relieved from the extended and perplexing subjects which overwhelm the general historian, it admits, in return, of an expansion into many topics, which, although often in the highest degree amusing, and sometimes not a little interesting, would yet be felt to be misplaced in the annals of the great changes of nations or of the world. As the delineation of character is its avowed object, and the events of individual life its principal subject, it not only admits of but requires a thousand incidents and descriptions, which are essential to a right understanding of those characters, and form, as it were, the still life of the picture in which their features are to be portrayed. Such descriptions are not unsuitable to general history. Mr. Macaulay has shown in his History that his observations on that head in the Edinburgh Review were founded on a just appreciation of the object and limits of his art. But they must be sparingly introduced, or they will become tedious and unprofitable: if any one doubt this, let him try to read Von Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire, one-half of which is taken up with descriptions of dresses, receptions, and processions. But in biography we readily give admission to-nay, we positively require-such details. If they are not the jewels of history, they are the setting which adds to their lustre. They fill up our conception of past events; they enable us to clothe the characters in which we are interested in the actual habiliments in which they were arrayed; they bring before our eyes the dwellings, the habits, the mode of life, the travelling, the occupations of distant ages, and often give more life and reality to the

creatures of our imaginations than could have been attained by the most labored general descriptions, or the most emphatic assertions of the author.

For this reason, as well as on account of the known influence of individual character, rather than abstract principle, on the fair sex, there is no branch of historical composition so suitable for woman as biography; and Miss Strickland has shown us that there is none which female genius can cultivate with greater success. The general bent of the female mind, impressed upon it for the wisest purposes by its Creator, is to be influenced in its opinions, and swayed in its conduct, by individual men, rather than general ideas. When Milton said of our first parents—

"Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed; For valor he and contemplation formed; For beauty she, and sweet attractive grace; He for God only, she for God in him;

he foreshadowed man as the appropriate historian of the general march of human events woman as the best delineator of individual character—the most fascinating writer of biography. The most gifted of her sex is a proof of this; for, if a few men have exceeded Madame de Stael in the broad view she takes of human affairs, none have equalled her in the delineation of the deepest feelings and most lasting passions of the human heart. As it is the nature of woman's disposition to form an idol, (and it is for that very reason that she proves so attractive to that of man,) so, when she comes to composition, we rejoice to see her form idols of her heroes, provided only that the limits of truth are observed in their delineation, and that her enthusiasm is evinced in depicting the real, not in coloring the imaginary.

As graphic and scenic details are so valuable in biography, and give such life and animation to the picture which it exhibits, so we willingly accept from a female biographer, whether of her own or others' life, details which we could not tolerate in the other sex. When the Duchess of Abrantes, writing after the fall of Charles X., recounts in her charming memoirs the enchanting Schall de Cachemire, which excited her envy on the shoulders of Josephine-or tells us that at a certain ball in Paris, in 1797, she wore her blue satin dress and pearl ornaments, and at another, her pink silk and diamonds, we perhaps smile at the simplicity which made her recount such things of herself; but still we gratefully accept them as characteristic of the costume or manners of the time. But we would never! tolerate a male biographer of Murat, who should tell us that at a certain ball at Naples he wore his scarlet trousers and black furred jacket, and on his coronation looked irresistible in his blue and silver uniform and splendid spare jacket;—not even though we know that in Russia he often returned to his lines with his sabre dripping wet with the blood of the Cossacks whom he had challenged and slain in single combat, and although the experience of all ages has confirmed the truth of Philopœmen's observation, that "to soldiers and women, dress is a matter of no small consequence."

Though details of this description, however, are valuable and admissible in biography, and come with peculiar propriety and grace from a female hand, it must be observed, on the other hand, that there is a limit, and a very obvious one, to the introduction of them, and that, if not inserted with caution, they may essentially injure the popularity or utility of a work. In particular, it is seldom safe to carry to any considerable length in the text the introduction of quotations from old histories or chronicles of the period, which often are filled with them to the exclusion of all other subjects. We know that such original documents have a great charm in the eyes of antiquarians or antiquarian biographers, the more especially if they have brought them to light themselves; but such persons learned in ancient lore constitute but a small fraction of the human race. The great body of readers, at least nineteen out of twenty, care nothing at all for such original authorities, but wish to see their import condensed into a flowing easy narrative in the author's own words. For this reason, it is generally safest to give such original documents or quotations in notes or an appendix, and to confine quotations in the text to characteristic expressions, or original words, spoken on very important occasions. Barante and Sismondi in France, Tytler in Scotland, and Lingard in England, have essentially injured the general popularity of their great and learned works, by not attending to this rule. The two Thierrys have chiefly won theirs by attending to it.

The great popularity and widely extended sale of Miss Strickland's Queens of England, almost equalling, we believe, that of any living author in this country, and much exceeding that of any prior writer, whether of her own or the other sex, in the same period in biography, is a proof both of the intrinsic excellence of that work, and the thirst which exists in the public mind for works of that

description. We have long been of opinion ! that the narrative of human events might be rendered as popular in the outset, and far more and durably interesting in the end, than any works of fiction; and that the only reason why this has so seldom taken place, was because historical works were in general constructed on wrong principles. The great success which has recently attended historical composition in this country, especially in the case of Mr. Macaulay's History and Miss Strickland's Lives, is a proof that this view of the subject is well founded. And of the two, biography, when supported by learning, and handled by genius, such as both these learned writers possess, is much more likely to be generally popular than extended history, because it partakes more of the character of Romance, and possesses in a higher degree that unity of interest which is the most essential element in all arts which aim at pleas-

ing or fascinating mankind. Scotland is a country peculiarly fortunate in the characters it presents for biographical genius. This arises from its physical weakness when compared to the strength of its formidable neighbor, and the resources which it has ever found in the persevering and indomitable character of its inhabitants. The former in every age of the wars with England has made its plains the seat of conflict; while the latter has always secured their success in the end, though often after fearful reverses and always against tremendous odds. The proof of this is decisive. Scotland, after three centuries of almost incessant conflict, first with the arms, and then, more formidable still, with the gold of England, was still unsubdued when her monarchs ascended the English throne, and the rivalry of two noble nations was turned into the blissful emulation of peace. It is this combination of circumstances which has caused her history to be so prolific of incident, and has rendered, as strangers so often have remarked, every step in her surface historical. Her physical weakness filled it with incident—her moral strength with heroic incident. Go where you will, you meet with some traces of the great or the beautiful, the gifted or the fascinating, of former days. The ancient walls and castellated rocks of Edinburgh teem with historical recollections of the highest interest, which the kindred spirit of modern chivalry has done so much to illustrate.* In the short space of

twenty miles—between Falkirk and Stirling—are four battle-fields.* on each of which the fate of Britain was determined, or armies as numerous as those which met at Waterloo encountered each other. Lochleven exhibits the mournful prison of beauty; Niddry Castle of her evanescent joys; the field of Langside, of her final overthrow. Cartlan Crags still show the cave of Wallace; Turnberry Castle the scene of Bruce's first victory; Culloden, the last battle-field of generous fidelity. Every step in Scotland is historical; the shades of the dead arise on every side; the very rocks breathe—

"Yet Albyn, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine!
Thou bidd'st him who by Roslin strays,
List to the tale of other days:
Midst Cartlan crags thou show'st the cave,
The refuge of the champion brave;
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every dale,
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy native legends with thy land,
To give each scene the interest high
Which Genius lends to Beauty's eye."

Miss Strickland's talents as a writer, and turn of mind as an individual, in a peculiar manner fit her for painting a historical gallery of the most illustrious or dignified female characters in that land of chivalry and of song. Her disposition is at once heroic and pictorial. She has the spirit of chivalry in her soul, and the colors of painting in her eye. She sympathizes with all the daring spirits, the bold adventure, the chivalrous devotion, of the cavaliers of former days; and she depitets with not less animation and force the stately scenes of former times—the dignified processions, the splendid ceremonials, the imposing pageants. She has vast powers of application, and her research is unbounded; but these qualities, so necessary as the foundation of a historian's fame, are in her united with the powers of painting and the soul of poetry, and dignified by the elevated objects to which they are directed. The incidents of individual life are of peculiar importance in Scottish annals, because, with the exception of two periods—the war of independence under Wallace and Bruce, and the national struggle for emancipation from popish tyranny at the Reformation—there have seldom been what we now call popular Everything, or movements in Scotland. next to everything, depended on individual character; the great game of the world was

^{*} Mr. Aytoun's noble Lyrical Ballads, and Mr. Grant's admirable History of the Castle of Edinburgh.

^{*} Falkirk, Torwood, Bannockburn, Stirling Bridge.

played by kings and queens, nobles and knights. On this great theatre the queens played, as they do everywhere, a most important part. The instructor of man in childhood, the object of his adoration in youth, of lasting influence in manhood, woman has, in modern Europe, where her destiny was first developed, exercised an important sway, and more so than is generally supposed on national affairs. But nowhere has this influence been more strongly felt than in Scotland, where queens have appeared whose beauty and misfortunes have become immortal in story, and been forever engraven on the human heart by the hand of genius, and where the chivalrous and daring disposition of the country, the perfervidum Scotorum ingenium, at once penetrated some with the most devout adoration of their charms, and inspired others with the most vehement jealousy of their ascendancy.

In her delineation of individual character, Miss Strickland evidently takes the greatest pains to be impartial; and the multitude of new documents and facts which she has brought on both sides of the question, in regard to her heroines, is a sufficient proof that this most laudable principle is a ruling one in her mind. But she would be something more or something less than mortal, if no trace of predilection were to be found in her It is rather, however, in regard to families than individuals that this leaning is apparent. She is evidently inimical to the Tudor and friendly to the Stuart race. this she only shares the feelings of the chivalrous and the enthusiastic of every age and country; for the leading qualities of the one were as calculated, on a retrospect, to inspire aversion as those of the other were to awaken sympathy. The first was selfish, overbearing, cruel, but often exceedingly able; the latter generous, unsuspecting, heroic, but sometimes sadly imprudent. Success at the time crowned the worldly wisdom of the one, and disaster, long-continued and crushing, at length punished the unhappy want of foresight of the other. But the results of the time are not always indicative of the opinion of futurity; and already the verdict of mankind has been secured in regard to the rival Queens who brought their fortunes into collision, by two pleaders of surpassing power in swaying the human heart. Scotland may be proud that one of these was found in the most gifted of her sons, whose genius has, in one of his most perfect historical novels, immortalized the prison of Lochleven and the field of Langside; and Germany may well exult in the reflection that the other appeared in that matchless genius who, three centuries after her death, imbibed, on the banks of the Saale, the very soul and spirit of the age of Mary in England, and has forever engraven her heroic death, and the imperishable scenes of Fotheringay, on the hearts of men.*

Miss Strickland's partiality for the Stuart and aversion to the Tudor race, may be explained by another and still more honorable circumstance. It is the inevitable effect of a long course of injustice, whether in the rulers of men, or the judges of those rulers, the annalists of their lives, to produce in the end a reaction in the general mind. This is more particularly the case in persons like Miss Strickland, actuated by generous and elevated feelings, and who feel conscious of power to redress much of the injustice which the long-continued ascendancy of a particular party, whether in religion or politics, has in-flicted on the characters of History. Nowhere has this injustice been more strongly experienced than in Great Britain during the last two centuries. The popular party in politics, and the reformed in religion, having in both these countries, after a sanguinary struggle, been successful, and a family seated on the throne which embodied, and in a manner personified, both these triumphs, nearly the whole historians who treated of the period of a century and a half were entirely one-sided. When Hume wrote his immortal history, he complained, with justice, that for seventy years power, reward, and emolument, had been confined to one party in the state, and that the sources of History had, in consequence, been irremediably corrupted. His rhetorical powers and impartial spirit did much to remedy the evil, but he had not industry and research sufficient to do the whole. Much was left to the just feelings, and generous because disinterested effort, of the high-minded who succeeded him in the path of historical inquiry. Mr. Tytler's great and authentic History of Scotland, and Lingard's able and valuable, though onesided, History of England, have gone far to give the opposite side of the picture which Malcolm Laing and Burnet had painted in so vehement a party spirit, and Macaulay has since continued with such remarkable historical power. But much remained yet to be done. Antiquarian industry, chivalrous zeal, have of late brought many of the concealed or suppressed treasures of History to light;

^{*} Schiller, in his noble drama of Maria Stuart.

and it is those which Miss Strickland proposes to embody in her Queens of Scotland.

Of the general plan which she proposes to adopt in this work, our author gives the following admirable account:

"As long as Scotland, in consequence of bad roads and tedious travelling, remained a sort of terra incognita, vulgar prejudice prevailed among the ignorant and narrow-minded portion of society in England; but Scotland only required to be seen to be appreciated. Strong in native talent, rich in native worth, valiant, persevering, and wise, her sons have been ever foremost in the field of honorable enterprise, whether in deeds of arms, science, jurisprudence, or the industrial arts of peaceful life. In poetry, music, and song, she has certainly never been surpassed. It was, however, reserved for the genius of Sir Walter Scott to draw English hearts and English gold to Scotland, and to knit those bonds of brotherly regard which no act of legislature could do. His graphic pictures of Scotland and the Scotch acted like a spell of enchantment on the imaginations of the English. Those who were able to indulge the enthusiastic feelings which his writings had excited, crossed the Border, rushed into Highland glens, scaled Highland hills, congregated at Scotch hostelries, peeped into Scotch cottages, were invited to partake of Scotch hospitality—and found themselves in a land flowing with milk and honey, not merely in its festive character, but in its kindliness to strangers, which is the glory of all lands.

"Yet'among the numerous visitors whom the sight-seeing instincts of this age of locomotion have rendered familiar with the ancient seats of Scottish regality, how few know anything about the Queens who once held their courts within the now deserted walls of Dunfermline, Falkland, Linlithgow, and Stirling!—gems which, even in their desolation, are surviving monuments of the graceful tastes of their founders, and incline the musing antiquary, who realizes in fancy for a moment their pristine glory, to smite his breast and exclaim, 'Ichabod!' With the exception of Windsor Castle, England has certainly no vestige of palatial architecture which may compare with the royal homes of Scotland, of whose former tenants a few particulars may be no less acceptable to the sons and daughters of the land, than to the southern stranger who visits them.

"The Maiden Castle, sitting enthroned on her dun rock, the Acropolis of Edinburgh, at once a relic and a witness of the immutable Past, is full of memories of eventful scenes connected with Queens whose hearts would have leaped with exultation could their eyes have looked on such a vision of national prosperity as the bright New Town, with its gay streets, and shops full of costly merchandise; its spacious squares, crescents, and noble public buildings, rising on the outer ballium of that grim fortress whose base is now surrounded by green flowery gardens, for the joyance of a peace-loving generation. Mons Meg and her brethren have lost their vocation through the amended temper of the times, and hold sinecure

posts in silence—their destructive thunders being superseded by the din of the railway trains bringing hourly freights of wealth and wisdom to the good town of Edinburgh and its inhabitants.

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"Many original royal letters will be embodied in these volumes, with facts and anecdotes carefully verified. Local traditions, not unworthy of attention, have been gathered in the desolate palaces and historic sites where every peasant is an oral chronicler, full of spirit-stirring recollections of the past. These are occasionally connected with themes which were the fountains whence Sir Walter Scott drew his inspiration for the chivalric poetry and romance which has rendered Scotland classic ground. The tastes of those who were the rising generation when the Waverley romances were the absorbing theme of interest in the literary world, have become matured. They require to have history rendered as agreeable without the mixture of fiction as with it; they desire to have it so written, without sacrificing truth to fastidiousness, that they may read it with their children, and that the whole family party shall be eager to resume the book when they gather round the work-table during the long winter evenings.

"Authors who feel as they ought to feel, should rejoice in seeing their productions capable of imparting pleasure to the simple as well as the refined; for a book which pleases only one grade of society may be fashionable, but cannot be called popular. That which interests peasants as well as peers, and is read with equal zest by children and parents, and is often seen in the hands of the operative classes, speaks to the heart in a language intelligible to a widely-extended circle of humanity, has written its own review, and needs

no other.

In the last lines of these admirable observations, we doubt not Miss Strickland has, without intending it, foreshadowed the des-

tiny of her own undertaking.

The work begins with the life of Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. of England, and married at the early age of fourteen to James IV., the heroic and brilliant King of Scotland. This choice, in many respects, was fortunate, as it commences with the period when the fortunes of the two kingdoms became closely interlaced, and with the princess whose marriage with James was the immediate cause of the union of the two crowns on the same head, and the placing of the Stuart, and through it of the Hanoverian family, on the British throne.

The first chapter is occupied with the details of the journey of the royal bride from London to Edinburgh, which was somewhat a more tedious and fatiguing undertaking than it is now when performed by her descendant Queen Victoria, for it took above three weeks to perform. The reception of the

youthful princess at York, Newcastle, and Durham, where she was met and attended by the whole nobility and gentry of the nothern counties, who accompanied her on her progress northward on horseback, gives occasion for several faithful and animated pictures. Her first day's journey in Scotland, however, brought her into ruder scenery, characteristic of the stormy life which lay before her; and she rested the first night at Fastcastle, then a stronghold of the Home family, now belonging to Sir John Hall of Dunglass, which modern genius, under a feigned name, has done so much to cele-

"Fastcastle is no other than the veritable Wolf-Crag Tower, celebrated in Scott's Bride of Lammermoor as the abode of the Master of Ravenswood. It is seated on a lofty promontory, which commands the lonely indented bay of which St. Abb's Head forms the extreme point to the right, with the wild array of rifted rocks terminating in the Wolf-Crag, which soars high in mid-air above the fortress—black, gloomy, and inaccessible. The way by which the southern bride and her company reached this rugged resting-place lay across the Lammermuir, several miles of wild heath and treacherous bog, which no stranger. might traverse in safety without guides well acquainted with the track. Before they entered on this pass, they had to descend a hill, which was so steep and precipitous that, even within the last century, it was customary for the passengers by the mail-coach between Berwick and Edinburgh to alight and cross it on foot, while the carriage was taken off the wheels and carried over by a relay of men, stationed on the spot for that purpose. Of course the roads were not better in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Fastcastle is approached by one or two descents and ascents of this kind, and is separated from the mainland by a cleft between the rocks, which has to be crossed by a natural bridge formed of a ledge of rock, without rail or guard, with the vexed billows boiling

and thundering sixty feet below.
"When the young Tudor Queen made her passage across this Al Arat of the Caledonian coast, she had the German Ocean before her, which beats against the rocky battlements and defences with which the basement of the castle is surrounded. One of these masses resembles the upturned keel of a huge man-of-war, stranded among other fragments, which, like the relics of a former world, lay scattered at the foot of the precipice, with the wild breakers rushing through their clefts, forming a grand jet-d'eau, and tossing the light feathery foam on high. The larger rocks are the haunt of innumerable sea-birds. Fastcastle had formerly been the stronghold of some of those ferocious feudal pirates who may be regarded as the buccaneers of the Caledonian coast. Many a bloody deed had been perpetrated within its isolated and inaccessible circuit; but the festive royal bride allowed no leisure or opportunity for whispers of the dark tales and romantic traditions connected with its history."

Hitherto the Tudor princess had not seen her royal lover. Their first interview, and his personal appearance, are described in these characteristic lines:-

"James entered the presence of Margaret Tudor with his hawking-lure flung over his shoulder, dressed simply in a velvet jacket; his hair and beard, curling naturally, were rather long, his complexion glowing from the manly exercise he he had just been engaged in. He was the handsomest sovereign in Europe, the black eyes and hair of his elegant father James III., being softened in his resemblance to the blonde beauty of his Danish mother. Sir Walter Scott has drawn James IV.'s portrait con amore, and has not exaggerated the likeness-

'For hazel was his eagle eye, And auburn of the darkest dye His short curled beard and hair. Light was his footstep in the dance, And firm his stirrup in the lists; And oh, he had that merry glance Which seldom lady's heart resists.'

The young Queen met her royal lord at the doorway of her great chamber. The King of Scotland uncovered his head and made a deep obeisance to her, while she made a lowly reverence to him. He then took her hand and kissed her, and saluted all her ladies by kissing them. It was noticed that he welcomed the chivalric Earl of Surrey with especial cordiality.

"Then the King of Scotland took the Queen on one side, and they communed together for a long space. She held good manner, [was unembarrassed;] and the King remained bare-headed during the time they conversed, and many courtesies passed between them. Incontinent [immediately] the board was set and served. The King and Queen washed their hands with humble reverence, and after that set them down at table together."

The entry of the royal pair into Edinburgh is thus described; and it seems to have been attended with one remarkable and characteristic circumstance, for she rode behind her destined husband on the same horse:-

"Half way to Edinburgh, James IV. was seen advancing with his company. He was this time attired in grand costume. His steed was trapped with gold, and round its neck was a deep gold fringe; the saddle and harness were of gold, but the bridle and head-gear of burnished silver. The King wore a jacket of cloth of gold, lined and bordered with violet velvet and fine black bouge or budge fur; his waistcoat was of violet satin, his hoses of scarlet, his shirt confined with solemnities and ceremonials that surrounded the | bands of pearl and rich stones; his spurs were long and gilt. He rode towards the Queen in full course, at the pace at which the hare is hunted. On seeing her he made very humble obeisance, and, leaping down from his horse, he came and kissed her in her litter. Then mounting in his usual gallant fashion, without touching stirrup, a gentleman-usher unsheathed the sword of state, and bore it before his King in regal fashion. The Scottish sword was enclosed in a scabbard of purple velvet, whereon was written, in letters of pearl, God my defende. The like words are on the pommel, the cross, and the chap also. The earl of Bothwell bore this sword when the royal party reached Edinburgh town.'

"The King placed himself by the Queen's litter, and passed all the time conversing with her and entertaining her as he rode by her side.

"' Before they entered Edinburgh, one of the King's gentlemen brought out a fair courser, trapped in cloth of gold with crimson velvet, interlaced with white and red: the King went to the horse, mounted him without touching the stirrup in the presence of the whole company, then tried his paces-choosing to judge himself whether it was safe for his bride to ride on a pillion behind him, which was the mode in which he intended to enter the city.' Likewise he caused one of his gentlemen to mount behind him, as a lady would ride, to see whether the proud courser would submit to bear double or not.

"When he had concluded all his experiments, he decided that it was not proper to trust the safety of his bride to his favorite charger; 'so King James dismounted from him, and condescended to ride on the Queen's gentle palfrey. He mounted, and the Queen was placed on a pil-

lion behind him."

The real tragedy and most interesting period of Margaret Tudor's life, is that which preceded and followed the fatal expedition to Flodden, to which the genius of Mr. Aytoun has lately added such additional interest in his exquisite ballads. Miss Strickland has also been strongly moved by the same catastrophe:-

"There are traditions still current in the neighborhood of the beautiful palatial ruin of Linlithgow, relative to her parting with James IV.

"Near the King's bed-chamber, and a beautiful little apartment overlooking the lake, supposed to be his dressing-room, is a turnpike stair, at the corner of the east side of the quadrangle erected by James IV. This leads to a lofty turret or mirador, called by popular tradition 'Queen Margaret's Bower.' It is surrounded by a stone bench or divan, and had once a small stone table in the centre. Here the Queen spent in tears the live-long summer's day on which her husband left her to march against England. Here, too, she is said to have passed 'the weary night of Flodden fight,' expecting news of the engagement, which came at last, but too soon.

"The fatal field of Flodden not only made

Queen Margaret a widow, but rendered Scotland

desolate and almost desperate. All the hope that remained to the people of averting the fury of Henry VIII., and the cruelty of his successful general, centred solely in the Queenbeing founded on the near relationship of herself and their infant King to the southern sovereign."

"The Queen convened such of the nobility as survived the red field of Flodden, to meet the clergy at Perth immediately. So prompt were all their proceedings, that the young King was crowned at Scone, near that city, within twenty days of his father's death. It was called the Mourning Coronation; for the ancient crown of Scotland being held over on the baby brow of the royal infant, most of the witnesses and assistants of the ceremony burst into an infectious passion' of sobs and tears. They wept not only their own recent losses on the battle-field, but their late monarch, 'who was,' as Buchanan says, albeit no commander of Kings, 'dear to all men while living, and mightily lamented by his people at his death.'

"When the first agony of grief was abated at the loss of the King and the terrible slaughter of the best of the nobility and gentry who fought in the serried phalanx of spears about his person, the discovery was made by the Scottish people that no other injury was like to accrue from Flodden fight. It was, to all intents and purposes, one of those bad expenditures of human life called a drawn battle. Had it taken place on Scottish ground, it would have been reckoned another Bannockburn: the English must have retreated. (for they did so on their own ground,) and the Scots would have retained possession of the field. As it was, the English had the moral advantages of being an invaded people; and, as such, their success in making a great slaughter of those who were arrayed in battle on their soil, redounded more to their true glory than is the case in most great victories. But they did not purchase it easily. Stark and stiff as James IV. lay under heaps of slain, he kept possession of that wellstricken field. The despatch of Lord Dacre clearly proves that when the English left the field at nightfall, they were ignorant to whom the victory belonged. Then the Homes and other Border chieftains plundered the dead at their leisure; their countrymen strongly suspected that they slew their King, and turned the scale of victory against their countrymen. There is the more probability in this supposition when it is remembered how inflexible James IV. had maintained justice on his Borders-therefore he had honestly won the enmity of those rapacious septs.

"Lord Dacre made an excursion of observation, with a party of cavalry, in the morning after the battle of Flodden, to ascertain who possessed the field; he saw the King of Scotland's formidable train of brass cannon dominant over the scene, but mute and motionless; the artillerymen gone; the Scottish cannon and the silent dead were solely in possession of the battle-ground. The thickest heaps cumbered it on the spot where the royal James and his phalanx had fought; the breathless warriors lay just as death had left them, for the marauding Borderers had not dared to pursue their occupation of stripping and plundering in the full light of day."

Queen Margaret, however, did not remain long inconsolable; she had too much of the disposition of her brother Henry VIII. in her to remain long without a husband; and she fixed her eye on a handsome youth, the Earl of Angus, whom she soon afterward married, to the no small annoyance of her brother and his subjects. Her marriage with him gave occasion to the following pleasing verses by Gawin Douglas, the uncle of the nobleman thus honored by the smiles of royalty:—

"Amidst them, borne within a golden chair,
O'er-fret with pearls and colors most preclair,
That drawen was by hackneys all milk-white,
Was set a queen as lily sweetly fair,
In purple robe, hemmed with gold ilkwhere;
With gemmed clasp closed in all perfite,
A diadem most pleasantly polite
Sate on the tresses of her golden hair;
And in her hand a sceptre of delight.

So next her rode, in grannate-violet,
Twelve damsels, ilka ane on their estate,
Which seemed of her counsel most secrete;
And next them was a lusty rout, God wot!
Lords, ladies, and full many a fair prelate,
Both born of low estate and high degree,
Forth with their queen they all by-passed me,
At easy pace—they riding forth the gate,
And I abode alone within the tree."

Margaret's life, after her second marriage, was a series of adventures and disasters. partly occasioned by the turbulent spirit and endless disorders of the times, partly by her own passions. She was a true Tudor in her disposition. Like her brother, "she spared no man in her lust, and no woman in her hate." When she died, at the age of fortyeight, she had already married four husbands, of whom three were still alive. divorced, not beheaded, when she was tired of her lovers: in that respect she was better than Henry. By the second of these husbands, she had a daughter, named Margaret, whose birth took place in the following circumstances, characteristic alike of the age and country.

"The welcome message of Dacre arrived at Coldstream almost in the last minute that Queen Margaret could be moved. So desperately ill was she taken on the road, that her convoy were forced to stop by the way, and hurry her into Harbottle or Hardbattle Castle, one of the grimmest and gauntest stone-donjons that frowned on the English frontier. It was just then garrisoned by Lord Dacre in person, who had com-

menced the fierce war on the Borders to which the arrival of the Duke of Albany in Scotland had given rise. The portcullis of Harbottle was raised to admit the fainting Queen of Scotland; but not one Scot, man or woman, Lord Dacre wowed, should enter with her. Here was a terrible situation for Margaret. She was received into the rugged Border-fortress, October 5, and, after remaining in mortal agony for more than forty-eight hours, gave birth to a daughter, the Lady Margaret Douglas, whose name is familiar to every one on the pages of general history, as the immediate ancestress of our present royal family."

March,

The death of Margaret Tudor suggests the following reflections to our author, the justice and beauty of which makes us regret that she does not more frequently speak in her own person, instead of the quaint style of ancient annalists.

"Some of Margaret Tudor's mistakes in the government, it is possible, may be attributed to, the fact that she is the first instance that occurs since Christianity was established in the island, of regnant power being confided to the hands of a woman who was expected to reign as femme seule. She had no education, scarcely any religion, and was guided entirely by her instincts, which were not of an elevated character. Her misdeeds, and the misfortunes attributable to her personal conduct, gave rise to most of the terrible calamities which befell her descendants. Some persons among the aristocracy of Scotland followed her evil example of divorce, which caused long and angry litigation concerning the birth-rights of their descendants. The fearful feud between the houses of Arran and Darnley-Stuart was of this kind, which deeply involved the prosperity of her grand-daughter, Mary Queen of Scots. And that hapless Princess was likewise marked as a victim by the cold and crafty Ruthven, on account of his family interests being affected by Queen Margaret's marriages and divorces.

"A succession of tragedies, for three generations, was the consequence of Margaret Tudor's indulgence of her selfish passions. Nor are the woes attendant on contempt of the divine institution of marriage limited to the great ones of the earth. Many a domestic tragedy, though shrouded in the obscurity of every-day life, may be traced to the same cause. Sorrow enters with sin; it desolates the peace of home; and unoffending children suffer for the evil of their parents, whenever persons are found to break, either by wilful passions or litigious contest, the

earliest law given by the Almighty."

The second Life in the volume is that of Magdalene of Valois, the beautiful first Queen of James V., the brevity of whose reign of forty days in Scotland was the subject of such lamentation to the country. James went to Paris, in the true spirit of chivalry, to choose and win a Queen in per-

son; and after a rapid and somewhat discreditable homage to Mary of Vendôme, on the banks of the Loire, his inconstant affections were at length fixed by Magdalene, daughter of Francis I., whom he soon after married, and who became his much-loved but short-lived Queen. Their entrance into Scotland is thus described:—

"The royal voyagers made the port of Leith, Saturday, May 19, being the fifth day from their embarkation, and Whitsun-eve. They landed at the pier amidst the acclamations of a mixed multitude of loving lieges of all degrees, who came to welcome their sovereign home, and to see their new Queen. Magdalene endeared herself for ever to the affections of the people by the sensibility she manifested on that occasion; for when 'she first stepped on Scottish ground, she knelt, and, bowing herself down, kissed the moulds thereof for the love she bore the King, returned thanks to God for having brought the King and her safely through the seas, and prayed for the happiness of the country.' This was indeed entering upon her high vocation, not like the cold state puppet of a public pageant, but in the spirit of a queen who felt and understood the relation in which she stood both to the King and people of that realm. A touching sight it must have been to those who saw that young royal bride thus obey the warm impulse of a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, and love to all she then looked upon. The venerable Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, and other contemporary poets, who were so soon to hang elegiac wreaths of mournful verse on the early bier of her who then stood among them in her fragile and almost unearthly loveliness, radiant with hope, and joy, and happy love, called her 'the pleasant Magda-lene,' and 'the sweet Flower of France.'

"King James blithely conducted his Queen to his palace of Holyrood; and, to increase the universal satisfaction which her appearance and manners had given, the auspicious news quickly spread through Edinburgh, that she was likely to bring an heir to Scotland. Great were the rejoicings in consequence. The ancient prediction 'that the French wife should bring a child the ninth in degree from the left side of the stem of Bruce, that should rule England and Scotland from sea to sea,' was revived, in anticipation of the offspring of James V. of Scotland by Magdalene of France, although it would only have been the eighth in descent from that illustrious stock."

Her premature and lamented death is recorded in these feeling paragraphs:—

"The early death of Magdalene was not only a misfortune to her royal husband, but a serious loss to Scotland, and even to Christendom, on account of the enlightened views she had received on the all-important subject of religion. Brantôme tells us that 'she was very deeply regretted not only by James V. but by all his people, for she was very good, and knew how to make herself truly beloved. She had a great

mind, and was most wise and virtuous.' The first general mourning ever known in Scotland was worn for her, and her obsequies were solemnized with the greatest manifestation of sorrow of which that nation had ever been participant. The lamentations for the premature death of this youthful Queen, and the hopes that perished with her of an heir of Scotland, appear to have been of a similar character to the passionate and universal burst of national sorrow which, in the present century, pervaded all hearts in the Britannic empire, for the loss of the noble-minded Princess Charlotte of Wales and her infant.

"How many hopes were borne upon thy bier, O stricken bride of love!"

"The epitaph of this lamented Queen was written by Buchanan in elegant Latin verse, of which the following is a translation:—

" Magdalene of Valois, Queen of Scotland, DIED IN THE XVI YEAR OF HER AGE.

"I was a royal wife, from monarchs sprung, A sovereign's daughter, and in hope to be The royal mother of a regal line; But lest my glory should exceed the height Of mortal honor, Death's invidious dart Hath laid me in my morning freshness here. Nature and virtue, glory, life, and death, Strove to express in me their utmost power. Nature gave beauty; virtue made me good; Relentless death o'er life too soon prevail'd. But my fair fame shall flourish evermore, To compensate for that brief mortal span By lasting meed of universal praise."

Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the great Duke of Guise, and a lineal descendant of Charlemagne, was the second Queen of James V.: she is peculiarly interesting, as her daughter was Queen Mary; and she was the ancestress of our present illustrious sovereign. We have room only, however, for one extract:—

"'Let us,' says an eloquent French writer of the present day, 'enter the grand gallery of the Chateau d'Eu, and contemplate the noble portraits of the line of Guise. There we shall view that old Claud of Lorraine, clad in his heavy cuirass, bearing his long sword, first dyed in blood at Marignan, having for his cortege and companions his six glorious sons; then we shall see Francis of Lorraine, rival of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and conqueror of Calais; near him that Cardinal of Lorraine, eloquent as an orator, gallant and magnificent as a prince, yet an ambitious and cruel priest. And there is the grandchild of Duke Claud, Mary Stuart, angel of grief and poesy, whose charming head bore a crown-regnant, and yet fell beneath the axe of the executioner.'

"The Duke and Duchess of Longueville were both present at the bridal of James V. and Magdalene of France. Little did the Duchess imagine, when she, as the wife of the representative

of the brave Dunois, and the eldest daughter of the house of Guise-Lorraine, proudly took high place among the great ladies of France, near the person of the royal bride, that the crown-matrimonial of Scotland-never to be worn by her on whose finger she saw the enamored bridegroom place the nuptial ring-was destined to encircle her own brow. Far less could she have believed, even if it had been predicted to her, that from her union with that Prince should proceed a line of sovereigns who would reign not only over the Britannic isles from sea to sea, but whose empire, far exceeding that of her mighty ancestor Charlemagne, should extend over India, a considerable section of America, and include vast portions of the habitable globe whose existence was then unknown. Before the anniversary returned of the day that witnessed the nuptials of James and Magdalene, all these apparently impossible events were in an active state of progression."

Miss Strickland has announced in her Preface that two volumes are to be devoted by her to the life of Queen Mary; and that great light has been thrown upon that interesting subject by the important original letters which Prince Labanoff's recent researches and publication have brought to We look with impatience for the fulfilment of the promise; for, although nothing can exceed in pathos and interest Mr. Tytler's entrancing account of the captivity and death of that celebrated and heroic princess, yet we are well aware that much light has since his time been thrown on the subject, by the zealous labors of chivalrous antiquaries. That she may succeed in vindicating her memory from much of the obloquy which, despite her many great and noble qualities, and matchless charms of person and manner, still oppresses it, is, we need hardly say, our most anxious wish; and if any one can do it, it is herself. But we confess we have little expectation that it is possible even for her chivalrous mind and untiring industry to effect the object. Our present view of this interesting question is as follows:-The strength of the case against Queen Mary during her reign in Scotland, is such that it remains much the same upon the admitted and incontestible facts of history, though all the disputed points were decided in her favor. No original letters of hers, or others which can be produced-no complete disproval of those which were charged, we believe falsely and treacherously, against her, can do away with her acts, whatever light they may throw upon her motives, or the unparallelled network of treachery, selfishness, and duplicity, with which she was Can it be reasonably hoped surrounded. that any subsequent effort of industry or | betrayed."-Maria Stuart, Act v. scene 7.

ability will be able to do more for Queen Mary's memory than has been done by her gifted dramatic biographer Schiller, who, in the awful scene of her last confession to the priest in the prison, immediately before being conducted to the block, makes her admit her failings in the indulgence of undue hatred against some, and impassioned love to others; and recount, with sincerity, her stings of conscience for having permitted the king, her husband, to be put to death, and thereafter loaded with favors and bestowed her hand on the party charged with his murder? It is hopeless to deny the magnitude of these delinquencies, though men, at least, should view them with an indulgent eye; for they arose, as Schiller makes her say, on that dread occasion, from the self-forgetfulness and generous feelings which led her to trust in a sex by whom she was forsaken and betrayed.* Such is our present view of the case; but we have every confidence in Miss Strickland's powers and research, and shall impatiently await the new light she will doubtless throw on that most fascinating and tragic of all biographies.

The truth appears to be, that Mary was a mixed character; no uncommon thing in every age, and especially so in that disastrous and profligate one in which Mary's lot was cast. She was as charming and heroic as her most impassioned advocates would represent, and as impassioned, and in one matter guilty, as her worst enemies allege. Her virtues, however, were her own: her delinquencies, of the religion in which she had been bred, and the age in which she lived. It was the age, and she had been bred in the court, which witnessed the successive murders of the Duke of Guise and the Admiral Coligni at the court of France; the Massacre of St. Bartholomew by a French king, and the fires of Smithfield lighted by an English queen. To one period, and that the most interesting of her life, unmixed praise may be given. From the day of her landing in England, her conduct was one of dignity, innocence, and heroism; and if her previous life was stained by the imputation of having permitted one murder suggested to herself

^{* &}quot;Ach! nicht durch hass allein, durch sund' ge Liebe Noch mehr hab' Ich hochste Gott beleidigt. Das Eitle herz ward zudern Mann gezogen, Der treulos mich verlassen und betrogen."

[&]quot;Ah! not through hatred only, but still more through sinful love, have I offended Almighty God! My tender heart was too strongly drawn to man, by whose faithlessness I have been forsaken and

by despair, and recommended by others from profligacy, she expiated it by being the victim of another, suggested by jealousy, executed by rancor, and directly ordered by a cruel relative and a vindictive rival.

If there is any blemish in the very interesting volume, of which our limits will only permit a more cursory notice than its high merits deserve, it is to be found in the too frequent use of quotations from old authorities or original letters in the text, and the mosaic-like appearance which is often given to her pages, by the introduction of quaint and antiquated expressions drawn from contemporary writers in the body of the narrative. We are well aware of the motive which has led to this, and we respect it as it deserves; it arises from the wish to be accurate and trustworthy, the anxious desire to make her Lives a faithful transcript of the times—to exhibit their very "form and pressure." The object was good, the desire was laudable; but it is quite possible to be carried too far, even in working out the most praiseworthy principle. Long accounts of dresses, decorations, and processions; entries of expenses in Treasurers' accounts; even original letters, unless on very particular occasions, are the mate-

rials of biography, but they are not biography itself. It is living character, not still life, which we desire to see delineated: the latter is the frame of the picture, but it is not the picture itself. Such curious details are characteristic, generally amusing, often interesting; but they, in general, do better in foot notes than in the body of the narrative. We must admit, however, that Miss Strickland has exhibited equal judgment and skill in the manner in which she has fitted in those contemporary extracts into the body of the narrative, and the selection she has made of such as are most curious and characteristic of the times. By many, we are well aware, they will be considered as not the least interesting part of her very interesting volumes. It is the principle of introducing them in the text that we wish her to reconsider. Unity of composition is not less essential to the higher productions of art, in history or biography, than in painting or the drama; and Miss Strickland writes so powerfully, and paints so beautifully, that we cannot but often regret when we lose the thread of her flowing narrative, to make way for extracts from a quaint annalist, or entries from the accounts of a long-forgotten exchequer.

From Fraser's Magazine.

DANTE.

Ere blasts from northern lands Had covered Italy with barren sands, Rome's Genius, smitten sore, Wail'd on the Danube, and was heard no more. Centuries twice seven had past And crusht Etruria rais'd her head at last. A mightier Power she saw, Poet and prophet, give three worlds the law. When Dante's strength arose, Fraud met aghast the boldest of her foes: Religion, sick to death, Lookt doubtful up, and drew in pain her breath. Both to one grave are gone; Altars still smoke, still is the God unknown. Haste, whose from above Comest with purer fire and larger love, Quenchest the Stygian torch, And leadest from the Garden and the Porch, Where gales breathe fresh and free, And where a Grace is call'd a Charity, To Him, the God of peace, Who bids all discord in his household cease . . Bids it, and bids again, But to the purple-vested speaks in vain. Crying, "Can this be borne?" The consecrated wine-skins creak with scorn; While, leaving tumult there, To quiet idols young and old repair, In places where is light To lighten day . . and dark to darken night.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LIFE AND POETRY OF TASSO.

In the second part of Faust, the wand of Mephistopheles waves over the palace of Menelaus; the Atreid halls, the choral and sacrificial trains, and Helen and her captive handmaidens, dislimn into the billowy mists that descend upon the valley of the Eurotas. the next act of the mystic drama, the Cyclopean palace, the captives and the choir, the victims and the priest, and all the accompaniments of the old ethnic life, have vanished, and Helen alone survives, beloved by a Gothic paladin, and surrounded with the pomp of feudal chivalry. The spirit of beauty survives the dismemberment of empires; and Art, having accomplished its ethnic cycle, informs the fresh and lusty youth of mediæval Christendom. The apologue of the poet, if such be its interpretation, was realized in the history of Italy. Rome had fallen with not less dismay and perplexity of nations than the Babylon of apocalyptic vision. There was a new earth; and tribes unknown to the Cæsars inhabited it. A carpet of desolation was spread over the fairest provinces of the em-The sacred fire of Vesta was quenched for ever; the augurs could "no more divine;" the pontiff and the silent virgin no longer ascended the stairs of the Capitol; the seventh of the Etruscan years had passed away; the city of Quirinus was governed by an unwarlike priest, and professed obedience to a German Cæsar. Of the seven hills of Rome, five were as solitary as when the Arcadian Evander, according to to the legend, raised the shrine of Hercules on Mount Palatine. And around the walls of Rome, from the lake of Bolseno to the Lirus, stretched wide and monotonous wastes of heath and woodland, so that he who approached the capital from Naples or from Siena, seemed to himself to be entering a city of the dead. But in the 16th century of the Christian era, beyond the boundaries of the Papal States, the northern and southern provinces of the Italian peninsula were thickly set with fair and flourishing cities. Somewhat of their original lustre had indeed passed away; for already, like the Rome of Augustus, the Italian re-

publics had exchanged their turbulent freedom for a brilliant and, in some cases, a rigid despotism. Venice, Genoa, and Florence, however, still retained much of the vigor and alacrity of liberty, and surpassed all the capitals of transalpine Europe in the extent of their commerce, in refinement of manners, and in the cultivation of learning and the arts. The lonely majesty of Rome had been more imposing; but the vitality of the Italian communities penetrated deeper, and was impregnated with principles more generally conducive to the progress of mankind. might have seemed as if the twenty-four cities of Etruria had revived again, and Magna Græcia had risen from the dust and ashes of decay and invasion. The Helen of the ancient peninsula, to resume for a moment Göthe's symbol, had bequeathed her single cestus to a group of younger and more blooming nymphs.

Of the cities which inherited her rich bequest, none, in the sixteenth century, was more flourishing than Ferrara. The princes of Este, who held by right or by usurpation the helm of government, were derived by genealogists from the Trojan Atys or Astyanax—from which of the two they are not agreed—and probably descended, in reality, from a Lombard margrave who, under the Carlovingian sovereigns, governed the northern provinces of Italy. A succession of fortunate marriages aggrandized the progeny of Astyanax as well as the family of Rudolph of Hapsburg; and a series of skillful intrigues had combined with their noble and royal alliances to render the Ferarese princes conspicuous among the ducal sovereigns of the peninsula. At that period, no Italian city, except Florence, could compete with Ferrara in wealth, splendor, or luxury; and the lords of Este had always affected to court the friendship of men of learning and genius. Their patronage, indeed, was not always judicious or even liberal. They at times mistook a Mævius for a Maro. The salaries they gaye and the homage they exacted were often in an inverse ratio to each other; and

in his poor wardenship of Graffagnana, even the good-humored Ariosto murmured at the scanty guerdon afforded him by the first Alphonso. Poets and artists, nevertheless, flocked to the provincial capital; and, if they were generally disappointed, the court itself was brilliant; and an eager, although not always a generous, rivalry among the dependent wits rendered the intellectual harvest unusually prolific.

It was towards the close of autumn, in the year 1565, that Torquato Tasso arrived at the court of Ferrara. We mark this epoch as the crisis of his fortunes; but, before rushing at once into the midst of his dramatic story, we must briefly glance at his previous career. Bernardo Tasso, his father, who is still remembered because his son is still illustrious, was himself one of the most conspicuous and unfortunate persons of his age. He was a politician unlucky in the choice of his party, a client unlucky in the choice of his patrons, and a poet unlucky in the choice of a theme. Accordingly, his patrimony was confiscated, he died in exile, his wife was widowed by separation from him long ere death released her from sorrow, and when his epic "Amadigi," the labor of a life, was published, it fell almost still-born from the press. He was, however, a man of a sanguine and generous temper; and he continued to write verses to his dying day. His patrons wearied of him, yet he persisted in soliciting their favor; his son's "Rinaldo" eclipsed the paternal "Amadigi;" and the good Bernardo expired in the faith that the House of Tasso had produced two immortal poets.

Could the sanguine Bernardo have, for a moment, lifted the veil from Torquato's destiny, he might indeed have exulted in his son's posthumous renown: but he must have recoiled from the dreary prospect of his earthly pilgrimage. Poets, as a class, have had their full share of the original malediction. "Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail," fill up their category of griefs. Of the "importuna è grave salma" of life, Tasso endured more than even a poet's portion: and the burden was, in his case, aggravated by an irritable organization and by sensibilities unusually morbid. The woes of his contemporary Spenser fell upon the great Elizabethan allegorist with the evening shadows of life: the agony of Chatterton was brief; the madness of Collins and Cowper admitted of physical or domestic alleviations; the "pardlike spirit" of Shelley consoled itself with dreams of human perfectibility; the blindness of Milton was cheered by the thought that

"all Europe rang from side to side" with the burning words of his defence of the people of England; and Dante's exile was lightened by the assurance that the dooms of his "sacred poem" would be ratified by generations which knew neither Guelf nor Ghibeline. But Tasso was the dupe of to-morrow even from a child. His father's restoration to home and honor was the subject of perpetual hope and perpetual disappointment. For twelve years, like the orphan whom Homer, in some of his most touching verses, describes as the prey and mockery of unjust kinsmen and corrupt judges, his patrimony was invaded by litigants, or withheld by the Neapolitan government. From his twelfth year to his nineteenth, he shared the restless exile of Bernardo; and from his twentieth year to his death, he experienced, with few intermissions, the coldness of friends, the bitterness of foes, the jealousy of rivals, and the caprice of princes. During his agitated life his only havens of rest were his early childhood and his death-bed. All the interim was like-Christian's passage through the Valley of the-Shadow of Death, in Bunyan's vision. Without were fightings, within were fears. Onthe one hand were penury and exile, and frequent partings from those he loved; on the other were jealousies and terrors, the lazar-house, and the mad-house. In the reckoning of the calendar, he died at the age of fifty-one; but his infelicities might have filled a Platonic year, for they comprised all griefs which

"On the purest spirit prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense."

It is unnecessary for us, even if our limits would permit our doing so, to describe minutely the events of Tasso's life. For the English reader, besides Mr. R. Milman's interesting volumes, there is a biography of the poet, in two 4to, volumes, by Dr. Black: while the sketches by Muratori, Tiraboschi, Ginguéné, and Sismondi, leave the student of Italian literature little to desire. sentiments and opinions of Tasso himself can only be gathered from his numerous critical. and epistolary writings, and from the study of his lyrical poems; which, far more than his better-known "Gierusalemme" and "Aminta," reveal the strength and the weaknesses of his character. The common sources of the general biographies are, the work of Manso, Marquis della Villa, and that of the Abate Serassi. The friendship and the hexameters of Milton have rendered the name

of Manso at once familiar and "musical to | English ears." He was the contemporary and most generous friend of the muchsuffering poet. Serassi was a philologer and biographer of the last century, and in some respects better qualified than the noble marquis for the office they undertook; since he was intimately acquainted with Tasso's works and with every record of his career. Yet the two biographers do not merely differ materially from one another; each has disqualifications peculiarly his own, which prevent him from being a complete chronicler. Manso would seem to have derived most of his information from Tasso himself; but at a time when the poet's mind, and perhaps his memory also, had been unhinged and impaired by his overwhelming calamities. Manso did not write, at least he did not publish his record, until some years after the poet's decease; and his memoir is accordingly rather a series of recollections than a regular biography. Serassi far surpasses Manso in the abundance and accuracy of his materials. But Gurth was not more the bounden-thrall of the Saxon Cedric, than the Abate was, in this prejudices at least, the servant of the House of Este. He contradicts Manso with or without reason; "gainsaying," says Ginguene, "and not refuting facts, which could neither have been forged by Tasso, nor imagined by Manso." The particular inducements to Serassi's partiality are obvious. His work is dedicated to Maria Beatrice of Este, the wife of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria; and in whatever relates to the conduct of her ancestor Alphonso, or to the honor of the house of Este, the courtly biographer prefers "Plato to truth." fessor Rosini suspects the Abate, and not without reason, of neglecting or suppressing all documents or allusions in the least degree unfavorable to the princes of Ferrara. Black, on the other hand, has far too often taken Serassi's view; so that Mr. R. Milman, in vindicating Tasso, has discharged a pious office, for which all lovers of worth and genius will feel themselves his debtors.

Cities have contended for the honor of having given Torquato Tasso to the world. It was not, indeed, a controversy for the honor of his birth, since the claims of Sorrento are beyond dispute. But it was a controversy for the distinction of having contributed the most to the formation of his genius,—and so far it was a nobler strife than that of the candidates for the birth-place of Homer. Sorrento was a cradle befitting the future poet of the gardens of Armida. "It | lisped in numbers, whereas the elder Tasso

is so pleasant and delightful," says Bernardo Tasso, "that the poets feigned it to be the dwelling of the sirens." They still show the chamber in which Torquato was born. But envy, which is of all countries, has affirmed not only that the cottage at Stratford-upon-Avon was never Shakspeare's property, but also that Tasso's birth-chamber has long since been at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Like Horace's, his childhood was distinguished by signs and wonders. The peasants of Bante and Acherontia pointed out to strangers "the marvellous boy whom wood-pigeons had covered with leaves, and the black viper and prowling bear had left unharmed." "Ere six months had passed over the infant Tasso, he began," says Manso, "not merely to move his tongue, but to speak clearly and fluently" -a prodigy the more memorable, since in after-years he suffered from an impediment in his speech. He would have gratified all the wishes of old Cornelius Scriblerus, if what this biographer further relates be true, that "in his babyhood he was never seen to smile, as other children do, and seldom even to cry." The legend which his friend so unsuspiciously adopts, indicates the impression made by him in his riper years. He was doubtless a grave man. His was the earnest expression which looks out of Titian's portraits, and which is stamped on the brow of so many of our native poets. The scenes of his education were as various as might be expected in an exile's son, He received the first rudiments of instruction at Naples. His boyhood was disciplined in Rome. Bologna and Padua accomplished the scholar, and Ferrara the courtier. His progress in learning was extraordinary: his ardor and diligence almost incredible. He would often rise to study in the depth of night; and he never let the day surprise him in bed. The good Jesuits of Naples marvelled at their apt and towardly pupil: Maurizio Cataneo, "the first master in all Italy," was equally charmed with his proficiency, and when, at the age of seventeen years, he was entered at the University of Padua, the eyes of the learned were turned upon him.

The fathers of poets seem one and all to have resolved that their sons should be lawyers; and Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Ariosto, had all alike "penned stanzas" when as dutiful sons they should have been "engrossing." The sires of these distinguished writers might have pleaded an excuse for their mistake, which, however, would not avail the poetic Bernardo. They had never had been a rhymer all his life, and might have heen supposed capable of entering into his son's prejudices against Trebonian and Cujacius. The legal studies of Torquato were neither more nor less successful than had been those of Ovid or Petrarch. He bewailed in smooth couplets his evil destiny; he groaned, after the approved fashion, over glosses "de aquâ arcendâ" and "de stillicidio;" but after all, says his recent biographer, "he had no very great reason to complain so piteously, for he had passed a year at Padua in supposed attendance on the law lectures of the professors, and at the end of that period had produced—an epic poem!"

Of the student-life of Athens, when Bibulus and Horace were learning the properties of curves and angles, we can only form a wide conjecture. Two centuries later, indeed, we know that the Athehian professors and undergraduates banded themselves in class-rooms and nations, and that occasionally the military were called in from Corinth to keep the peace. The lecturers and students of Padua in the sixteenth century presented a very similar spectacle. city was, at the time of Tasso's matriculation, the most brilliant and perhaps the most turbulent of Italian universities. medicine it had always been pre-eminent; and in all studies, except theology, it had outstripped Bologna. Guido Pancirola was lecturing on civil law; Sigonio and Robortello on classical literature and grammar; Danese Cataneo and Cesare Pavese on poetry and polite letters. But these professors were for the most part angry and jealous rivals, and were surrounded by eager and combative disciples. The streets and taverns rang with "barbara," and "baralipton;" and

the field by club and dagger. Tasso entered the university with a high reputation for chivalrous as well as scholastic accomplishments. Maurizio Cataneo was equally a master of arts and of his rapier; and, together with grammar and philosophy, he had taught his pupil to ride and fence. Tasso was then only seventeen years old; but his lofty stature, his grave demeanor, his early troubles and his unusual learning, made him appear considerably older. The publication of his "Rinaldo" greatly extended his renown. It is little read now; and but for the "Gierusalemme" would be forgotten; yet it is a wonderful composition for a youth of eighteen. The earlier as well as the later epic of Tasso, displays the preponderance of the critical over the imaginative faculties.

Aristotle and Aquinas were often driven from

His judgment and sensibilities transcended his conceptive powers. He has written a better poem than Ariosto, but he was far inferior as a poet. Nothing can well be less epic than the "Gierusalemme"—except the Æneid. No narrative poem, on the other hand, if we except the earliest and noblest of the class, the Homeric Epos, is so skillfully connected, or so little tedious, as a whole, as the Jerusalem Delivered. But we are sliding into criticism, instead of tracing the course of Tasso's fortunes.

His name, his accomplishments, and his poem procured for him many friendships at Padua, which served to spread his reputation at the time, and were useful to him in his subsequent calamities. His most distinguished associates were the future cardinals Annibale di Capua and Scipione Gonzaga. Tasso's university career was, however, as unsettled as his school-days had been, and as his dependence at court was destined to become. At the commencement of his second year's residence at Padua, a professional squabble caused him to migrate to Bologna. The following extract from Mr. R Milman's pages will illustrate a "gownrow" of the Italians in 1562.

"Sigonio and Robortello, professors of the Greek and Latin 'humanities,' entertained a long-standing jealousy of one another. Mutual recriminations and accusations had long flown to and fro between them. No sooner did either commence lecturing on any subject than the other immediately started a rival course. Sigonio having begun to expound Aristotle's 'Poetics,' with great elegance and eloquence, Robortello opened his antagonist school, but not with equal success. 'Inde Iræ'-for the latter, being a fiery and violent man, took every opportunity of insulting Sigonio, who was of a meeker and more patient disposition. Their respective disciples participated in their masters' jealousies, exasperated their mutual indignation, and joined in the taunts and reproaches which they hurled at one another, even in public. One day, meeting in the street, they came to blows, and in the tumult Sigonio was gashed in the face with a poniard, and otherwise maltreated. Fearful of worse injury and desirous of peace, he migrated to Bologna. and Pendasio, another famous lecturer, and other parties with him."

Piso Donato Cesi, Bishop of Narni, had been appointed governor of Bologna by Pope Pius IV. He had rebuilt the collegiate schools and halls, and was inviting the learned. as well Ultra-montan as Italian, to repair to the city and revive the glories of the university. Among the scholars so invited was the youthful Tasso, and the Bishop of Narni's letter seems to have nearly synchronized with

the Sigonian "row." The compliment thus paid him, and the wrongs and migration of a respected tutor, determined him to quit Padua.

He did not remain long at Bologna. But his residence there was marked by two events in his literary life, the one characteristic of his early proficiency and renown; the other, an event of permanent interest to the world. Although only nineteen years of age at the time of his migration, Tasso was appointed a public lecturer at Bologna; and his "Dialogues on Heroic Poetry," as we now read them, are the expansion of his course of lectures on the same theme. At Bologna also he began and completed the first three cantos of his "Gierusalemme." The fame of his poem was almost coeval with its conception. Bolognetti, when he saw this beginning, and heard the whole plan from the lips of the young author, is said to have exclaimed, in the words of Propertius,

"Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii, Nescio-quid majus nascitur Iliade."

"It is marvellous," observes Serassi, as cited by Mr. R. Milman, "that among the hundred and sixteen stanzas of which this commencement consists, many of the most beautiful in that portion of his poem are to be found, although his later and more finished taste made him change the greater part of the sketch, and exceedingly improve the order of the story, the sublimity of the conceptions, and the beauty of the diction." The most seemingly careless and the most obviously elaborate of the great narrative poets resemble one another in this respect. The pentimentos in Ariosto's manuscript are numberless; Spenser and Camoens were discontented even with their third or fourth amendments, and the shapely Pallas of Torquato's brain was slowly modelled and painfully refined, until few of its original lineaments remained unaltered.

The wrongs done to his tutor had caused him to leave Padua; he quitted Bologna on account of an insult offered to himself. A squib reflecting on the tutors, Heads of Houses, and principal citizens, was imputed, although it would seem unjustly, to Tasso. During a temporary absence from his rooms, the university beadle was ordered to seize his papers and carry them to "the judge of the place, one Marcantonio Arresio, by whom they were strictly and unceremoniously overlooked." Tasso was acquitted of all art or part in the unlucky pasquinade; but he was

so seriously offended by the insult, that, after writing a letter of indignant justification to the Bishop of Narni, he quitted Bologne, and, finally, on the solicitations of Scipiona Gonzaga, returned to Padua. His next removal was apparently to high fortune, or at least to a fair vantage-ground of honors and wealth. It was really the most disastrous step of his life. At the age of twenty Torquato probably viewed his introduction at the court of Ferrara through the most roseate tints of youthful hope. At the age of fifty, and in his communications with Manso, he drew a picture of his suit and service under Alphonso, in all the colors of a transcendental sorrow.

"_____ as some great painter dips His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

Our limits do not admit of our tracing the progress of Tasso's misfortunes at the court of Ferrara. Our information, indeed, in spite of the labors of so many biographers, is very unsatisfactory. We do not know whether he loved or was beloved by Leonora; or whether he preferred or was preferred by Lucretia; or whether one or both of the Ladies of Este were poetical impersonations of that metaphysical passion which poets, and Italian poets especially, seem to have held it their duty to entertain. Neither are we informed of the offence which Alphonso so cruelly avenged. On this point, as on so many others connected with Tasso, neither Manso nor Serassi can be implicitly trusted. complexion of the Italian courts was eminently jealous; the tenure of court-favor amid so many ambitious patrons and so many anxious suitors was more than commonly precarious. We know, indeed, that the young poet had enemies, and among them one that might and did probably poison the ducal ear against him, - Giambattista Pigna, the private secretary of Alphonso. It appears, also, that either the Este family were capricious in their favors, or that Tasso himself was too incautious or too irritable for a courtier. Before he incurred the wrath of the Duke, he had displeased, or fancied he had displeased, the Cardinal d'Este. Of this enigma, which is as inextricable as the cause of Ovid's banishment to Tomi, only two points are clear,—that no indiscretion on the part of Tasso can have merited torments in comparison with which 'Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel' are ordinary penalties; and that whatever may have been Alphonso's injuries or suspicions, his fell and

ingenious vengeance stands high on the regis-

ter of history's darkest crimes.

At first, and for some time after Tasso's arrival at Ferrara, "all went merry as a marriage bell." The Duke took much notice of him, and expressed deep interest in the progress of his epic. He accorded to him the privilege—in that ceremonious and heraldic age a high one-of dining at the tavola ordinaria, the daily dinner-table of the princes themselves. On Tasso's return from France, and even after the cooling of Luigi d'Este's favor, Alphonso appointed him one of his gentlemen, with a monthly salary of about fifteen golden crowns, and a special exemption from any particular duties, in order that he might have leisure for his studies and for the completion of his great work. The society of the Ladies of Este must have constituted, however, the halcyon-calm of his life. In their society he was restored to the soothing and graceful influences of which he had been deprived from the time that, in his twelfth year, he bade his last farewell to his mother Porzia de' Rossi. In this respect alone he was more fortunate than the most favored poet or wit in the circles of Cæsar and Mæcenas. The learned ladies of Rome, the Lælias and Cornelias, were the virtuous matrons of the Commonwealth. The intriguing Livia, the Julias and Terentias, were more witty than intellectual, and as licentious as they were witty. A metaphysical amour would have been incomprehensible to Horace; and, had so strange a phenomenon been possible at Rome, it would only have furnished him a hint for another satire. Laura, Beatrice, and Leonora are the creations of a Christian and chivalrous era. The princesses of Este were among the most accomplished women of the age; and in that age—when modern literature had as yet produced few of its master-works—an accomplished woman was also a learned one. They were versed in Latin and Greek, as well as their native literature; they were both of them excellent musicians; studious in every art and science; and attached to the society of the learned. Torquato was perhaps a dangerous companion for ladies so gifted. He was in the prime of youth. He was strikingly handsome. He excelled in all manly exercises. He had the scholar's melancholy. He sang well. He was sincere, earnest, and courteous. He surpassed all their former servants and admirers in the composition of sonnets and compliments, and in the grace with which he recited his compositions. Before his arrival in Ferrara, Tasso had celebrated

all the Este family, and the Princess Lucretia in particular. His new service was a spur to prosecute his Gierusalemme with fresh vigor. Before six months had elapsed six cantos were completed. He had originally intended to dedicate his poem to the Duke of Urbino. He now inscribed it to Alphonso; and made Rinaldo, a real or imaginary ancestor of the House of Este, the Achilles of his Christian Iliad. Nor were his studies confined to the sacred army and its great captain. Not a week passed without its lyrical effusion in honor of Alphonso and his sisters. "If Madama Lucrezia," says Mr. R. Milman, "had been broidering,-if Madame Leonora were unwell,-if Madame Lucrezia appeared in black,—if Madame Leonora's eyes were affected by a cold,—his harp was ever ready to admire, rejoice, or condole, to follow the glancing fingers, or to incite the removal of the envious cloud; if his lady had been singing, his choicest melodies were at hand to re-echo and prolong the sweet tones."

It was, however, during the occasional villegiature or country retirements of the princesses at Bel-riguardo or Cosandoli that Tasso passed his happiest hours of depend-The morning hours were devoted to the healthy recreations of the chase, swimming, and fishing; and the evenings to social relaxation and music, to literary and philosophical discussion, or to the recitation of new sonnets and canzones. In all these evening diversions Lucretia and Leonora were well qualified to take part; and the irritable spirit of Tasso was soothed and strengthened by their applause, sympathy, and admonition. The Duke himself rarely accompanied his sisters in their retirement. Ceremony was laid aside; the court remained at Ferrara; the voice of calumny and rivalry was for a while hushed; and the distinctions of rank were, perhaps, forgotten amid the chestnut forests, the silvery waterfalls, the sheltered gardens, and the well-stocked libraries and galleries of these ancient palaces of Este. In such retreats were read the earlier scenes of "Torrismondo," the best of Italian tragedies, until Alfieri created the real tragic drama of Italy. The "Aminta" had been represented at the court theatre with every adjunct of appropriate music and gorgeous scenery and costumes, and amid the acclamations of the most beautiful women, the most chivalrous men, and the most accomplished scholars of a land and an age pre-eminent for its beauty, its chivalry, and its learning. One voice alone was wanting to complete the tribute of grate-

ful and unanimous applause. of Urbino had been unable to witness the representation of the most touching and graceful of modern pastorals. But Lucretia would not forego a delight in which thousands of meaner and less susceptible spectators had participated. The poet was invited to Urbino; he was most kindly received by Lucretia and her husband Francesco; he accompanied them during the summer heats to their villa of Castel Durante; and recited there the "Aminta" to his early friend, to his new patron, and to a small circle of approving courtiers and friends. The applause of the theatre was probably less welcome to the triumphant author, than the more tranquil gratulations of such an audience. It is, perhaps, idle to inquire, because it is impossible to ascertain, whether Tasso, when reciting some impassioned canzone, in such sweet seclusion, may not have indulged in sentiments too tender and perilous for a dependent of the noblest, or, at least, the haughtiest, of

the princely houses of Italy.

By what envious clouds so fair a dawn was overcast, we are unable to discover. His old enemy Pigna was dead; but Pigna's successor in the secretaryship was even more embittered against him. The success of his "Aminta" in 1673, seems to have been the beginning of new sorrows. It provoked the jealousy of the courtiers. It was at first whispered, and next bruited abroad, that the humble dependant had dared to love a daughter of Este. Tasso's papers were once more seized. A few sonnets and canzones, and especially a madrigal, -none of which compositions, however, were addressed to any one or apparently intended to see the light,-were thought to countenance the rumor, and even to boast of a successful passion. The House of Este did not belie its character of being the proudest in Italy. The Duke was easily moved, and, when moved, inexorably vindictive. He alternately soothed and slighted Tasso. He menaced him with the Inquisition; he restored him for a moment to favor; he embroiled him with the gentlemen of his household; he gave out to the world that the poet was a maniac; and he did all in his power to make him one. The dreadful apparatus of Webster's Duchess of Malfy,-the wild masque of madmen, "the tomb-maker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees," are, so to speak, scenic representments of the tortures inflicted by Alphonso's ingenious anger. first Tasso was confined in his own apartments, where his present misery was sharply contrasted with the hopes which had inaugu- | hospital of Santa Anna.

The Princess |: rated his fatal dependence upon this inhuman court. There he was placed under charge of the ducal physicians and servants, who reported to their employer every uncontrollable murmur and every impatient gesture. From the palace at Ferrara he was removed to the Duke's country-seat at Bel-riguardo, privately, to commence "the second scene of the painful drama."

For the subsequent scenes of that drama we must refer to Mr. R. Milman's pages. is sufficient to have indicated the course pursued by Alphonso, and the sufferings endured by Tasso. We must, however, briefly contrast with each other the secrets of his prison-house, and the immediate celebrity which greeted his "Jerusalem Delivered."

In the gorgeous apartments of Bel-riguardo the sentence was passed upon him, that he must be a madman for the remainder of his days. He was confined in the convent of San Francisco, and two friars kept watch over him continually. They held, probably they were ordered to hold, negligent guard. He fled at different times to Naples, Venice, Urbino, Mantua, Padua, Rome, and Turin. Flight answered Alphonso's purpose as fully as imprisonment. Torquato's haggard looks, his penury, his hurried appeals, his perpetual restlessness, even the spell which carried him back at intervals to Ferrara, confirmed, wherever he went, the rumor of his madness. A Venetian nobleman, a Lombard gentleman, and the Duke of Urbino, treated him with kindness. But, in general, all men turned coldly from him. If even he were not mad, the object of Alphonso's anger might be a perilous associate.

On the 2nd of February 1579, Tasso quitted Turin, and returned to Ferrara. On the day following, Margherite Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Mantua, entered the city as the bride and third wife of Alphonso. Fourteen years before, Torquato had stood among the graced and distinguished spectators of that prince's nuptials with Barbara, Archduchess of Austria. He now gazed upon the masque and revelry of the marriage pageant, a homeless vagrant and a reputed maniac. To shelter him, even to speak to him, was dangerous; to slight, to mock, and revile him, was loyalty. His patience was exhausted. He broke forth into vehement reproaches against the duke, his courtiers, and the ministers. He retracted the praises he had poured upon them; he renounced the service of Alphonso; he proclaimed aloud the falsehood and cruelty which had so long tortured him; and he was hurried off to the

The hospital of Santa Anna was a Bedlam of the lowest description. The mad-house which Hogarth drew will aid us in forming a conception of an Italian Bedlam in the sixteenth century. In one of the worst cells of this wretched building was the author of the "Gierusalemme" lodged. There was one alleviation to the sufferings of the other inmates of Santa Anna—they were unconscious of their misery. Even that single alleviation was wanting to Tasso. He was, at least for a while, sane and conscious, "a living ghost pent—in a dead man's tomb." His next neighbors were the mad folks.' A thin partition only divided him from

"Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy, And moon-struck madness.——"

"I am all on fire," he wrote to Scipione Gonzaga, "nor do I now so much fear the greatness of my anguish as its continuance, which ever presents itself horribly before my mind, especially as I feel that in such a state I am unfit to write or labor. And the dread of endless imprisonment perpetually increases my misery, and the indignity to which I must submit increases it; and the foulness of my beard, and my hair, and my dress, and the filth and the damp annoy me; and above all, the solitude afflicts me, my cruel and natural enemy, by which, even in my prosperity, I was so often troubled, that in unseasonable hours I would go and seek or find society."

His sufferings were perhaps increased by an accident, trivial in appearance, but, in its consequences at least, melancholy and important. Agostino Mosti, the prior or warden of the Hospital of Santa Anna, had been the scholar of Ariosto, had raised, at his own cost, a monument to his deceased master in the church of the Benedictines at Ferrara, and continued to be the zealous partisan of his fame and writings. The supremacy of Ariosto as a poet was menaced by the prisoner now under Agostino's custody. The poet of Orlando had written satires, but he was accounted, by all who knew him, affable, generous, and humane. But the disciple of Ariosto was possessed by a different spirit; and his hatred or his fears prompted him to obey implicitly, if not to exceed, the instructions of Alphonso. His vigilance was unceasing, his language harsh, his demeanor arrogant; and his afflicted captive deplored at once the choice which had subjected him to such a patron, and the chance which now put him in the power of such a keeper. His sufferings were soothed, in some degree, by the generosity of a nephew of Agostino. This worthy youth—whose scholastic accomplishments appear to have awakened in him an active sympathy with the greatest and most hapless of poets—passed many hours daily

with Tasso in his cell; acted as his amanuensis; listened patiently to his complaints, to the eager petitions or the indignant remonstrances which he poured forth to Alphonso, to his sisters, and to the princes and cardinals, the senates and universities of Italy; and charged himself with the transmission of the letters which his uncle would have suppressed, or perhaps forwarded to his unrelenting enemy. The good spirit, which, in the most poetical of Massinger's plays, soothed and sustained the dying moments of the "virginmartyr," was scarcely more a spirit of health than was the nephew of the churlish Agostino Mosti.

New bitterness was, in September, 1580, poured into an already brimming cup. His "Jerusalem Delivered" was surreptitiously published, and published in so maimed and meagre a form, as, says Mr. R. Milman, "might well drive any author mad, much more one of Tasso's character." And it was not an enemy who did this, but one who, in a more fortunate season, had boasted of his intimacy with its author. Celio Malaspina, formerly in the service of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, obtained possession of such parts of the poem as had been privately submitted to his master's perusal, and printed them at Venice, in September, 1580. He published ten cantos entire, the arguments of the eleventh and twelfth in prose, and the four next cantos with several stanzas, which their author had rejected. The whole was lamentably incorrect, confused, and imperfect. Such was the first edition of a poem which all Italy, if not Europe, was eagerly expecting; to the composition and correction of which sixteen years had been devoted; about whose fable, episodes, and diction the most learned scholars and the most renowned universities had been consulted; which Bolognetti had hailed as a second Æneid; which Ronsard had greeted with a stately sonnet; and to whose immaculate and matured splendor Tasso had looked forward as to the adjustment and compensation of all his woes. About the time of this culmination of his distresses, we obtain a glimpse of the poet from an eye-witness. In the November of the same year Montaigne visited Ferrara, and of course the Hospital, where its celebrated inmate appears to have been made a show of to all whom curiosity or pity attracted to its "I had even more indignation," says the honest Gascon, "than compassion, when I saw him at Ferrara in so piteous an estate, a living shadow of himself, forgetful of himself and of his works." Are we to understand that the forgetfulness was so complete as to

have made him then insensible to this last dishonor?

Beyond the walls of Santa Anna, indeed, there was consolation for Tasso, could it have reached him through the din of chains, and shrieks, and maniac laughter, and through the distractions and perturbed visions which were settling upon his mind. He was becoming the madman that Alphonso had reported him to be. But while the poet himself languished in prison, his poem itself was read and recited in city or in country, in marketplace and haven, in palace and in convent, on the populous highway, and in solitary glens, from the fountains of the Adige to the Straits of Messina, in the valleys of Savoy, and in the capitals of Spain and France. Men could not praise it enough. Fortunes were made by its sale. Two thousand copies of Ingegneri's edition were sold in a day or two.

"Everywhere," says Mr. R. Milman, "all over the country, nothing was to be heard but Tasso's echoes. The shepherd read it as he watched by his flocks on the ridgy Apennine. The boatman, rocking in the Campanian Gulf, hung over the verse of his exiled compatriot. The gondolier, waiting at the Venetian bridges, whiled away the hours with learning the stately and liquid stanzas. The brigand, lurking behind the rock in the wild passes of the Abruzui, laid by his matchlock for the strains of love and valor. The merchant, in the inn, ceased thinking over his ships, and the shopkeeper forgot his business, in the gardens of Armida, or the enchanted forest. The prelate and the monk hurried with the book into their cells, to visit in its pages the sacred walls and holy buildings of Jerusalem. The brave cavalier and fair maiden admired the knightly feats, or wept over the tender sorrows of the champions and their ladies, in hall or in shady bower. The scholar to whom the work had been in part submitted, rushed eagerly to see how his criticism had told. Nobles and princes, and their stately dames, in addition to the interest of the poem, desired to see the verse of the famous object of princely love and princely hate. The French knights panted to see their progenitors' deeds of pious valor blazoned anew to the world in the burning words of song."

Tasso was released from his seven years' imprisonment in the Hospital of Santa Anna on the 5th or 6th of July, 1586. He was released from a life little less burdensome than imprisonment on the 25th of April, 1595. The strong man was bowed; the grave man had become saturnine; he had regained liberty, but not repose. At the age of forty-two, with impaired vigor and extinguished hope, he was as much a pilgrim and an exile as when, at the age of twenty, he

had entered the service of Alphonso, and offered his willing homage to the virtues and genius of Lucretia and Leonora. A few gleams of prosperity attended the last two years of his life. His fame pervaded Italy: it was proposed to crown Rinaldo's poet with Petrarch's laureate wreath; the noblest houses of Italy aspired to become his patrons: but he had already put too much trust in princes, and his best consolations were the friendship of Manso and the hospitality of the

good Benedictines of Mont Olivet. We must now close our imperfect sketches of the ethnic and the Christian poet. In the history of the former we have contemplated a career marked by few vicissitudes, and expressive, if not of the highest genius, yet of talents honorably exercised in extending the taste of a nation not naturally poetical, and ministering to the literary enjoyment of future ages. Philosophy was perhaps never more successfully applied in the regulation of character than it was by Horace; and external circumstances had favored his happy nature. In an age of ostentation and excess. he was simple, frugal, and contented. His early asperities had yielded to the gentle influences of friendship, experience, and selfknowledge. In the ancient world he stands forward prominently as the philosopher of good sense. The life of Tasso is a more tragic volume. Throughout his few and evil days he exemplified the remark of the ancient poet, that "he who enters a tyrant's house, becomes a slave, even if he goes in a freeman." Yet the woes of Tasso, although in themselves it is difficult to consider them medicinal, fell upon a nature so chastened and elevated by endurance, that at the last we can contemplate the closing scene with feelings not purely painful. One by one, the inherent imperfections of his disposition appear to have been corrected. His passion for praise, his proneness to take offence, his impatience, his jealousy, and his pride gradually left him. The great reconciler of wrongs, impartial and inexorable death, removed every cloud from his spiritual vision—Alphonso and Ferrara faded away upon the horizon of eternity: even the fame of his Gierusalemme had become "of the earth," and indifferent to him; and his failing senses admitted alone the echoes of the consoling hymn and the words of the parting benediction. In the church of the monastery of St. Onofrio, at Rome, a small marble slab and a more stately monument inform the traveller that there, after his weary pilgrimage, rest the bones of Torquato

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LAY OF THE NIEBELUNGEN.*

Wolf, the learned German, was certainly. very far wrong—as Germans in their endless speculations are apt to be-when he set himself to explain the *Iliad* without Homer; an attempt which, to our British ears, generally sounded pretty much as profane as to explain the world without God, or, according to Cicero's simile against the Epicureans, to explain the existence of a book by the mere accidental out-tumbling of alphabetic counters on the ground. The Iliad could not have existed without Homer—so the rude instinct of the most unlearned and most unmetaphysical English Bull declared against the cloud-woven theories and the deep-sunk lexicographical excavations of the famous Berlin professor; and the rude instinct, after much philological sapping and mining, stands ground. But Wolf did not labor in vain. Though he did not take the citadel, he made breaches into many parts of our classical circumvallation, formerly deemed the most strong, and made us change, in great measure, the fashion of our fortifications. In the same manner Niebuhr, with his knotty club, made sad havoc among the waxen images of the old Romans, which the piety of Livytaking them for genuine granite statues—had set forth with such a wealth of fine patriotic elocution; but after this work of destruction, Rome still remains with its Tiber, and, in the minds of most sane persons, Romulus also, we imagine; while the great Julius shines a kingly star every inch, as much after Niebuhr's strong brush as before. What, then, was the great truth by virtue of which—as stupid sermons are redeemed by a good text-Wolf, with his startling anti-Homeric gospel, made so many proselytes, and such fervid apostles, among the learned and the poetic of his countrymen? Plainly this, that he seized with a keen glance, and

character of the POPULAR Epos of early ages, as distinguished from the more artificial and curiously piled compositions of more polished times, bearing the same name. Wolf was wrong—say mad, if you please—in asserting that Pisistratus, with a whole army of such refurbishers of old wares as Onomacritus, could have put together such a glowing vital whole as the Iliad: but he was right, and altogether sound, when he looked upon the great Epic song of the wrath of Achilles as a thing essentially different, not only in degree, but in kind, from the Eneid of Virgil, or the Paradise Lost of our Milton. Many men of learning and taste, from Scaliger downwards, have instituted large and curious comparisons between the great national Epos of the Greeks, and that of the Romans; but the comparison of things that have a radically different character can seldom produce any result beyond the mere expression of liking and disliking; as if, among critics of trees, one should say, I prefer a bristling pine, while another says, Give me the smooth beech. Or, a result even more unsatisfactory might be produced. Starting from the beech as a sort of model tree, a forest critic, predetermined to admire the pine also, might spin out of his brain a number of subtle analogies to prove that a pine, though bearing a different name, is, in fact, the same tree as a beech, and possesses, when more philosophically considered, all the essential characteristics of this tree. You laugh?—but so, and not otherwise, did it fare with old Homer, at the hands of many professional philologists and literary dilettantes, who, with a perfect appreciation of such works of polished skill as the Æneid and the Jerusalem Delivered—as being akin to their own modern taste—must needs apply to the same test to take cognizance of such strange and farremoved objects as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Such transference of the mould that measures one thing to another, and an altogether different thing, is indeed a common enough

trick of our every-day judgments; but it is,

a grand comprehensiveness, the minstrel

KARL ZELL. Karlsruhe: 1843.

^{*} The Fall of the Niebelungers; otherwise the Book of Kriemhild; a translation of the Niebelunge Nôt, or Nibelungen Lied. By WILLIAM NANSON LETTSOM London: Williams and Norgate, 1850. Ueber die Iliade und das Niebelungen Lied. Von

nevertheless, a sort of criticism altogether barren of any positive results, and which ends where it begins-in talk. To the character and certainty of a science, it can assuredly have no claim. If you wish to descant with any beneficial result upon roses, pray compare one English rose with another, and not with a Scotch thistle. Bring not the fine city dame into contact with the brown country girl; but let Lady B 's complexion be more delicate than Lady C.'s, and the brown of Bessie be more healthy than that of Jessie. Jessie, if you will consider the matter, has nothing in common with Lady B., except this, that she is a woman. As little as Homer in common with Virgil, or Tasso, or Milton. With whom, then, is Homer to be compared? A hundred years ago, Voltaire, with all his wit, could not have answered that question—the whole age of European criticism of which Voltaire was the oracle and the god could not have answered it: but thanks-after the Percy Ballads, and Cowper, and Wordsworth, and Southey, and Burns-to Frederic Augustus Wolf, that question we can answer now in the simplest and most certain way in the world, by pointing to the famous Spanish CID, and the old Teutonic LAY of the NIE-BELUNGEN.

To the Cid we may presume that those of our readers who love popular poetry, and are not happy enough to know the sonorous old Castilian, have been happily introduced by the great work of Southey. But, with respect to the other great popular Epos of Western Europe, we suspect Mr. Lettsom is only too much in the right when he says, that this venerable monument of the old German genius is "so little known amongst us, that most ordinary readers have not so much as heard of it. Even amongst the numerous and increasing class of those who are acquainted with German, few pay attention to the ancient literature of Germany: they are generally conversant only with the productions of the day, or, at farthest, with those of the most celebrated authors. indeed, it must be; the necessary business and amusements of life leave but few of us at liberty to follow the example of the learned Germans, and refuse to look at Helen before we have critically investigated the history of Jove's amours, and of Leda's egg. So much the more are we beholden to gentlemen like the present translator, who, by the patient exercise of those pious pains which are the pleasure of poets, put us into the condition of being able to hear the notes of that strange l

old Teutonic lyre prolonged through the aisles of an English echo-chamber. Lettsom has done a work, much wanted for the English lover of poetry, honestly and well: this we can say from having compared it in various places with a prose translation of the old German poem, published at Berlin in 1814;* also from the distinct recollection which we have of the character and tone of the modern German version of Marbach, which we read for the first time several years ago. But Mr. Lettsom's translation bears also internal evidence of its excellence: there is a quiet simplicity and easy talkative breadth about it, characteristic no less of the general genius of the Germans than of the particular mediæval epoch to which it belongs. With a perfect confidence, therefore, in the trustworthiness of the present English version, we proceed to lay before our readers a rapid sketch of the Epic story of the Niebelungen, accompanied with such extracts as may serve to convey an idea of the general tone and

character of the composition.

At Worms, upon the Rhine, (so the poem opens,) there dwelt three puissant kings-Gunther, and Gernot, and Gieselher-three brothers, of whom Gunther was the eldest, and, in right of primogeniture, swayed the sceptre of Burgundy. † These kings had a sister named Kriemhild, the real heroine and fell female Achilles of the Epos; for though she is as gentle and mild as a Madonna till her love is wounded, after that she nourishes a desire of vengeance on the murderers of her husband, as insatiate and inexorable as that which the son of Peleus, in the *Iliad*, nurses against the son of Atreus for the rape of the lovely Briseïs. In fact, as the great work of Homer might be more fully designated the wrath of Achilles, so the most significant designation for this mediæval Iliad of the Germans would be the revenge of Kriemhild. After naming these, and other notable personages of the Burgundian court at Worms, the poet makes use of a dream, as Æschylus in the Agamemnon uses an omen, to open up, in a fitful glimpse of prophecy, the general burden and fateful issue of his tale.

thet, however, in the first part, is applied to certain distant Scandinavian vassals of Siegfried. The origin of this name has caused much dispute amongst the learned.

^{*} Das Niebelungen Lied; in's hoch Deutsche übertragen. Von August Zeune. Berlin: 1814.
† These Burgundians are, in the second part of the poem, also called the Niebelungen, which epithet, however, in the first part, is applied to certain

" A dream was dreamed by Kriemhild, the virtuous and the gay, How a wild young falcon she trained for many a day, Till two fierce eagles tore it; to her there could not be In all the world such sorrow as this perforce to see.

To her mother Uta at once the dream she told: But she the threatening future could only thus unfold— 'The falcon that thou trainedst is sure a noble mate; God shield him in his mercy, or thou must lose him straight.'

- 'A mate for me! What say'st thou, dearest mother mine? Ne'er to love, assure thee, my heart will I resign. I'll live and die a maiden, and end as I began, Nor (let what else befall me) will suffer wo for man.'
- ' 'Nay!' said the anxious mother, 'renounce not marriage so; Wouldst thou true heartfelt pleasure taste ever here below, Man's love alone can give it. Thou'rt fair as eye can see: A fitting mate God send thee, and naught will wanting be.'
 - 'No more,' the maiden answered, 'no more, dear mother, say; From many a woman's fortune, this truth is clear as day, That falsely smiling pleasure with pain requites us ever. I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never.'

So in her lofty virtue, fancy-free and gay, Lived the noble maiden many a happy day; Nor one more than another found favor in her sight; Still, at the last, she wedded a far-renowned knight.

He was the self-same falcon she in her dream had seen, Foretold by her wise mother. What vengeance took the queen On her nearest kinsmen, who him to death had done! That single death atoning died many a mother's son."

With these words ends the very short first | canto, or, in the phraseology of the bard, "adventure" of the poem. The second introduces us to the most prominent male character in, the first part of the poem—for it is divided into two distinct parts or acts—the

famous Siegfried, "with the horny hide," as the old German chap-book has it, which any of our readers may have for a groshen or two in Leipzig, and not more, we suppose, than a sixpence here.

"In Netherland there flourished a prince of lofty kind, (Whose father hight Siegmund, his mother Siegelind) In a sumptuous castle, down by the Rhine's fair side; Men did call it Xanten; 'twas famous far and wide.''

The princely youth who, like the Spanish | Cid, is perfect even to the smallest hair on his heard, after having employed his early days, like ancient Hercules and Theseus, in attacking and overcoming every sort of terrible monster, in bestial or human guise, that came in his way, is dubbed knight with the so long as his father and mother live.

stroke of the chivalrous sword, in due form, and a festival is held in honor of the event, the description of which occupies the "second adventure." Like a dutiful son, as well as a fearless knight, he will accept royal honors, or share in the official dignities of government,

"While Siegelind and Siegmund yet lived and flourished there, Full little recked their offspring the royal crown to wear. He only would be master, and exercise command, 'Gainst those whose pride o'erweening disturbed the peaceful land.

None ventur'd to defy him; since weapons first he took, The bed of sloth but seldom the noble knight could brook! He only sought for battles: his prowess gifted hand Won him renown eternal in every foreign strand."

"battle;" and when they were thus aweary, | occupied. they had one other serious occupation, and

But even the sturdy mail-clad heroes of | that, of course, was love. With the entrance mediæval knighthood sometimes tired of on this new career, the third adventure is

> "'Twas seldom tear or sorrow the warrior's breast assayed; At length he heard a rumor how a lovely maid In Burgundy was dwelling, the fairest of the fair; For her he won much pleasure, but dash'd with toil and care."

Siegfried opens his determination to his pa- | and take to wife none other than rents to follow the fortune of this rumor,

"The bright Burgundian maiden, best gem of Gunther's throne, Whose far-renowned beauty stands unapproached alone."

This resolution, of course, as is the fortune of true love, meets with opposition, at first, from the parents of the youth; but with a come.

" Dearest father mine. The love of high-born women for ever I'll resign, Rather than play the wooer but where my heart is set."

Forthwith, therefore, he sets out on an | could not err. To make the necessary imexpedition to Worms, predetermined, after ces, to marry the woman whom he had never | seen; for in these matters, rumor, it was thought—that plays so falsely elsewhere— accoutred,—

pression on so mighty a king as Gunther, the the common fashion of mediæval love roman- | Prince of the Netherland is pranked out most gorgeously with all that woman's needle can produce of chivalrous embroidery; and, thus

> "On the seventh fair morning, by Worms along the strand, In knightly guise were pricking the death-defying band; The ruddy gold fair glittered on every riding vest; Their steeds they meetly governed, all pacing soft abreast.

Their shields were new and massy, and like flame they glowed; As bright, too, shone their helmets; while bold Siegfried rode Straight to the court of Gunther to woo the stately maid. Eye never looked on champions so gorgeously arrayed.

Down to their spurs, loud clanging, reached the swords they wore: Sharp and well-tempered lances the chosen champions bore; One, two spans broader or better, did Siegfried sternly shake, With keen and cutting edges grim and ghastly wounds to make.

Their golden-colored bridles firm they held in hand; Silken were their poitrals: so rode they through the land. On all sides the people to gaze on them began; Then many of Gunther's liegemen swift to meet them ran."

Then follows the formal reception at the ! court of Worms, and, as on all great festive occasions in those days, a tournament is held, where the stranger knight, of course, acquits himself like a god rather than a man, to the admiration of all beholders, but espe-

cially of the gentle ladies, who, on occasions when propriety did not allow them publicly to appear, enjoy the dear delight of gazing on bearded swordsmen even more exquisitely from behind a window.

"At court the lovely ladies were asking evermore, Who was the stately stranger that so rich vesture wore, At once so strong of presence and so strong of hand? When many a one gave answer, ''Tis the King of Netherland.'

He ever was the foremost, whate'er the game they played. Still in his inmost bosom he bore one lovely maid, Whom he beheld had never, and yet to all preferred; She too of him, in secret, spoke many a kindly word.

When in the court contending, fierce squire and hardy knight, As fits the young and noble, waged the mimic fight, Oft Kriemhild through her window would look, herself unseen-Then no other pleasure needed the gentle Queen."

But though Kriemhild saw Siegfried with Gunther a whole year, through the window, Siegfried remained

> "Nor all that weary season a single glimpse could gain Of her who after brought him such pleasure and such pain."

Like the disciples of Pythagoras, the amorous knights of those days had first to serve a long apprenticeship of the severe discipline of abstinence, before they were permitted to kiss the hand of beauty, or to meet even its distant glance. The fourth adventure, therefore, goes on to tell how Siegfried showed his prowess by fighting with the Saxons, who had come under the which Kriemhild publicly appears.

guidance of their king, Ludeger the Bold, and leagued with him King Ludegast of Denmark, to attack the realm of the Burgundians. Coming home, like a Mars-subduing Diomede, from this fierce encounter, the knight of the Netherland is at length deemed worthy to be introduced to his des-Another tourney is held, at tined fair.

"Now went she forth the loveliest, as forth the morning goes, From misty clouds out-beaming: then all his weary woes Left him in heart who bore her, and so long time had done. He saw there stately standing the fair, the peerless one.

Many a stone full precious flashed from her vesture bright; Her rosy blushes darted a softer, ruddier light. Whate'er might be his wishes, each could not but confess He ne'er on earth had witnessed such perfect loveliness.

As the moon arising out-glitters every star, That through the clouds so purely glimmers from afar, E'en so love-breathing Kriemhild dimmed every beauty nigh. Well might, at such a vision, many a bold heart beat high.'

With not less of serene beauty, and a on first coming within the sweet atmosphere quiet naturalness that is peculiar to him, the of woman's love. old bard describes the feelings of Siegfried i

> "There stood he, the high-minded, beneath her star-bright eye, His cheek as fire all glowing: then said she modestly, 'Sir Siegfried, you are welcome, noble knight and good!' Yet loftier at that greeting rose his lofty mood.

He bowed with soft emotion, and thanked the blushing fair; Love's strong constraint together impelled the enamored pair; Their longing eyes encountered, their glances, every one, Bound knight and maid forever; yet all by stealth was done.

That in the warmth of passion he pressed her lily hand, I do not know for certain, but well can understand. 'Twere surely past believing they ventured not on this; Two loving hearts, so meeting, else had done amiss-

No more in pride of summer, nor in bloom of May, Knew he such heart-felt pleasure as on this happy day, When she, than May more blooming, more bright than summer's pride, His own, a dream no longer, was standing by his side.

Then thought full many a champion, 'Would this had happ'd to me, To be with lovely Kriemhild, as Siegfried bold I see, Or closer e'en than Siegfried; well were I then, I ween.' None yet was champion who so deserved a queen."

Thus far well. But his probation was not yet finished. Before finally joining hand and heart with the peerless sister of King Gunther, Siegfried must assist her brother in a yet more difficult work than anything that he had hitherto achieved—in gaining the love of Brunhild, a doughty princess of

Iceland, "far beyond the sea," who, being of a masculine temper and strength, had determined to submit herself to no male lord who had not proved himself worthy to wield the marital sceptre, by actually mastering his spouse in strong physical conflict.

"There was a queen high-seated afar beyond the sea, None wielded sceptre a mightier than she; For beauty she was matchless, for strength without a peer; Her love to him she offered who could pass her at the spear.

She threw the stone, and bounded behind it to the mark; At three games each suitor, with sinews stiff and stark, Must conquer the fierce maiden whom he sought to wed, Or, if in one successless, straight must lose his head.

E'en thus for the stern virgin had many a suitor died. This heard a noble warrior, who dwelt the Rhine beside, And forthwith resolved he to win her for his wife; Thereby full many a hero thereafter lost his life."

Doubtful of his single strength to subdue so mettlesome a maid, Gunther enters into a compact with Siegfried to assist him in his enterprise-by fair means or foul, as it appears; and in this evil compact, and the underhand work to which it gives rise, lies already visible before the unveiled eye of the reader the little black spot on the fair blue of the epic sky, which is destined, (and the bard is ever forward to hint this catastrophe,) at a day though distant yet sure, to dilate into a wide-spreading cloud, and to burst in a fearful deluge that shall sweep hundreds and thousands of the guilty and the guiltless into destruction. This is neither more nor less than the dark old doctrine of retribution, which, in the Greek tragedians, and especially Æschylus, plays so awful a part; only

with this difference, that in the Niebelungen, as in the Odyssey, the punishment overtakes the offending parties, and not, as in the tragedians, their sons and grandsons. But to proceed: Siegfried, like Jack the Giantkiller, though commencing his career as a single mortal with no miraculous power, had in the course of his chivalrous exploits, and as the reward of his extraordinary prowess, got possession of certain wonder-working instruments, that rendered him, when he chose to use them, sure of victory against mere mortal strength. With the aid of these, Siegfried, for the sake of the love of Kriemhild, had determined (secretly and unfairly) to assist Gunther in subduing the stout Brunhild.

"I have heard strange stories of wild dwarfs, how they fare:
They dwell in hollow mountains; and for protection wear
A vesture, that hight cloud-cloak, marvellous to tell;
Whoever has it on him, may keep him safe and well

From cuts and stabs of foemen; him none can hear or see As soon as he is in it, but see and hear can he Whate'er he will around him, and thus must needs prevail; He grows, besides, far stronger: so goes the wondrous tale.

And now with him the cloud-cloak took fair Siegelind's son, The same the unconquered warrior, with labor hard, had won From the stout dwarf Albrecht, in successful fray. The bold and ready champions made ready for the way.

So, as \overline{I} said, bold Siegfried the cloud-cloak bore along: When he but put it on him, he felt him wondrous strong: Twelve men's strength then had he in his single body laid. By trains and close devices he wooed the haughty maid.

Besides, in that strange cloud-cloak was such deep virtue found, That whosoever wore it, though thousands stood around, Might do whatever pleased him, unseen of friend and foe: Thus Siegfried won fair Brunhild, which brought him bitterest wo."

In order the more surely to afford his necessary aid, Siegfried appeared among the attendants of Gunther, in the character of a subordinate vassal. Having thus arranged matters, they set out for the far islands of the sea. And here, as in many other passages, it is noticeable with what a childlike, almost girlish delight, the old bard expatiates on the gay dress of his mighty men. He evidently did not live in an age

when a Napoleon would have sought to make an impression on the vulgar by "wearing the plain dress of the Institute;" nor has he the slightest conception of the soul of poetry beating in a breast of which the exterior vesture is the "hodden gray," or the plain plaid of our Scotch Muse. We shall quote this one passage, to serve for many similar, with which the poem is studded:—

"So with kind dismissal away the warriors strode;
Then quick the fair queen summon'd, from bow'rs where they abode,
Thirty maids, her brother's purpose to fulfill,
Who in works of the needle were the chief for craft and skill.

Silks from far Arabia, white as driven snow, And others from Zazamanc, green as grass doth grow, They decked with stones full precious; Kriemhild the garments plann'd, And cut them to just measure, with her own lily hand.

Of the hides of foreign fishes were linings finely wrought, Such then were seen but rarely, and choice and precious thought; Fine silk was sewn above them to suit the wearers well, Now of the rich apparel hear me fresh marvels tell.

From the land of Morocco and from the Libyan coast, The best silk and the finest is worn and valued most By kin of mightiest princes; of such had they good store: Well Kriemhild show'd the favor that she the wearers bore.

E'er since the chiefs were purposed the martial queen to win, In their sight was precious the goodly ermelin. With coal-black spots besprinkled on whiter ground than snow, E'en now the pride of warriors at every festal show.

Many a stone full precious gleam'd from Arabian gold; That the women were not idle, scarcely need be told. Within seven weeks, now ready was the vesture bright; Ready to the weapons of each death-daring knight."

With the arrival of the kingly travelers, and their reception at Iceland, we cannot afford to detain ourselves. Suffice it to say, that, by the aid of the secret invisible cloak (Tarnkappe) of Siegfried, and his good sword Balmung, Gunther is greeted by the vanquished Brunhild as her legitimate lord and master; and sails back with him to Worms, where she is most hospitably and magnificently received by her mother-in-law, dame Uta, and her now sister, the lovely Kriemhild.

double marriage then takes place; that of King Gunther with Brunhild, and that of Siegfried with Kriemhild; and the festivities which then took place furnish the poet with another opportunity for exercising his descriptive powers, and displaying the sunny

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joyousness of his social nature. Herein, as in many other points, he is quite Homeric; a certain magnificence and amplitude in the common acts of eating and drinking being as essential to his idea of poetry as the luxuriant energy of more lofty functions. But in the midst of this connubial hilarity, the black spot of destiny begins perceptibly to enlarge into a threatening cloud; and the stately Brunhild begins to show herself possessed by that pride which the wise man tells us was not made for man, and which, wherever it is harbored, is not long of banishing love, confidence, peace, and happiness, from palace as from cabin. The haughty spouse of Gunther looks with an evil eye at Siegfried, whom she had known only in his assumed

it an affront that her sister-in-law should be given away to a mere vassal. The respect with which the hero of Netherland is treated by her husband, and the whole court, she cannot and will not understand. Either he is a vassal, and then her pride is justly offended at the unequal match; or he is not, and then Gunther had deceived her with

character as vassal of her husband, judging pregard to the true character of his companion and there must be some mystery beneath this, which, as a true daughter of Eve, she can have no rest till she unveils. Possessed by these feelings, she takes a course worthy of the masculine character for which she had early been so notable. On the marriagenight she resumes her old virgin obstinacy, and will not be tamed :-

> "'Sir knight,' said she, 'it suits not-you'd better leave me free From all your present purpose-it must and shall not be. A maid still will I keep me—(think well the matter o'er) Till I am told that story.' This fretted Gunther sore."

with men who marry women with beards. with that The embraceless bride took a cord, which she

Alas, poor Gunther! So has it ever fared | wove strong and tough about her wrist, and

"The feet and hands of Gunther she tied together all, Then to a rail she bore him, and hung him gainst the wall, And bade him not disturb her, nor breathe of love a breath; Sure from the doughty damsel he all but met his death."

In this dilemma Siegfried with his invisible cloak was again called in, and did strange service a second time in helping Gunther to subjugate his refractory yoke-fellow. Brunhild then became tame, and, like Samson, lost her wondrous strength; while Siegfried, as a sort of memorial of this notable service, secretly abstracted and brought with him a golden ring which the stately lady used to wear on her fine finger, and likewise the girdle with which she had tied her lord; and

both these, in an evil hour, he gave to his wife-"a gift that mischief wrought," as we shall presently see.

After these achievements, the horny hero retired home to the land of his father Siegmund and his mother Siegelind; and after remaining ten years with him, "the fair queen, his consort, bore him at last an heir." All this time the haughty spirit of Brunhild was brooding over the deep wrong.

"Why should the lady Kriemhild herself so proudly bear? And yet her husband Siegfried, what but our man is he? And late but little service has yielded for his fee."

And to clear up this matter, as well as for | the sake of old kindness, an invitation is sent by King Gunther to the heroine in Netherland, which is accepted. Siegfried and Kriem- | describes with so much zest: hild, and the hoary-headed old Siegmund,

come with a great company to Worms, and are entertained in the sumptuous fashion that, as before remarked, the material old minstrel

"Sore toiled the chief cook, Rumolt; Oh! how his orders ran Among his understrappers! how many a pot and pan, How many a mighty cauldron retched and rang again! They dressed a world of dishes for all the expected train."

The high festal was kept for eleven days; | ed to deafen the evil whisper of pride and but the loud merriment, which so luxuriantly | jealousy in the dark heart of Brunhild. was bellowed forth to Siegfried's honor, fail-

"Then thought Queen Brunhild, 'Silent I'll no longer remain; However to pass I bring it, Kriemhild shall explain Wherefore so long her husband, who holds of us in fee, Has left undone his service: this sure shall answered be.'

So still she brooded mischief, and conned her devil's lore, Till she broke off in sorrow the feast so blithe before, Ever at her heart lay closely what came perforce to light; Many a land she startled with horror and affright."

The cloud thickens; and the first thunderplump, prophetic of the destined deluge, will immediately burst. Jealousy is a spider that never wants flies. In the midst of the tilting and junketing, the two queens-as queens, like other idle women, will sometimes dobegan to discourse on the merits of their respective husbands; in the course of which conversation, the most natural thing in the world was that Brunhild should proclaim her old cherished belief that Siegfried, as a mere dependent vassal, could never be put into comparison with Gunther, who was his king and superior. On this, Kriemhild, whose gentleness, where the honor of her lord was concerned, fired into lionhood, gave the re-

tort with a spirit more worthy of Brunhild than herself. She said that, to prove her equality with the wife of Gunther, she would walk into the cathedral publicly before her; and she did so. This was bad enough; but, following the inspiration of her womanly wrath once roused, she divulged the fatal fact of her possession of Brunhild's ring and girdle-expressing, at the same time, plainly her belief that her husband Siegfried could not have come by these tokens in any way consistent with the honor of the original possessor. Here now was a breach between the two queens, that no human art could heal. In vain was Siegfried appealed to by Gunther, to testify to the chastity of Brunhild.

" Women must be instructed,' said Siegfried the good knight, 'To leave off idle talking, and rule their tongues aright. Keep thy fair wife in order, I'll do by mine the same; Such overweening folly puts me indeed to shame.' "

"Hasty words have often sundered fair dames before."

The haughty princess of Iceland now perceives that she had from the beginning been practised upon by Gunther, and that Siegfried had performed the principal part of the Against him, therefore, she vows revenge; and, in order to accomplish this purpose, takes into her counsels HAGAN, chief of Trony, one of the most prominent characters in the poem, and who in fact may be looked on as the hero of the second part, after Siegfried has disappeared from the scene. This Hagan is a person of gigantic energy and great experience, but utterly destitute of gentleness and tenderness; all his aims are

selfish, and a cold, calculating policy is his highest wisdom. Conscience he seems to have none; and, except for a purpose, will scarcely trouble himself to conceal his perpetration of the foulest crimes. He has the aspect of Napoleon—as he is painted by the graphic pencil of Emerson. Like Napoleon, he never hesitates to use falsehood to effect his ends. Pretending extraordinary friendship for Kriemhild, he worms from her the secret of her husband's invulnerability, or rather of his vulnerability—like Achilles on only one part of the body.

"Said she, 'My husband's daring, and thereto stout of limb: Of old, when on the mountain he slew the dragon grim, In its blood he bathed him, and thence no more can feel In his charmed person the deadly dint of steel.

Still am I ever anxious, whene'er in fight he stands, And keen-edged darts are hailing from strong heroic hands. Lest I by one should lose him, my own beloved mate-Ah! how my heart is beating still for my Siegfried's fate.

So now I'll tell the secret, dear friend, alone to thee-For thou, I doubt not, cousin, will keep thy faith with me-Where sword may pierce my darling, and death sit on the thrust: See, in thy truth and honor, how full, how firm my trust.

As from the dragon's death-wounds gushed out the crimson gore, With the smoking torrent the warrior washed him o'er; A leaf then 'twixt his shoulders fell from the linden bough— There only steel can harm him; for that I tremble now."

Possessed of this secret, Hagan finds it | when the hunters are dispersed in the tangled easy to watch an opportunity for despatch | wilds of the Wask (Vosges) forest, Hagan,

ing him. A hunting party is proposed; and with Gunther, who was accessory, secretly

hard sport, from the clear waters of a sylvan well; and, while he is kneeling down, trans-

draws Siegfried aside to refresh himself, after | fixes him between the shoulders on the fatal spot with a spear. Then-

> "His lively color faded; a cloud came o'er his sight; He could stand no longer; melted all his might; In his paling visage the mark of death he bore; Soon many a lovely lady sorrowed for him sore.

So the lord of Kriemhild among the flowerets fell; From the wound fresh gushing his life's blood fast did well. Then thus, amidst his tortures, even with his failing breath, The false friends he upbraided who had contrived his death.

Thus spake the deadly wounded, 'Ay! cowards false as hell, To you I still was faithful; I served you long and well; But what boots all! for guerdon, treason and death I've won: By your friends, vile traitors! foully have you done.

Whatever shall hereafter from your loins be born, Shall take from such vile fathers a heritage of scorn. On me you have wreaked malice where gratitude was due: With shame shall you be banished by all good knights and true.'

With blood were all bedabbled the flowerets of the field, Some time with death he struggled, as though he scorned to yield Even to the foe whose weapon strikes down the loftiest head. At last, firm in the meadow, lay mighty Siegfried dead."

The death of Siegfried is the catastrophe | working, never-hesitating Hagan takes unof the first part of the poem. Kriemhild laments the death of her peerless knight with a love more than the love of common women, and which feeds itself on the intense hatred of the murderer, and the inly-cherished expectation of revenge. The hoary old Siegmund returns home in silent sorrow, for he is too weak to offer resistance; and, to complete the matchless wrong, the thorough-

just possession of "the Niebelungen treasure"—a famous hoard bestowed by Siegfried on his wife-thus depriving the fair widow of the means of external munificence, as he had formerly stopt her source of inward consolation. Not avarice, but policy, was Hagan's motive for this, as for all his crimes. He was never a villain without a reason.

" · A prudent man,' said Hagan, ' not for a single hour, Would such a mass of treasure leave in a woman's power. She'll hatch, with all this largess, to her outlandish crew, Something that hereafter all Burgundy may rue."

A deep desire of revenge now takes possession of the once gentle mind of Kriemhild; and all the milk of her affections is metamorphosed into gall. The best things, it is proverbially said, when abused, become the worst; and so the revenge of Kriemhild, revealed in the second part of an essentially Christian poem, works out a catastrophe far more bloody than the warlike wrath of the heathen Pelidan, or the well-calculated retribution worked by the bow of the cunning Ulysses,-

> "For Earth begets no monster dire Than man's own heart more dreaded, All-venturing woman's dreadful ire When love to wo is wedded."

We have now finished a rapid outline of |

nineteen adventures of the Niebelungen Lay; and there are thirty such divisions in the whole poem. Our space forbids us to detail what follows with equal fullness; but the extracts already given will have been sufficient to give the reader a fair idea of the general character of the composition. A brief summary of the progress of the story, till it ends in the sanguinary retribution, may therefore

For thirteen years after the death of Siegfried, Kriemhild remained a widow. At the end of that period, a knightly messenger, Sir Rudeger of Bechelaren, came from Etzel, King of the Huns, requesting the fair sister of King Gunther to supply the place of his queen, "Dame Helca," lately deceased.

Nursing silently the religion of sorrow, the widow at first refused steadfastly to give ear to any message of this description; Hagan also, with his dark, far-seeing wisdom, gave his decided negative to the proposal, knowing well that, beneath the calm exterior of timehallowed grief, the high-hearted queen, never forgetting by whose hand her dear lord had fallen, still nursed the sleepless appetite for revenge. The brothers of the king, however, his other counsellors, and Dame Uta, urged the acceptance of the proposal, with the hope thereby, no doubt, of compensating in some degree to the royal widow for the injury at whose infliction they had connived. But all this moved not Kriemhild; only the distinct pledge given by Rudeger that he would help her, when once the sharer of King Etzel's throne, to avenge herself of all her enemies, at length prevailed. She married a second husband mainly to acquire the means of avenging the death of the Under the protection of Margrave Rudeger, therefore, and with bad omens only from the lowering brows of Sir Hagan, the widow of Siegfried takes her departure from Worms, and proceeding through Bavaria, and down the Danube-after being hospitably entertained by the good bishop Pilgrin of Passau-arrives at Vienna, where she receives a most magnificent welcome from "wide-ruling Etzel," and his host of motley courtiers, pranked with barbaric pomp and gold, that far outshone the brightest splendor of the Rhine. Polacks and Wallachians, Greeks and Russians, Thuringians and Danes, attend daily, and do knightly service in the court of the mighty King of the Huns. The marriage feast was held for seventeen days with all pomp and revelry; and after that the happy monarch set out with Kriemhild for his castle at Buda. There he dwelt "in proudest honor, feeling nor wo nor sorrow," for seven years, during which time Kriemhild bore him a son, but only one, whom the pious wife prevailed with her lord to have baptized after the Christian custom. Meanwhile, in her mind she secretly harbored the same deep-rooted determination of most unchristian revenge; and towards the dark Hagan delay only intensified her hatred. Accordingly, that she might find means of dealing back to him the blow which he had inflicted on her first husband, she prevailed on Etzel to invite her brothers, with their attendants, and especially Hagan, to come from the far Rhine, and partake the hospitality of the Huns in the East. This request, from motives partly

of kindness, partly of curiosity, was at once responded to by all; only, as usual, the dark Hagan stands alone, and prophesies harm. He knew he had done a deed that could not be pardoned; and he foresaw clearly that, in going to Vienna, he was marching into a lion's den, whence, for him, certainly there was no return. But, with a hardihood that never deserts him, if for no other reason than that no one may dare call him a coward, he goes along with the doomed band, the only conscious among so many unconscious, who were destined to turn the walls of Hunnish merriment into mourning, and to change the wine of the banqueters into blood. So far, however, his dark anticipations prevailed with his unsuspecting comrades, that they marched in great force and well armed; so that when, after encountering some bloody omens on the long road, they did at length encounter the false fair welcome of the injured queen, they were prepared to sell their lives dearly, and die standing. No sooner arrived than they were well advertised by the redoubted Dietrich of Bern, (Verona,) then attached to Etzel's court, of the temper of their hostess, and of the deathful dangers that awaited them behind the fair show of regal hospitality. This information only steeled the heart of Hagan the more to meet danger in the only way that suited his temper, by an open and disdainful defiance. He and his friend Volker, the "valiant gleeman," who plays a distinguished part in the catastrophe of the poem, doggedly seated themselves before the palace gate, and refused to do homage to the Queen of the Huns in her own kingdom; and, as if to sharpen the point of her revenge, displayed across his knees his good broadsword, that very invincible Balmung, which had once owned no hand but that of Siegfried. This display of defiance was a fitting prelude to the terrible combat that followed. Though the knight of Trony was the only object of Lady Kriemhild's hatred, connected as he was with the rest of the Burgundians, it was impossible that the sword should reach his heart, without having first mowed down hundreds and thousands of the less important subordinates. Accordingly, the sanguinary catastrophe of the tragedy consists in this, that in order to expiate the single sin of Hagan-proceeding, as that did originally, out of the false dealing of Siegfried, and the wounded pride of Brunhild—the whole royal family of the Burgundians or Niebelungers are prostrated in heaps of promiscuous

slaughter with their heathen foemen, the Huns. The slaughter of the suitors, in the twenty-second book of the Odyssey, is ferocious enough to our modern feelings; but the gigantic butchery with which the Niebelungen Lay concludes outpurples that as far as the red hue of Sylla's murders did the pale castigation of common politicians. Eight books are occupied in describing the details

worked; and the different scenes are painted out with a terrific grandeur, that resembles more the impression produced by some horrid opium dream than a human reality. Victim after victim falls before the Titanic vastness of the Burgundian heroes-Gunther, and Gernot, and Gieselher, the valiant gleeman Volker, who flourishes his broadsword with a humorous ferocity, as if it were his fiddleof this red ruin, which a woman's revenge | stick, and, above all, the dark Hagan himself:

> "Well grown and well compacted was that redoubted guest; Long were his legs and sinewy, and deep and broad his chest. His hair, that once was sable, with gray was dashed of late, And terrible his visage and lordly was his gait."

Finding her first attempt at midnight assassination fail, the Queen first commits her cause to Bloedel, the brother of Etzel; but in an instant his head was severed from his body by the might of Sir Dankwart. A terrible massacre ensues, during which the banqueting hall of King Etzel is turned into

a charnel-house. Then Iring, the Danish Margrave, falls in single combat with Hagan. An infuriate rush is now made by the Huns against the Burgundians, who had fortified themselves in the hall; but against such men as Dankwart, Hagan, and Volker, they avail no more than hail against the granite rock.

"Thereafter reigned deep silence, the din of war was hushed; Through every crack and cranny the blood on all sides gushed From that large hall of slaughter; red did the gutters run. So much was through their prowess by those of Rhineland done."

Kriemhild then, finding all her efforts with the sword baffled, sets fire to the hall; but, the roof being vaulted, even this application of the terror that scared Napoleon from Moscow, did not subdue the Promethean endurance of the Burgundians. The noble Margrave Rudeger is at last appealed to, as bound by his promise made to Kriemhild at Worms to prosecute the bloody work of her revenge to the last; but he also, with five hundred of his men, falls in the bloody wrestling, and with him his adversary Gernot, the brother of Gunther. Last of all, the haughty, defiant spirit of the unsubdued Hagan draws, though unwilling, the redoubted Dietrich of Bern into the fight; and before his might Hagan himself is not slain, but taken

captive, that he may be reserved to glut the private appetite of the sanguinary queen. "Bring me here John the Baptist's head in a charger!" Nothing less than this will satisfy the terrible revenge of Kriemhild. With her own hand she lifts up the terrible sword Balmung, and meeting Hagan face to face in the dark prison, and charging him hot to the heart with his deadly wrongs, severs the head from his body. Kriemhild's revenge is now complete. But the revenge of Him who rules above required one other blow. was immediately executed by the aged master Hildebrand, one of Dietrich's company. And the poem concludes, like a battlefield, with many to weep for, and only a few to weep.

"There now the dreary corpses stretched all around were seen; There lay, hewn in pieces, the fair and noble queen. Sir Dietrich and King Etzel, their tears began to start; For kinsmen and for vassals, each sorrowed in his heart.

The mighty and the noble there lay together dead; For this had all the people dole and drearihead. The feast of royal Etzel was thus shut up in wo. Pain in the steps of pleasure treads ever here below."

On the singular poem, of which a brief | these leave the matter to the private meditabut complete outline now stands before us, many remarks of a critical and historical nature might be made; but we confine ourselves to three short observations, and with

tion of the reader. First, that the poem is not "snapt out of the air," as the Germans say, but has a historical foundation, seems sufficiently manifest-Etzel being plainly the famous Attila, Dietrich, Theoderic the Goth, and counterparts of Siegfried and Gunther being producible from the early history of the Franks.* Besides this, it is perfectly plain, from the analogy of the Cid, and other popular poetry of the narrative character, that not religious allegory—as some Germans would have it-but actual, though confused and exaggerated history, is the real staple of such composition. The nucleus of the story of the Burgundian Kings, and the revenge of Kriemhild, belongs, probably, to the century following that in which Attila was so prominent a character. But the complete poem, in its present shape, is not later than the thirteenth century. Its author is not known.

Secondly, The Lay of the Niebelungen is extremely interesting, as disproving, so far as analogy may avail to do so, the Wolfian theory above alluded to, of the composition of the Iliad out of a number of separate ballads. Lachmann has tried the same process of disintegration with the unknown Homer of his own country; but a sound-minded Englishman needs but to read the poem as it has been given us, for the first time, complete by Mr. Lettsom,† in order to stand aghast at the extreme trouble which learned men in Germany often give themselves, in order to prove

nonsense. "Nihil est tam absurdum quod non scripseret aliquis Germanorum."

Thirdly, As a poetical composition, the Lay of the Niebelungen will not bear comparison for a moment with the two great Greek works of the same class; it is even, in our opinion, inferior to its nearest modern counterpart, the Cid. The author of the Iliad possessed a soul as sunny and as fiery as those lovely island-fringed coasts that gave him birth; and in describing battles he rushes on himself to the charge, like some old ·French-eating Marshal Blueher, the incarnation of the whirlwind of battle which he guides. Our German minstrel takes matters more easily, and, while his pen revels in blood, sits all the while in his easy chair, rocking himself delectably, and, like a true German, smoking his pipe. His quiet, serene breadth is very apt to degenerate into Westphalian flats and sheer prosiness. When, again, he would be sublime and stirring, as in the bloody catastrophe, he is apt to over-shoot the mark, and becomes horrible. His heroes are too gigantic, and do things with a touch of their finger which no Homeric hero would have dreamt of without the help of a god. The fancy, also, of the old German is very barren and monotonous, as compared with the wealthy Greek. His similes are few; he has no richness of analogy. Nevertheless, the Niebelungen Lay remains for all Europe a very notable poem-for all lovers of popular poetry an indispensable study. Whatever else it wants, it has nature and health, simplicity and character about it; and these things are always pleasurable-sometimes, where a taint of vicious taste has crept in, your only curative.

Ornamental Grave-Yard.—The Architect gives some account of the projected design of Mr. Stephen Geary—under whose charge the Cemetery of Highgate was laid out—for converting the now abandoned grave-yards of the metropolis into ornamental gardens. His general idea includes the proper completion of the work begun by Mr. Walker. Having got rid, for the future, of any fears on account

of these city and town resting-places for the dead, it now becomes a duty to the living to convert them into reservoirs of health:—as may very easily be done by throwing down useless walls, planting elms, mulberries, fig trees, and other plants which flourish in crowded thoroughfares, and laying out the surface with walks and flower-beds.

^{*} In the year 436, Gundicarius, king of the Burgundians, was destroyed with his followers by the Huns; and this event is supposed to be represented by the catastrophe of the Niebelungen.—Lettsom, Preface, p. 4, and Zelle, p. 370.

[†] The translation by *Birch*, published at Berlin in 1848, follows Lachmann's mangled text, and is otherwise very inferior to Mr. Lettsom's.

From Tait's Magazine.

A SPEECH OF OLIVER CROMWELL ON OPENING PARLIAMENT.

(NOW FIRST PRINTED.)-BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Ir would appear, then, that the labors of a certain Modern Editor, "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," have not been altogether unfruitful-have at least stirred up inquiry concerning one real Man in a generation constitutionally somewhat oblivious of such :- whereon the Able Editor hath liberty to felicitate himself. For here is a Speech lately turned up (to the hands of an admiring Printer, or something of that sort, who wisely desires to remain nameless) -a most opportune Speech, craving earnestly to be printed, that it, too, may have a place among the Utterances-which, it will be observed, are somewhat confused at this time. And really it is to be desired, we think, that our Orthodox-controversialists and other innocent speech-weavers do stop their crazy looms awhile, and listen to itwith what patience they can.

Upon the authenticity of the present Speech, now first become printed, the Editor has nothing to say: the proof (to him very conclusive) must be found within itself-or no where: the attentive reader will exercise his judgment. He will at any rate perceive (what, indeed, is the whole sum of it) that it chiefly turns upon certain affairs which authentic history is altogether silent uponwhich, it would seem, were lost sight of amid the boding troubles of the time-impracticable Talking-apparatus; foolish "risings" of Royalist apprentices; the Duke of Ormonde, fresh from Flanders, plotting "in the house of a Papist chirurgeon in Drurylane;" Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion; the Dutch moving in the interest of "that young man who was the late king's son"-all grim realities enough in that old time. However, we had best take this dim allusion to unwritten history thankfully, and make the best we can of it. As for the Present Editor, he is content to abstain from printing

that "Historical Dissertation" which, at much labor, he had prepared, finding that your Speech, my brave Oliver! is really to be understood well enough without it—hath meaning enough, extending through two centuries of cant and stuffed-clotheshorseism, even for us. It will be seen, however, that the Editor has here and there ventured to interpolate an ejaculation or so, elucidatory and otherwise; and with this he commits this Speech to his grateful readers—and to the Destinies.—Oliver Cromwell loquitur,—with some animation:—]

My Lords and Gentlemen the Two Houses of Parliament,—

It grieveth me, indeed and indeed it does, that my country is brought to so shameful a pass, wherein, I conceive, we are all disgraced. I did hope there had been some leaven of honesty in us-I did hope it; and many times, in the midst of burdens that a man might hardly stand under, it was a comfortable thought to me that these realms, after so much expense of blood and treasure in that regard, would endeavor to arrive at all spiritual and civil excellence attainable. Nay, especially spiritual excellence; for truly it is the greater concernment, and must be so regarded if this is to be a Christian nation. [Hear his Highness!] And I would urge this upon you: To what end, if not to this, was the prosecution of our good cause, and what profit was its attainment, that we did fight so hard for? There is no man here, I think, that will deny that this was the very sword and strength of our work [brave Ironsides, to wit: "never beaten at all" because of it; and if this thing [means simple God-worship, so imperative to his own simple heart is so soon to be contemned, and mere parcels of words set in its place-as it is easy for a man to see it is-while those

civil liberties we so mercifully attained to are yet enjoyed and bragged of, very ungratefully withal,—why then I dare to tell you your God is shamefully requited;—and I am not so sure but we might have found better pastime than that Ten Years' War which so afflicted this poor people.

I know, indeed, that that business—English Revolution, as it is called—is very well accounted, and how it is thought that by it our civil liberties are grounded so deep, that not every wind that blows may overcome them; and truly (under favor), I do think it was not so very ill done. [Much too modest, your Highness, indeed! But here is this to your gratefulness: There are many worthy men, I think I may say the worthiest, among those who suffered so much and wrought so hard in the matter, who would receive your thanks but coldly, since that spirit, that determination to religious sincerity which upheld them through all, is now so lightly regarded. As for myself, gentlemen do mark those great, dull, melancholy eyes now!]—as for myself, why, when I think of it that it is so, I could wish that God had made my path otherward, anywhither, rather than that I was compelled to—!—that I never was born. Nay, I could! Oh, sirs, sirs! Deep eloquence in his dull face now, hopelessly struggling to get born—to be words] my tongue is fashioned after the quality of my hands, and knoweth no trick of music, else I would discourse you that your hearts did ache of the danger and disgrace (as I before said) that is fallen upon us all, through the miserable noise of religion—religious excitation, merely—that is abroad: a great empty drum, calling the people unto folly, and beaten by a sort of persons of whom I would rather say little. I would rather.

But it needeth no subtilties of argument, haply, to convey to you some sense [perception] of what may follow after this disgrace: for I am not ashamed to say, Such sham fervor of religious zeal may well be found a tempting of Providence. For is it not enough that the Lord once raised up men to purge this nation of vanity, and false-seeming, of pride and the wickedness of the sons of pride—is it not enough that he do this once, I say? [Aye, my lords and gentlemen; or shall he come again, and dispatch you to Barbadoes, and other warm regions? —Hear his Highness! However, I will but touch upon that-!-[will leave that to the Fates and Providences, knowing it to be esteemed no argument at all in these times. His Highness henceforth grows a little more l

explicit—approaches "nearer to that subject which is in all your thoughts."]

By your favor, I will now approach a little nearer to my business at this time—to a subject which, I am sure, is in all your thoughts: I pray God not too absolutely. For I desire you will speedily settle [means "speedily settle your minds" | upon that subject, and altogether dispatch it, if the real Business of these realms is to be rightly considered, and done, by this Parliament: that being, if I rightly conceive, what it was appointed for. Nay, it was !-- Indeed, this is the whole marrow of what I would proceed upon [proceed to speak on: I do beseech you to consider that the business of this mighty nation is not a trifling thing: I pray you not to mistake it or you may suddenly find yourselves Dissolved, his Highness thinks]. Further, that we are sent to this place to get that business done, to the honorable prosperity (none but honorable, I hope) of them that sent us, and not to misuse this nation's time by babbling of unprofitable things! [Seventeenth-century Inglises glance uncomfortably at his Highness, who is somewhat emphatic at this

You will easily perceive, gentlemen, what is my aim—to wit, this foolish clamor that is abroad, and so disturbs our quiet-raised, as you well know, against certain poisonous popish performances, which need no particular mention here. [Means "no minute recapitulation here,"—which is to be regretted, since the coincidences of that old forgotten time with the present seem somewhat curious. Speech first exhumed at this juncture, too!—On the whole, Let us be thankful.] Indeed, I do think, in good earnest, little mention of it in any kind is to be desired, since no possible good can come of such, but much evil mayhap; unless this Parliament hath power to question the stars as to what is yet to come, and be ruled thereby. But, I beseech you, apprehend my meaning rightly in this matter, which goeth not to justify the proceedings of this man-Pope, or whatever else it is proper to name him; for (I speak it truly) I have no more love for that man and his policies than any now in England; which perhaps you know. But, my lords and honorable gentlemen, who among you is it who had no forethought of such procedures, and did not early note those little streams which, if God's true light should not first dry them up, would swell this tide to the full—this tide, which now he so foolishly clamors to get thrust back? Surely (under favor) it is a simple man, and had

better get back whence he came, quietly and with speed, and be known in such business no more! And to him who did perceive the thriving of the flood, I will say his negligence is past his neighbor's folly, that he did not put his hand to the work, timeously and in earnest, to dam it out !—Now, do but judge between these men and Reason; I do think that will be found very sufficient. [For

them, your Highness—doubtless!]

And here again do not misconstrue me, do not, I pray you; and think that in what I last said is implied restraint upon any man's civil liberties; for if to us it is so singular a mercy that we may practise our religions without fear of enemies, surely that should not breed in us enmity and injustice to other men for their religion's sake, even if it be that of Papists; which, as I truly believe, is the very worst and cruellest faith of all. Indeed, if it were so in us, how much better were our behavior than that of the Popehim who was the present man's predecessor, Alexander VII., I think—towards those poor Piedmonts of late? ["Present man's predecessor-Alexander VII., I think?" Alexander already dead and history all awry, Besides, judge with me a little, whether the question of civil liberty is not quite beside the matter. I must needs think that a taste of one kind of liberty will beget in a man's mind thirst for every kind of liberty; and I do not suppose but that error may be as subtlely taught and as fondly held by chained men as by free. Have a care, then, how your thoughts do run in this channel. But what I did glance at when I spoke of damming out this flux of abominations was this: That it is very much your fault (and look to it that it be not requited upon you) that you did not industriously labor against the possibility of the reception of such, by kindling up and tenderly feeding the true light that is in every man to the perception of simple truth, instead of so plentifully encouraging a kind of English popery -nay, many kinds-which, if rightly judged, will be found a very twilight unto darkness. [Hear my Lord Protector!] I could, I think, enforce this with some particulars: I could do so. For what are those various sects-Lights of Conference, Lofty Church Lights, nay, many such Denominations-but poperies, sucking poperies of a very tyrannical sort? I conceive we have had some assurances of this; assurances which should be conviction enough, that if any of these parties be permitted to arrive at any head (which, please God, they shall not!), these poor nations will be as fast I weather, do you bring the nation to other

carried to ruin as any Roman popery could do it. They will, if God help us not. And if you are truly so importunate for the real religious well-being of the people, you had best send far other teachers than these to them,—than these Denomination and Church Lights, I mean; for, I say, if there is a danger at all, you will do well to seek it here. For, at the worst, Roman popery is a foreign sort of popery, alien to us, and therefore more suspect and to be rigorously examined of the people; a people, by your leave, not well affectioned to foreign things ["generally;" not at all, your Highness]: and, withal, though verily it is the most detestable, yet it is the cheaper kind of popery (as it now seems), which really is a little to be considered in hard and burdensome times. Somewhat grim of look, my Lord Protector. Now do but look a little at the other side. It may be said, in a sense, that the popery which cries against that other is natural to us, is bred in us, is of us and amongst us, and therefore can the more easily work in us -with more subtlety: and abuse us, yea, to our very senses! If a man have a crooked limb, he may indeed strive to get cured of that; but if also his blood be full of diseaseful humors, he had best leave that limb awhile and seek to get cured of it. I do think so. [Very correctly, Oliver: it is pharmacy of an altogether undeniable kind. Hear him!

What, then, my lords and gentlemen, does this thing [will not call it "question"] now resolve into? Why, this; if you will permit me. It is a company of little poperies, not yet come to growth, making furious noise at one great popery, which haply has arrived at too great growth—has over-grown itself, if it please God, so far as may concern this realm in any wise. Our care, then, in this matter, if those whose servants we are appointed are to be rightly served, is this: To let that great Thing die, with as much comfort as may be: duly considering that a spent lamp lives yet longer for being stirred. As for that other kind of popery, why, look you diligently, I heartily beseech you, that it grow no bigger! But constantly, by example of simple true godliness, making every chamber wherein you enter a chapel in which to perform works of forbearance and goodwill; by constant example of painful endeavoring after new excellences and attainments, as servants of God and servants of the Commonwealth; and more than this, in charitable gifts to poor persons in this bitter

foundations of spiritual being than those which have lately got some establishment; for I may as truly say of some of these present Denominations and Churches as I said of Popery a little while ago in this place [Speech, 20 Jan., 1658], that they are fostered by men of an episcopal mind, of whom it were hard to say whether temporalities or spiritualities are the things they strive after; they are like unto the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's figure—iron and clay mixed; which is not durable at all.

And now give me leave to conclude, for I do perceive it approaches near to the hour of dinner. Indeed, I would not at so great length have touched upon this matter, for truly it is not worthy, only for the satisfying of some tender consciences, which is but [Which is, your Highness?—the tender consciences or the satisfying of them? His Highness is in haste—has dinner-time full in view now, and not mere rhetoric.] But let me conclude with this;—to impress this upon your thought is, indeed, my chief business to-day: See that you mistake not the noise of incontinent brawlers for the people's voice -at all times that is a thing of frequent and dangerous concernment; and yet more specially look to it that you yourselves be not found empty brawlers, instead of so ministering to the common business, and so conducting it to speedy and worthy issues, that this nation may be manfully upheld: a nation which, we may thank God, is an astonishment to the world in honest industrious striving after prosperity. It is!

And now if, after all I have besought, some men be found here who still endeavor to bring that foolish storm that is without

more foolishly to rage in this House, let me beseech him at any rate first to consider what he will do, what he would see done, when the noise is wearied out? If he can answer this continently in his own thought—why let him proceed, in the Lord's name! But this I will say, that whatever foolishness such proceeding may issue in, I have this comfort to Godward: I have sufficiently warned you of ti!

Exeunt omnes—in some astonishment, we may suppose-to dinner. And thus ends this Speech, with its oblivions, its dim twilight prophesyings and bodings, all which, and more than which, we have seen dismally realized in rabid Popish Plots and persecutions some twenty years later, and in much else, alas! of which we will presume the historical reader to be sufficiently aware. Nor need even the un-historical reader, if he be of good digestion, digestion of the ostrich kind, altogether despair. Let him gird up his loins, and, taking affectionate leave of his friends, throw himself upon that dreary waste which is satirically called Newspaper Literature—a waste extending now through two months: he will discover, haply, that this Nineteenth Century hath as great capacity for rabidness of a certain kind as any century might desire to boast. On this point, however, we will say nothing here: will allow "Popular Indignation" to shout itself into quietude-hoarse, hopeless, and forlorn! But our present business with him being concluded, once more we bid Farewell to the nohle Oliver, who gradually, having said so much, falls back into his eternity of rest, after his many noble, manful labors.]

OERSTED, THE NATURALIST.—At Copenhagen, Dr. Oersted, the well-known discoverer of electro-magnetism, has been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment as professor at the Royal University of that city. We English are not accustomed to have our literary men spoilt as they spoil them in Denmark, and some other civilized countries. All ranks contended to do the philosopher honor on this occasion. The King sent him the grand cross of the order of Dannebrog;—the University sent new

insignia of his Doctor's degree, including a gold ring whereon a cameo bears the head of Minerva;—and the citizens presented him with a beautiful villa, situated at Fredericksburg, in the outskirts of Copenhagen. King and people agree in a strange estimate of the value and status of the scientific man, according to our insular notions. We do not see how they could have improved on this sort of testimonial if he had gained a battle. Dr. Oersted is upwards of eighty years of age.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR ON SOUTHEY.

IN A LETTER TO THE REV. C. CUTHBERT SOUTHEY.

It is not because I enjoyed your father's friendship, my dear sir, that I am now about to send you my testimony to his worth. Indeed, that very friendship, and the frequent expression of it in his letters for more than forty years, have made me hesitate too long

before the public.

Never in the course of my existence have I known a man so excellent on so many points. What he was as a son is now remembered by few; what he was as a husband and a father, shows it more clearly than the best memory could represent it. The purity of his youth, the integrity of his manhood, the soundness of his judgment, and the tenderness of his heart, they alone who have been blest with the same qualities can appreciate. And who are they? Many with one, some with more than one, nobody with all of them in the like degree. So there are several who possess one quality of his poetry; none who possess the whole variety.

For poetry there must be invention, energy, truth of conception, wealth of words, and purity of diction. His were indeed all these, excepting one; and that one often came when called for-I mean energy. This is the chief characteristic and highest merit of Byron; it is also Scott's, and perhaps more than equal-Shelley is not deficient in it; nor is Keats, whose heart and soul are sheer poetry, overflowing from its fermentation. Wordsworth is as meditative and thoughtful as your father, but less philosophical; his intellect was less amply stored; his heart was narrower. He knew the fields better than men, and ordinary men better than extraordinary. He is second to your father alone, of all poets, ancient or modern, in local description. The practice of the ancients has inculcated the belief that scenery should be rare and scanty in heroic poetry. Even those among them who introduce us into pastoral life are sparing of it. Little is there in Theocritus, hardly a glimpse in Moschus or Bion: but Virgil has more and better of (what is called) description in his *Eneid* than in his *Ecloques* or *Georgics*. The other epic poets, whatever the age or country, are little worth noticing, with the single and sole exception of Apollonius. I am inclined to think there is more of beautiful and appropriate scenery in *Roderic* alone, than the whole range of poetry, in all its lands, contains. Whatever may be the feeling of others in regard to it, I find it a relief from sanguinary actions and conflicting passions, to rest awhile beyond, but within sight. However, the poet ought not at any time to grow cool and inactive in the field of battle, nor retire often, nor long.

The warmest admirers of Wordsworth are nevertheless so haunted by antiquity, that there are few among them, I believe, who would venture to call him, what I have no hesitation in doing, the superior both of Virgil and of Theocritus in description. And description, let it be remembered, is not his only nor his highest excellence. Before I come to look into his defects, I am ready to assert that he has written a greater number of good sonnets than all the other sonneteers in Europe put together: yet sometimes in these compositions, as in many others of the smaller, he is expletive and diffuse, which Southey never is. Rural and humble life has brought him occasionally to a comparison with Crabbe. They who in their metaphors are fond of applying the physical to the moral, might say perhaps that Wordsworth now and then labors under a diarrhœa; Crabbe under a constipation; each without the slightest symptom of fever or excitement. Immeasurably above Crabbe, and widely different, less graphic, less concise, less anatomical, he would come nearer to Cowper, had he Cowper's humor. This, which Wordsworth totally wanted, your father had abundantly. Certainly the commentator who extolled him for universality, intended no irony, although it seems one. He wanted not only universal-

ity, but variety, in which none of our poets is comparable to Southey. His humor is gentle and delicate, yet exuberant. If in the compositions of Wordsworth there had been this one ingredient, he would be a Cowper in solution, with a crust of prose at the bottom, and innumerable flakes and bee-wings floating up and down loosely and languidly. Much of the poetry lately, and perhaps even still, in estimation, reminds me of plashy and stagnant water, with here and there the broad flat leaves of its fair but scentless lily on the surface, showing at once a want of depth and of movement. I would never say this openly, either to the censurers or the favorers of such as it may appear to concern. For it is inhumane to encourage enmities and dislikes, and scarcely less so to diminish an innocent pleasure in good creatures incapable of a higher. I would not persuade, if I could, those who are enraptured with a morricedancer and a blind fiddler, that those raptures ought to be reserved for a Grisi and a Beethoven, and that if they are very happy they are very wrong. The higher kinds of poetry, of painture, and of sculpture, can never be duly estimated by the majority even of the intellectual. The marbles of the Parthenon and the Odes of Pindar bring many false worshippers, few sincere. Cultivation will do much in the produce of the nobler arts, but there are only a few spots into which this cultivation can be carried. Of what use is the plough, or the harrow, or the seed itself, if the soil is sterile and the climate uncongenial?

Remarks have been frequently and justly made on the absurdity of classing in the same category the three celebrated poets who resided contemporaneously and in fellowship near the Lakes. There is no resemblance between any two of them in the features and character of their poetry. Southey could grasp great subjects, and completely master them; Coleridge never attempted it; Wordsworth attempted it, and failed. He has left behind him no poem, no series or collection of his. requiring and manifesting so great and diversified powers as are exhibited in Marmion, or The Lady of the Lake, in Roderic, or Thalaba, or Kehama. His Excursion is a vast congeries of small independent poems, several very pleasing. Breaking up this unwieldy vessel, he might have constructed out of its materials several eclogues; craft drawing little water.

Coleridge left unfinished, year after year, until his death, the promising *Christabel*. Before he fell exhausted from it, he had done

enough to prove that he could write good poetry, not enough to prove that he could ever be a great poet. He ran with spirit and velocity a short distance, then dropped. Excelling no less in prose than in poetry, he raised expectations which were suddenly overclouded and blank, undertook what he was conscious he never should perform, and declared he was busily employed in what he had only dreamt of. Never was love more imaginary than his love of Truth. Not only did he never embrace her, never bow down to her and worship her, but he never looked her earnestly in the face. Possessing the most extraordinary powers of mind, his unsteadiness gave him the appearance of weakness. Few critics were more acute, more sensitive, mere comprehensive; but, like other men, what he could say most eloquently he said most willingly; and he would rather give or detract with a large full grasp, than

weigh deliberately.

Conscience with Southev stood on the other side of Enthusiasm. What he saw, he said; what he found, he laid open. He alone seems to have been aware that criticism, to be complete, must be both analytical and synthetic. Every work should be measured by some standard. It is only by such exposition and comparison of two, more or less similar in the prominent points, that correctness of arbitrament can be attained. All men are critics; all men judge the written or unwritten words of others. It is not in works of imagination, as you would think the most likely for it, but it is chiefly in criticism, that writers at the present day are discursive and erratic. Among our regular bands of critics there is almost as much and as ill-placed animosity on one side, and enthusiasm on the other, as there is among the vulgar voters at parliamentary elections, and they who differ from them are pelted as heartily. In the performance of the ancient drama there were those who modulated with the pipe the language of the actor. No such instrument is found in the wardrobe of our critics, to temper their animosity or to direct their enthusiasm. Your father carried it with him wherever he sat in judgment; because he knew that his sentence would be recorded. and not only there. Oblivion is the refuge of the unjust; but their confidence is vain in the security of that sanctuary. The most idle and ignorant hold arguments on literary merit. Usually the commencement is, "I think with you, but," &c., or "I do not think

The first begins with a false position; and

there is probably one, and more than one, on: each side. The second would be quite correct if it ended at the word think; for there are few who can do it, and fewer who will. The kindlier tell us that no human work is perfect. This is untrue: many poetical works are. Many of Horace, more of Catullus, still more of Lafontaine; if, indeed, fable may be admitted as poetry by coming in its garb and equipage. Surely there are several of Moore's songs, and several of Barry Cornwall's, absolutely perfect. Surely there are also a few small pieces in the Italian and French. I wonder, on a renewed investigation, to find so few in the Greek. But the fluency of the language carried them too frequently among the shallows; and even in the graver and more sententious, the current is greater than the depth. The Ilissus is sometimes a sandbank. In the elegant and graceful arrow there is often not only much feather and little barb, but the barb wants weight to carry it with steadiness and velocity to the mark. Milton and Cowper were the first and last among us who breathed without oppression on the serene and cloudless heights where the Muses were born and educated. Each was at times a truant from his school; but even the lower of the two, in his Task, has done what extremely few of his preceptors could do. Alas! his Attic honey was at last turned sour by the leaven of fanaticism. I wish he, and Goldsmith, and your father, could call to order some adventurous members of our poetical yachtclub, who are hoisting a great deal of canvass on a slender mast, and "unknown regions dare explore" without compass, plummet, or anchor. Nobody was readier than Southey to acknowledge that in his capacity of laureate he had written some indifferent poetry; but it was better than his predecessor's or successor's on similar occasions. Personages whom he was expected to commemorate looked the smaller for the elevation of their position; and their naturally coarse materials crumbled under the master's hand. Against these frail memorials we may safely place his Inscriptions, and challenge all nations to confront them. We are brought by these before us to the mournful contemplation of his own great merits lying unnoticed; to the indignant recollection of the many benefices, since his departure, and since you were admitted into holy orders, bestowed by chancellors and bishops on relatives undistinguished in literature or virtue. And there has often been a powerful call where there has been a po werful canvasser. The father puts on the colors of the candidate; and the candidate,

if successful, throws a scarf and a lambskin over the shoulder of the son. Meanwhile, the son of that great and almost universal genius, who, above all others, was virtually, truly, and emphatically, and not by a vain title, Defender of the Faith,-defender far more strenuous and more potent than any prelatical baron since the Reformation: who has upheld more efficiently, because more uprightly, the assaulted and endangered constitution of the realm than any party-man within the walls of the Parliament-house: who declined the baronetcy which was offered to him and the seat to which he was elected: -he leaves an only son, ill-provided for, with a family to support. Different, far different, was his conduct in regard to those whom the desire of fame led away from the road to fortune. He patronized a greater number of intellectual and virtuous young men, and more warmly, more effectually, than all the powerful. I am not quite certain that poets in general are the best deserving of patronage; he, however, could and did sympathize with them, visit them in their affliction, and touch their unsoundness tenderly. Invidiousness seems to be the hereditary ophthalmia of our unfortunate family; he tended many laboring under the disease, and never was infected. Several of those in office, I am credibly informed, have entered the fields of literature; rather for its hay-making, I presume, than for its cultivation. Whatever might have been the disadvantages to your father from their competition, will, I hope, be unvisited upon you. On the contrary, having seen him safe in the earth, probably they will not grudge a little gold-leaf for the letters on his gravestone, now you have been able to raise it out of the materials he has left behind. We may expect it reasonably; for a brighter day already is dawning. After a quarter of a million spent in the enlargement of royal palaces and the accommodation of royal horses; after a whole million laid out under Westminster Bridge; after an incalculable sum devoted to another Tower of Babel, for as many tongues to wag in; the Queen's Majesty has found munificent advisers, recommending that the entire of twenty-five pounds annually shall be granted to the representative of that officer who spent the last years of his life, and life itself, in doing more for England's commerce than Alexander and the Ptolemies did for the world's. quelled the terrors of the desert, and drew Engand and India close together.

Your affectionate Friend,
Walter Savage Landon.

WORDSWORTH, CARLYLE, AND MILTON.

For well nigh thirty-four years the public curiosity has been excited by the knowledge that there existed in MS, an unfinished poem of very high pretensions and extraordinary magnitude, from the pen of the late-is he to be the last?—poet laureate of Britain. At the tidings, Lord Jeffrey made himself very merry, and sought for a powerful calculus to compute the supposed magnitude of the poem. De Quincey, on the other hand, had read it, and, both in his writings and conversation, was in the habit of alluding to, quoting, and panegyrizing it as more than equal to Wordsworth's other achievements. All of it that is publishable, or shall ever be published, now lies before us; and we approach it with curiously mingled emotionsmingled, because, although a fragment, it is so vast, and in parts so finished, and because it may be regarded as at once an early production of his genius, and its latest legacy to the world. It seems a large fossil relicimperfect and magnificent-newly dug up, and with the fresh earth and the old dim subsoil meeting and mingling around it.

The "Prelude" is the first regular versified autobiography we remember in our language. Passages, indeed, and parts of the lives of celebrated men, have been at times represented in verse, but in general a veil of fiction has been dropped over the real facts, as in the case of Don Juan; and in all the revelation made has resembled rather an escapade or a partial confession than a systematic and slowly consolidated life. The mere circumstances, too, of life have been more regarded than the inner current of life itself. We class the "Prelude" at once will Sartor Resartus-although the latter wants the poetic form—as the two most interesting and faithful records of the individual experience of men of genius which exist.

And yet, how different the two men, and the two sets of experience. Sartor resembles the unfilled and yawning crescent moon; Wordsworth the rounded harvest orb: Sartor's cry is, "Give, give!" Wordsworth's, "I have found it, I have found it!" Sartor cannot, amid a universe of work, find a task fit for him to do, and yet can much less be

utterly idle; while to Wordsworth, basking in the sun, or loitering near an evening stream, is sufficient and satisfactory work. tor, Nature is a divine tormentor-her works at once inspire and agonize him; Wordsworth loves her with the passion of a perpetual honeymoon. Both are intensely self-conscious; but Sartor's is the consciousness of disease, Wordsworth's of high health standing before a mirror. Both have a "demon," but Sartor's is exceedingly fierce, dwelling among the tombs-Wordsworth's a mild eremite, loving the rocks and the woods. Sartor's experience has been frightfully peculiar, and Wordsworth's peculiarly felicitous. Both have passed through the valley of the shadow of death; but the one has found it as Christian found it, dark and noisy—the other has passed it with Faithful, by daylight. Sartor is more of a representative man than Wordsworth, for many have had part at least of his sad experiences, whereas Wordsworth's soul dwells apart: his joys and sorrows, his virtues and his sins, are alike his own, and he can circulate his being as soon as them. Sartor is a brother man in fury and fever-Wordsworth seems a cherub, almost chillingly pure, and whose very warmth is borrowed from another sun than ours. We love and fear Sartor with almost equal intensity -Wordsworth we respect and wonder at with a great admiration.

Compare their different biographies. tor's is brief and abrupt as a confession; the author seems hurrying away from the memory of his wo-Wordsworth lingers over his past self like a lover over the history of his courtship. Sartor is a reminiscence of Prometheus-the "Prelude" an account of the education of Pan. The agonies of Sartor are connected chiefly with his own individual history, shadowing that of innumerable individuals besides—those of Wordsworth with the fate of nations, and the world at large. Sartor craves, but cannot find a creed—belief seems to flow in Wordsworth's blood; to see is to believe with him. The lives of both are fragments, but Sartor seems to shut his so abruptly, because he dare not disclose all his struggles; and Wordsworth,

because he dares not reveal all his peculiar and incommunicable joys. To use Sartor's own words, applied to the poet before us, we may inscribe upon Wordsworth's grave, "Here lies a man who did what he intended;" while over Sartor's disappointed ages may say, "Here lies a man whose intentions were noble, and his powers gigantic, but who, from lack of proper correspondence between them, did little or nothing, said much, but only told the world his own sad story."

The points of resemblance between Milton and Wordsworth are numerous—both were proud in spirit, and pure in life-both were intensely self-conscious-both essayed the loftiest things in poetry-both looked with considerable contempt on their contemporaries, and appealed to the coming age—both preferred fame to reputation-both during their life-time met with obloquy, which crushed them not-both combined intellect with imagination, in equal proportions—both were persevering and elaborate artists, as well as inspired men—both were unwieldy in their treatment of commonplace subjects. Neither possessed a particle of humor; nor much, if any, genuine wit. Both were friends of liberty and of religion—their genius was "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

But there were differences and disparities as manifold. Milton was a scholar of the first magnitude; Wordsworth no more than respectable in point of learning; Milton may be called a glorious book-worm; Wordsworth an insect feeding on trees; Milton was London born and London bred; Wordsworth from the provinces; Milton had a world more sympathy with chivalry and arms-with the power and the glory of this earth—with human and female beauty—with man and with woman, than Wordsworth. Wordsworth loved inanimate nature better than Milton, or at least he was more intimately conversant with her features; and has depicted them with more minute accuracy, and careful finish. Milton's love for liberty was a wiser and firmer passion, and underwent little change; Wordsworth's veered and fluctuated; Milton's creed was more definite and fixed than Wordsworth's, and, perhaps, lay nearer to his heart; Wordsworth shaded away into a vague mistiness, in which the Cross at times was lost; Milton had more devotion in his absence from church than Wordsworth in his presence there; Wordsworth was an "idler in the land;" Milton an incessant and heroic struggler.

As writers, while Wordsworth attains to

lofty heights, with an appearance of effort; Milton is great inevitably, and inhales with pleasure the proud and rare atmosphere of the sublime; Wordsworth comes up to the great-Milton descends on it; Wordsworth has little ratiocinative, or rhetorical power; Milton discovers much of both-besides being able to grind his adversaries to powder by the hoof of invective, or to toss them into the air on the tusks of a terrible scorn; Wordsworth has produced many sublime lines, but no character approaching the sublime; Milton has reared up Satan to the sky—the most magnificent structure in the intellectual world; Wordsworth's philosophic vein is more subtle, and Milton's more masculine and strong; Wordsworth has written much in the shape of poetry that is despicably mean, mistaking it all the while for the excellent; Milton trifles seldom, and knows full well when he is trifling; Wordsworth has sometimes entangled himself with a poetic system; Milton no more than Samson will permit withes, however green, or a cart-rope, however new, to imprison his giant arms; Wordsworth has borrowed nothing, but timidly and jealously saved himself from theft by flight; Milton has maintained his originality, even while he borrows-he has dared to snatch the Urim and Thummim from the high-priest's breast, and inserted them among his own native ornaments, where they shine in keepingunbedimming and unbedimmed; Wordsworth's prose is but a feeble counterpoise to his poetry; whereas Milton's were itself sufficient to perpetuate his name; Wordsworth's sonnets are, perhaps, equal to Milton's, some of his "Minor Poems" may approach "Lycidas," and "Il Penseroso," but where a whole like "Paradise Lost?"

Thus while Wordsworth has left a name, the memory of a character, and many works, which shall illustrate the age when he lived, and exalt him, on the whole, above all Britain's bards of that period, Milton is identified with the glory, not of an age, but of all ages; with the progress of liberty in the world-with the truth and grandeur of the Christian faith and with the honor and dignity of the human species itself. Wordsworth burns like the bright star Arcturus, outshining the fainter orbs of the constellation to which it belongs. Milton is one of those solitary oceans of flame, which seem to own but a dim and far-off relationship to aught else but the Great Being, who called them into existence. So truly did the one appreciate the other when he sung

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

From the English Review.

MRS. BROWNING AND MISS LOWE.*

FEMALE Poetry! this scarcely seems to us, ungallant as we are, a delightful theme, or a glorious memory; for is it not, generally speaking, mawkish, lackadaisical, and tedious? To us, at least, it is. Look at the "Literary Souvenir," or "Book of Beauty," if you want to see the kind of thing we mean: what people denominate poetry of the affections. Soft, mellifluous strains, in which some one generally religious thought is kept for the last verse; this kind of climax being repeated a thousand times, with a more than wearisome uniformity. Think of the endless twaddle perpetrated by L. E. L., with here and there something like a fresh flower peeping forth from amongst her sere and withered blossoms. That unhappy woman inflicted an almost irreparable injury on English literature, on English poetry at least; one from which the latter has taken many years to recover. She succeeded, supported, encouraged, and puffed as she was by silly and ignorant critics, in persuading the general public to identify poetry and mawkishness as one and the same thing; to regard the strains of the lyre as naturally and necessarily morbid, and frightfully sentimental; and, consequently, only adapted to the taste of very young gentlemen and ladies, and exceedingly mischievous for them. We know her unhappy fate, and have mourned over it, and have thereby been induced to keep silence for a time; but the truth must be told at last. She was one of the most utter nuisances the literature of the nineteenth century has been afflicted with! Here and there she really struck out a poetic thought, though it was almost always marred in the delivery; and some few of her shorter strains, for instance, the illustrations of modern pictures (we may mention "the Combat," by Etty), have some real

power and sweetness: but, O! the ocean of morbid common-place in which swims these waifs:-the wretched, intolerably wretched, versification, the bad rhymes, the careless grammar, the unpardonable profanation of the good and the beautiful! Consider this one fact.—This woman undertook for years to fill a large annual with nothing but her poetry, in illustration of certain prints to be furnished her, whatever they might be! Now this fact alone expresses far more than any condemnation of ours could do. What a vista of dreary, morbid, boundless commonplace does this disclose to us! And contemporary criticism could applaud, could think this annual undertaking perfectly natural, and rather sublime.

We repeat, that poetry has suffered amongst us from nothing more than from this unhallowed desecration. It became for a long time a valueless drug in the market. The very fact that L. E. L. did possess natural powers only rendered their exertion the more fatal to our poetic literature. The existence of and the praise lavished on this wordy trash formed one great barrier to the rising fame of Tennyson; and has impressed the majority of those now living with a conviction, not to be shaken, that English poets of the present day are second-rate, and little worthy of attention.

Mrs. Hemans was less sickening; and yet, looking over her vague, dreamy, wordy compositions, we almost feel inclined to recall that more favorable verdict. Here is a tiresome, mellifluous sweetness, an almost total absence of thought, a superabundance of morbid feeling always welling forth. But we admit that there is gentleness, and sometimes fancy, and even poetry also, to set off against all these defects.

There are moods in which certain of Mrs. Hemans's strains are dear to us, as they are perhaps to many of our readers: only not too many at a time! Then there was another of this class, a Miss Jewsbury. To be sure, she has passed away, and it may seem unkind to revive her memory: yet in all

^{* 1.} Poems. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New edition. In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

Hall. 1850.
2. The Prophecy of Balaam, The Queen's Choice, and other Poems. By Helen Lowe. London:

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"Affection's Gifts," and "Friendship's Keepsakes," you will be sure to find one or two of her vague wandering—melodies we cannot call them, unless slow, dull, autumn breezes, whining through a keyhole, deserve that appellation. Always the same leafless gloom, amidst which, here and there, a little pale, frightened flower, colorless and marred, may perk its head up, and yield you a sickly smile, and smile itself to death again!

We do not wish to upbraid more of these doleful lady-singers, and truly their number is countless. "Breezes sigh," they may answer us, "why should not we? rain-drops weep, why are tears denied us? night mourns, why should we be gay? True, there is heaven above: when we go thither, we will sing more gladly with the angels!" Now, this is a very pretty lady-poetess's speech: only, unfortunately, she would have condemned us to listen to as many stanzas of eight lines each, as there are thoughts, or rather fancies, in our answer: any one of the class in question could do it, and their composition would be as like as two T's; a little better or a little worse, to be sure, as far as rhyme and language are concerned, but all "so very sweet," "so charming really." Well, is this a true count, or is it not? Do we exaggerate? Now, all poetesses are not of this order and caliber, witness the two names at the head of this article. Besides, there is Mrs. Southey, of whom we take shame to ourselves for knowing so little; but what we do know has seemed to us of sterling quality; and, again, there is Mary Howitt, some of whose sweet, fresh, cheerful strains are really pure as the dew-drops of the morn, not like the tears of an autumn mist: and, no doubt, there are others who ought to be mentioned (we beg any lady poetess who reads this, and has published, to take for granted she is included amongst the number), and still one general verdict must stand against the lady-singers. We know not whether there is essentially or necessarily an absence of concentration in female thought: judging from many novels we have seen, and many letters also, we should say, No! The memory of Miss Edgeworth only forbids the thought. Women are not necessarily or usually thus morbid in their talk: were they so, they would by no means be the queens of creation we consider them. It is only female poetry which is thus deficient in healthfulness, cheerfulness, and sound sense. With regard to the latter quality, it is our mature opinion that women are usually more sensible than men;

but you certainly would not guess it from their poetry, where they seem to think it necessary to be weak and foolish. Of course this dictum is to be taken with a due degree of allowance for its sweepingness.

Foreign poetesses are not a whit better than English; think of Madame Desbordes-Valmont (we think that is the way she spells her name), think of her pitiful wails and lamentations, "Mes Pleurs" and "Mes Larmes" innumerable, enough to fill an ocean. As for Germany's songstresses, though she has several, they are all unknown to fame, save "Betty Paoli," whom we admire greatly, and should rank upon a level with Mrs. Browning and Miss Lowe, for artistic power; that is, we recognize hers as a kindred spirit with those of Germany's greatest bards, one who may justly claim equality with them; but then we have always called her "the female Byron," so sad is she, so bitter, so painfully passionate; nevertheless, she is great. We recommend Betty Paoli's poems to the study of every lover of German poetry; they are pure and noble artistic creations, earnest-hearted and earnest-minded, and, above all, not diffuse (wonderful to relate); her words rarely or never outrun the thoughts they represent.

Still, in every country, female poetry is doleful or morbid, and generally speaking it is weak and diffuse, and therefore, as we said at starting, it does not present a too delightful theme.

But it is far otherwise with the strains of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Helen Lowe, who, though widely different, are both true poets; not poetesses only; each taking a high rank amongst her bardic peers, and one which, if we mistake not, she is destined long to keep. We cannot aver that either is wholly free from that shade or tinge of morbid sorrow from which no female poetess has ever yet escaped; but in neither of them is this the predominant feature; it rather forms the background in both instances (if we may consider their poetry as two great master-pieces by some illustrious artist), from which the main subject stands out in bold and bright relief, commanding our hearty admiration. As a lyric poet, Mrs. Browning takes high rank among the bards of England: there are few to surpass her; perhaps none in her especial beauties, -in the combination of romantic wildness with deep, true tenderness and most singular power. And so, again, Miss Lowe need not fear comparison with great dramatists: in her works there is little or no display of passion; all is calm, concentrated

power, fixed energy of thought, a certain reserve of greatness. This latter lady has not been acknowledged, we believe, as she should and must be, though the "Quarterly" hymned her praises after its own fashion some years ago: and this is not wonderful, for her powers do not dazzle; there is little to startle or amaze, and, though there is much to thrill the thoughtful, there are few appeals to tears. "The Prophecy of Balaam" is, in our estimation-and we speak advisedly-one of the grandest dramatic poems in existence. Once read by one who is capable of reflection, it can never be forgotten: it is based on eternal truth, and its power is only deeper and more real from the total absence of effort. grand, stately, and yet beautiful, like some fixed marble statue: only here there is life in the veins; a heart throbs beneath the marble, - "it could arise and walk!" What wonder that contemporary criticism should neglect such a work? The old adage applies as ever: -the boys pick up the shining pebbles by the sea-shore, but they cast the pearls away. Then, for "The Queen's Choice," what sweet, calm, happy grace and plaintive mournfulness breathe from this drama! If we compare it with the successful plays of the day (and we are willing to acknowledge the occasional power and pathos of "Marston," despite his abominable taste, and the stage-cleverness of Lovel), we feel that we are passing at once from the world of false to that of true art,from fiction to reality. Even on the stage, adequately represented, "The Queen's Choice" would excite a profound sensation; but our voice cannot reach managers; and if it could, wrapt in their comfortable mantle of solidity, they would turn a deaf ear to our assertions.

But to our more general theme :- Mrs. Browning is not exclusively lyric, nor Miss Lowe dramatic; for the former's "Drama of Exile" is an exquisite work of its kind, and some of Miss Lowe's poems, though we do not like them as well as her plays, have much real merit, merit of a quiet and somewhat sombre character, like the beauties of an autumn twilight, sinking down on a fair landscape, fringed with dark and leafy woods. We cannot hope to do justice to both of these ladies, or perhaps to either of them, on the present occasion: perhaps we have acted wrongly in stringing their names together.

Mrs. Browning may well feel that she had a right to an article for herself alone, as much as her great poet-husband, to whom we strove to do tardy justice but lately. He and she are kindred spirits; yet there is a vast differ-

we might almost say exclusively, dramatic. The simplest line that falls from him, no matter in what shape, is a strong dramatic utterance. He has an instinctive knowledge of the hearts of men, a power of identifying himself with the passions of others, and of realizing them in their most fiery outbursts, making them his own. Thus far he is impulsive, most impulsive, dramatically so; but there his impulse, comparatively, ends: free lyric power is not his characteristic. A contemporary has said this but lately, and it is true; yet it is not from lack of impulsive power that Browning fails here; nay, he does not fail, for he never makes the attempt: he is too exclusively dramatic, as we have said. His earnestness of passion forbids all lyrical redundancies. It is utterly false that-as the same critic asserts, as it is not unfashionable to say,—he is devoid of beauty. He has the highest beauty, the highest grace: witness "Paracelsus," "Pippa Passes," "Colombe's Birthday." But he never seeks beauty for beauty's sake: his aim is the reality of passion, good or bad: if beauty is consistent with the truth, then it will be certain to be there: but the passion may so arrest your sight as to blind your eyes to the beauty! your heart is too strongly appealed to, to allow of your stopping to admire !- A mere love of words for their own sake, this he does not seem to possess. Now a true lyric poet must! He sings because he loves singing: true, he must have something to sing about, but this need not be much: the nightingale sings, no doubt, of the beauty of the early spring, but not over distinctly. Now Mrs. Browning is oftentimes possessed with the fine lyrical "afflatus," the passion of song, and pours herself forth in verse. This is what Browning seldom or never does, in the same sense or way; yet he is not a made poet, but a born one: it is his instinct to be dramatic, "voilà tout!" Both he and Mrs. Browning feel intensely; he thinks, perhaps. most deeply, yet she is a thinker too; both have a wild imagination and a potent fancy; he has a genuine vein of humor; she has a pleasant, genial, meditative lofty strain, such as inspired her "Wine of Cyprus." Upon the whole, we think Browning's the higher and the master spirit; hers the more tender. and the more musical also.

But to the volumes before us, which we must deal with, we fear, very summarily. "The Drama of Exile" is a fervid and yet a sacred strain. At the gate of Paradise, where Milton left our first parents, the spirit ence between them. His genius is essentially, I of the poetess has met them, has listened to

their wails of fond regret, and recorded their first wandering out into the sterile earth, thenceforth to yield man bread by the sweat of his brow. It is a grand and a solemn composition; somewhat too diffuse, perhaps, and shadowy, and mixing up ideal conceptions, abstract ideas personified, such as the Spirits of the Earth and of the Creatures, with real actual sentient beings, in a manner we can scarcely approve. This, unintentionally, gives an unreal effect to much that would be otherwise very beautiful, and even holy. And even if we admit of these twain impersonations of the powers of nature, what shall we say to those shadows of shadows, the signs of the Zodiac-vast spectral forms representing these signs being made to form a circle round the exile wanderers? We do not see the meaning of this, and we are sure that its effect is unhappy. Again, we must blame the almost ludicrous and hopeless pertinacity with which the chief of fallen angels is represented as troubling those with his presence who incessantly request him "to go." There is something even comic in this, and we beg Mrs. Browning to believe that we do not make the remark irreverently; the opening discourse between Gabriel and Lucifer is almost entirely, on the former's part, a series of first commands, and then entreaties, to the latter to retire: it is obvious that Gabriel should not be made to speak so forcibly at first, if he has no power to enforce his commands; and his entering into long reasonings afterwards on the same theme, is a token of weakness we should not have expected from an angel. We almost fear we are waxing irreverent, which it is certainly far from our intention to be, firmly as we believe in angelic agency, and strongly as we desire to do honor to those blessed spirits which stand in the presence of our God around the throne. The first scene, very fine in parts, is followed by an exquisite chorus of Eden spirits, while Adam and Eve fly across the track traced for them by the glare of the sword of fire, self-moved, for many miles along the waste. There are seven lines in this chorus which seem to us particularly beautiful, and which recur oftentimes in their mournful sweetness, with slight changes, adapting them to the various singers, from the Spirits of the trees, rivers, flowers, &c. Take the second of these:-

"Fare ye well, farewell! The river-sounds, no longer audible, Expire at Eden's door! Each footstep of your treading Treads out some murmur which ye heard before: Farewell! the streams of Eden Ye shall hear nevermore."

Is not that melancholy music, recalling the sweet songs of our own early childhood? Mark the lingering sweetness of the last two lines, where the cadence falls and rests. There is a plaintive tenderness in this rarely surpassed. The song of the Bird-spirit should be quoted, but we have no space for it. Then follows a beautiful colloquy between Adam and Eve, held on the verge of the swordglare: both characters are nobly conceived. We find no trace of selfishness in what falls from either of them; only the love God seems no longer to tenant their hearts; intense love of each other has taken its place. We have not space to go through the drama seriatim; it is grand throughout. To our mind it is very questionable whether Lucifer should be represented as fraught with love for anything, even for his own morning-star. Scripture represents hate and scorn as his essence, and in these consist his enmity to God. However, the song of the Morning-Star to Lucifer is exceedingly wild and glowing; we regret that we have not space to enrich our pages with it. All the lyrics introduced in this poem are noble; but most intense, is perhaps, the power displayed in that song of the Earth-spirits, when they curse our first parents for having brought the curse on them (p. 59). Its wildness is great, but is exceeded by its power:—

"And we scorn you! There's no pardon Which can lean to you aright. When your bodies take the guerdon Of the death-curse in our sight, Then the bee that hummeth lowest shall transcend you: Then ye shall not move an eyelid, Though the stars look down your eyes; And the earth, which ye defiled, She shall show you to the skies, 'Lo! these kings of ours—who sought to comprehend you!'

" First Spirit. "And the elements shall boldly All your dust to dust constrain: Unresistedly and coldly, I will smite you with my rain!

From the slowest of my frosts is no receding.

" Second Spirit. "And my little worm, appointed To assume a royal part, He shall reign, crowned and anointed, O'er the noble human heart! Give him Counsel against losing of that Eden!"

What a magnificent rhythm for scorn and

irony! The final apparation of our Lord is ! calmly and grandly treated. Altogether, the "Drama of Exile" is a great, though somewhat sad, creation: it is like the evrie of the eagle, built high and near the stars, but rather cold and lonely. We cannot speak as favorably of "The Seraphim," also dramatic in its form, and, upon the whole, only an ambitious failure: it should have been excluded from the volumes before us. Its "Part the First" is peculiarly meaningless; in which all the myriads of the angelhost having departed to gaze on the Crucifixion, two only, the interlocutors, Ador and Zerah, remain at the gate of heaven, also intending to follow their brethren, but stopping in the first instance for the bare purpose of talk-talk, as dreary as it is meaning-We are sorry to speak thus harshly, but the theme of the Crucifixion is too awful and too blessed not to have forbidden such a desecration as this, however unintentional. The whole poem labors under a painful sense of unreality, and that in treating of the greatest of all realities. There is an irreverence to our feelings in the stage-directions, so to speak, respecting the shut heavenly gate, which shocked us even at starting. The everlasting gates, which rolled aside when He, our Lord, ascended to His glory, were not "a gate:" rather were they intervening spheres, or worlds of darkness and of majesty. Does not Mrs. Browning feel that the glories of heaven are too great for her earthly grasp? that it far rather becomes her on such a subject to tremble and adore? Let her pardon our frankness; but we confess this poem (if so we must call it, where we see few poetic sparks from first to last) shocks us, and forms, in our judgment, a most unworthy sequel to her "Drama of Exile!" As critics, and as Christians, we entreat that "The Seraphim" may be removed from the next edition!

The translation of "Prometheus," which follows, has great merit; but we do not wholly like it. It displays Mrs. Browning's usual power, especially towards the close, as in the mad song of "Io;" but Prometheus's complaints are rather too rhetorically rendered, without sufficient dramatic earnestness. Pass we to the lyrics. First come two long strains, both noble, yet not amongst our favorites. "AVision of Poets" reminds us of Tennyson's "Two Voices;" but it is far less thoughtful and more indistinct. It is emphatically a vision, and possesses only visionary beauties; and yet it is neither devoid of sublimity nor tenderness of heart. We

object to what seems suggested by some expressions,—that every great poet must be unhappy; that he must be earnest, we believe. The portraits of the poets, drawn with a few bold lines, are sometimes very striking. Take, for instance,—

"Here, Homer, with the broad suspense Of thunderous brows, and lips intense, With garrulous god-innocence."

Or again,

"Hesiod old, Who, somewhat blind and deaf and cold, Cared most for gods and bulls."

Or,

"And Ossian, dimly seen or guessed:
Once counted greater than the rest,
When mountain winds blew out his west."

Or, once more,

"And Goethe—with that reaching eye, His soul reached out from, far and high, And fell from inner entity."

How true of that sublimest of egotists, who became so objective at last as to be no longer a human being; who from very selfishness lost self! There is beauty and majesty in this long poem, but we cannot moralize on its bearings. Pass we to the companion "Poet's Vow," which we like not much. It is poetically executed, indeed, but sadly unreal. The hero gives up earthly happiness and a loving bride from mere unnatural misanthropy. He will not be happy, since so many of his fellow-men are not; and so shuts himself up, and lives and dies, useless to himself and others, a blot upon the face of nature. Such a song as this is like a picture of the desert: the leagues on leagues of weary sand may lie in the broiling sun before us, as white, as sterile, and as hideous as on the desert's self, but where was the good of painting them! If there ever were such a misanthrope, surely it would have been better to leave him "to perish in his selfcontempt." Now follows one of the wildest romances in the English, or in any tongue, but it is also most beautiful. The title is the "Romaunt of Margaret." It is a weird tale of wo and spectral horror; but how wonderfully told! and the clinging faith of the heroine through her terrific trial endears the poem to our hearts. We shall not quote it, or quote from it, but refer our readers to the volume. This, however, we may say: it is like some wild forest scene at midnight, with just one break in the dark round of trees, where the silvery moon shines through, sadly, palely, and sweetly, while a woodland

brooklet murmurs by. Had Mrs. Browning: written this alone, she had earned our most earnest admiration. "Isabel's Child" is less perfect in its execution, we think; but very beautiful in conception. A mother, by her earnest prayers, (such prayers have power!) has prevailed on God to spare her infant, assailed by deadly fever; but as she is keeping watch over the reviving babe, a strange apparition chances: it looks upon her with thoughtful eyes, through which gleams a spirit in maturity, and it finds a voice and speaks, imploring no longer to be stayed from the blessed joys of heaven. At morn the nurse finds the child dead on the mother's knee, and that mother blesses God for having taken away her darling.—Then come the Sonnets, which, generally speaking, are very fine. Let us be pardoned for suggesting that the first, "The Soul's Expression," is a little, a very little, too self-asserting! But we pass that by. There is great power in these sonnets; a concentration of thought and expression, of which ordinary lady-poetesses could form no conception in their dreams. Perhaps we should cite one.—

"I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless.
That only men, incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air,
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
In souls, as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the blenching vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute heav'ns. Deep-hearted man,

Grief for thy dead in silence like to death; Most like a monumental statue set In everlasting watch and moveless wo, Till-itself crumble to the dust beneath. Touch it: the marble eyelids are not wet: It it could weep, it could arise and go."

We thought of naming the more singularly beautiful sonnets, but there are so many beautiful, that we must refrain. We pass to the second volume. Here come all our prime favorites, which we are unable to dwell on now as we should wish. Here is "The Romaunt of the Page," sad and sweet: may not blue-bells ring out such music to fairy ears when the summer winds pass over them? Yet, no; there is too much of gloom and sorrow here: rather may the elfs of the woods list such wild strains, sung to them by autumn breezes rustling the green leaves of the old oak tree. Then comes the magnificent "Onora, or Lay of the Brown Rosary," as it is entitled. We should like to tell the story of this last; but we may not. A good and gentle girl, who abandons heaven to keep her life! Her lover is returning from the wars, yet she must die, unless she make her unhallowed compact; and she makes it; and her little brother suspects the terrible truth; and at the altar her lover-but no, we will tell no more. Only let us say, never was wilder, sweeter ballad sung or said! And for the second part, where Onora is sleeping, and the angels dare not draw too nigh her, since she has forsaken God, and the evil spirit bids her yield her good dream, in which she wanders with her dead father through the summer fields-What say you to this, reader ours?-

" Evil Spirit in a Nun's garb by the bed.

"Forbear that dream! forbear that dream! too near to heaven it leaned.

" Onora in sleep.

"Nay, leave me this-but only this! 'tis but a dream, sweet fiend!

"Evil Spirit.

"It is a thought.

" Onora in sleep.

"A sleeping thought—most innocent of good—
It doth the Devil no harm, sweet fiend! it cannot, if it would.
I say in it no holy hymn,—I do no holy work,
I scarcely hear the Sabbath-bell that chimeth from the kirk.

" Evil Spirit.

"Forbear that dream-forbear that dream!

" Onora in sleep.

"Nay, let me dream at least!
That far-off bell, it may be took for viol at a feast—I only walk among the fields, beneath the autumn sun, With my dead father, hand in hand, as I have often done.

* * * * * * * *

" Evil Spirit.

"Thou shalt do something harder still.—Stand up where thou dost stand, Among the fields of dream-land, with thy father hand in hand, And clear and slow, repeat the vow,—declare its cause and kind, Which, not to break in sleep or wake, thou bearest on thy mind.

" Onora in sleep.

"I bear a vow of wicked kind, a vow for mournful cause:
I vowed it deep, I vowed it strong—the spirits laughed applause:
The spirits trailed, along the pines, low laughter like a breeze,
While, high atween their swinging tops, the stars appeared to freeze.

" Evil Spirit.

"More calm and free,-speak out to me, why such a vow was made.

" Onora in sleep.

"Because that God decreed my death, and I shrank back afraid.—
Have patience, O dead father mine! I did not fear to die;
I wish I were a young dead child, and had thy company!
I wish I lay beside thy feet, a buried three-year child,
And wearing only a kiss of thine, upon my lips that smiled!"

· We break off abruptly, where it seems sacrilege to abbreviate; every word is so We shall not tell the issue. beautiful. Then follows the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," most exquisite, and withal most powerful: "The Romance of the Swan's Nest," with a kind of innocent infantine beauty; "Bertha in the Lane," very sad, but still sweeter; "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," most noble, with a mighty sweep of verse, and a corresponding grandeur of feeling; the wild, passionate outcry of "the Runaway Slave;" the deeply-pathetic "Cry of the Children," never surpassed, and not to be surpassed, for lyrical freedom and exceeding tenderness, and still more exceeding power. We quote one verse; it is the factory children who are speaking (we trust they are saved now):-

"'True,' say the young children, 'it may happen That we die before our time.

Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen Like a snowball, in the rime.

We looked into the pit prepared to take her— Was no room for any work in the close clay: From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her, Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'

If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!—
Could we see her face, be sure we should not
know her,

For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,— And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in The shroud, by the kirk chime!

It is good when it happens,' say the children,
That we die before our time."

Was there ever keener pathos? And one more verse:—

"For, all day the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our hand, with pulses
And the walls turn in their places—

Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—

Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling— All are turning, all the day, and we with all.— And all day, the iron wheels are droning;

And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning,
Stop! be silent for to-day!"

We have not even space to enumerate our favorites: "The Fourfold Aspect;" "The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus;" "To Plush my Dog," sweet and tender, and cheerful-hearted; "The Cry of the Human," passionate and powerful; "The Sleep, mournfully holy; "Cowper's Grave," sublime in its deep tender pathos; "The Lady's Yes," "A Woman's Short-comings," "A Man's Requirement," all three happy strains; one of a higher order, "A Year's Spinning," rarely surpassed or equalled for its expression of deep grief; "Catarina to Camoens," most tender of canzonets; and "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the veil of which it behoves not us to rend away; suffice it to say, "they are beautiful exceedingly." And that is all: all we can at least find a space for, and enough, in our judgment, to crown a lady Queen of Song; and that is Mrs. Browning. Certainly she is not a faultless poet; she deals too much in frequent double endings, some of which are strained and forced; she is apt to play Greek freaks with her English tongue; she is sometimes too weird; rarely too sentimental. And now, that we are about to leave her, we feel as if we had said nothing about her; nothing truly to the point. But necessity commands, and so we leave the theme.

Still more unjustly are we constrained to treat Miss Lowe; we had hoped to linger over some of her calm stately lyrics also; so self-possessed in their sadness. There is "Zareefa," which gives its name to one volume, thus characteristically opening:—

"When I consider time's unfolded page,
Where man his soul hath graven on each line,
And note his wrongs in every clime and age
To woman, yet how evermore doth shine
Her spirit over his, almost divine,
When most reviled in goodness eminent;
I marvel much, and grieve, yet rest content."

There is a slap in the face for male critics at starting! but we will not be rebuffed. The tale is a very graceful, though a sad one, most gracefully told. In strong contrast with Mrs. Browning, Miss Lowe is rarely outwardly impulsive; she gives you, mainly, results of past thoughts and emotions; does not fling her feelings forth in the very act of composition. Indeed, there is a peculiar reserve about Miss Lowe's poetry in this respect, which distinguishes it from almost all other poetry written by ladies; but we are already lingering. The song, "Peace, O peace!" is a peculiarly characteristic strain, and very beautiful; we must cite it:—

"Peace, O peace! the air is still;
Sighs are spent, and sorrow dead:
Look around and take thy fill
Of quiet joys around thee spread.—
No! the past no power can break:
Still its mournful memories wake,
Every care is vain.
Not till throbs thy pulse no more,
Till life's fever'd dream be o'er,—
Shalt thou rest from pain."

"The Burden of Britain," "Threnodia,"
"An Evening Ode," "The Vallisneria,"

"Milton," "The Departed," and other lyrics in this volume, have a calm, still beauty of their own.

But these lyrics are far inferior, in our judgment, to the two dramas we meant to have dilated on. First, that charming "Queen's Choice," so utterly void of all aim at power, and yet so full of the thing itself: the deepest seas are apt to be most still: but here this image is out of place, for this drama is sunny on the whole, and leaves a happy memory behind it. Yet more highly do we think of "the Prophecy of Balaam;" all the characters introduced are strongly individualized,—the mean and selfish, and yet strong-souled prophet, emblem of genius misapplied; the reckless warrior-youth, Zuriel; the wise and holy Thirza; the gentle Milcah; the fierce Prince of Midian; all are painted with a master-hand: all are truth itself. Here is power, and yielding tenderness, and subtle wisdom; strong sound sense being perhaps, after all, the most marked characteristic. We must conclude: some day or other, we trust yet, to do more justice to Miss Lowe; we cannot think the theme exhausted; indeed it has scarcely been touched.

One circumstance is very remarkable, connected with our subject; it is, that both these poetesses in their spheres, so far greater in the boldness and grandeur of their thoughts than their sister-singers,—are comparatively learned! both are good Greek scholars; Miss Lowe, we believe, is well read in Hebrew also:—has this aided to impart or sustain the grandeur which they do most undoubtedly possess? Can we draw an argument from this fact for making our young maidens classical adepts? We would not do that; but the fact, we think, should be recorded.

ILLNESS OF HEINE.—"Poor Heine," says the Leader, "is dying. Paralysis has killed every part of him but the head and heart; and yet this diseased body—like that of the noble Augustin Thierry—still owns a lordly intellect. In the brief intervals of suffering Heine prepares the second volume of his 'Buch der Lieder;' and dictates the memoirs of his life—of which he will make a picture gallery, where the portraits of all the remarkable persons he has seen and known

will be hung up for our inspection. Those who know Heine's wit and playful sarcasm will feel, perhaps, somewhat uncomfortable at the idea of sitting for their portraits; but the public will be eager 'for the fun.' There is little of stirring interest in the events of his life; but he has known so many remarkable people, and his powers of vivid painting are of an excellence so rare in German authors, that the announcement of his memoirs will create a great sensation."

From Sharpe's Journal.

TRIUMPHS OF STEAM.

Our readers will readily unite in a tribute of hearty thanks to the mighty locomotive power of the nineteenth century. During the past summer, unrivaled in the annals of traveling, which of them has not been indebted to the agency of steam for some invigorating change of scene, for mountain air or ocean breezes, for rural seclusion or city excitement? City denizens have no small cause to bless the memories of Watt and Stephenson, as emerging from a commodious carriage after an easy ride of fifty or sixty minutes, in less time, and with incomparably less fatigue, than they could walk from Tower Hill to Hyde Park Corner, they find themselves in a new world, amid corn-fields and hop-gardens; or within ten minutes' walk of rocks carpeted with seaweed, foaming billows, and snowy sea-gulls. Nor are country residents behindhand to honor gratefully those master minds, and congratulate themselves on the existing facilities for exchanging sea-coast scenes for inland beauties, during a few weeks; or peaceful balmy valleys for the bracing breezes of our ocean shores; besides multiplied trips of pleasure and profit to "the great metropo-Many of us who were mostly confined in our olden excursions to the precincts of our island home, now realize by personal inspection the marvels and the beauties of the Seine, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Bosphorus.

Nor does Britain alone participate in these benefits; Europe and America alike share and enjoy them. In River Navigation our Western brethren have greater advantages to boast of than ourselves, and Jonathan may well praise the memory of Fulton—though he neglected him during his life, and left him to die in penury—as he navigates his stupendous lakes and rivers, reveling, amid their wondrous wilds, in every comfort, on board the luxurious steamboats of the Hudson and the Mississippi. He likes railroads too, as well as steamboats, and his recorded preference will find an echo in many a bosom on this side of the Atlantic. "I

like railroads," says Jonathan; "anybody may hate railroads, despise railroads, or rail at railroads, but I like railroads. I like, when I arrive at the station a quarter of an hour before starting, to be shown into a nice warm room, where the quarter of an hour passes quicker than five minutes in a dirty coach-office or a coffee-room, where the waiters try to look you into a glass of brandyand-water for the sake of the house, or out of a sixpence for the sake of themselves. I like the ample room of a steam-carriage, where there is no necessity for your neighbors to dig holes in your sides with their elbows, or lay their soft heads upon your soft shoulders. I hate to wait for anything; men must wait, and so must horses, but steam-coaches know no dependence, and are never in love.. I like to have to do with porters who charge nothing for being civil, and haven't time to put their hands into their pockets, which is a vulgar and idle habit. I like to travél fast. I dread vicious horses, and feel for distressed ones. I don't like going down-hill—drag-chain breaking coach upsetting-coachman dying, leaving a wife and twelve children—myself doubled up in a ditch with a broken leg, when I'm going to be married next week, and no threepenny assurance offices to pay the doctor."

Though far from wishing to depreciate the high advantages of the personal pleasure and health promoted by our "fire-caravans," the benefits conferred by them are seen in an infinitely more important and imposing aspect, when viewed with reference to the substantial results of the wonderfully facilitated intercourse between men and nations in every variety of relationship. Rapidly to glance at the multiform advantages, commercial, social, and civilizing, of this puissant locomotive agent, would be to elicit grateful acclamations from peer and peasant, nabob and navvy, purseful and poor, traveler and trader, retrospective excursionists of 1850, and expectant Industrial Expositionists of 1851, together eliminating a whirlwind of praise from the thirty-six cardinal points of

the compass.

Such as have not before explored the early history of the great discovery of the power of steam, and its application to locomotion, must, in their late journeyings in pursuit of business or pleasure, have burned to know all that can be learned of the past history, the origin, rise, and progress of its wonderful machinery. It is possible some unthinking mortals may step time after time into a railway train without a thought about the origin of railroads or steam-engines. The first might be the effect of the Noachian deluge, and the second, the natural product of some South Pacific Island, with directions for use wrapped up in the boiler, for anything they know or care about, to the contrary. But in this educated age, such cygni nigri must be very rare birds indeed. Few must be the number of those who have not thought o'er the past, replete with the most ingenious and successful inventions and rapid improvements, before the present high state of perfection in our means of travelling has been attained. Ay, and penetrated, too, the distant future in their speculations and previsions of what the further unfolding of the mighty powers of steam and engineering talents will achieve in the world's history. To these the following memorabilia of steam, its existing effects, and gigantic promises, cannot prove wholly uninteresting.

PART II.

Our first impulse is to look around, and gazing with wonder on the contrast presented between now and then-meaning by the latter adverb the middle of the last century-to explore with ever-increasing admiration the details of the mighty engineering works sounding and abounding in all direc-

But, as our object is rather to sketch the prominent achievements of steam in the history of locomotion, we shall touch very lightly upon the mechanical and scientific, and confine ourselves chiefly to resultant facts in connection with travel. And as practical water transit, by the impulsion of steam, dates from an earlier period than land traffic by the same agency, we propose (prefixing a very brief outline of the early history of steam and the steam-engine) to treat, first, of aquatic triumphs, and, secondly, of the rail and its grim-headed caravans; subsequently indulging in speculations on the future mighty effects which the power of

steam may be expected to impress upon the habitable globe.

Our readers are aware that water increases its bulk about seventeen hundred times, when evaporated under the weight of the atmosphere at the earth's surface. The increase of volume which water thus undergoes by its conversion into steam, is of course diminished or increased in proportion to the amount of pressure under which it may be confined. "A pint of water may be evaporated by two ounces of coals. In its evaporation it swells into two hundred and sixteen gallons of steam, with a mechanical force sufficient to raise a weight of thirty-seven tons a foot high. The steam thus produced has a pressure equal to that of common atmospheric air; and by allowing it to expand, by virtue of its elasticity, a further mechanical force may be obtained, at least equal in amount to the former. A pint of water, therefore, and two ounces of common coal, are thus rendered capable of doing as much work as is equivalent to seventy-four tons raised a foot high." Two hundred feet of steam can be condensed in one second, by four ounces of water, and their expansive force reduced to one-fifth.

The power exerted by steam appears to have been known to some extent at a very early period, although the ancients did not at all comprehend theoretically its source. They had no idea of the expansive force exerted by water in the state of vapor, but imagined that the air expelled from water by heat exercised in its expulsion that immense power, the existence of which under these circumstances they had discovered. It was left for Dalton and Mariotte to evolve the laws of pressure common to all elastic fluids, though the fact of the elasticity of steam was known in the seven-

teenth century.

It is interesting to have ascertained that the Greeks and Egyptians derived some practical benefits from their acquaintance with steam; the latter in adding to the imposing effect of their stupendous monuments of industrial labor-the former, in administering to their voluptuous refinement. But the swarthy worshipers of Isis and Osiris, whatever their obligations to steam, would hardly feel flattered while contemplating their great pyramid, five hundred feet in height, standing upon a base measuring seven hundred feet each way, and weighing twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty million of pounds; requiring for its erection the labor of one hundred thousand men for twenty years, according to Herodotus-could they

be made aware of Dr. Dionysius Lardner's calculation that "the materials of this pyramid would be raised from the ground to their present position by the combustion of about four hundred and eighty ton of coals:" which reflection, mathematically expressed, would present to the indignant Pharaohs a rather odd and depreciatory equation. If gratified to know that men of yore profited by their knowledge of steam, there is yet more cause to lament over the abuse of that power in their hands, for it appears to have been pressed chiefly into the service of superstition, and to have aided in promoting the delusions of heathen idolatry.

Dr. Wm. Bell, in a learned and interesting paper on "Æoliphiles, or the Earliest Application of Steam to the Purposes of Superstition," suggests that this jugglery in the use of steam, this prostitution of its power to the designs of infamous pretenders, might have caused its powers, though well known, to remain undeveloped through the series of ages which elapsed before it was shown to the world in its practical application as an agent in arts and manufactures. He believes that a considerable knowledge of the powers of steam was possessed so early as two centuries and a half before the Christian era; and how many centuries might then have elapsed since the first reasoner on this subject had given his discoveries to the world, was hidden in an impenetrable veil of obscurity. Several drawings of human and animal figures have been exhibited by Dr. Bell, showing that each was only a sort of steam-boiler cast in that shape, with one hole for pouring in the water, and another out of which the oracular sounds were to proceed. These figures had been found in England, (the Cauld Lad of Hilton, Staffordshire, and at Basingstoke, Hants,) in Norway, Scandinavia, Germany, the Crimea, and other parts. The priests, it would seem, used them to strike terror into the hearts of their devotees, by the unearthly sounds they emitted, and the mode of use was to stop up one aperture and to raise the steam inside the figure until it attained sufficient power to force out the stopper; the confined steam rushing out with a whistling screeching sound, and filling the place where the devotees were assembled, their minds were soon impressed with the belief that they were in the presence of a supernatural being; and of their fears the priests were not slow to take advantage. Many learned quotations are adduced in support of Dr. Bell's opinion, and reference is made especially to accounts

this kind, which, even so late as the sixteenth century, was looked upon as a deity possessed

of strange powers.

The Cauld Lad of Hilton, in connection with which the Manor of Essington, in Staffordshire, was held of the feudal lord of Hilton, was a figure of this kind, the use of which had been converted from paganism to suit the times, when another form of worship prevailed.

The feudal service was, that the lord of Essington should, at a certain period, take a goose into the great hall at Hilton, and drive it three times round the fire, while Jack of Hilton (the image) blew the fire; that then the goose became the property of the lord of Hilton, and the lord of Essington received a mess of meat from the lord of Hilton's ta-Now, this was clearly an old Saxon custom, applied as a bond for feudal service. The goose was a bird sacred under the Saxon Edda; the image was the idol of the same heathen system; the fire was the altar; the goose was brought to sacrifice, and the subsequent feasts were but parts of the same pagan rite. One curious figure of this kind is cast in the form of a knight, armed at all points, seated on horseback.

It was known, that in the time of the Crusades, Christian knights who were captured, were made to suffer the cruel torture of being roasted to death in their armor, on horseback, and it is very possible that the form of this image might be suggested by the desire to have some imitation of the horrid sport, when the barbarians who practised it had not the means of providing the reality. has been said that the oracular noises which are reported to have proceeded from the head of the Memnon were caused by water in the interior raised to a high temperature by an Egyptian sun; but these sounds appear more probably to have arisen from the peculiar vibrations excited in the particles composing the granite by the sudden change of temperature at sunrise; for it is well known that some kinds of granite, especially when cleft emit sounds like those described by Pausanias and Philostratus as emanating from the statue in question.

screeching sound, and filling the place where the devotees were assembled, their minds were soon impressed with the belief that they were in the presence of a supernatural being; and of their fears the priests were not slow to take advantage. Many learned quotations are adduced in support of Dr. Bell's opinion, and reference is made especially to accounts which have come down of a German figure of the detailed record we possess of a veritable steam machine is that constructed by Hero, the philosopher of Alexandria, who collected the science and inventions of the ancients along with some of his own into a systematic treatise written in Greek, more than 120 years before the Christian era. His work on Pneumatics and Steam Machinery was one of the first and finest specimens

yielded by the printing-press. Thus the: press made the first advances in the interchange of benefits between printing and steam; that steam has fully repaid the attention may be satisfactorily ascertained by a visit to "Captain Hoe's last fast press," which, with four men to supply the blank sheets, and four more to bear away the printed ones as they are issued, works off twelve thousand impressions an hour. The construction of this machine is as beautiful as it is complete, and, notwithstanding its rapidity of motion, it cannot be heard at work in an adjoining room. That nothing may be wanting to secure expedition, it may be added, that Captain Hoe has produced other machinery by which, in one hour, 3,600 of these newspapers are folded.

Attention was attracted to the power of steam shortly after the printing of Hero's work, and steady progress has attended the prosecution of the study, until the present high pitch of efficiency has been attained in

steam machinery.

One of the first names appearing in the annals of steam, after this period, is that of Blasco de Garay, a Spaniard, whose experiments were made about the year A. D. 1543, and of whom we shall again have occasion to speak. Solomon de Caus, a French architect and engineer, a native of Normandy, prosecuted his researches about A. D. 1614. He was evidently ignorant of the elasticity of steam, for his theorem is, "that the parts of the element water mix for a time with the parts of the element air; the fire causes this mixture, and that on removing the fire, and dissipating the heat, then the parts of the water mixed with air return to their proper place, forming again part of the water."

In January, 1618, David Ramsey, a page of the king's bedchamber, obtained a patent "to exercise and put in use divers newe apt formes or kinds of engines, and other pfitable invencons, as well to plough grounds without horse or oxen, and to make fertile as well barren peats, salts, and sea-sands, as inland and upland grounds within the realms of England, &c. As also, to raise waters, and to make boats for carriages running upon the water as swift in calms, and more safe in storms, than boats full-sayled in great winds." The water-raising engine, and water-carriages, have long been perfected; and Sir Willoughby d'Eresby has lately added the steam-plough.

A curious æoliphile was constructed by Giovanni Brasca, an Italian, in 1629.

shape of a negro's head, which was filled with water, and furnished with a small tube proceeding from the mouth. Steam was generated within, and issuing from the tube, was directed against the vanes of a horizontal flat wheel, turning it round, and thus imparting motion to a pestle and mortar, employed in the alchemist's laboratory.

But the honor of inventing and constructing the first steam-engine at all analogous to the present method of applying the power of steam, is certainly due to Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester. If Newton's grand discovery originated in his observation of a ribstone pippin, the Marquis was under equal obligations to an Irish stew. The downfall of an apple attracted the notice of the astronomer; and the upstart of a pot-lid arrested the attention of the mechanician. During his imprisonment in the Tower, as a Royalist agent, the Marquis observed the lid of the saucepan, in which his dinner was preparing, to fly off; and rightly conjectured that the moving power might be applied to a rather more useful purpose. On regaining his liberty, he pursued the idea, and succeeded in constructing a high-pressure steam-engine. Of his work he has left a record, couched in mysterious language, in the well-known volume entitled "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavored now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them into practice."

It was not, however, until thirty years after the death of the Marquis of Worcester, that the first practical steam-engine was made. This was the condensing engine, invented by Captain Thomas Savary, in the year 1697. Eight years subsequent to Savary's invention, an immense improvement was effected by Thomas Newcomer, an ironmonger, jointly with J. Cauley, an ingenious glazier; Newcomer being the inventor of the principle of the atmospheric engine. Papini, a Frenchman, introduced about this time the floating piston, and safety-valve, and indicated indeed the atmospheric principle. His countrymen have sought to attribute to him the honor of having invented the steamengine; but he has no just pretensions to the discovery. The Landgrave of Hesse employed Dr. Papini in 1698, to exert the agency of steam for the purpose of raising water, and his machinery was constructed upon the consisted of a close copper vessel, in the principle which had been indicated by the

Marquis of Worcester. His efforts were unsuccessful; but Leibnitz, who was then residing in England, forwarded to him a description and plans of the engine constructed by Captain Savary; and the Doctor published no account of his own experiments until ten years after Savary had obtained his patent.

Henry Beighton and James Brindley both effected improvements on Newcomer's engine before the giant genius of James Watt appeared to exhibit the vast resources with which the steam-engine was endowed by his unparalleled ingenuity. Before his inventions this mighty machine was still comparatively in its infancy; though it may be said to have been weaned from its juvenile nurses, the cock-boys, and taught to help itself, by one of these attendants, Humphrey Potter, whose duty it was to open and shut the cocks at the required intervals; but a taste, not confined to the sunny shores of Italy, for the dolce far niente led him to add scoggan, as he called it, (derived from the verb scog, to skulk,) which consisted in a series of strings, by which the cocks were so connected with the moving parts of the machine, that they were opened and shut by its own movements, independently of all outward attention, and with a precision and regularity far superior to that attained by the most attentive of cock-boys. This contrivance was much improved by Beighton, and was the first in that series of inventions which has since rendered the steam-engine so pre-eminent as a self-acting machine.

We must not stay even to mention all Watt's ingenious and most important improvements, among which the Separate Condenser, the Condenser Pump, the Double-acting Engine, the Parallel Motion, and the Governor, are most conspicuous. He obtained his patent in 1769, for the invention of the "Double Impulse" engine by which the steam was made to act above, as well as below, the piston, and which constituted the first great improvement, by which the steamengine could be successfully employed as the motive power in the propulsion of vessels.

PART III.

This leads us to the next branch of our subject,—the triumphs of steam in the art of Navigation, and affords us the opportunity to redeem our promise of further reference to Blasco de Garay. On the 17th of June, 1543, this Spanish sea-captain experimented before Charles V. at Barcelona, with an en- | man of great enterprise and genius, had de-

gine he had constructed, by which "ships and vessels of the largest size could be propelled even in a calm, without the aid of oars and sails." The ship selected for the experiment was the Trinity, Capt. Peter de Scarza, a vessel of 200 tons burden, which was made to travel at the rate of three miles an hour. Revolving wheels were attached to the side of the ship, and a prominent part of his apparatus appeared to be a huge kettle of boiling water. No further particulars are known, as the inventor never disclosed the construction of his engine, nor did he make any practical use of it, as it did not find favor in high places, though the Emperor suffered him not to go altogether unrewarded.

Whatever merit Blasco de Garay may have deserved is lost to him, through his selfish taciturnity, and the recognized original inventor of steamboats is Jonathan Hulls, who obtained a patent for a boat of this description in December, 1736, and published an account of his machine in the following year, under this title, "Description and Draught of a new-invented Machine, for carrying Vessels or Ships against wind and tide, or in a calm, &c." The "Draught" represents a strong boat, with a smoking chimney, towing a two-decker; wheels are depicted on each side of the stern, to the axis of which six paddles are attached; and motion, originating in a steamengine, is imparted by ropes passing round the circumference of the wheels. Thomas Paine succeeded Hulls in the study of steam navigation, and sought, indeed, to obtain the credit of having invented steamboats, but their plans were not reduced to practice. In France, the Comte d'Auxiron, in 1774, and after him J. C. Perrier, conducted experiments on the Seine, but though the latter employed superior machinery, both must be considered to have failed.

steamboat was constructed on the Saone, at Lyons, in the year 1781, by the Marquis de Jouffroy. His boat was 147 feet in length. The result of his experiments. at this time was far from satisfactory; but more successful on the Rhone and the Seine, in the early part of the present century. It was about this period that Suratti sought in Italy to succeed in the production of practical steamboats.

We now arrive at the important epoch in our history; the period when Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, launched the first successful This gentleman, a steamboat in the world.

voted considerable attention to wheel-boats,) and had constructed a twin-boat, with a wheel in the centre, which had safely voyaged to Sweden and back, in the year 1789. The application of wheels to the propulsion of boats was by no means a new invention, for they had even been employed by the Egyptians, the wheels being moved by oxen working in a gin on the deck of the vessel. Such boats also were used by the Romans as transports, men or horses driving the wheels. Mr. Miller was so deeply impressed and affected by the sufferings of sailors from shipwreck, that he spared no energy or expense in his attempts to improve the art of navigation. He was materially assisted in his experiments by Mr. James Taylor, a gentleman engaged as tutor in Mr. Miller's family. Mr. Taylor, indeed, was the first to suggest the application of steam as the motive power in the wheel-boats; the practicability of which was at first much doubted by Mr. Miller, but he subsequently determined upon making the trial, leaving to Mr. Taylor the chief superintendence of the work. aid of Mr. William Symington, an Edinburgh engineer, was now sought, who undertook to construct the engines required for the boat.

All preparations for the trial were completed in October, 1788, and the boat selected was a twin (or double) pleasure-boat, twenty-five feet in length, and seven feet in breadth: the engine, the cylinders of which were four inches in diameter, was fixed on one side on a strong oak frame; the boiler was placed on the opposite side, and the paddle-wheels were situated in the centre. experiment was tried at Loch Dalswinton, in Dumfrieshire, and was attended with complete success, the speed obtained being five miles an hour. Encouraged by the very prosperous results of this first attempt, Mr. Miller proceeded to conduct experiments on a larger scale, and accordingly purchased a gabert at the Forth and Clyde Canal, for which Mr. Symington constructed a double engine, at the Carron Foundry, with cylinders eighteen inches in diameter. This vessel was submitted to trial in November, 1789, on a level reach of the Canal at Lock Sixteen, about four miles in length, and was witnessed by many spectators, but the insufficient strength of the paddle-wheels precluded a fair experiment. In a memorial to the Chairman of the select committee of the House of Commons, appointed in 1824 to investigate the subject of steam navigation, Mr. Taylor gives the following account of this voyage, I and of the more successful one in the follow-

ing month.

"After passing Lock Sixteen, we proceeded cautiously and pleasantly for some time, but, after giving the engine full play, the arms of the wheels, which had been constructed too slight, began to give way, and one float after another broke off, till we were satisfied no accuracy could be obtained in the experiment, until the wheels were replaced by new ones of a stronger construction. This was done with all possible speed, and upon the 26th of December we again proceeded to action. This day we moved freely without accident, and were much gratified to find our motion nearly seven miles per hour. Next day we repeated the experiment with the same success and pleasure. Satisfied now that everything proposed was accomplished, it was unnecessary to dwell longer upon the business; for indeed, both this, and the experiment of last, year were as complete as any performance made by steamboats even to the present day."

The canal was too narrow to admit of this boat working freely, and the banks being injured by the great undulation which the action of the wheels occasioned, it was found

necessary to lay it aside.

Satisfied with his success, Mr. Miller relinquished these pursuits in favor of certain branches of agriculture, especially the cultivation of florene grass. He expended in his experiments no less a sum than thirty thousand pounds. The subject was not, however, abandoned by Symington, who commenced business at Falkirk, and received powerful and effective support from Thomas, Lord Dundas of Kerse. This nobleman, a large shareholder in the Forth and Clyde Canal Company, was desirous of introducing steam tug-boats to supersede the use of horses, for towing vessels on that canal, and accordingly engaged W. Symington in a series of experiments for this purpose, in January, 1801. A vessel was launched the following year in the month of March, named the "Charlotte Dundas," in honor of the late Lady Milton, the daughter of Lord Dundas; and his lordship, accompanied by Mr. Symington, and other gentlemen, went on board the vessel at Lock Twenty of the canal, which, Mr. Symington tells us, "took in drag two loaded vessels, (the Active and Euphemia,) each upwards of seventy tons burden, and with great ease carried them through the long reach of the Forth and Clyde Canal to Port Dundas, Glasgow, a distance of nineteen miles and a half, in six hours, although the

whole time it blew a very strong breeze right of 2,000 miles, only being accomplished by ahead."

To Symington therefore belongs the honor of having produced the first "practical steamboat." The use to which it had been applied had been recommended sixty years before, as we have seen. by Jonathan Hulls, but had never previously been carried into execution. The engine employed was constructed on the principle of Watt's "double-acting engine," to which was united the connecting-rod and crank invented by James Pickard in 1780, and his own patented invention, the union of the crank to the axis of Miller's improved paddle-wheel. "Thus," says Mr. Bennet Woodcroft, to whom we are indebted for other interesting details—"Thus had Symington the undoubted merit of having combined together, for the first time, those improvements which constitute the present system of steam navigation." The ingenuity and perseverance of this engineer seemed likely to obtain the reward he merited of personal advantage, by the successful introduction of steamboats; for he received from the Duke of Bridgewater an order to build eight boats to ply on his canal, such as that he had built for Lord Dundas. His experiments for the latter nobleman occupied him till April, 1803; and the expenses incurred amounted to upwards of £7000. Alas for the vanity of human expectations! Disappointment was to be the lot of Mr. Symington. The Forth and Clyde Canal Company feared the destruction of the canal banks if steam-vessels were introduced; and "on the same day that Symington was informed by Lord Dundas of the final determination of the committee not to allow steamboats to be employed on the canal, he received intelligence of the death of the Duke of Bridgewater."

But let us turn our attention to our transatlantic friends, and we shall find that they have not been backward to lend their aid in promoting the accomplishment of navigation by steam. The aspect of the physical features of the United States of America must itself have been a strong incentive to the prosecution of this art. There was the spectacle of their majestic rivers, which ought to have been (and now are) such valuable instruments of internal intercourse, then comparatively useless for such a purpose. The navigation of these noble waters was beset with difficulties, for it was only with extreme labor that boats could return against the stream; the voyage up the river Mississippi from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, a distance

of 2,000 miles, only being accomplished by many efforts of rowing, and warping by successive lines fixed to the trees, and occupying a period of from four to nine months—a distance now achieved in a few days. One class of boatmen, indeed, on the Mississippi, dropped down to New Orleans from the interior with their produce in arks, fastened only by wooden bolts, which they unbuilt at the end of the voyage, and after selling the timber, they returned home slowly overland.

As early as the year 1783, James Rumsey and John Fitch conducted experiments on steam-ships in America. Rumsey explained his project of steam navigation to General Washington in 1784, and shortly afterwards Fitch exhibited a model of his proposed boat to the general. Not long after this period, Oliver Evans prosecuted the same study, but John Fitch undoubtedly produced the first steamboat in the United States. He was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, where he was apprenticed to a watchmaker. and before the revolutionary war he had established himself in the business of clockmaking, and engraving and repairing muskets, at New Brunswick, in New Jersey. When this State was overrun by the British troops, he retired to the interior of Pennsylvania, where he employed himself in repairing guns for the American army. He himself states that when the idea first occurred to him of propelling boats by the force of condensed vapor, "he did not know that there was such a thing as a steam-engine in existence." In 1788, he obtained a patent for the application of steam to navigation in the States of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, &c., and succeeded by unwearied exertion in interesting about twenty persons in his plan, and inducing them to take shares of fifty dollars each. The company was formed under his state patents, the proceedings of which have been recorded by Dr. Thornton, a principal shareholder. He says: "We worked incessantly at the boat to bring it to perfection, and some account of our labors may be seen in the travels of Brissot de Warville in this country; and under the disadvantages of never having seen a steam-engine on the principles contemplated, of not having a single engineer in our company, or pay, (we made engineers of common blacksmiths,) and after expending many thousand dollars, the boat did not exceed three miles an hour." Many of the shareholders were discouraged, and wished to abandon the project, but Dr. Thornton and a few others undertook to attain a speed of eight miles an hour within eighteen months, or forfeit all the expendi-

ture on failing.

These terms were accepted, and a second experiment was made. Dr. Thornton says: "I was among the number who proceeded, and in less than twelve months we were ready for the experiment; a mile was measured in Front street (or Water street), Philadelphia; every precaution was taken before witnesses, the time was shown to all, the experiments were declared to be fairly made, and the boat was found to go at the rate of eight miles an hour, or one mile within the eighth of an hour." This boat was built in 1787, and subsequently accomplished eighty miles in one day. Governor Mifflin, attended by the council of Pennsylvania, came in procession, and presented to the company a superb silk flag, prepared expressly for the occasion, and containing the arms of Pennsylvania. About this time Mr. Fitch visited France, hoping to introduce his invention into that country. This hope was disappointed, owing to the unhappy state of France, then plunged in the horrors of the revolution. On his return to America, he made improvements in his boat, but was unable to obtain the necessary means for perfecting his invention. Disheartened and impoverished, he abandoned himself for the temporary alleviation of his distresses to excessive indulgence in strong drink, and "retiring to Pittsburgh, he ended his days by plunging into the Alleghany."

Rumsey, a native of Virginia, came to London, where he was backed by a wealthy American merchant, and obtained the support of some enterprising citizens, who defrayed the expenses of his experiments. Unfortunately, the death of Rumsey occurred when his steamboat was nearly completed, after two years spent in preparations, but his supporters launched the vessel in February, 1793, when she was found capable, by repeated trials on the Thames, of attaining the speed of four knots an hour against wind and tide. A boat constructed in 1804, by John Cox Stevens, propelled by a screw, on the principle of the common smoke-jack, travelled with equal velocity, and for a short distance maintained even seven miles an hour. Mr. Stevens, jun., conducted this vessel from the Hudson to the Delaware, thus performing the first sea-voyage that was made in any steamboat. Although Mr. Stevens spent sixteen years of his life, and 20,000 dollars upon his experiments, they never yielded him any personal advantage; and Robert Fulton died in embarrassed circumstances, though his name is the one chiefly associated with the practical introduction of steamboats, and he it was who constructed the first vessel of that class embarrad for public accompanying

ployed for public accommodation.

Fulton's father was a native of Ayrshire, but he was himself born in America. "He was brought up," Mr. Bell says, "in the line of a painter, and was an excellent handsketcher, and likewise a good miniature paint-He was not brought up an engineer, but was employed to come to this country to take drawings of our cotton and other machinery; that led him to become an engineer, and he was quick in his uptake of any thing." Chancellor Livingston was his great patron, and aided him in building his first boat, which was named the Clermont, after the chancellor's country-seat. His success drew from his biographer, Cadwalader Colden, the following magnificent poetical peroration:-

"A bird hatched on the Hudson will soon people the floods of the Woolga; and cygnets descended from an American swan will glide along the surface of the Caspian Sea. Then the hoary genius of Asia, high-throned upon the peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glistening while it glances over the ruins of Babylon, Persepolis, Jerusalem, and Palmyra, shall bow with grateful reverence to the inventive

spirit of the Western World."

The first "American swan," whose metaphorical progeny were to curl their smoke, if not their necks, above the Caspian waters, first sought its native element on the Hudson River, from the building-yard of Charles Brown, in August, 1807. After some improvements in the arrangement of the paddles, the steamboat built by Livingston and Fulton was advertised to start for Albany from New York on a certain afternoon. Futlon's narrative to Judge Story, in his own words, will best describe this voyage. "When I was building my first steamboat," he said, "the project was viewed by the public at New York either with indifference or contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet-

"'Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land, All shun, none aid you, and few understand."

"As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense; the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditure; the dull but endless repetition of 'the Fulton folly!' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope,

or a warm wish cross my path.

"At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be made. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. wanted my friends to go on board and witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partakers of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new, and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you so,—it is a foolish scheme. I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight malformation of some of the work. short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion; she continued to move on. All were still incredulous; -none seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and evervarying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; yet even then imagina-

tion superseded the force of fact. It was doubted if it could be done again, or if, in any case, it could be made of any great value!"

Perhaps the severest struggles of genius are the contentions with unsympathizing and unreasoning incredulity which the sons of science have continually to undergo. On his return to New York, Mr. Fulton published the following account of his voyage in "The American Citizen," addressing the editor of that journal.

"Sir—I arrived this afternoon at four o'clock in the steamboat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be rendered of great importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions, and give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts:—

"I left New York on Monday at 1 o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at 1 o'clock on Tuesday;—time, 24 hours; distance 110 miles. On Wednesday, I left the Chancellor's at 9 in the morning, and arrived at Albany at 5 in the afternoon;—distance 40 miles; time 8 hours; equal to nearly 5 miles an hour, &c...

"(Signed) R. Fulton."

Thus this journey of 150 miles was accomplished in the space of thirty-three hours, a distance now occupying considerably less than ten. The Clermont, or North River, as she was also called, was 130 feet in length, and $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet in breadth. The engine, made by Boulton & Watt, was of 18-horse power: the boiler of which was 20 feet long, 7 feet deep, and 8 feet broad; the cylinder being 24 inches in diameter, and the stroke of the piston 4 feet. She continued to run between. New York and Albany, and was soon crowded with passengers; but the Clermont was not suffered to navigate the Hudson unmolested; for the boatmen plying on the stream, fearing that the intruder would ultimately supersede their slower craft, purposely ran foul of her, seeking to inflict damage; and so persevering were these attempts, that the legislature found it necessary to enact a law "to punish, by fine and imprisonment, any person who attempted to destroy or injure her." Perhaps the boatmen sought also to retaliate for the alarm they suffered on her first appearance, which is thus related by C. Colden :-

"On her passage from New York to Albany, the Clermont excited the astonishment of the inhabitants of the shores of the river, many of whom had never heard even of an engine, much less of a steamboat. She was described by some, who had indistinctly seen

her passing in the night, as a monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and tides, and breathing flame and smoke. She had the most terrific appearance from other vessels which were navigating the river when she was making her passage. The first steamboat (as others yet do) used dry pinewood for fuel, which sends forth a column of flame several feet above the flue; and whenever the fire is stirred, a shower of sparks fly off, which in the night have a brilliant and beautiful appearance. This uncommon light first attracted the attention of the crews of other vessels. Notwithstanding the wind and tide were adverse to its approach, they saw with astonishment that it was rapidly advancing towards them; and when it came so near as that the noise of the machinery and the paddles was heard, the crews, in some instances, shrank beneath their decks from the terrific sight, and others left their vessels to go on shore; others, again, prostrated themselves, and besought Providence to protect them from the approach of the horrible monster, which was marching on the tides, and lighting its path by the fires which it

Fulton was by no means the inventor, but he was the successful introducer of steam-He had frequently inspected the Charlotte Dundas of Symington, while she was lying at Lock Sixteen; and had adopted Symington's invention. The engine itself he purchased of Messrs. Boulton & Watt, it is said under an assumed name: and for the forms and proportions of his vessel, he was indebted to the calculations of Colonel Beaufoy. After the Clermont, there followed in succession from Brown's Yard, the Raritan, the Car of Neptune, the Paragon, and the Fire Fly. Before his death, which took place in 1815, Fulton had the satisfaction of seeing steam navigation introduced in both the old and new hemispheres. Thirty years after his first experiment on the Hudson, it was computed that 1300 steamboats had been built in the United States, of which 260 had been lost by various accidents. The first explosion, an example since so widely and fearfully followed in America, is believed to have occurred in the Washington on the Ohio River, in the year 1816.

A profound thought, issuing from the secluded study of some deep thinker, ofttimes has conferred more benefits upon the world than the life-performances of its most energetic actors. Yet to a casual observer the quiet scholar would be an object of incomparably inferior interest to the successful processing the successful process.

titioner. So Symington's Charlotte Dundas, layed up at Lock Sixteen, might have been regarded by careless spectators as a useless This vessel was, however, the abortion. germ of steam navigation in America as well as in Europe. We have seen that the first practical American steam-vessel, the Clermont, originated in Fulton's inspection of the Charlotte Dundas, and in like manner the first boat of this description used for the service of the public in Great Britain, was built by Bell, after the same model. Indeed, Symington's vessel is pronounced "superior in its mechanical arrangements to either Fulton's Clermont or Bell's Comet."

It would appear that the American was indebted to Mr. Bell for the attraction of his attention to his successful pursuit. latter had fruitlessly endeavored to excite the interest of the British Government in his experiments; first in 1800, afterwards in 1803, and again in 1813. Conscious of the valuable results which would accrue from the employment of steam as a ship-propelling power, he explained his object to many foreign governments, including that of the United States: and the last-named government, when he explained the great utility that steam navigation would be to them on their rivers, they appointed Mr. Fulton, as he states in a letter written, in 1824, to John Macneil, Esq., of Glasgow, to correspond with him; "so in that way," he concludes, "the Americans got their insight from your humble servant, Henry Bell."

This gentleman, a native of Helensburgh, completed his first vessel on the 18th of January, 1812. He built it of 40 feet keel, and $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet beam, and fitted it with an engine of three horse power. She was named the Comet, (because a comet had appeared that year, in the north-west part of Scotland,) and was established on the Clyde as a passage boat, between Glasgow and Greenock. At first the speculation did not prove very profitable to the proprietors, the expenses being scarcely cleared during the first year; "for so great," says Bell, "was the prejudice against steamboat navigation, by the hue and cry raised by the fly-boat and coach proprietors, that for the first six months very few would venture in her. But in the course of the winter of 1812, as she had plied all the year, she began to gain credit; as passengers were carried twenty-four miles as quick as by the coaches, and at a third of the expense, besides being warm and comfortable. But even after all, I was a great loser that year. In the second year I made

her a jaunting boat all over the coasts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, to show the public the advantage of steam navigation over the other mode of sailing." The voyage was accomplished in three hours and a half, and the fares demanded were three shillings for the second, and four for the best cabin.

After the efficiency of the Comet became apparent, the number of travelers speedily increased; for whereas previously eighty up and eighty down formed the average number of passengers, four years afterwards, as Stuart informs us, "it was not unusual for five or six hundred persons daily to enjoy the healthful amusement of a water excursion, and the enchanting beauties of the Clyde." Emulation was soon excited by this success in many parts of the kingdom: the efficacy of steamboats was fully established, and they quickly multiplied. In 1812 there was "but one in the United Kingdom, the solitary Comet; in 1820 there were 43; in 1830 there were 315; in 1840 they numbered 824, and in 1848 they had increased to 1100; when their aggregate length, it has been calculated, was 125,283 feet; their aggregate breadth 19,741 feet, their aggregate tonnage 255,371 tons, and their aggregate of horse-power 92,862. Among other enterprises, Mr. Lawrence, of Bristol, introduced a steamboat on the Severn, which he afterwards conveyed to London, to ply on the Thames; but met with so much opposition from the watermen, who dreaded such a powerful rival, that he was compelled to withdraw his vessel, which was subsequently sent to Spain. Obstacles of this nature could no more be tolerated on the Thames than on the Hudson; and accordingly Mr. Dawson, who had previously experimented in Ireland, established a steamboat on that river in 1818, to run between London and Gravesend. She was named the Margery, and started daily from the Dundee Arms, Wapping. Her wheels were uncovered, and afforded a famous subject of ridicule to the watermen by their tremendous splashing. Sometimes by collision these wheels were broken, and the vessel was delayed for an "hour or so," "before a jury duck-foot could be fitted, and, perhaps, before another mile was done, there was another break and another stoppage." This steamer was not well supported; she had many disadvantages in her construction, not the least of which was "shooting off," not only steam but boiling water, which inflicted severe scalds; and after a short trial she was abandoned as a failure. The Old Thames, and

afterwards the Majestic, succeeded the Margery, and river steamboats soon became very general.

These earlier ones occupied, it is true, from five to seven hours in their transit from London to Gravesend, but even this speed was an improvement upon the rates achieved by the sailing boats, which occupied fourand-twenty hours, and sometimes a day and a half, in effecting the voyage. The old "tiltboats" are still remembered, which were exactly like the present Trinity House ballastlighters. These "were succeeded by the Dundee boats," as quoted in Porter's Progress of the Nation, "which, as fast sailers, were the wonder and admiration of all who witnessed the improvement. They were, however, of the most inconvenient nature, as the passengers were frequently not only called upon to embark in the middle of the night. in order to have the first of the flood, and after tacking and beating about, together with sometimes too much wind, sometimes too little wind, or none at all, besides being huddled in a low inconvenient cabin, were frequently, after being six or eight hours on the water, compelled to land at Woolwich, Blackwall, or Greenwich, and then have to find their way in the best manner they could to the metropolis." The distance (thirty-one miles) is now performed in less than an hour and a half. The rate of increase in the number of river steamers has been as follows:-In 1820 there were only four; in 1835 they equalled forty-three in number; and in the present year (1850) they have increased to sixty-nine. We learn from a correspondent of the Morning Chronicle that these steamers perform 120 trips daily up and down the river, the average number of passengers each run being 1280, and the average amount paid during the season in transit by river steamers exceeding £255,170. These boats have conveyed during the six months this year of "the season," which is supposed to begin on Easter Monday, no fewer than 27,955,200 passengers; the amount thus expended, as we have seen, exceeding a quarter of a million sterling. Nearly 800 persons are now employed in the steam navigation of the Thames, and it is calculated that on this river no less than 8,280 miles are performed daily by river steamboats.

In the meantime steam navigation has not been confined to rivers. Steam vessels were soon adventured, and with complete success, upon the performance of dangerous coasting voyages, connecting all the chief ports in the kingdom; and were boldly and safely steered St. George's Channels, but the noblest triumph is the successful navigation of the Atlantic Ocean, realizing to some extent that bridge of nations which lends such material!

across to Dover Straits, and the Irish and [aid in uniting all countries into one nation, one kindred, one tongue. The details of this and other very interesting portions of our history must be reserved for a future num-

From Bentley's Miscellany.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.*

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

It is not our purpose, in the brief notice we are about to present of the distinguished man whose name stands at the head of this article, to enter into an examination of his religious character and doctrines, neither is it in our power to do more than glance at the effect his writings are likely to produce upon English literature, and—what is perhaps better-upon the moral and social well-being of his country and of our own.

In the year 1826 Channing first came before the world as an author, by the publication of an "Essay on the Character and Writings of Milton." This performance was soon followed by an "Essay on the Life and Character of Napoleon Buonaparte," which was shortly succeeded by an "Essay on the Character and Writings of Fenelon."

These three works found their way to England, and were highly admired by the men of judgment and reflection into whose hands they happened to fall, not only for their elegance of style, but for the elevated tone and noble spirit that pervaded them. It was seen that no common man had arisen to adorn literature, and to instruct and benefit mankind.

We do not know whether it was before or after the able and highly laudatory notice of Channing appeared in the "Westminster," that the attack upon him by Hazlitt was published in the "Edinburgh." That attack we did not see at the time; and we have not since given ourselves the pain of reading it. Channing calls it "abuse," and we should have thought it likely to be so, if we had not had his word for it. Hazlitt created two or three idols during his life-Buonaparte being one; and he hated and reviled every man

who would not bow down to them and worship them, partly because such denial was, as he conceived, an insult to the said idols, and partly because the denier presumed to differ in opinion with William Hazlitt. However this be, beyond the article in the "Westminster," we believe that no deliberate criticism of Channing's works had appeared in an influential review in 1830, or for some years afterwards, calculated to establish or even to extend the reputation of this author.

Meanwhile, his reputation was extending in spite of the indifference or passive hostility of the English critics. His published lectures on the "Importance and Means of a National Literature," on "Temperance," on "Selfculture," on the "Elevation of the Working Classes," on "Self-denial," and on "War, and his letters to Mr. Clay, on the Annexation of Texas, in 1837, were imported into England, reprinted for a wider circulation, and read with avidity by thousands, not of the higher and the middle classes alone, but of the mass of the people. And well may the working men of America and of England be grateful to Channing for his exertions towards their moral and intellectual elevation; for an attentive perusal of his works-especially of such as are addressed to them, will do more to effect that object than the writings put together of all the men that have published in the English tongue during the present

The spirit in which he wrote may be gathered from these words, extracted from a letter to a friend. "I honor those who write for the multitude, in the true sense of the word, and should value little the highest labors of genius, did I not believe that the mass, the race, were to be the wiser and better for them."

We need hardly observe that a man who

^{*} Memoir of William Ellery Channing, with extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts. 3 vols. London: Chapman, 1848.

writes with this noble object ever in his view, is sure to make enemies, especially amongst those who regard literature as something that ought to be directed exclusively to the recreation or delight of a certain class, or that ought to subserve the interests of a certain party, whether that be done by nominally enlisting under its banner, or by book or pamphlet advocacy of its doctrines.

Accordingly, we find the Edinburgh Review, in 1839, making a second attack upon Channing, in an article purporting to be a review of an essay published twenty-three years before, namely, the Essay on the Character and Writings of Milton. It is true, this effusion professes merely to criticise the author's style, and to denounce his bad taste; but the evident design is to bring Channing's literary character into contempt.

It is curious to observe sometimes how malignity defeats its own object, either by too great an eagerness to rush, however unprepared, into the conflict, or by causing another to do so, who is still less prepared. We

must cast a glance upon this article.

The reviewer says: "Not content with describing Milton as a profound scholar, and a man of vast compass of thought, and imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, Dr. Channing must add for effect, and in order to say something out of the ordinary way, that he was 'able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power his great and varied acquisitions.' Now, this is saying not only something out of the ordinary way, but something beyond ordinary comprehension. A man may master, and he may mould by his intellectual power,—but what is he to master? Dr. Channing says 'his own acquisitions!'-as if he had said, 'this man is so wealthy that he is about to buy his own estate."

No, if Dr. Channing had said that, he would have said nonsense, which it was left to the reviewer to write. A man's acquisitions are the things he acquires, and who does not know that they may be moulded and mastered? Acquire a pig of lead, and it may be moulded; acquire an estate and you are its master. The truth is, a man by his intellectual power can mould nothing but his acquisitions.

Let us take another specimen. The reviewer asks, "Can anything be more useless, and less precise, or even comprehensible, than ambitious writing like the following description of Milton's power over language? "It belongs not to the musical ear, but to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius," (as

if a man should say, "that pound you gave me or spent for me, which is quite the same thing,") "which has power to impress itself upon whatever it touches, (so that genius has been turned from a giver and an exerciser, into a die or mould.")

What idleuess is this? Channing uses the word "gift," in one of its acknowledged significations, viz., that of a quality conferred upon a man; and may it not with propriety be said that the quality of genius, or the exercise of it, has power to impress itself? Does not the reviewer himself tell us further on, that "the admiration of ages has been stamped" upon Milton's poetry? As to the flippancy about the "die or mould," that is worse than the other, for a die or mould has not the power of itself to impress itself upon anything.

But, surely, the man who is so mightily intolerant of bad taste in composition, has taken very good care that he shall not be caught tripping? We shall see.

Speaking of bad writers, whom he cannot abide, the reviewer says, that they utter such a base gibberish, that "really, Swift or Addison, should they come alive," would not understand them. Here we see "either" converted in a trice into "both," and the two "come alive." We have heard of "gone dead," but "come alive" is new to us. They are equally elegant.

The reviewer says of these bad writers, that, "Once persuade them that clearness and distinctness is not an essential requisite of diction," &c., and of their style, that "simplicity and nature in the ideas is sacrificed to far-fetched conceits." Speaking of examples of simple energy of language, he remarks that "the writings of the Greek orators and Greek tragedians, as well as the finest passages of both Herodotus, Thucydides, and Livy, are full of similar instances."

Mrs. Malaprop thought Cerberus three gentlemen at once, but here are three venerable gentlemen turned into two.

"The scientific writings of later years," says this denouncer of bad taste and broken metaphor, "have been debased by the vicious taste, the foolish vanity of running after ornaments that deny themselves to the ornamental."

One more example and we have done. Showing us how he can write of Milton, he says: "His picture of Death—by Milton first made awful and horrid without any mean or low association—because by him first severed from the picture of a skeleton, and involved in impenetrable and terrible obscurity, which,

for that very reason, we may add in passing; Fuseli never should have committed the gross

blunder of endeavoring to paint."

Here we have a man making one picture by severing it from another, and involving it in impenetrable and terrible obscurity, which is a reason why a second man should not paint a third picture.

So much for this denouncer of false taste in composition. After this, no wonder Channing could write to his friend in London:—

"As to the review of my writings which you refer to, I do not need much solace under it. I wish I could ascribe my indifference about such matters to philosophy or religion. I suppose it has grown in part out

of my exposure for years to like attacks. But there is a deeper cause. My nature inclines me to keep out of the world, and to interest myself in subjects more than in persons. This tendency I have to resist, as injurious to the affections and to Christian sympathy. But one effect of it is, that what is said of me makes little or no impression. Indeed, I forget it in a few days. There are some who can "forgive, but not forget." The difficulty with me is, that I cannot forgive because I so soon forget. I have so many subjects more interesting than my opponent, that he is crowded out of mind. In all this there is no virtue, but much comfort."

From Hogg's Instructor.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY WILLIAM HURTON.

THE lives and characters of some men may be traced in their writings with extraordinary accuracy; and of this class the whole range of literature does not furnish two more eminent examples than our own Goldsmith, and Hans Christian Andersen, of Copenhagen, who may emphatically be styled the living Goldsmith of Scandinavia. Without instituting anything like a close parallel between the career and the writings of these two great men, it may be observed, that both earned fame solely by the persevering legitimate exertion of their geniusboth led for some time an adventurous wandering life-both are remarkable for the frequent personal revelations they introduce into their works-both have a style which for grace and geniality is unrivaled in their respective languages-both draw the most enchanting pictures of domestic felicity, although passing their lives in bachelorhoodboth are noted for their childlike simplicity, and love of little ones-and both have won the warm and enduring esteem of all who have enjoyed their friendship. Goldsmith's career has been closed three-quarters of a

century; what Andersen's may yet be, One alone can tell; but that it may be long, and increase in happiness and lustre with its length, is the fervent wish of many besides the writer of this sketch.

The number of distinguished men produced by lille Danmark (the oldest kingdom in Europe), is truly amazing, when it is considered that the whole of Denmark Proper contains only one million and a half of people. Six years ago, there were living at Copenhagen three Danes, all united in the closest bonds of brotherhood, all enjoying more than European celebrity. The first of these was Bertel Thorwaldsen, the mightiest sculptor the world ever produced; the second was Adam Œhlenschlæger, the Shakspeare of the north; the third was Hans Christian Andersen-now, alas! the only survivor. At the present day, the array of Danish authors, in every department of literature, who may be styled not merely men of talent, but of undoubted genius, is greater than that of many kingdoms boasting ten or twenty time's the population of Denmark; and the government of the latter nobly encourages its gifted

subjects, by granting stipendiums to young authors, sculptors, and painters, to travel abroad for a term of years for improvement in their several professions; and also grants most liberal permanent pensions to nearly every deserving author and artist, besides presenting them with university professorships, and other sources of honorable emolument. Were it not for this munificent fostering aid, the remuneration derivable from so small a public as the Danish authors are confined to, from the peculiarity of their language, would be utterly inadequate for their support, in a majority of instances. What a lesson to our own mighty land, that a poor little country, possessing neither the wealth nor the population of a single English county, actually does immeasurably more in this respect than Great Britain-the first nation in the universe! Denmark, taking it all in all, is the most intellectual country of modern times—or, possibly, of all times. This may seem, at first sight, a startling assertion, but it is nevertheless correct.

The annals of the world cannot furnish a more interesting ensample of innate genius bursting the trammels of poverty, and winning itself, with resistless impulse, a position commensurate with its worth, than does the career of Hans Christian Andersen. He was born at Odensee, the chief town of the Island of Fuen (in Denmark Proper), on the 2d April, 1805. His father was a very poor shoemaker, a man of gloomy, brooding temperament, dashed with a spice of dreamy enthusiasm, verging towards insanity. also possessed latent germs of poesy, and is understood to have made some desultory attempts to develop this power. He died during the childhood of his son, who was shortly afterwards put to work at a manufactory, where, for a time, his position was easy, as he conciliated the men by singing to them whilst they labored-having at that time a voice of extraordinary pathos and beauty. After a while, however, he experienced so much ill-treatment, and, on account of his timidity and awkwardness, was so ridiculed and persecuted by other boys, that he was compelled to leave.

As poor little Hans grew older, his passion for poetry and theatricals was strikingly evinced. He doated on every play-bill he could lay his hands on—he spelled over some plays he procured (including a translation of one or two of Shakspeare's)—and he himself actually composed some tremendous tragedies, which excited astonishment in the neighborhood, but exposed the sensi-

tive child-author to remorseless ridicule. No matter, the electric spark of genius had been struck, however faintly, and all the sneers and taunts of the world could not extinguish the sacred fire. A single expression of commendation will, in the estimation of an aspiring boy, far outweigh volleys of derisive laughter. Yet, even then, Hans seems to have been not altogether destitute of encouragement. His poetical efforts attracted the notice of one or two families in the higher walks of life, and one lady, especially, took him under her protection. His mother, with a mother's intuitive perception, had hopes, though not of a very tangible nature, that her child would become something "more than common," and "wise" women of her acquaintance fanned the idea by sanguine predictions to the same effect. Hans himself fed his ardent yearnings by gloating over the stories of great men, who once were poor little boys, as lowly, despised, and buffeted, as he then was. Still he continued childlike in his ordinary amusements and pursuits, but the notion of working his way to distinction by the medium of the stage, laid strong and abiding hold of his fervid imagination.

When about fourteen years of age, he finally got his mother's consent to go to the capital to seek his fortune. He set off with a little hoarded money in his pocket, and a note of introduction to a lady belonging to the Theatre Royal. The solitary young adventurer arrived in Copenhagen in the autumn of 1819, but his bashful, awkward address, and his utter ignorance of life, added to his very imperfect education, proved bars at the outset, and his reception was sadly disheartening. There was no employment for him on the stage; and he had next recourse to a mechanical trade. This he was still more unfitted for-planing boards, and hammering together boxes, was no congenial work for a delicately constituted and poetic dreamer. No doubt, with regard to such a calling, he felt the lines of Shakspeare eminently pat-"There was a small love between us in the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance!"

His occupation was once more gone—plank after plank slipped from under his feet, yet his hopes were not at all shipwrecked; he did not yield to despair—his nature was too buoyant for that. He prayed to God for help, and when the clouds gathered darkest, a light shone through them. Some eminent professional people took him by the hand, and obtained for him vocal instruction.

His voice broke after a time, and his patrons sent him to a public school for general education. The master of it was far from rightly appreciating the character and genius of his pupil, and, deeming him a stupid fellow, treated him with a harshness which he after-

wards deeply repented. Step by step did Andersen struggle on; and about his twenty-fourth year he produced a work, entitled "A Pedestrian Journey from Holmen's Canal to the East Point Amager,* in the years 1828 and 1829." This is only a small work, and has never been translated into German and Englishprobably on account of its local nature, and because the greater portion of it is poetry. It at once made the fame of the author. The public were surprised and delighted by the grace of its language, and the charming play of fancy and fertility of imagination it displayed. Andersen doubtless now regards it with the affection which every author feels for the firstborn of his genius. Still, it was only a promise of better things; and from that time forward, the author found himself becoming a man of note, and had a willing audience for his future efforts. Several mi-nor works followed, including "Love on St. Nicholas' Tour" (a vaudville), and some volumes of poems (in 1830), which became highly popular. His next work of magnitude was entitled "Skyggebilleder" (literally "Shadow Pictures"), and was translated by his friend Beckwith into English, under the more explicit and comprehensive title of "Rambles in the Romantic Regions of the Hartz Mountains." It ought to be premised that he had previously received a stipendium from government to travel, and this work was one fruit of it. Various pieces for the theatre followed, all more or less successful. In the year 1835, appeared the first series of his "Eventyr," a work of world-wide celebrity. He has continued it up to the present time, with undiminished success. Also in 1835, he produced the most enthusiastic and most highly esteemed of all his works-"The Improvisatore," translated into English by Mary Howitt. In 1836, was published "O. T." (a novel);

* Holmen's Canal is in Copenhagen, and Amager is a very remarkable island joined to the city by long bridges.

† We have no equivalent in the English language for this word. "Fairy tales" comes nearest, but that does not convey the correct meaning, for there is greater latitude of subject in "Eventyr" than would be presumable from "fairy tales." The popularity of these "Eventyr" in the north, and throughout Germany, &c., is incredible.

and also "Part and Meet" (an idyllic drama, for the stage). In 1837, appeared "Only a Fiddler," (a novel.) During the next two years, he brought out several poems, and in 1839, "The Invisible on Sprogo" (a farce).* In 1840, he produced the "Mulatto" (a romantic drama), and this was quickly followed by a tragedy, entitled "The Moorish Girl." He visited Italy a second time, in 1840; and on his return, appeared (in 1842) his very delightful work, "The Poet's Bazaar," most admirably translated into English by Beckwith. After that, "A Picture Book without Pictures," and a volume of poems. His last novel was "The Two Baronesses," also translated by Beckwith. A long poem, called "Ahasuerus," followed. His own "Autobiography" alone remains to be mentioned; and a new work is preparing for early publication in England.

Andersen has traveled throughout Germany, Italy, Switzerland, France, Greece, Sweden, &c., and many a glowing page of description has he given the world of the scenes he has beheld. He has enjoyed the friendship of the most eminent men of literature and science, in every land he has visited. He received the honor of knighthood in four different countries. Perhaps fewer of his works have been translated into English, than most other European languages. Nearly all of them have been translated into Swedish, German, and French, and have enjoyed a large circulation in the respective countries. Some of his works have appeared in Russian and Dutch. Nay, a number of his poems have been translated into the Greenland language, and are said to be sung daily by the hardy natives of the regions of "thick-ribbed ice!"

Rarely a week passes without one or more small poems by Andersen appearing in the daily journals of Copenhagen. Never was any poem of his heard for the first time under such intensely affecting circumstances as the one on the death of Ehlenschlæger, the digter-konge (poet-king) of Scandinavia. As the body of that poet was being conveyed to the tomb, on the 26th of January, 1850, the immense procession stopped opposite the house in which he was born, and the verses, by his bosom friend Andersen, composed for the occasion, were sung over the inanimate Andersen's "Farvel" (farewell) remains. to Œhlenschlæger, a noble tribute, was published on the same day in the Copenhagen "Fædrelandet" (Fatherland), a daily paper.

^{*} Sprogö means literally "language island." It is situated in the Great Belt, between Corsuer, in Zealand, and Nyborg, in Fuën.

There is no English author to whom Andersen can be fitly compared-Goldsmith, perhaps, alone excepted. The style of these two authors is, however, essentially different. They chiefly resemble one another in the benignancy of their tone, the exquisite play of their fancy, their truthfulness to nature, their deep feeling, their winning geniality, the purpureum lumen which they throw around their ideals of loveliness. But Andersen is far more impassioned, more enthusiastic, more imaginative, more abrupt, than Goldsmith. mannerism is purely original, and it may be said to be, in its degree, inimitable. There is a charm in his way of telling the most ordinary everyday occurrences, that everybody feels, but which is too subtle to be described. Who but Andersen could sit down, and pen a delightful chapter on the fact, that his old boots were worn out? He has done this in his "Poet's Bazaar," in a way which irresistibly enchains the interest of the reader, although, in any other hands but his, the subject would have proved ludicrous and absurd. He has a loving heart, and an imagination steeped in poesy. He thus sees everything through a medium so different from the majority of people, that when he tells us his sensations and thoughts about any object whatever, we are amazed and delighted to recognize our homely household familiars dressed up in garbs celestial. It must not be supposed that he lets his imagination run riot in opposition to common sense. He makes his Pegasus feel the restraint of bit and curb. His religion is unfeigned, and, from childhood, has been of a deep, absorbing character; but it is the religion of the heart and soul, not the lip-service of the mere professor. He does not wear his faith pinned on his sleeve, to be seen by the world; but he walks humbly with his God in secret, and a manly, touching spirit of Christianity pervades all his writings, and influences all his daily actions. profound philosopher he is not; neither is he pre-eminent for his knowledge of human nature in all its depths. He never makes a set attempt at moralizing; but he scatters the seeds of good-will, faith, hope, and charity, with a profuse hand. He cannot be said to keep one great aim in view in any of his works, but he simply and trustingly weaves "pictures" luminous with sympathy, radiant with hope. The great secret of his power is in speaking unpremeditatedly and unreservedly, from the heart to the heart. He appeals to all the finer and more ennobling feelings and aspirations of humanity, and never appeals in vain. He desires to reconcile us lover, Andersen is an author peculiarly diffi-

to our lot in life-to show us that we are surrounded with the elements of joy and happiness, if we will but make use of them-to induce us to feel the holy truth, that we are all children of one Father, heirs to immortality, brothers in spirit and in flesh. This he does, not by dry-bone disquisitions, but by touches of the kind which "make the world one kin." In a word, he emphatically finds "sermons in stones, and good in everything;" and realizes his own happiness in diffusing

happiness around.

In person, Andersen is extremely tall, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, and a somewhat peculiar gait. His head is well developed; his features are open and cordial as his nature; and there is a sparkle and luminous depth in his eye, eminently suggestive of indwelling poetical power. His manners are peculiarly frank, genial, and prepossessing. No literary man in any country has enjoyed more familiarly the society of the most gifted spirits of the age than he has, and no one can pour forth such inexhaustible reminiscences of their conversation and daily life. Andersen is naturally of a wandering disposition. He is not a "philosophical va-gabond;" but he has an ardent thirst for roaming over foreign parts, not to "spy their nakedness," nor to moralize upon their scale of civilization, but to note every little touching or fanciful scene that falls within the sphere of his desultory observation, and to work up the most simple incidents into charming "pictures," as he delights to denominate his sketches. Much as he has sojourned in different countries, I believe I am right in asserting that he cannot speak any language but his own; at any rate, not at all with facility. Like many highly imaginative men, he is a very poor linguist; and I have heard his friends marvel how it is he manages so well among people with whom he can with difficulty make himself understood. Moreover, once out of Scandinavia, let him travel wherever he may, he would not meet with one educated man in ten thousand capable of conversing with him in a language so little cultivated by foreigners as Danish; and the number of his own countrymen scattered abroad must necessarily be very small. A sort of instinct seems to guide him, in lieu of the gift of tongues. The Danish language is by no means either plastic or copious. Those who are thoroughly conversant with the merits of both languages, say that some of Beckwith's translations of Andersen's works read better than the original itself. Morecult to translate, owing to the intensely vivid imagery which pervades every sentence; and it is a hopeless task for any translator to dream of doing justice to his fine qualities, unless he himself possesses very considerable power of language, and kindred poetic feelings and fancy.

Wanderer as Andersen is, and enthusiastically as he speaks of fair southern climes, he nevertheless is passionately attached to his "Scandinavian home," as he calls it; and, when on his frequent wanderings, many a sigh does he send towards his loved fatherland, gamle Danmark (old Denmark); and many a yearning remembrance of his endeared Danish friends does he gratefully indulge in. His "home" is Copenhagen; and there, at the present time, he resides, leading a very quiet, frugal, regular life. His circumstances are easy. He dresses fashionably, and with notable neatness, and is a frequent and welcome visiter in the best society. His conversation is lively and interesting; his manners amiable, winning, and gentlemanlike. He is emphatically a kind-hearted man, happy in his vocation, his wide circle of deeply-attached friends, and the appreciation of the world. None can make his personal acquaintance, without speedily entertaining a feeling of sincere esteem for the man, as well as admiration for the poet. He is honestly proud of the fruits of his genius, and is tremblingly sensitive to the satirical attacks they have from time to time been subjected to. Such onslaughts are the common penalties to which celebrity has ever been liable, and, in his case, they are mainly attributable to sheer envy on the part of less gifted and less fortunate aspirants. It is related that Andersen and his most able, as well as most bitter, literary foe happened to meet at Rome, and from that time forward became warm and constant friends.

Andersen has a most extraordinary affection for children, and will play with them for hours together, joining heart and soul in their sports, entering into the spirit of their enjoyments, laughing and rollicking with them as though he were himself a child once more. I have indeed heard, that when Andersen had attained an age when some precocious youths would have been inditing "a sonnet to their mistress's eyebrows," he was wont to privately indulge in dressing dolls and other pursuits of very young children. However this may be, I can, at any rate, vouch for the fact, that he does at this day respond to the feelings and aspirations of children in a most remarkable degree; and he is never happier I

than when he gets a merry group of little ones around him, eagerly listening to the amusing fairy tales he extemporizes for their especial gratification.

He has never married; and, according to Copenhagen gossip, he never will. A Danish lady told me that he has been in love—once, and once only—but probably never will be again. Her statement is strikingly confirmed by a sweet little poem of his, entitled "What I love," in which occur the lines—

"And woman! ah, one only ever gain'd my heart,
But she became a bride: compell'd from her to part,
I love the sad remembrance cherish'd in my
breast."

When it is considered that Andersen, like Goldsmith, habitually introduces in his writings snatches of his varied personal experiences with undoubted fidelity, and that he ever speaks unfeignedly from the heart, these lines seem to settle the question. So far as fraternal friendship with the angelic portion of our race is concerned, Andersen has ever had his share. Among the Scandinavian celebrities of the fair sex with whom he has for many years been on terms of unreserved intimacy, are Jenny Lind, Miss Bremer, and Frue Flygare Carlen. He has paid touching tributes to the genius and goodness of Jenny in one of his works. With regard to Frue Flygare Carlen, it may not be generally known that her reputation as a novelist far transcends that of Miss Bremer in their native country-Sweden. I found, throughout Norway, and even so far north as the vicinity of the North Cape itself, she is literally loved by all classes for her delightful fictions. The Swedes themselves told me that Miss Bremer is only a "parlor novelist"--meaning that she delineates merely the life of the upper classes of society in her beautiful works, and leaves an impression on the foreign reader, that Sweden must be a sort of terrestrial paradise-which it most certainly is not.

In conclusion, a few words may be said concerning the portrait of Andersen, accompanying this paper. Last March I called at his rooms in Nyehavn Byens Side, on the morning of my departure for Norway. He showed me a great variety of engraved portraits of himself, wishing me to select one. I preferred that he should make his own choice, and he accordingly took a Swedish lithographed one, which he considered the most faithful. He was about to sign his autograph at the foot, when he suddenly rose from the table, and, taking a volume from his book-case, turned its leaves rapidly over. I

could not imagine what he wanted it for, as it was a volume of Mr. Beckwith's English translation of his "Poet's Bazaar." He carefully copied a sentence from this translation, writing it at the foot of the portrait, and appending his signature. When he presented it to me, I read with a thrill of emotion the words—

"The first moment of arrival at home, is, however, the bouquet of the whole voyage! HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN."

Nothing could be more finely appropriate than this, for I was, and am, a wanderer, long away from my kindred and home. Even yet, I have not seen that loved home again; but should God vouchsafe me the felicity of once more standing beneath the roof that sheltered my natal day, I doubt not that from the depths of my beating heart will gush forth in broken accents the prophetic words of my friend—the gentle and gifted poet of Scandinavia!

MANUFACTURE OF PORT WINE.

In a series of recent pamphlets on the wine trade of Portugal,* the whole art and mystery of wine-making and wine-compounding in that country is thoroughly exposed; and for the first time we learn that even the farmers of the Alto Douro are all but uniformly in the practice of mixing their wines with the elder-berry, sugar, and brandy—the first to impart to it a flavor somewhat but distantly resembling port of the best quality, the second to give it sweetness, and the last to add body and strength. In consequence of the prevalence of this system, there is probably more than double the quantity of port wine exported that is actually produced in the wine district. Hence it is that the genuine juice of the grape of the Alto Douro, so much esteemed by our aristocratic ancestors, has now sunk into the character of a kitchen wine, and is little more thought of by the fashionable world than the "heavy wet" of the London hackney-coachmen. The pamphlets above referred to reprobate the present system, and call upon the wine-farmers to abandon it, as injurious to their own interests as well as those of their country. These pamphlets seem throughout to be characterized by an honesty and independence of sentiment which are but little akin to the mere mercantile or money making spirit.

It has been alleged by the favorers of the above system, that the English taste with

* By Mr. Joseph James Forrester, of the firm of Offley, Webber, and Forrester, wine-merchants, Oporto.

respect to port wine has changed; and that instead of wine possessing a fine delicate aroma, derived from the superior climate of certain exposures in the district of the Alto Douro, the English wine-drinkers now demand port that is black, strong, and sweet; and the wine-farmer being bound to conform to the tastes of his customers, has no alternative but to mix his wine with elder-berry, brandy, and sugar, in order to produce the article required. Although the substances here said to be used are far from poisonous in their nature, yet they are all of a coarse and indigestible description, and when largely partaken of, are calculated to impair the functions of the stomach, and to induce a heaviness and lethargy, the reverse of genial or agreeable; and the system followed has at last resulted in the wines of the Alto Douro being in a great measure excluded from the dining-tables of the aristocracy of England. The quantity of elder-berry used may be estimated by the fact, that it is more extensively grown in the district of the Douro than the grape itself, and is admittedly used in an equal quantity in the wine manufacture.

The wine district of Portugal, where the port wine of commerce is produced, extends along the banks of the river Douro from the town of Mazatrio to a short way beyond the town of I. Jaao da Pesqueira, being an extent of little more than eight leagues. The district varies in breadth, but it may be stated as averaging about three leagues. The grape grown in the district varies in richness

according to the quality of the soil, its proximity to the river, and its exposure to the genial breezes of the south and west. The richest soils are those which border on the river, especially on its northern bank; for, having a southern exposure, they uniformly produce grapes of the best quality. As you rise into the more elevated situations, where the air is chiller, and the exposure to the storms of winter is greater, a grape is produced whose juice is thinner and more watery, and altogether different from the produce of the richer soils near the river. The port wine district is thus of a circumscribed extent, and the portion of it where wines of the best quality are produced is still more limited, and would thus be capable only of supplying a limited demand. There is grown, however, a sufficient quantity of grapes to produce 20,000 pipes of port of the first quality annually-the total annual production amounting to about 100,000 pipes.

The pamphlets to which we have referred show that the genuine unmixed wine of the most elevated point of the Douro district is of itself sufficiently rich and nutritious (with

the addition of about from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 per cent. of brandy, which is necessary for its preservation,) to form a healthful and exhilarating beverage; and but for the extraneous substances with which it is drugged, even it would create a demand which would much enhance its price in the market, and restore its character among the upper classes of England. If the same attention, indeed, were bestowed on the cultivation of the vine that is devoted to the mixing and adulterating of the wine, a greater quantity of port wine would be produced and exported than at present, and a much higher price obtained for it; thus illustrating the old adage in a larger sense than usual-that "honesty is the best policy," and that we cannot do injustice to our fellow-men, and hope to thrive by it. The productions of a country, indeed, form a good barometer, indicating strikingly the moral and intellectual attributes of its population; for where the articles produced are of the best quality, and free from adulteration, it evinces a deep sense of truthfulness on the part of the producers, which is uniformly accompanied with all other blessings.

STANZAS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, THE POET LAUREATE.

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;
But go thou by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,
I care no longer, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest,
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie.
Go by—go by!

From the Edinburg Review.

LORD CAMPBELL'S CHIEF JUSTICES.*

Among the felicities of Lord Campbell's long and prosperous career, the comparative leisure which he enjoyed from 1841 to 1850 was, perhaps, one of the greatest. It is to that interval of leisure that he probably will owe his widest and his most permanent fame. Had he retained the Irish seals, or exchanged them for the high office which he now holds, he would have been remembered as a successful advocate and a distinguished His decisions would have been quoted by lawyers, and historians must have noticed him as a debater; but his literary reputation would have depended on his speeches. Now speeches, however admirable, are seldom popular. Of the hundreds, probably the thousands, of orators, who, from the times of Ulysses down to those of Guizot, have ruled or charmed their hearers, there are really only two, the great Greek and the great Roman, whose speeches are familiarly read.

During centuries the greatest masters of thought and of language that ever spoke or wrote threw into public speaking the whole force of their brilliant talents and unwearied diligence. Many of their orations are preserved, but they are used only as materials of history or as commentaries on Demosthenes; and would be probably as much studied, or nearly so, if they had none of the high qualities to which their authors devoted the labour of years. Some outlines, indeed, of Pericles are well known, because they have been worked into the enduring fabric of Thucydides, but they are not speeches but essays: -wonderful examples of acute observation and elaborate reasoning, but too compressed and perhaps too refined to be followed by even an Athenian audience. All Roman oratory, except that of Cicero, has perished: it did not retain sufficient interest to repay transcription. Modern eloquence has been embalmed by the printing press; but it is

preserved like a mummy. It does not perish, but it is not looked at. Who now reads the vast body of eloquence which rendered the bar of France illustrious? How few consult, as collections of works of rhetorical art, the records of her deliberative assemblies? Mirabeau is known in consequence of the interest excited by his strange social, and by his brilliant historical, life; but of the speeches which influenced the destinies of Europe little is now read except some dazzling sentences. The world had almost forgotten that Robespierre was a great orator, when Lamartine disinterred a few specimens of the cold argumentative enthusiasm which made him master of the Jacobins and of the Convention.

There are few English libraries that do not contain whole lines of volumes of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Windham, Erskine, and Sheridan; but which of them, except those of Burke, are ever taken from the shelf? and Burke's speeches are read principally in consequence of the very qualities which interfered with their efficiency when delivered, - their penetrating philosophy and widely-drawn and varied illustrations. We do not believe that Dord Campbell will be an exception to the general law which confines the orator to evanescent celebrity: which puts him on the same footing with the other artists whose business it is to produce immediate and powerful but transient effects: to excite and animate and delight those who see and hear them, but to leave behind them a reputation depending, like the peculiarities of the Church of Rome, not on Scripture, but on tradition.

From this fate the Lives of the Chancellors and the Lives of the Chief Justices will preserve him. He has enriched the literature of England with contributions which will probably never die, because they will always amuse, and it is the power of amusing that confers literary immortality. The writer who has merely conveyed instruction, may leave a permanent name, but it soon outlives the popularity of his works. They are among the quarries from which his suc-

^{*} The Lives of the Chief Justices of England, from the Norman Conquest to the Death of Lord Mansfield. By John Lord Campbell, LL.D. F.R.S.E. Two volumes. London: 1849.

cessors dig materials to be employed in constructing more spacious edifices, which, in their turn, serve merely as materials to another generation of philosophers. Few, even among scholars, know much of Plato: every schoolboy is familiar with Plutarch. The 'Rambler' and the 'Idler' have become mere names. It is in the 'Lives of the Poets,' in the 'Journey to the Hebrides,' and, far more than those, in the gossip of Boswell, that Dr. Johnson really lives.

There is, indeed, in Lord Campbell's works much instruction. His subjects have been so happily selected, that it was scarcely possible that there should not be. An eminent lawyer and statesman could not write the lives of great statesmen and lawyers without interweaving curious information, and suggesting valuable principles of judgment and useful practical maxims: but it is not for these that his works will be read. Their principal merit is their easy animated flow of interesting narrative. No one possesses better than Lord Campbell the art of telling a story: of passing over what is commonplace; of merely suggesting what may be inferred; of explaining what is obscure; and of placing in a strong light the details of what is interesting from its strangeness or its importance.

Of course it is impossible to notice all, or even the majority, of so numerous a list of biographies. We shall select a few names, which, either from their intrinsic interest or from the manner in which they have been treated by Lord Campbell, appear to us to

deserve especial consideration.

We shall begin by Sir Edward Coke.

He is obviously a favourite with his biographer; and Lord Campbell, being a judicious patron, has heightened the flavour of his praise by a judicious mixture of blame. Still we cannot but think that he puts his hero too high:—

'Most men,' he says, 'I am afraid, would rather have been Bacon than Coke. The superior rank of the office of Chancellor, and the titles of Baron and Viscount, would now go for little in the comparison; but the intellectual and the noble-minded must be in danger of being captivated too much by Bacon's stupendous genius and his brilliant European reputation, while his amiable qualities win their way to the heart. Coke, on the contrary, appears as a deep but narrow-minded lawyer, knowing hardly any thing beyond the wearisome and crabbed learning of his own craft, famous only in his own country, and repelling all friendship or attachment by his harsh manners. Yet when we come to apply the test of moral worth and upright conduct, Coke ought, beyond all ques-

tion, to be preferred. He never betrayed a friend, or truckled to an enemy. He never tampered with the integrity of judges, or himself took a bribe. When he had risen to influence, he extend it strenuously in support of the laws and liberties of his country, instead of being the advocate of every abuse, and the abettor of despotic sway. When he lost his high office, he did not retire from public life "with wasted spirits and an oppressed mind," overwhelmed by the consciousness of guilt, but bold, energetic, and uncompromising, from the lofty feeling of integrity, he placed himself at the head of that band of patriots to whom we are mainly indebted for the free institutions which we now enjoy.**

To most of the readers of the histories of those times the names of Bacon and Coke appear to be contrasts. Yet there were many points, and those very important ones, in which their characters agreed. Both were the slaves of ambition and of avarice. bition drove Bacon to trample on Essex, and Coke to trample on Raleigh. Coke's integrity did not show itself until he was on the Bench. Lord Campbell admits that while Attorney-General he unscrupulously stretched the prerogatives of the Crown, was utterly regardless of public liberty, and perverted the criminal law by much individual oppression. So much for his public morality! In private life we find him deliberately sacrificing the whole happiness and, as it turned out, the honour and the virtue of his young daughter, to the hopes of reconciling himself to the Favourite and to the King. This is perhaps less despicable than the corruption of Bacon, but more odious. Both Bacon and Coke were eager to acquire money; but the covetousness of Bacon was stimulated by the desire of magnificent expenditure; that of Coke by the desire of vast accumulation. And as the wish to accumulate is less urgent than the wish to spend, Coke kept his passion under better controul than his great rival. Avarice seduced Bacon into dishonour—Coke only into meanness.

Both Bacon and Coke are entitled to a high rank among the benefactors of mankind; and many of our readers may be surprised at our discussing as a question their comparative pre-eminence. The services rendered by Bacon are acknowledged by the whole civilised world. Every head bows at the name of the reformer of philosophical inquiry. The merits of Coke are known only to lawyers and historians; and even historians have in general passed slightly over his parliamentary career, and have treated his judicial

^{*} Vol. i. p. 345. † Vol. i. p. 268.

independence merely as honourable to him, | are better navigators, better engineers, and without attaching to it great public importance. Yet we are inclined to place Coke, as an object of the gratitude of posterity, not merely on a level with Lord Bacon, but perhaps even above him. Bacon's services in pointing out the true road to scientific discovery were unquestionably very great. To him we owe mainly the rapid progress of physical science. But it must be recollected. in the first place, that he did comparatively little to advance mental science. After three and twenty centuries, we find rhetoric, criticism, and logic nearly as they were left by Aristotle. If our knowledge of politics exceeds his, we owe it principally to our enlarged experience. If our morality is purer, t is owing perhaps altogether to Revelation. The Nicomachæan ethics seemed to have pushed the science of mental pathology and the art of morality as far as unassisted reason could carry them. In the mental sciences and arts, as far as we can infer from the results which they obtained, the methods employed by the Greeks did not require correction from Bacon. Hume's expectation of the 'like reformation in all moral disquisitions' from the experimental method, has not yet been realised.

In the second place, there seems no reason to believe that if Bacon had never existed, the advance even of physical science would have been materially retarded. The real emancipator of the human mind was Luther. After principles of belief so ancient and so firmly established as those which he attacked had been uprooted, it was impossible that the baseless assumptions of ontologists and cosmogonists could remain unchallenged. It was impossible that Philosophy could long be permitted wantonly to assume her premises, after Faith had been forced to submit hers to the test of inquiry. Sooner or later the bubbles of the schools would have been punctured by common sense, and they would have collapsed as completely as they did under the hands of Bacon.

And lastly, the knowledge to which he led the way, important and even glorious as it is, is not the knowledge on which human happiness principally depends. Abstract and physical science have been cultivated with most success in France-moral and political science in England; and how different has been the degree of happiness enjoyed by the respective countries! Even in the arts to which physical science is subservient, we far excel those who furnished the principles of which we make use. We l

better manufacturers than those on whose discoveries we found our processes. If a people enjoy the institutions which are favourable to security of property and to freedom of action and thought, it will obtain moral and political knowledge; and it is on that knowledge, and on the habits of acting and feeling which that knowledge produces, that

its happiness principally depends.

Now it is the glory of Coke, that he was one of the illustrious band to whom we owe the parliamentary independence on which our free institutions are based, and the judicial independence by which they are preserved. The most celebrated part of his history is, perhaps, his magnanimous firmness as a Judge. For in that struggle he was alone. A Judge, a removeable officer of the Crown, appointed and dismissed according to the caprice of the monarch, was as much a servant as any page in the royal household. When Coke, to the question whether he would stay proceedings in obedience to a royal order, answered that 'When the case happened he would do that which it should be fit for a Judge to do,' he took a position from which all his colleagues fled, and which none of his immediate predecessors had ever assumed, or probably had ever thought of assuming. And he not merely risked influence and station, he knowingly abandoned them. Surrounded by such rivals and enemies, without supporters or even friends, old and unpopular, he could not hope to beard so despotic a monarch as James and to retain his office; he could not rely on even his personal safety. That he preserved his fortune and his liberty was more than he had a right to expect. But wealth and freedom to a man deprived of power and exiled from court, were not then what they are to us, or what they were even fifty years afterwards. The sovereign was then really the fountain of honour, and those on whom he looked coldly were frowned on by the world. We admire a man who sacrifices power to principle, though he is rewarded by immediate popularity; Coke made the sacrifice, but had to wait many years for the reward.

The splendour of Coke's conduct as a magistrate has somewhat obscured his reputation as a statesman. Yet the part which he took in securing to us internal freedom of trade, by abolishing monopolies, and to obtain for us extended free trade, by opposing the restrictive system which was then beginning to infuse its poison into our commercial code, would have given immortality to any

man who had not other and stronger claims to it. It was fortunate for his fame as a political economist, that England was still an exporter of agricultural produce, so that the immediate and obvious interests of the governing classes were promoted by free trade; this enabled him to say, 'I never yet heard that a bill was ever before preferred in Parliament against the importation of corn, and I love to follow ancient precedents.' We doubt whether if he had lived in 1846 he would have ventured to undo the legislation of 150 years. His defence of usury laws, on the ground of God having forbade usury to his own people, and because usury is contrary to the law of nature, is not promising.

Still more meritorious was the Protestation of 1621, in which, replying to the King's command to the House of Commons, 'that none therein should presume henceforth to meddle with anything concerning our government or deep matters of State,' he declared, 'that the arduous and urgent affairs concerning the king and State, and the making and maintenance of laws, and the redress of grievances, are proper subjects and matter of counsel and debate in Parliament, and that the Commons in Parliament have and ought to have liberty and freedom to treat of such matters in such order as in their judgment

More important still were the resolutions of 1628, which affirmed, 'that no freeman ought to be detained in prison unless some cause of the detainer be expressed for which by law he ought to be detained, and that the writ of habeas corpus cannot be denied to any man that is detained in prison or otherwise restrained by command of the King, the Privy Council, or any other:' resolutions on which is founded a degree of personal liberty which no other portion of Europe, not even France after sixty years of revolution, has yet acquired.

shall seem fittest.'

But his greatest claim to our gratitude is as the framer of the Petition of Right, which laid so firmly the basis of parliamentary, as opposed to monarchical, government, that it was only by civil war that Charles could hope to shake it. His speech, in moving the rejection of the Lords' amendment 'that nothing contained in the bill should be construed to entrench on the sovereign power of the Crown,' has a simplicity and brevity 'This is a petiwhich amount to eloquence. tion of right, grounded on Acts of Parliament and on the laws which we were born to enjoy. Our ancestors could never endure a "salvo jure suo" from kings-no more than our

kings of old could endure from churchmen "salvo honore Dei et Ecclesiæ." We must not admit it, and to qualify it is impossible. Let us hold our privileges according to law. That power which is above the law is not fit for the king to ask or the people to yield. Sooner would I have the prerogative abused, and myself to lie under it: for, though I should suffer, a time would come for the deliverance of the country.'

We have left to the last the portion of Coke's achievements on which his reputation has chiefly rested,—his legal writings. his Reports and his Institutes he left a memorial, now crumbling into dust, of his unwearied diligence, his exact memory, and his wonderful power of analogical reasoning. And he left in them also a memorial of his utter unfitness to discover or even to understand the real purposes for which laws ought to be made. One of the most important of these purposes is to lay down the rules according to which landed property is to be enjoyed, transmitted, and transferred. The different problems into which this great question may be subdivided, are not all resolvable in the same way in every state of society. There are some political institutions to which permanent entails are suitable, others in which a less durable power of entail is advisable: and there may be some in which none ought to be permitted. Some great nations—such as France—repudiate, except in a very slight degree, testamentary power; others—such as England-insist on its existing absolutely uncontrolled. But there are two rules which appear to be universally expedient, -to be applicable in a new or in an old community, in a monarchy, in an aristocracy, or in a democracy. They are, first, that where a man has the power, and has clearly manifested the will, to give property, or a partial interest in property, to another, the conveyance should be effectual; and, secondly, that the law should oppose, or at least should not facilitate, the acquisition of property by wrongful acts.

Now the law of England, as expounded in the courts of common law, not only has neglected, but has systematically and intentionally violated, both these rules. It has surrounded the transfer of property with a network of quicksands and reefs, through which a narrow channel winds, dangerous to even the most cautious and the most experienced pilot. Even now, after the track has been buoyed by the decisions of centuries; after act of parliament on act of parliament had endeavoured to widen and improve it;

and after the courts of equity-with a courage and a good sense which are above all praise—have applied their powerful machinery to float us over its dangers and obstructions,—even now the English system of conveyancing is a disgrace to a civilized nation. The law of real property, as created and administered by the common law judges, instead of being a collection of rules founded on convenience, is an arbitrary science, like heraldry, or astrology, or freemasonry, based on definitions and similies, and sacrificing without scruple both justice and reason, to preserve its metaphors unbroken. Thus one sort of uncertain future interest, called a contingent remainder, was said to be supported by a previous interest, which the courts thought fit to say must be an interest for life. If this interest was absent or destroyed, the support failed. Therefore, in pursuance of the metaphor, the remainder failed too. A science resting on verbal subtleties might have been expected to possess at least an accurate terminology. So far, however, is this from being the case, that the words 'right,' 'possibility,' 'estate,' 'contingent,' 'executory,' 'limitation,' 'purchase,' 'power,' and in fact most of the important technical terms in conveyancing, are promiscuously used in half a dozen different senses; and grave decisions have been grounded, and even rules of law established, on syllogisms, in which the middle term was used in one sense in the major and in another in the minor.

But while the law dug these pitfalls around the honest purchaser, devisee, or inheritor, it devised a whole science, called the learning of deforcement, for the benefit of the fraudulent or violent intruder. It divided wrongful possessors into classes, such as abators, disseisors, deforciants, and intruders, and allotted to them their several modes of defeating the claim of the lawful owner. We will illustrate its proceedings by a case within our own experience. A man without near relations devised his property to a friend who was not his heir. The devisee died a few days before the testator. The devisee's son thought it hard that such an accident should deprive him of an estate. Provisionally, therefore, he took possession; and consulted his lawyer as to the means of retaining it. The answer was, that he was an abator, and that the means given to him by the law for the purpose of defeating the lawful heir were, a feofment and a fine. Both these proceedings were adopted. But on taking further advice, he was told that he had not used them in their proper order. He had,

it seems, levied the fine before he made the feofment, and the charm, therefore, would not work. So he reversed the process, first made the feofment, and then levied the fine. Again, however, it was found that he had done wrong. Both the feofment and the fine having been perfected during a vacation, the fine had reference to the preceding term, and overreached the feofment. So he began again, and made a feofment in one term, and levied a fine in the next. At last the professors of the dark art declared that the legal magic had been properly employed; and he is now the undisputed, indeed the indisputable owner. A recent act of parliament has destroyed this science by abolishing tortious conveyances; but until a few years ago they were in constant use. They were used by persons having terms of years, who wished to rob the reversioner of his fee simple; by persons in possession, who wished to despoil contingent remaindermen; and, as in the case which we have mentioned, by mere intruders, who wished to seize on property to which they had not the shadow of a claim.

It is to this system, and to the expense and insecurity which it seems to have been intended to create, that we mainly owe one of our greatest political inconveniences and dangers,—the separation of the great mass of our population from the ownership of land. In the larger portion of Europe,—almost everywhere, indeed, except in Spain, in parts of Italy, and in the British Islands,—the greater part of the soil belongs to small proprietors. They are less skilful than our farmers, but they are more diligent, more economical, and more provident. They marry late, and consequently have small families: in France the average number of children to a marriage is only three. They defend the rights of property, because they possess them; dependence on public relief or on private charity, instead of being as it is with us the rule, is the rare exception. From this fertile source of happiness and moral improvement our peasantry, indeed our middle classes, are cut off by our system of conveyancing. The French peasant, as soon as he has agreed with his neighbour for the purchase of half an acre, goes with him to the notaire, and has it transferred into his name; and if he wishes to sell, can part with it as easily as he obtained it. A small purchaser with us has to ask for the abstract of the title, to send it to his lawyer, to pay for its being examined, to pay for further inquiries being made, to pay for the consideration of the answers to those inquiries

and, perhaps, after half a year's delay, finds that he has purchased a chancery suit. As the amount of these expenses in no respect depends on the value of the property,—for the title to an acre may be as intricate as that to a whole manor,—they operate as an almost prohibitory tax on small purchases. We once bought a small freehold as a qualification; the price was 40l.,—the expenses were 301. To this cause, also, is to be attributed the comparatively low value of land in Eng-France is a poorer country than England; landed property there is a less advantageous investment: it is subject to enormous direct taxation, and does not give the social pre-eminence which attends it in England. But it sells for one-third more. Fortyfive years' purchase is as common in France as thirty years' purchase is with us. If in-stead of clamouring for protection from for-eigners, the landed interest had asked for protection from lawyers, -if they had required from the legislature, of which they are the most powerful portion, a rational system of conveyancing, they would have done what they have failed to do,-they would have really raised the value of land.*

Now this monstrous system was Sir Edward Coke's idol. It was this silly, but yet mischievous rubbish, which he thought the perfection of reason. He resisted its correction by the courts of equity,—and by the clearness with which he expounded its principles, and the sagacity with which he endeavoured to reconcile its discrepancies, he contributed more than any other writer to its permanence. No man knows its faults better than Lord Campbell: no man has laboured more zealously or more ably in the arduous work of correcting them. We rather wonder, therefore, at his rating so highly as he appears to do the services of Coke as its expounder, and, to a considerable degree, its We confess that the utter ignocreator. rance of the real objects of legislation which is betrayed by Coke's writings, almost leads us to modify our praise of his parliamentary conduct. We cannot but suspect that the measures which he carried, great and well

directed as they were, were almost as much the fruit of his quarrel with the Government as of his wish to promote the welfare of the people. With our imperfect nature, when benefits have been conferred, we ought not, perhaps, to scan nicely the motives by which our benefactors may be supposed to have been influenced. Great services ought to be repaid by great gratitude. Still it must be admitted that Coke's opposition to monopolies, to arbitrary imprisonment, and to arbitrary taxation, would have conferred on him a still higher reputation, if we had been sure that it had been prompted by an enlightened desire of the public good, unassisted by blind resistance to change, or by well-founded resentment against the Crown.

Coke's successor, Montague, need not detain us long. The only remarkable event of his Chief-Justiceship was his having to pronounce sentence on Sir Walter Raleigh. The concluding passage of his address to the

prisoner is very striking:-

'I know you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both these virtues, which now you shall have occasion to use. Your faith hath heretofore been questioned; but I am satisfied that you are a good Christian, for your book, which is an admirable work, doth testify as much. I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself far better counsel than I am able to give you. Yet, with the good Samaritan in the gospel, who, finding one in the way wounded and distressed, poured oil into his wounds and refreshed him, so will I now give unto you the oil of comfort; though (in respect that I am a minister of the law) mixed with vinegar. Fear not death too much nor too little—not too much, lest you fail in your hopes—nor too little lest you die presumptuously. The judgment of the court is, that execution be granted; and may God have mercy on your soul!'*

Passing over his undistinguished successor, Ley, we proceed to Chief Justice Crewe, whom Lord Campbell properly designates as 'a perfectly competent and thoroughly honest Chief Justice.' He seems to have been an admirable specimen of an accomplished civilian of the 17th century. Mild, but yet resolute; fond of heraldry and genealogy, and, as may be inferred from the magnificent mansion which he erected at Crewe, of architecture; deeply imbued with the feelings and associations, perhaps we might call them the prejudices, which often accompany ancient

^{*} English lawyers seem disposed at last to clear themselves from this reproach. (See Land-Measures for England, Law Review, Nov. 1850.) They have recommended Registration; and they lately received with acclamation, Mr. Field, one of the commission for simplifying the legal procedure of New York. The question of Peasant Proprietorship seems one of proportion. See the case on the other side, in two able Notices of 'Notes by a Traveller,' in Tait's Magazine for November and December last.

^{*} Vol. i. p. 357.

descent, and devoting the whole force of a pow rful intellect and unwearied perseverance to one great object, the restoration of the splendours of the family of Crewe. His opinion on the Oxford Peerage Case, in which he preferred a remote male heir to a nearer female, illustrates well both the man and the times. It might figure in the 'Romance of

the Peerage.'

'This great and weighty cause, incomparable to any other of the sort that hath happened at any time, requires much deliberation and solid and mature judgment to determine it. Here is represented to your lordships certamen honoris, illustrious honour. I heard a great peer of this realm and a learned man say when he lived, there is no king in Christendom hath such a subject as Oxford. And well might this be said, for De Vere came in with the Conqueror, being then Earl of Guynes; shortly after the Conquest he was made Great Chamberlain by Henry I., the Conqueror's son, above 500 years ago. By Maud the Empress, he was created Earl of Oxford, the grant being Alberico Comiti, so that he was clearly an Earl before. He was confirmed and approved by Henry Fitz-Empress, Henry the Second. This great honour, this high and noble dignity, hath continued ever since in the remarkable surname of De Vere, by so many ages, descents; and generations, as no other kingdom can produce such a peer in one and the self-same name and title. I find in all this time but two attainders of this noble family, and those in stormy times, when the government was unsettled, and the kingdom in competition.

'I have laboured to make a covenant with myself, that affection may not press upon judgment; for I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness, but his affection stands to the continuance of a house so illustrious, and would take hold of a twig or twine thread to uphold And yet time hath its revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things-finis rerum-an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene; -and why not of De Vere?—for where is BOHUN? Where is MOWBRAY? Where is MORTIMER? Nay, which is more, and most of all, where is PLANTAGENET? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality! Yet let the name of De Vere stand so long as it

pleaseth God.'*

Could such a speech be made now? We

think not. The enthusiasm of the Chief Justice was kindled, as might perhaps have been expected from this heraldic and genealogical pursuits, not by the great deeds of the De Veres, but by the antiquity of their descent. He venerated them, as we venerate an ancient oak which has seen the rise and fall of thirty generations of short-lived men. Now mere antiquity of birth, that is to say, descent from a family which has possessed great wealth during many centuries, has ceased to be reverenced. We admire it, as we admire every thing which we very seldom meet with, but by itself it excites no stronger feeling. If indeed it be added to great personal distinction, the union of the two is imposing. When we see the House of Lords led, as it scarcely ever was led before, by one whose nobility is as old as that of the De Veres, we are struck by the combination of two sources of illustration, each of which, even alone, is very rare. But an ancient name, unsupported by personal merits, is now almost valueless.

Sir Randolph Crewe followed Coke's glorious example in declaring the unlawfulness of arbitrary taxation and imprisonment. Like Coke, he was dismissed; like him, he felt deeply, more deeply than it is easy for us to conceive, the loss of his office; and like him, he made a strong effort to recover it. But, it was the effort of a much loftier virtue and of a much less vigorous will. Coke strove to influence Buckingham, first by his hopes and afterwards by his fears: first by surrendering his daughter and her vast expectations to Sir John Villiers; and afterwards, when that had failed, by leading the first regular parliamentary opposition of which an English House of Commons was the scene. Crewe tried to propitiate the favourite merely by respectful argument and entreaty. Campbell thinks his letter to Buckingham most creditable. It appears to us pitched in too low a key. We refer our readers to it. (Vol. i. p. 376.) When it is recollected that a short time afterwards Sir Randolph. was able to purchase the great Crewe estates, and to build the magnificent palace which still, without addition or alteration, is one of the ornaments of England, it is not easy to sympathise with his lamentations over his 'poore name and familey, and poore fortune.'

Crewe's successors during the stormy interval between his removal and the Commonwealth need not detain us. The only remarkable act of Hyde is his answer, when Charles asked whether, by assenting to the Petition of Right, he would lose the power, which

mitting or restraining a subject without showing cause? 'Every law,' said Hyde, * 'after it is made, hath its exposition, which it is left to the Courts of Justice to determine; and although the petition be granted, there is no fear of conclusion, as is intimated in the These few words comprehend the whole theory of legal interpretation—an art which has never perhaps flourished so vigorously as in England. In some countries a law of which the courts disapprove, is still executed until public opinion demands its repeal; in others advantage is taken of any interval in which it has not been called into force, and it is considered to have ceased by dissuetude. Our judges acknowledge its validity, but blandly evade it by an interpretation. Peter, Jack, and Martin, sitting in conclave to expound their father's will, were timidly scrupulous when compared to an English Bench.

Heath, the last of Charles's Chief Justices, was one of the most respectable, for he was a conscientious ultra-royalist.

'He read law and history,' says Lord Campbell, ' with the preconceived conviction that the king of England was an absolute sovereign, and converted all he met with into arguments to support his theory. One convenient doctrine solved many difficulties; he maintained that parliament had no power to curtail the essential prerogatives of the crown, and that all acts of parliament for such a purpose were ultra vires, and void. There is no absurdity in this doctrine, for a legislative assembly may have only a limited power, like the Congress of the United States; and it was by no means so startling then as now, when the omnipotence of parliament has passed into a maxim.'+

We are inclined to differ from Lord Campbell, and to believe that Heath's doctrine was as absurd as it was mischievous. It is true that a legislative body may have only a limited mission. The Poor Law Commissioners in respect of their power to issue general rules, and the Equity Judges, in respect of their power to make orders in Chancery, are legislative bodies, with narrowly restricted powers. The Assemblies in our colonies have a much wider field, but still there are bounds to it. All these, however, are subordinate bodies. So is the Congress of the United States: it is appointed for certain special purposes, and when it has attempted to go further, the judges have authority to declare its acts to be unconstitutional and void. But a legislative body which has no superior, which represents the will of the nation, like

that petition formally denied to him, of com- | the Convention of the United States, or the British Parliament, must be omnipotent. Every independent nation has a right to make its own laws-every successive generation of such a nation has a right to alter those laws. To deny this, is to maintain that those who inhabit a given territory in one century, have a right to prescribe rules to those who are to inhabit it in all future centuries. It is to say, that the legislation of barbarians is to govern their civilised descendants, that that of the ignorant is to govern the instructed, that that of the dead is to govern the living. The only plausible theory in favour of an unalterable monarchy is divine All human rights are necessarily transitory.*

As far as the appointment of judges is concerned, the Commonwealth was a sunny interval between storms. Cromwell was just and conscientious. He hated lawyers indeed, as the founder of a revolutionary government necessarily must do; he despised their scruples, and saw through the absurdity of many of their forms; he even expressed rather indecorously his want of reverence for Magna Charta,—but he felt the necessity of having the bench well filled, and showed his usual sagacity in the choice of judges. Rolle, however, the most eminent of the judges of this period, was not made by him, but by the Long Parliament. Lord Campbell has inserted his judgment in the case of Don Pantelon Sa, who, though secretary to the Portuguese ambassador, was executed for

^{*} Absurd as is the doctrine of inalienable rights, it was long the favourite and almost the characteristic tenet of the Tory party. Lord John Russell, in his 'Life of Lord W. Russell,' towards the end of the reign of Charles II., notices as an instance of it, their considering 'the crown as a sacred and inalienable inheritance;' and their holding 'that the right of the successor to the crown was paramount 'and indefeasible.' So Mr. Fox, in his 'History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II,' observes:-'The truth seems to be that the King, in asserting his unlimited power, rather fell in with the humour of the prevailing party, than offered any violence to it. Absolute power in civil matters, under the specious names of monarchy and prerogative, formed a most essential part of the Tory creed; but the order in which Church and King are placed in the favourite device of the party, is not accidental, and is well calculated to show the genuine principles of such among them as are not corrupted by influence.' Mr. Fox declares that a due consideration of these distinct features is exceedingly necessary to the right understanding of English history. It was one of the chief constitutional advantages of the Revolution, that after it we hear no more in Courts of Law of an abstract jus regium by consent of nations, or of a native immortality in the prerogative against which even acts of parliament would be void.

^{*} Vol. i. p. 384. † Vol. i. p. 409.

avenging a supposed insult by assassination. It is an admirable piece of legal reasoning, and has established both the law which it lays down, that the attendants of an ambassador are privileged only in civil cases, and also the law which it suggests, that the foreign minister himself is exempt from the jurisdiction of the criminal courts of the country to which he is accredited.

Lord Campbell remarks, that the administration of criminal justice during the Commonwealth was purer and fairer than it had been for a long period before, or than it became under the Restoration. During the Commonwealth the prevailing motive was religion; and religion, though in ill-regulated minds it may produce cruelty towards those of different opinions, seldom tempts to fraud or chicanery: while on the subjects unconnected with faith, it prompts to justice and fair dealing. Still, however, many of the old oppressions remained: prisoners were denied the assistance of counsel, even as to legal questions arising on the evidence, unless the Court, in its discretion, thought fit (which it seldom did) to grant it. The witnesses in their favour were not allowed to be sworn, and they had no means of compelling their attendance. Improper evidence was admitted, though not so freely as before; juries were packed; and for the trial of those with whom juries could not be trusted, a High Court of Justice was created, consisting of about 150 persons, any seventeen or more of whom were a quorum, not subject to challenge, deciding by a bare majority, and combining the functions of Judge and Jury. the same time it is observable, that this tribunal, however unfairly constituted, was not more so than the Court of the Lord High Steward for the trial of Peers, previous to the Revolution.

One of the most interesting of the trials before this High Court is that of Christopher Love. He was a Presbyterian divine of great eminence, and was accused of having corresponded with the Scotch Presbyterians, who acknowledged Charles the Second; and of having, in the words of the charge, conspired 'to raise up foes against the present government of this nation since the same hath been settled in a commonwealth and free state. without a King and House of Lords.' greater part of the evidence was mere hearsay: of that which directly criminated the prisoner, some was extorted from persons under the same accusation, under a promise of pardon, 'if they dealt ingenuously;' and other portions were mere assents from the

witnesses to leading questions. The spirit and presence of mind of Love were remarkable. In the beginning of the trial he was urged by the Lord President to imitate Achan—to confess and glorify God; and by the Attorney-General to admit that he had corresponded with the Scotch. His answer is admirable:—'I will admit of nothing. I have so much of a Christian in me that I will deny nothing that is proved to be true, and so much of an Englishman that I will admit of nothing that is seemingly criminal.'*

As was the case with almost all (we believe that there was but one exception) who came before that court, he was convicted. His speech from the scaffold, to which he was accompanied by Calamy and by two other eminent Presbyterian members, is a

magnificent death song :-

'I am not only a Christian and a Preacher, but, whatever men judge, I am a Martyr. I speak it without vanity. Would I have renounced my covenant, and debauched my conscience, and ventured my soul, there might have been hopes of saving my life; but, blessed be my God, I have made the best choice-I have chosen affliction rather than sin; and therefore welcome scaffold, and welcome axe, and welcome block, and welcome death, and welcome all, because it will send me to my Father's house. I have great cause to magnify God's grace, that he hath stood by me during mine imprisonment: it hath been a time of no little temptation to me, yet (blessed be his grace!) he hath stood by me and strengthened me. I magnify his grace, that though now I come to die a violent death, yet that death is not a terror unto me-through the blood of sprinkling, the fear of death is taken out of my heart. God is not a terror unto me, therefore death is not dreadful to me. I have now done; I have no more to say, but to desire the help of all your prayers, that God would give me the continuance and supply of divine grace to carry me through this great work that I am now about; that as I am to do a work I never did, so I may have a strength I never had: that I may put off this body with as much quietness and comfort of mind as ever I put off my clothes to go to bed. And now I am to commend my soul to God, and to receive my fatal blow, I am comforted in this: "though men kill, they cannot damn me; and though they thrust me out of the world, they cannot thrust me out of heaven." I am now going to my long home, and you

are going to your short homes; but I will tell you I shall be at home before you; I shall be at my Father's house before you will be at your own houses. I am now going to the heavenly Jerusalem, to the innumerable company of angels, to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, to spirits of just men made perfect, and to God the judge of all, in whose presence there is fulness of noy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore. I conclude with the speech of the apostle, 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7.: "I am now to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand: I have finished my course—I have fought the good fight—I have kept the faith-henceforth there is a crown of righteousness laid up for me; and not for me only, but for all them that love the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ," through whose blood, when my blood is shed, I expect remission of sins and eternal salvation. And so the Lord bless you all!'*

Lord Campbell passes over with merited brevity the three first chief justices of the Restoration,-Foster, Hyde, and Kelynge; when we come to a chief justice, a deserved favourite,—Sir Matthew Hale. He had the advantage, says Lord Campbell, of being born in the middle rank of life, and of depending on his own exertions for distinction. Hale was so great and so good—the qualities which we love, which we respect, and which we admire, were so united in his characterthat it is difficult to wish that his parentage or his education had been other than they Any alteration of the circumstances in which he was placed might have impaired a virtue, or even have introduced a vice. Still we cannot help sometimes regretting that he enjoyed what Lord Campbell calls the advantage of obscure birth. If, like some of his most distinguished predecessors, Gascoigne, Fortescue, Dyer, or Crewe, or, tike his great successor Murray, he had entered life among the high-born and the refined, he probably would have escaped several weaknesses and one or two considerable errors. He would not have passed an ascetic life, avoiding the great and the learned. He would not, by excluding his children from good society, have contaminated them by bad; and, above all, he probably would not If he had lived in have married his maid. the world, it is possible that both his poetry and his philosophy would have been better; and that at the same time he would have

prided himself on them less. Theology might perhaps have less occupied his thoughts: but, on the other hand, he might have avoided the superstition which is perhaps the principal blot on his generally illustrious fame. It would not have been left to Roger North to insinuate a comparison so much to the advantage of Lord Guildford, on the trial of witches.

Considering the remarkable character of Scroggs, his great talents and his atrocious crimes, and the interest which belongs to the strange national delusion which he encouraged by his judicial murders, it may be thought that Lord Campbell has passed him over rather slightly. Probably he thought that Scroggs and the Popish Plot had been sufficiently treated by Scott and Macaulay, and that it was not advisable to reproduce subjects which have been already dwelt on by the greatest novelist and the most brilliant historian of modern times. We shall imitate his prudence; but one of the trials at which Scroggs presided was marked by an incident which may be worth disinterring from the State Trials. Gavan, a Jesuit, together with several of his brethren, was indicted for having, on the 24th of April, 1678, plotted to effect the king's death. Oates swore that some time, he would not say on what day, in the subsequent July, he met Gavan in London, and that they then talked over the progress of the Plot, or, as he called it, the Design. Gavan protested that he was not in London in either April or July. clearly established an alibi in April, but the evidence as to his absence during the whole of July was not satisfactory. There being only the oath of Oates on one side and the denial of the prisoner on the other, he said, he would submit, by way of ending the controversy, only one demand. On Scroggs inquiring what it was, Gavan replied, "You know, that in the beginning of the Church (this learned and just court must needs know that), that for 1,000 years together it was a custom, and grew to a constant law, for the trial of persons accused of any capital offence, where there was only the accuser's oath and the accused's denial, for the prisoner to put himself upon the trial of ordeal, to evidence his innocency." '* This is probably the last time that such a request was seriously made to an English Court; for though Thornton, in 1819, demanded the ordeal by battle, that was merely a special pleader's trick to defeat an appeal of murder; and the same was the case with a contemporary demand made in Ireland, as mentioned by Mr. Phillips in his 'Life of Curran.' But Gavan appears to have made the proposal in perfect sincerity, and must have expected, therefore, a miraculous intervention in his favour,—or at least a fairer chance of escape than would have been afforded him by Scroggs.

The successor of Scroggs, C. J. Pemberton, is one of the few among Lord Campbell's heroes, whose story is interesting from its vicissitudes. He was a man of family and of fortune, to which he had the misfortune to succeed as soon as he came of age. In two years he had not only spent it, but was a prisoner in the Fleet for debt,—and, as the law then stood, was likely to remain a prisoner during the remainder of his life.

'He had,' says Lord Campbell,* 'not been sober for many weeks, and it was some time before he could fully understand where he was and what had befallen him. Amidst the squalor which surrounded him, he was surprised to find loud revelry going forward, and he recognised faces that he had seen in the haunts of vice which he had been in the habit of frequenting. obliged to pay the garnish which they demanded of him, but he resolutely refused to join in their orgies. He awoke, as it were, from a dream, and was at first almost entirely overpowered by the horrors of his situation. He used afterwards to relate, "that some supernatural influence seemed to open his eyes, to support him, and to make a new man of him." He contrived to get a small dismal room for his own use without a chum, and in this he shut himself up. He tasted nothing but the bread and water which were the prison allowance; his share of some charitable doles arising from fees on the last day of term, and other such sources, he gave away to others. What we have chiefly to admire is, that he nobly resolved to supply the defects of his education, to qualify himself for his profession, to pay his debts by industry and economy, and to make himself respected and useful in the world. The resolution was formed in a hot fit of enthusiasm, but it was persevered in with cool courage, unflinching steadiness, and brilliant success. He was able to borrow books by the kindness of a friend of his father's who came to visit him. Bitterly regretting the opportunities of improvement which he had neglected at school and at college, he devoted a certain number of hours daily to the classics and to the best English writers, taking particular delight in Shakspeare's plays, although the acting of them had ceased, and they were not yet generally read. The rest of his time he devoted to the Year Books, to the more modern Reports, to the Abridgements, and to the compiling of a huge Common-place Book for himself, which might have rivalled Brooke, Rolle, and Fitzher-His mode of life was observed with amaze-

ment and admiration by his fellow-prisoners, who, knowing that he was a Templar, and that he was studying law night and day, concluded that he must be deeply skilled in his profession, and from time to time came to consult him in their own affairs, particularly about their disputes with their creditors. He really was of essential service to them in arranging their accounts, in examining the process under which they were detained, and in advising applications to the Courts for relief. They, by and by, called him the "Councillor," and the "Apprentice of the Law," and such as could afford it insisted on giving him fees for his advice. With these he bought the books which it was necessary that he should always have by him for reference. To add to his fund for this purpose, he copied and he drew law papers for the attorneys, receiving so much a folio for his performances. By these means he was even able to pay off some of the smallest and most troublesome of his creditors. Burnet, whose love of the marvellous sometimes betrays him into exaggeration, although his sincerity may generally be relied upon, says, that Pemberton "lay many years in gaol;" but according to the best information I have been able to obtain, the period did not exceed five years. He obtained his discharge by entering into a very rational arrangement with his principal creditors. After pointing out to them the utter impossibility of their being ever satisfied while he remained in custody, he explained to them the profitable career which was before him if he could recover his liberty, and he assured them of his determined purpose to pay them all every farthing that he owed them the moment that it was in his power to do so.'

Before his imprisonment he had become a member of the Inner Temple. On his release, he completed his terms and was called to the Bar, and rapidly rose into great business. In 1679 he was made a puisne judge of the Court of King's Bench. But after a year's experience he was found not sufficiently ductile, was degraded in 1680, and, at the age of fifty-three, returned to the Bar. Scroggs became, however, intolerable to the public: it was thought necessary not only to dismiss him, but to give him a respectable successor; and in 1681 Pemberton was appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Again, however, he disappointed his patrons. He would not promise his assistance in disfranchising the City of London, and in 1782 he was removed from the King's Bench to the Common Pleas. While Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Rye-House plot was discovered, and he was placed at the head of the Commissioners before whom the real and the supposed conspirators were to be tried. Again, however, he was found too fair for the last Administration of Charles the Second. He gave Lord Russell some chances of acquittal, was punished by dismissal from

the Common Pleas, and had again to return to the Bar. It is to this dismissal that he owes his fame; for it is not as a judge, but as the leading counsel for the Seven Bishops, that he is remembered. The courage, the skill, the learning, and the eloquence which he displayed in perhaps the most important trial that ever occurred in England, have secured to him what falls to the lot of few

advocates,—a place in history.

They did not, however, secure to him the favour of the new Whig Government. Though he had not been servile enough for the Tories, he had been too servile for the Whigs,—at least they thought so. He was not restored to the Bench; and was even imprisoned by the House of Commons, as having been guilty of a breach of privilege in overruling, when Chief Justice, a plea that a committal had been made by the authority of the House. His imprisonment ceased with the prorogation of March, 1690. He must then have been in his sixty-fifth year. But such was his vigour of mind and body, that he resumed his labours at the Bar, and was counsel for Sir John Fenwick in 1696,-forty-six years from the time when he was called to the Bar.

Of the passages which Lord Campbell has quoted from his pleadings and his judgments, the most remarkable is the sentence which he pronounced on Plunket, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Armagh,—a man whose conviction is one of the worst stains on English justice, and whose death was one of the worst crimes of Charles.

""You have done as much as you could to dishonour God in this case; for the bottom of your treason was, your setting your false religion, than which there is not any thing more displeasing to God or more pernicious to mankind; -- a religion which is ten times worse than all the heathenish superstitions; the most dishonourable and derogatory to God and his glory, of all religions or pretended religions whatsoever; for it undertakes to dispense with God's laws, and to pardon the breach of them: so that, certainly, a greater crime there cannot be committed against God, than for a man to encourage its propagation. do now wish you to consider that you are near your end. It seems that you have lived in a false religion hitherto; but it is not too late at any time to repent. I trust that you may have the grace to do so. In the mean time, there is no room for us to grant you any kind of mercy, though I tell you we are inclined to pity malefactors."

'Archbishop. "If I were a man such as your lordship conceives me to be, not thinking of God Almighty, or heaven or hell, I might have saved my life; for it has been often offered to me, if I would confess my own guilt and accuse others; but, my Lord, I would sooner die ten thousand deaths."

'Chief Justice. "I am sorry to see you persist in the principles of that false religion

which you profess." '*

That a Chief Justice from the Bench should thus have denounced a religion which, until only 150 years before, had been acknowledged by all Christendom, and was then acknowledged by three fourths of it,-to which we owe our comparative immunity from the cruelties, the superstitions, and the impurities of Paganism,—to which More had been a martyr, and which Pascal, Fenelon, and Bossuet then professed and adorned;—that he should have dared to proclaim such a religion ten times worse than the worst heathenism, is a proof of the intolerance of the speaker, and, we must add, of the audience, which nothing but a contemporary record would lead us to credit.

The first of Pemberton's successors who deserves to be dwelt on is Holt, a name venerable in English jurisprudence. Lord Campbell prefaces his description of the merits which Holt possessed by a catalogue of the demerits which he did not possess. It is obviously drawn from long and varied experience, and our readers will be obliged to us

for our extract from it.

'According to the ancient traditions of Westminster Hall, the anticipation of high judicial qualities has been often disappointed. The celebrated advocate, when placed on the bench, embraces the side of the plaintiff or of the defendant with all his former zeal, and, unconscious of partiality or injustice, in his eagerness for victory becomes unfit fairly to appreciate conflicting evidence, arguments, and authorities. The man of a naturally morose or impatient temper, who had been restrained while at the bar by respect for the ermine, or by the dread of offending attorneys, or by the peril of being called to a personal account by his antagonist for impertinence,-when he is constituted a living oracle of the law, -- puffed up by self-importance, and revenging himself for past subserviency, is insolent to his old competitors, bullies the witnesses, and tries to dictate to the jury. The sordid and selfish practitioner, who, while struggling to advance himself, was industrious and energetic, having gained the object of his ambition, proves listless and torpid, and is quite contented if he can shuffle through his work

^{*} Vol. ii. p. 38.

without committing gross blunders or getting into scrapes. Another, having been more laborious than discriminating, when made a judge, hunts after small or irrelevant points, and obstructs the business of his Court by a morbid desire to investigate fully, and to decide conscientiously. The recalcitrant barrister, who constantly complained of the interruptions of the Court, when raised to the bench, forgets that it is his duty to listen and be instructed, and himself becomes a by-word for impatience and loquacity.'*

In order to diminish the chance of misselection, in every country except Great Britain, and the countries which have borrowed their institutions from us, the judges are taken, not from among the advocates, but from a class of men who have made the Bench, as distinguished from the Bar, their profession, who have generally been prepared for it by being first permitted to attend as assessors, and then intrusted by the court to draw up reports for its information, and who gradually rise from a lower to a higher seat in the judicial hierarchy.

This system has many advantages. stead of entering late in life on new and arduous duties, the continental judge has been trained to them by practice and example. Since he is appointed for having displayed not forensic but judicial qualities, that he should disappoint expectation must be comparatively rare; and, lastly, the public purchases the services of an eminent law-The highest yer by a moderate salary. judicial officer in France receives only £1200 a year, while there are advocates who make £4000 or £5000. If it were necessary, as it is with us, to tempt a first-rate advocate, the salary must be at least doubled.

On the other hand, the foreign system degrades the Bar. It is reduced to a mere trade, without hope of the honours, the high station, and the dignified retirements which reward it with us. The profession of an advocate, therefore, is one which, on the Continent, no gentleman adopts. When we consider how vast is the trust which must be reposed in the Bar, this is an enormous Again, it prevents the convenient ostracism by which a pre-eminent advocate may be removed from the scene of his triumphs. Many of those triumphs must be mischievous. Many a wrong verdict is extorted from a jury, --- many a judge is seduced into adopting plausible but unsound law,by the eloquence, or the address, or the authority of a counsel of unrivalled powers among his contemporaries. To which it must be added that on trials by jury, in which the real judges are the jurymen, and the person called a judge is a mere assessor, qualities are required from the assessor different from those which are necessary to a single-seated judge. He has to point out to the jurymen what their verdict ought to be, and to lead them to adopt his views. This demands forensic talents and habits, and will be best effected by a man who has practised the arts of persuasion.

Holt had all the merits which could be expected or even desired in a judge selected under either system. Lord Campbell truly

says--

'From his start as a magistrate he exceeded the high expectations which had been formed of him, and during the long period of twenty-two years he constantly rose in the admiration and esteem of his countrymen. To unsullied integrity and lofty independence he added a rare combination of deep professional knowledge, with exquisite common sense. According to a homely but expressive phrase, "there was no rubbish in his mind." Familiar with the practice of the Court as any clerk, acquainted with the rules of special pleading as if he had spent all his days and nights in drawing declarations and demurrers, versed in the subtleties of the law of real property as if he had confined his attention to conveyancing, and as a commercial lawyer much in advance of any of his contemporaries, he ever reasoned logically, appearing at the same time instinctively acquainted with all the feelings of the human heart, and versed by experience in all the ways of mankind. He may be considered as having a genius for magistracy, as much as our Milton had for poetry, or our Wilkie for painting. Perhaps the excellence which he attained may be traced to the passion for justice by which he was constantly actuated. This induced him to sacrifice ease, and amusement, and literary relaxation, and the allurements of party, to submit to tasks the most dull, disagreeable, and revolting, and to devote all his energies to one object, ever ready to exclaim,-

"Welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares of ermined life;
The visage wan, the purblind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp by night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For Thee, fair Justice, welcome all."

'The lustre of his fame in latter times has been somewhat dimmed by our being accustomed to behold judges little inferior to him; but we ought to recollect that it is his light which has given splendour to these luminaries of the law. During a century and a half this country has been renowned above all others for the pure and enlightened administration of justice; and Holt is the model on which in England the judicial character has been formed.'*

The merit which most struck the contemporaries of Holt was his conduct as a criminal judge. 'The prisoner before him,' said the Tatler, 'knew that, though his spirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend himself, his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that would save him.' When we recollect the insolence, the levity, the violence, the fraud, the corruption, and even the cruelty of the judges who immediately preceded him, mere impartiality would have been a glorious contrast; and in him it was united to great knowledge, intelligence, patience, and even kindness. The reports are full of testimonies to his candour. 'Interrupt me,' he said to Lord Preston, 'as much as you please, if you think that I do not sum up right. I assure you I will do you no wrong willingly.'- 'No, my Lord,' answered the prisoner, 'I see well enough that your Lordship would not.' One of the most remarkable of the private trials before him was that of Henry Harrison for the murder of Dr. Clenche. A woman with whom Harrison was intimate owed money to Clenche, and was threatened by him with legal proceedings. Harrison, assisted by an accomplice, who does not appear to have been detected, inveigled Clenche at night into a hackney-coach, drove about for an hour and a half, sent off the coachman on a message, and disappeared during his absence, leaving Clenche strangled in the carriage. After a long trial, and an unfavourable charge, he was convicted. When brought up for judgment, to the usual question, What have you to say for yourself why judgment should not be given against you to die, according to law?' he answered, 'I must needs acknowledge that I have been tried before the best of judges, my Lord Chief Justice Holt. I expect no mercy here, and only humbly desire that I may have twelve days, in order to my better preparation for death.' Such a testimony from a man whose conviction Holt had just actively promoted, and who had no longer any thing to hope or to fear, is remarkable. Lord Campbell, indeed, says-

'It is observable, that even under Holt criminal trials were not always conducted with the regularity and forbearance which we now admire. For the purpose of obtaining a conviction when he believed the charge to be well-founded, he was not very scrupulous as to the means he employed. To the end of his life he persevered in what we call "the French system," of interrogating the prisoner during the trial, for the purpose of obtaining a fatal admission from him, or in-

volving him in a contradiction. Thus in the case, which made a noise all over Europe, of Haagen Swendsen, indicted capitally for forcibly carrying off an heiress and marrying her, the prisoner having asserted that, before he carried her off, she had squeezed his hand and kissed him, the Chief Justice asked, "If she was consenting, why then did you force her to the tavern and marry her by a parson you had provided for that purpose?" the prisoner answered, "She married me with as much freedom as there could be in woman." But he was convicted and executed."

A more remarkable instance occurs in the trial which we have already mentioned; and in which the prisoner, so interrogated, acknowledged, nevertheless, that he had been tried by the 'best of judges.' Harrison had set up an alibi, and had brought some persons to swear that he was in a tavern playing at cards from nine to half-past ten, the period during which the murder was committed. It had been proved that a little before nine o'clock that evening a Mr. Humston had asked him to supper, and that he had refused on the 'ground that a person was waiting for him in the street on a matter of business.' When the evidence had been gone through, the following dialogue between Holt and the prisoner took place :-

'L. C. J. "It behoves you to give an account of these things. First, why did you say that you were a parliament man? Secondly, why did you leave your lodgings and take other lodgings in Paul's Church-Yard? Thirdly, why did you say that you had extraordinary business? Give some account what your business was, and who that gentleman was that staid for you in the street. When Mr. Humston desired you to stay and sup with him, what hindered you from accepting his invitation? Now we would have you to consider of these things, and give an answer to them, for it much concerns you so to do."

'Harrison. "My Lord, first, as to the first, I do declare, that I never went for a parliament-man, nor never said so; secondly, that night I was to go out of town I had left word at sevral coffee-houses that I was going out of town upon urgent business, and with above twenty people besides, that I was going out of town, and I was about to go to Basingstake to a gentleman that owed me money, one Mr. Bulling; but I could not get money to go."

'L. C. J. "Prove that you were to go into

'Harrison. "My Lord, I cannot prove that

^{*} Vol. ii. p. 174.

now, except I could have sent to Basing- |

'L. C. J. "That you should have done before now; why did you not stay with Mr. Humston, when he invited you to sup with him? You might have been better entertained there, than by going among strangers to play at cards for a penny a corner at an ale-house."

'Harrison. "My Lord, I was unwilling to stay, because he had strangers with him.

L. C. J. "What if he had? You are not such a bashful man that you could not sup with strangers.'

'Harrison. "My Lord, Mr. Rowe was ac-

cused with me."

'L. C. J. "What if he was? He was under suspicion, and he hath made it appear where he was at the time the fact was committed, and now he is discharged."*

But is this practice really objectionable? It may easily be carried to excess, as it is in Germany, where a prisoner may be interrogated once or twice a week for years, until the examinations fill folio after folio; and as it is in France, where a trial often degenerates into a contest of skill between the judge and the prisoner, which must endanger judicial impartiality. But to the extent to which it was used by Holt, it appears to us to be one of the best means for effecting the two great objects of procedure—the manifestation of innocence, and the detection of crime. To an innocent man, what can be more useful than that the judge should state to him the strong points in the case against him-should suggest to him the appearances which he has to explain-should point out to him the seeming discrepancies in his defence-and should do all this before the defence is concluded? It must be done at the end of the trial; and, supposing the prisoner to be innocent, it is far better for him that it should be done while he has still the means of answering. The more searching the inquiry, the more probable it must be that truth will be the result. Of course, for this very reason, it is unfavourable to the guilty; but to regret this, would be to treat a trial as a solemn game, to be played out according to certain technical rules, invented for the purpose of prolonging the interest and keeping the issue uncertain.

With the lay world, Holt's fame depends chiefly on his contests with the two Houses of Parliament. In resisting the House of Lords he was clearly in the right. They re-

quired him to give to them his reasons for having made a particular decision. 'Let it be brought,' he answered, 'before your Lordships by a writ of error, and I shall be bound, if you desire it, to state the grounds on which that decision rests, as I am bound to give my opinion on any other legal matter. But while my decision remains unappealed from, I refuse to answer any questions concerning it.' The House of Lords prudently acquiesced; and as the decision itself related to a matter of no public importance, it is remarkable that Holt's conduct should have excited so much interest. "The public," says Lord Campbell, 'had strongly taken the side of the Chief Justice, and his health was given with enthusiasm at all public meet-

ings throughout the kingdom.'

His contest with the House of Commons was of a different kind. He had most properly supported an action brought by Ashby, a burgess of Aylesbury, against the returning officer of the borough, for wantonly or corruptly refusing to admit his vote; and his judgment, though overruled in his own Court, had been maintained in the House of Lords. The Commons thereupon resolved, 'That the qualification of an elector is not cognisable elsewhere than before the Commons: that Ashby was guilty of a breach of privilege: and that whosoever shall in future commence such an action, and all attorneys or counsel soliciting or pleading the same, are guilty of a breach of the privileges of this House.' Several such actions were brought, and the plaintiffs were committed by the House to Newgate; the cause of commitment expressed in the warrant being, 'That they had being guilty of commencing and prosecuting actions of law for not allowing their votes in the election of members to serve in parliament, contrary to the declaration, in high contempt of the jurisdiction, and in breach of the known privileges, of the House of Commons.' The prisoners sued out writs of habeas corpus in the Queen's Bench. The gaoler produced them, and in his return set out the warrant. Holt held that they ought to be set at liberty, on the grounds that the cause of commitment was clearly insufficient, and that, as it was expressed in the warrant, the Court was bound to take notice of its insufficiency, and therefore bound to treat the commitment as The other judges, however, held that they could not question the validity of a commitment by the House of Commons; so that the prisoners were remanded. Steps were taken to bring the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, by writ of error, before

^{*} State Trials, vol. xii. p. 859

the House of Lords; the Commons committed to Newgate the counsel who had argued in support of the application; and when the two Houses seemed likely to come into collision, the dispute was cut short and the pris-

oners set free by a prorogation.

Lord Campbell, though sympathising throughout with the courage of Holt, and approving his conduct on other points, yet sides with the eleven judges as to the incompetence of the inferior Courts to examine into the sufficiency of a commitment by either House of Parliament. We shall not renew a controversy of which our readers must be tired: especially, as no converts can be now expected on either side, from any reasonings short of an act of parliament. We merely remark that Lord Campbell has not alluded to the arguments against, we will not now say the legality, but against the expediency and against the justice of general commitments, which we urged when the subject last came before us in our review of his Lord Chancellors, in April, 1846.* It appears, indeed, that he does not acquiesce in them, for he still considers it an honour that he introduced the practice.† Perhaps in a future edition, either of the Lord Chancellors or of the Chief Justices, he may do us the honour of answering them, if answerable they be.

Our limits warn us that we must compress. We have not dwelt therefore on Raymond, or on Lee, or on Ryder, or on Willes, or even on Wilmot. An interesting comparison might be drawn between the two last. Both were men of talent and learning, both rose to high power and distinction, and both might have risen still higher. Both, in fact, refused the Great Seal; and yet the ruling passions of the two men were not only different, but opposed. Willes missed the Chancellorship by vanity and ambition; Wilmot by modesty

and timidity.

'I now come,' continues Lord Campbell, to a man who, animated by a noble ambition for power and fame, willingly acted a conspicuous part for above half a century; who was a great benefactor, as well as ornament, to his own times; and whose services to a distant posterity will be rewarded by his name being held in honored remembrance.' This is, of course, Lord Mansfield—the hero, and deservedly the hero, of Lord Campbell's biographies.

When high eminence has been reached, it is interesting not only to trace the course which has been pursued, but to inquire what

were the accidents of birth and education, what were the intellectual and physical powers, and what were the moral stimulants and restraints which drove the legal adventurer up the steep ascent, which lifted him over its precipices, and protected him from the dangers which beset as well those who press on too eagerly as those who linger in the race. Lord Mansfield himself attributed much to his birth and connexions. ther,' he said, 'was a man of rank and fashion, and early in life I was introduced into the best company: to these advantages I chiefly owe my success.'* Lord Campbell calls this an ebullition of aristocratic insolence. 'The son,' he says, 'of an eminent attorney had an infinitely better chance of succeeding at the Bar, and of reaching the highest dignities in Westminster Hall, than the son of a poor Scotch peer, of descent however illustrious.' As respects mere success at the bar, we agree with Lord Camp-The influence of attornies and the great, and, we are sorry to say, the increasing nepotism, or fili-ism, which they naturally obey, give enormous early advantages to those who are allied to them. But men so connected and so pushed on, seldom attain high political, or even high judicial distinction. Early habits of business give them great adroitness and great familiarity with the details of law. They master the abstruse learning of 'Practice,' as a child masters a language, before they are old enough to be disgusted by its arbitrary intricacies and refinements. But a youth so employed seldom admits the acquisition of much political or philosophical knowledge. It generally stifles the wish for such knowledge. It is equally unfavourable to the habits, and manners and language which fit a speaker to charm or to rule the fastidious audience of the Upper, or indeed of the Lower House of Parliament. When William Murray entered the House of Commons, he had studied, with a diligence which always must be rare, but now we fear is unheard of, the greatest works of the greatest masters of eloquence and style. He was familiar with ancient and modern history. He had learned ethics in Cicero, international law in Grotius, and jurisprudence in what was then its principal repository—the Corpus Juris Romani. He had drunk champagne with the wits. Pope was his intimate friend, and he must have been familiar with the ornaments of the brilliant circles which formed what has been called our Augustan age. He

had a fine person, and the most precious physical gifts that Nature can confer on an orator-vigorous health, and a clear, powerful, and pleasing voice. To all this must be added, the prestige of high birth, and the ease and confidence which that happy accident generally confers. His ruling passion was ambition; not the vulgar desire of high place, which led Didius to purchase the Empire; not the higher, but still selfish desire of power for its own sake, which has been the usual motive of usurpers and tyrants, -but a wish, and, so far as it depended on himself, a determination, to obtain the means of conferring great benefits on mankind, and of earning great fame for himself,—a passion which, like every other passion, may be inordinate and may be ill-directed, but is perhaps the noblest by which the human heart can be expanded. To these great qualities must be added, unwearied, well-directed, and well regulated diligence, and consummate pru-To talents and advantages which would have given success to an idle man, he joined labour which would have made the fortune of a dull man. And he steered through the dangers of official life with a dexterity which is found only where there exists the rare combination of acute intellect, strong will, and cool passions.

We have said that Lord Mansfield's ambition was noble, but we must admit that it was mixed with humbler impulses. He was fond of money and of rank. He wished to be the founder of a great family. These are motives which, unless they are improperly powerful, unless they lead to some form of immorality, the strictest moralist ought not to condemn. That they sometimes did mislead Lord Mansfield we feel is true; this was not, however, in his judicial but in his political capacity. From the time that he became solicitor-general, in 1742, till the accession of William Pitt, in 1784, he acted with almost every successive administration. He withdrew, indeed, his support from Lord Rockingham and from Lord Shelburne; and though he sat in the same cabinet with the elder Pitt, he was one of the members whose opposition arrested the triumphs of the greatest war minister that England has ever known. These are significant exceptions from the general rule. They show what was the current of his politics. It is impossible to suppose that a man of his knowledge and sagacity conscientiously supported a set of the worst administrations under which the country has ever suffered, and conscientiously opposed some of the best. The love of l

place and of patronage must have bound him to the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Bute, and Lord North. It would have been well for his fame, perhaps for his happiness, had he failed in extorting a peerage from George II. If, like his great predecessors—Rolle, Hale, and Holt—he had abandoned political when he entered on judicial life, his splendour as a judge would not have been tarnished by his narrow-minded subservience as a statesman.

Without disguising, or even extenuating, Lord Mansfield's political defects, Lord Campbell has wisely left that part of his character in shade, and dwelt on his legal merits. Before proceeding to details, he gives this outline of what Lord Mansfield had to do, and did.

'He formed a very low, and I am afraid a very just, estimate of the Common Law of England which he was to administer. This system was not at all badly adapted to the condition of England in the Norman and early Plantagenet reigns, when it sprang up, land being then the only property worth considering, and the wants of society only requiring rules to be laid down by public authority for ascertaining the different rights and interests arising out of land, and determining how they should be enjoyed, alienated, and transmitted from one generation to another. In the reign of George II. England had grown into the greatest manufacturing and commercial country in the world, while her jurisprudence had by no means been expanded or developed in the same proportion. The legislature had literally done nothing to supply the insufficiency of feudal law to regulate the concerns of a trading population; and the Common Law judges had, generally speaking, been too unenlightened and too timorous to be of much service in improving our code by judicial decisions. Hence, when questions necessarily arose respecting the buying and selling of goods,-respecting affreightment of ships,-respecting marine insurances,—and respecting bills of exchange and promissory notes, no one knew how they were to be determined. Not a treatise had been published upon any of these subjects, and no cases respecting them were to be found in our books of reports,-which swarmed with decisions about lords and villeins, -about marshalling the champions upon the trial of a writ of right by battle, and about the customs of manors, whereby an unchaste widow might save the forfeiture of her dower by riding on a black ram and in plain language confessing her offence. Lord Hardwicke had done much to improve and systematise equity,-but proceedings were still carried on in the courts of Common Law much in the same style as in the days of Sir Robert Tresilian and Sir William Gascoigne. Mercantile questions were so ignorantly treated when they came into Westminster Hall, that they were usually settled by private arbitration among the merchants them-selves. If an action turning upon a mercantile question was brought in a court of law, the judge submitted it to the jury, who determined it according to their own notions of what was fair, and no general rule was laid down which could afterwards be referred to for the purpose of settling

similar disputes.

'The greatest uncertainty prevailed even as to the territories over which the jurisdiction of the Common Law extended. The king of this country, from having no dominions annexed to his crown of England, except Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the islands in the English Channel—a remnant of the Duchy of Normandy,—had become master of extensive colonies in every quarter of the globe, so that the sun never set upon his empire. Some of these colonies had been settled by voluntary emigration, without any charter from the Crown; some had been granted by the Crown to be ruled under proprietary governments; some had received charters from the Crown constituting legislative assemblies; some had been ceded by foreign states under conditions as to the observance of existing laws; and some were unconditional conquests. Down to Lord Mansfield's time, no general principles had been established respecting the laws to be administered in colonies so variously circumstanced, or respecting the manner in which these laws might be altered. He saw the noble field that lay before him, and he resolved to reap the rich harvest of glory which it presented to him. Instead of proceeding by legislation, and attempting to codify as the French had done very successfully in the Coustumier de Paris, and the Ordinance de la Marine, he wisely thought it more according to the genius of our institutions* to introduce his improvements gradu ally by way of judicial decision. As respected commerce, there were no vicious rules to be overturned,-he had only to consider what was just, expedient, and sanctioned by the experience of nations further advanced in the science of jurisprudence. His plan seems to have been to avail himself, as often as opportunity admitted, of his ample stores of knowledge, acquired from his study of the Roman civil law, and of the juridical writers produced in modern times by France, Germany, Holland, and Italy, -not only in doing justice to the parties litigating before him, but in settling with precision, and upon sound principles, a general rule, afterwards to be quoted and recognised as governing all similar cases. Being still in the prime of life, with a vigorous constitution, he no doubt hoped that he might live to see these decisions, embracing the whole scope of commercial transactions, collected and methodised into a system which might bear his name.'+

After awarding in detail to Lord Mansfield due honour as the founder of the laws which now regulate insurance, paper currency, freight, and the government of the dependencies of the Crown, Lord Campbell comes to his decisions on real property. As a veteran lawyer he could scarcely avoid treating of Perrin and Blake, a case which had the merit or the demerit of giving rise to the most learned, the most ingenious, and the most disagreeable book which a student has to encounter—Fearne on Contingent Remainders.

By the will which produced this celebrated case, a testator, after declaring an intention that his devisee should not have power to affect the devised estate beyond the devisee's own life, gave his property to his son John during his life, and, after his death, to the heirs of his body. If, instead of the words 'heirs of his body,' he had said 'to his first and other sons successively in tail,' he would have used the proper words for effecting his intention: the son would have taken only for his own life; and the children of that son would have succeeded to the inheritance independently of their father, or, in legal language, by purchase. But according to a rule of law, called the rule in Shelley's case, where land is given to a person for life, and, after his death, to the heirs of his body, the latter words coalesce with the former words,—they are held to be a mere extension of the devisee's interest; and he is tenant in fee-tail, and may, by going through certain forms, become tenant in fee-simple; or, in other words, absolute owner.

Another rule of law, far more important than the rule in Shelley's case is, that in the interpretation of wills the intention of the testator, so far as it is manifest, is to be carried into effect-whatever be the technical terms which he has applied or misapplied. If, for instance, a testator were to say, 'I give my property to my son John in feesimple, my intention being that he shall have it only during his life, and that, on his death, it shall belong to his brother Tom,' there is no doubt that notwithstanding the erroneous introduction of the words 'in fee-simple,' John would take only for his life. When Perrin and Blake came before Lord Mansfield, he had to decide between these conflicting principles. If he carried into effect the manifest intentions of the testator, he broke through the rule in Shelley's case. If he adhered to the rule in Shelley's case, he broke through the rule that a will is to be

^{*}We are far from sharing in the horror with which some jurists uniformly speak of judge-made law. To a great extent, judge-made law must often be the least of two evils. But it is a question of degree; for surely there is no rule in political or ganisation more important than that which draws a line between the province of a legislator and the province of a judge: and it is not easy to under stand what there is in the genius of our institution which should either require us or entitle us to disregard it.

† Vol. ii. p. 402.

interpreted according to its manifest meaning :-

'The universal opinion,' says Lord Campbell, of lawyers now is, that Perrin and Blake should at once have been determined in conformity to the rule in Shelley's case, which had been acquiesced in and acted upon. But unfortunately, Lord Mansfield being intoxicated by the incense offered up to him, or misled by an excessive desire of preferring what he considered principle to authority, took a different view of the construction of the will, and resolved that John should be considered as having taken only an estate for life.'*

The most important sentences in Lord Mansfield's judgment are these:

'The law having allowed a free communication of intention to the testator, it would be strange to say to him, "Now you have communicated your intention so that everybody understands what you mean, yet, because you have used a certain expression of art, we will cross your intention, and give to your will a different construction, though what you meant to have done is perfectly legal, and the only reason for contravening you is, that you have not expressed yourself as a lawyer." My opinion is, that the intention being clear, beyond doubt, to give an estate for life only to John, and an inheritance to be taken successively by the heirs of his body, and this intention being consistent with the rules of law, it shall be complied with, in contradiction to the legal sense of the words used by the testator so unguardedly and ignorantly.'t

Lord Mansfield's judgment was reversed in the Exchequer Chamber: Lord Campbell tells us, and we bow to his authority, that the universal opinion of lawyers now is, that it was properly reversed. And yet we must own that we are inclined to support it. Without doubt it was opposed to some previous decisions. The rule in Shelley's case had been applied to wills where it was manifest that the testator, if he had known of its existence, would have protested against its application. But if Lord Mansfield had submitted to be bound by precedent, he would not have effected the great legal reforms for which we venerate his name. He openly proclaimed, in Somersett's case, that he cared not for the authority of judges, however eminent, if it were contrary to principle. 'We do not sit here,' he said on another occasion, 'to take our rules of evidence from Siderfin and Keble.' 'It was he,' says Lord Brougham, 'who reversed the decision

of the Court of Session upon the celebrated Duntreath case,' and honour due is accorded to the example set by his 'salutary courage.' Why, then, was he bound to take his rules of construction from Shelley's case or from Coulson's case, if they were clearly absurd? If they were such that although proclaiming that there is no magic in words,—although avowing that the intention of the testator if the only rule of interpretation,—they yet interpreted wills so as to give absolute uncontrolled interests to those to whom he intended to give only a limited enjoyment, and so as to exclude those who were, perhaps, the principal objects of his bounty. Of course, departure from precedent is an evil, but departure from common sense is a much greater one; and there is probably nothing which more shocks public feeling, which tends to make men treat the civil law as a solemn farce, played for the benefit of lawyers, or which more demoralises the proprietary classes, by teaching and enabling them to seise or to retain property which they well know that they were not intended to have, than these technical misinterpretations of plain expressions. They have always, however, been the favourites of lawyers. They produce what are called strong, striking, leading cases—cases which, from their very unreasonableness, are easily remembered, and which, from the length to which they go, authorise by analogy a vast number of minor absurdities.

Whatever, however, after the lapse of nearly a century may be thought of Lord Mansfield's decision in Perrin and Blake, it is certain that at the time it injured his legal reputation. His directions to the juries who had to decide on the libels of Junius injured it still more. In Perrin and Blake he had overruled precedent to support principle: in Rex v. Woodfall and Rex v. Miller, he supported precedent to the utter destruc-

tion of principle.

If there be any one institution on which the liberties of England peculiarly depend, it is the power which is always given to juries, and consequently the duty which is sometimes imposed on them, of pronouncing a general peremptory acquittal. If they were merely empowered to find facts, leaving the law on those facts to be declared by the court, the crown, or at least the judges appointed by the crown, would, on any pretence, be able to crush an obnoxious agitator. Supposing that mere words could ever make a traitor,—O'Connell, in that case, might have been convicted of high treason on evi-

dence that he attended a public meeting and called his hearers 'hereditary bondsmen.' The jury would have had only to find, that he was present at the meeting, that he said the words, and that those words alluded to the Irish people: it resting solely with the court to decide whether the pronouncing such words, so alluding, did or did not constitute treason. Yet this was the law laid down by Lord Mansfield in cases of libel. In Rex v. Woodfall he told the jury that all they had to consider was whether the defendant had published the letter set out in the information, and whether the innuendoes, imputing a particular meaning to particular words, as that 'the k-' meant 'his Majesty King George III.,' were true; but that whether the letter were libellous or innocent, was a pure question of law, for the opinion of the court. In Rex v. Miller he said, 'Under the full conviction of my own mind that I am warranted by the uniform practice of past ages, and by the law of the land, I inform you that the question for your determination is, whether the defendant printed and published a paper of such tenor and meaning as is charged by the information? If you find the defendant not guilty, you find that he did not print and publish as set forth: if you find him guilty, you find that he did print and publish a paper of the tenor and meaning set forth in the indictment. Your verdict finally establishes that fact; but you do not, by that verdict, find whether that production was legal or illegal.'*

We have already admitted that these monstrous doctrines were supported by authority. We do not accuse Lord Mansfield of judicial corruption in any of its forms. We do not think that any motive would have induced him to deliver from the bench any thing which he did not conscientiously hold to be law. What we blame, or rather, what we pity, is the political ignorance or the political prejudices which led him to believe that it was just and expedient that the law should be such as he laid it down. He must have believed it to be right, to be conducive to the welfare and good government of England, that nothing should be published which the

ministers of the Crown, or the judges appointed by those ministers, disapprove. He must have thought it just and expedient that the Press should be submitted to an ex post facto censorship, and that fine, imprisonment, and pillory should be employed as evidences of the censor's disapprobation. We say that he must have thought all this just and expedient, because had he thought otherwise he would not have allowed it to continue to be law. To Lord Mansfield authority was a support, but not a restraint. When he thought that the interest of the public required it, he broke its chains as if they had been threads. If he had felt towards the liberty of the press as every man of every shade of political opinion now feels, he would have disclaimed with indignation the unconstitutional authority which Raymond and his immediate successors had usurped, and which Lord Ellenborough a very few years afterwards so emphatically disclaimed, both for Lord Kenyon and himself.*

We now part again from Lord Campbell -grateful for many hours of interest, pleasure, and instruction, and regretting only that he has not thought fit to give us all that he has prepared for us. We do not believe that the descendants of the great Judges who succeeded Mansfield are so morbidly sensitive as to be unable to look with pleasure on faithful portraits of their ancestors. Lord Campbell does not flatter, but he is perfectly candid. His leanings seem generally favourable to his sitters. He delights in bringing out their courage, their justice, their generosity, their learning, and their acuteness; in short, all their moral and intellectual excellences. That he should be equally honest in marking their defects is what would have been required by themselves, and we trust would not be regretted by their friends.

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^{*} On the trial of Cobbett, in 1804, Lord Ellen borough commenced his summing up as follows:—
'I never doubted that an English jury had the right of judging in these cases, not only of the fact and publication, but also of the nature and construction of the thing published: and the noble person, whose place I so unworthily fill, entertained the same sentiments.' (State Trials, xxix. 49.) Such too had always been the law of Scotland.

^{*} Cited, vol. ii. p. 480.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LORD HOLLAND'S FOREIGN REMINISCENCES.*

WE welcomed the very announcement of this little volume with sincere pleasure. It could not have been otherwise. lovers of their country any accession to the history of Europe, which recalled to their memory one who had so long been an ornament to our Parliament and to our society, could not but be acceptable. To those who recognised in the consistent political career of Lord Holland, an ardent love of liberty, a hatred of oppression, and an unwearied and manly advocacy of religious toleration, a posthumous work from his pen could not fail to be an object of singular interest. Still more welcome must such a publication be to those who had enjoyed the privilege of the author's social intimacy, and who remembered with grateful respect the varied delights of his animated conversation; his wit, untainted by bitterness or sarcasm; his humorous pleasantry, guided by good sense and wisdom, and raised above vulgar irony or personality; his literary taste and discriminating memory, freed from all formalism or pedantry; and the still higher qualifications of an unfailing flow of genial good humour, and graceful and hearty benevolence, which seemed to create, and to rejoice in, the happiness of all who surrounded him. brightness of the sunshine on his beautiful terrace, the brilliancy and the perfume of the flowers in his garden, the song of his nightingales, and the memory or the society of those who, from the days of Addison; to those of Rogers, had added the charm of their accomplishments to all that was most captivating in the beauties of Nature, would still have been but imperfect and incomplete without Lord Holland himself.

The period included in Lord Holland's narrative extends from the year 1791, to the death of Napoleon, in 1821. The Reminiscences are far from giving any history, or even any sketch, of the events of those eventful years. The author neither

claims to be an historian nor a biographer. He neither exhibits to us a series of historical pictures, nor a gallery of portraits. He enters upon no philosophical analysis of the causes of those stupendous events which began with the French Revolution, and seemed to have closed at Waterloo. No light is cast which enables us to view future events more clearly. Neither is our knowledge of the general condition of the people, in those parts of Europe which Lord Holland visited, much extended. But this is no more than to say distinctly, that these reminiscences donot perform that which they never promise... What they do give us is a succession of lively and agreeable anecdotes, in some cases explaining interesting though detached facts,in others supplying individual traits of cha-

The first visit of Lord Holland to the Continent of Europe was in 1791, when he made a journey to France. Born in November, 1772, he could not have acquired the necessary experience to enable him to pass a fair judgment, either on men or events. This he frankly states:- 'I was a mere boy, and too little acquainted with the habits and manners of the people to observe much.' This admission should be borne constantly in mind; more especially in his observations on the early stages of the French Revolution, and on the persons engaged in the events of those fearful days. Indeed, so far is Lord Holland from requiring us to give him an unhesitating confidence, that he puts his readers especially on their guard. 'As a foreigner, however favourable his opportunities or sound his judgment, seldom relates any English event, or describes any English character, without committing some gross blunder, I speak myself, with the reflection that I also must be liable to be misled by false information, or to form an erroneous estimate of manners, opinions, and transactions out of my own country. I can only youch for the anecdotes I record, by assuring my readers that I believe them, and repeat them as they were understood and received

^{*} Foreign Reminiscences. By the late Lord Hol-Land. London: 1850.

by me, from what appeared sufficient authority.' (P. 1.) It is therefore obvious, that if doubts may be suggested with respect to the accuracy of some of the anecdotes contained in this volume, our mistrust applies to Lord Holland's informants, not to himself.

The sketch given of Mirabeau was evidently drawn before the publication of the 'Souvenirs,' by Dumont. The general testimony of this most excellent person is somewhat undervalued by Lord Holland. Whilst admitting, as he would have been the last man to question, the scrupulous truthfulness of Dumont, Lord Holland adds, that 'he was, by his own admission, a very inobservant, and by his (Lord Holland's) experience, a very credulous man.' (Notes, pp. 2, 4.) Yet, while doubting Dumont, Lord Holland adopts without scruple the authority of Tal-This preference we much quesleyrand. tion: in matters coming within his personal observation we have no hesitation in setting the credit of the Genevese bon-homme and philosopher greatly above the credit of the astute and unscrupulous diplomatist and exbishop. The origin of an admirable bon mot, no less characteristic of Mirabeau's vanity than of Talleyrand's wit, though vouched by Dumont and many others, is by Lord Holland brought into question. When Mirabeau was describing in great detail, and with his accustomed eloquence, all the high qualities requisite for a great minister of France in a time of crisis,—merits which the orator evidently considered to be united in himself, - 'All this is true,' a friend replied, 'but you have omitted one of his qualifications.'-'No, surely; what do you mean?' 'Should he not also,' added the same sarcastic questioner, 'be pitted with the small-pox?' thus identifying the picture as the portrait of the painter. It is hardly possible to doubt that this was a reply of Talleyrand, 'aut Erasmi aut diaboli;' and we receive it on its internal evidence no less than on the authority of Dumont.

We have already quoted Lord Holland's authority to prove that he was conscious of the possibility of being misled by the evidence of others. We cannot help thinking that examples of this may be traced in some of the remarks he makes on the character of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The scene in the Legislative Assembly, when the king made his declaration in favor of the constitution, is well described. The memorable words, 'Je l'ai acceptée et je la maintiendrai, dedans et dehors,' were delivered in a clear but tremulous voice, with great appear-

ance of earnestness. Lord Holland was fortified in his enthusiastic persuasion that Louis was seriously attached to the new constitution. We believe he was right. Yet he afterwards asserts that the king was 'at that very moment, if not the main instigator, a coadjutor and adviser of the party soliciting foreign powers to put down that very constitution by force.' (P. 14.) If this were true, baseness and perfidy could hardly have been carried further. It is with surprise and regret that we find this charge made in the text, more especially when we are informed in a note, evidently written long after, that 'Lafayette, and some others concerned in the events of those days, even now acquit Louis XVI. of all participation in the plan for invading France.' Lord Holland adds: 'I have no private knowledge on the subject whatever.' It is true that he refers, though very vaguely, to public documents, in support of his assertion. We presume he had in mind the mission of Mallet du Pin, and the documents published by Bertrand de Molleville (pp. 8-37.); but these are far from confirming his assertion. The great object of Louis was to avert a civil war; and he seemed almost as much to fear the emigrants, as he feared the Jacobins. We are both unable and unwilling to adopt the unfriendly judgment which we think is here too rashly pronounced.

Neither do we see any reason to impute vanity as one of the bad qualities of Louis XVI. The imputation rests upon no stronger foundation than his supposed want of confidence in his ministers. May we not find a more natural solution of this, in the fact that these ministers, forced upon him by circumstances, were undeserving of his personal confidence? One anecdote is indeed given in relation to the dismissal of M. de Calonne, which attributes the fall of that minister to a court intrigue of the Queen. Is it not at the least as probable that a vain minister, turned out of office, should have cast the responsibility on an unpopular queen, rather than admit a cause derogatory to his own self-importance and painful to his self-love? Mignet, no mean authority, attributes the fall of M. de Calonne to very different causes. 'L'Assemblée des Notables,' he observes, 'decouvrit des emprunts elevés à un milliard six cents quarante cinq millions, et un deficit annuel de cent quarante millions. Cette révélation fût le signal de la chûte de Calonne.'

The story told of the King's supposed brutality to Marie Antoinette, his rebuke to her for meddling with matters, 'auxquelles

les femmes n'ont rien à faire,' and finally the coarseness of 'taking her by the shoulders and turning her out of the room like a naughty child,' is, to say the least of it, highly improbable. But that such forgetfulness of all propriety and decorum should have taken place in the presence of a third party, and that party M. de Calonne, a man of courtly manners and address, seems incredible. The reply of that statesman to an intimation from Marie Antoinette that she had a request to make, was, 'Madame, si c'est possible, c'est fait; si c'est impossible, cela se fera,' indicates the character of the 'ministre courtisan,' who would have been the last person permitted by Louis XVI. to be a witness to acts of discourtesy towards a woman and a queen.

But Madame Campan furnishes us with conclusive evidence that M. de Calonne, on whose testimony Lord Holland relies, could not be considered otherwise than as a witness influenced by the most malignant feelings against the Queen. She tells us 'la reine avait acquis la preuve que ce ministre était devenue son plus cruel ennemi. Je puis attester que j'ai vu dans les mains de la reine un manuscript des Mémoirs infames de la femme Laniotte, corrigé de la main même de M. de Calonne.' A minister capable of such baseness towards the wife of his sovereign is unworthy of credit either to prove charges of personal vanity against Louis XVI. or political treachery on the part of the Queen.

If we see no sufficient reason to adopt the statements of M. de Calonne against Louis XVI., still less can we acquiesce in the inferences drawn on grounds still more unsubstantial, attributing irregularities and infidelities to Marie Antoinette. It should be remembered that against that unhappy princess the most violent hatred and animosity were directed. Even before the old prestige for their king had been wholly effaced from the minds of the French people, Madame Deficit and Madame Veto, as she was called, was held up to odium by the whole revolutionary party. No malignity was spared, and calumnies the most absurd were invented and cir-Of these the motive suggested for her dislike to Egalité, namely, the 'spretæ injuria formæ,' is a sufficient example. That she should have selected as an object of preference a man personally unattractive as well as most dangerous, is not to be believed, though the 'judicium Paridis' had been pronounced in favour of the scandalous charge. Lord Holland wholly rejects it. Even many of those who were anxious to preserve the King

and Royalty, thought that the best measure for his security would be the banishment of Marie Antoinette. Her friends were few and powerless. Had she been really guilty of impurity of life, and corruption of morals, it cannot be doubted that there would have been better proof tendered against her than the strained inferences on which Lord Holland relies, and on which we feel it to be our duty to comment.

Let us, then, stop to inquire what is that testimony. It is hearsay throughout, and supposed to be derived from a single witness, with whom it is not stated he ever communicated personally. We allude to certain supposed conversations of Madame Campan, made known by others to Lord Holland. But this lady was an authoress, and the public have read her Memoirs. Not one line or word can be quoted from them to support any suspicion of the Queen's frailty. very contrary is the fact. Whatever might be Madame Campan's predilection for the royal family, yet if a somewhat gossiping French lady, undertaking to write court memoirs, had been in possession of facts like those alluded to, we conceive the temptation to hint, if not to tell, the secret, would have been irresistible. To believe in her entire reserve on the occasion would be as difficult as to imagine that she would have ordered her gigôt,' without the 'petit coup d'ail,' which is its proper seasoning. Lord Holland, indeed, accounts for her silence on the subject. by attributing to her 'a delicacy and a discretion not only pardonable, but praiseworthy.', He adds, however, that her Memoirs were 'disingenuous as concealing truths that it would have 'been unbecoming a lady to reveal.' But is this quite the case? On the contrary, does not Lord Holland himself refer to those Memoirs to prove the fact that Louis XVI. was not to be considered as a very eager or tender husband,—a fact which, though insufficient to support a charge against the Queen, yet, explained as it is by Madame Campan, demonstrates that the authoress did not feel berself restrained by delicacy within any very narrow or inconvenient limits. Madame Campan, after describing the personal attractions of her royal mistress, complains unreservedly of the 'froideur,' and the indifference affligeante,' of the King. The passage to which we allude (vol. i. p. 60.) is scarcely consistent with that extreme 'delicacy and discretion' which Lord Holland assumes as his reason for rejecting the written evidence of Madame Campan, and giving faith to second-hand reports of her supposed conversations. If Lord Holland's hypothesis of the extreme reserve of Madame Campan were correct, how can we think it possible that she could afterwards have divulged the whole guilty mystery in conversation, involving, as it did, her own disgrace, her royal mistress's dishonour, and the illegitimacy of the Duchess d'Angoulême? It is stated 'that Madame Campan acknowledged these facts to others, who acknowledged them to Lord Holland' (p. 18); a very slender thread, it must be confessed, on which to hang so weighty a charge. The only statement approaching the character of evidence is one which Talleyrand alleges to have been communicated to him by Madame Campan; it is to the effect that on the night of the memorable 6th October, Fersen was tete-a-tete with the Queen, and that he escaped from her boudoir, or bedroom, in a disguise procured for him by Madame Campan herself. This, again, is only hearsay of the same description, though it obtains some triffing additional weight in consequence of its resting on Talleyrand's authority. The evidence, even at best, as it did not come withinhis personal knowledge, would be merely the uncorroborated testimony of an accomplice. But the story is utterly incredible on other grounds. The time and place fixed, the peril with which the Queen was at the period surrounded, preclude the possibility that this anecdote should have been correctly reported by Talleyrand; and Madame Campan, in describing the fearful scenes of October, says, 'à cette époque je n'étais pas de ser-vice auprès la reine. M. Campan y resta jusqu'à deux heures du matin. (Vol. ii. p. 75).

It is undoubtedly true that during the revolutionary period, the Queen held secret communications with persons attached to herself and her family. It would have been indeed most strange if she had not done so. When her husband's life and crown were at stake-when the lives of her children were in peril-when, even amidst the cowardice and apostacy of the many, there remained some few who were faithful,—can we doubt the prudence, nay, the duty of such intercourse? but if it were even proved to have been carried on by night and in secret, are we entitled, on this account, to cast suspicion on the honour of the Queen? Not only was the intercourse we have suggested highly probable,—there can be no doubt but that it actually took place, from the evidence of parties themselves engaged in the transaction. Among those devoted to the royal cause, at the time of its greatest danger, were some l

of the officers of the Irish brigade; a gallant corps, which, from the day of Fontenoy, had distinguished its courage on almost every battle-field of Europe. Attached to the crown by political feeling, bound to the Queen by a spirit of chivalry, these brave men were prepared to risk their lives for her deliverance. They formed an associationfor it must not be degraded by the name of a conspiracy-for this generous purpose. All the necessary preparations were made at Paris, on the road, and at the outports. was proposed to convey her by sea, to a south-western port in Ireland. The house which was selected for her reception still exists; and a more miserable contrast to the Petit Trianon cannot well be conceived. The leader of this chivalrous band was an Irishman of great force of character, one of the Roman Catholic fuorusciti, ennobled by Joseph II., who admitted him to close intimacy; but known less creditably by his daring spirit of gambling adventure at Spa, and other baths, and by a sanguinary duel with Count Dubarry, which gave him an unfortunate celebrity. The proposal for escape was communicated to the Queen. It was shown that there was a strong probability of But though the plan promised success. safety, it involved the abandonment of her husband and children. The Queen refused -she remained; and she remained to die.

This anecdote, which we give upon the most conclusive evidence, is fully supported by Madame Campan's authority :--- 'Les évasions étaient sans cesse proposées' (vol. ii. p. 103). 'La reine se recevait des conseils et des mémoires de tout part' (p. 106). 'La reine se rendait souvent à mon appartement, pour y donner audience, loin des yeux qui épiaient ses moindres demarches ' (vol. iii. p. 161). Similar cases must have occurred, similar offers must have been made. and necessarily made without the knowledge of Louis XVI. But are we justified on hearsay evidence of nightly visits to the Queen, or of secret correspondence, to attribute to her a forgetfulness of her duties as a wife, and that in the case of a wife, who would not condesdend to purchase her safety by abandoning her husband?

To some persons the honour of Marie Antoinette may appear as stale and unprofitable a subject of inquiry as the 'scandal against Queen Elizabeth.' We see the matter in a more serious light; and independently of the general principles of truth and justice, which are at issue, we feel that we are not so far removed from the events of the French

Revolution, or so entirely disengaged from their mighty influences, as to render it indifferent and immaterial to guard against any mistake respecting the causes which produced or accelerated that social earthquake.

Talleyrand occupies a considerable share in these pages. This might have been expected, both from his position and from the intimacy existing between him and Lord Holland, -an intimacy assuredly not founded on any similarity of mind or character. On the contrary, the marked contrast between the polished astuteness of the French diplomatist and the frankness of the English statesman, must have made each an entertaining study to the other. The same contrast was whimsically exhibited in their personal appearance. The half-closed, but always sly and observant eye, the features cold and impassive, as if cut in stone, the 'physiognomie qui avait quelque chose de gracieux qui captivait, mais de malicieux qui effrayait' (Mignet, Discours à l'Académie, vol. i. p. 110.), bespoke the subtlest of all contemporary politicians, and was the very opposite of the open and generous countenance of Lord Holland.

It appears that Talleyrand and Mr. Pitt were associates at Rheims after the peace of 1782. The one was acting as aumonier to his uncle, the archbishop; the other was at the time a student of the French language. How little could either party have foreseen the future destination of his companion! Talleyrand appears to have felt, with some bitterness, that subsequently, and more especially during his mission to England in 1794, Mr. Pitt never marked, by any personal attention, the slightest recollection of the intimacy previously existing. We believe that this is far from being a solitary case. cold and foggy atmosphere of our habits repels a foreigner accustomed to more genial manners as to a more genial climate. It is a curious subject of speculation, to consider what might have been the result if these two eminent statesmen had really combined for the purpose which we believe they had both sincerely at heart—the preservation of peace between the two great nations of the West. We ought, however, to bear in mind, to guard us against relying too much on our hopes, that some years antecedently Talleyrand, whilst an abbé, and agent-general for the clergy of France, had fitted up a privateer, to cruise against England, during the American war. He was not, however, always so hostile; on the contrary, in his work on the commercial relations between the United States and Europe, he appears to have taken

a correct view of our position, and expresses his unqualified opinion that it is with England, and not with France, that permanent treaties of alliance should be formed by the Govern-

ment of Washington. (P. 39.) Lord Holland seems to have placed so unqualified and unreserved a confidence in the good faith and truthfulness of Talleyrand, that it almost amounted to credulity. Yet, at the very moment when he so declares his trust, he couples it with statements, or admissions, which suggest grave reasons for doubt. 'My general and long observation of Talleyrand's veracity in great and small matters makes me confident, he observes (p. 37), 'that his relation is correct.' He adds, however, 'He may, as much or more than other diplomats, suppress what is true; I am quite satisfied he never actually says what is false, though he may occasionally imply it.' Less satisfactory evidence to support personal credit we have seldom heard. 'My friend is pre-eminently veracious,' deposes the witness, called to character, 'except that he may, perhaps, more than others of his craft, suppress the truth and imply a falsehood.' Nor does our mistrust rest solely on this admission. Lord Holland gives special instances which are not without their significance. In describing the Reports and Papers (more especially that on Education) to which Talleyrand owed much of his early celebrity, Lord Holland informs us, that, 'they may be suspected of being the work of other men' (p. 36). In like manner we are told that it was just possible that the merit of a bon mot not his own, 'might have made it somewhat tempting to Talleyrand to own it' (p. 6). These matters may be passed over, perhaps, as trivial. Lord Holland, however, goes further. He informs us that, at Erfurt, 'Talleyrand, from a questionable preference of the interests of peace to the official duties of his confidential station, ventured secretly to apprise the Emperor of Russia that the object of the interview was to engage him in a war with Austria: and he even went so far as to advise him to avoid going to Erfurt; or, if he did go, to resist the instances of Napoleon to make war' (p. 172.) It is hardly possible to conceive more unprincipled treachery committed by a minister of state towards the sovereign he served, and to whom, whilst in his service, he was bound by every tie of honour and obligation. Had the diplomatist gone no further than to display at once his powers of tact and of flattery by his whisper to Alexander, when the two Emperors were about to enter their carriages, returning to their respective dominions, 'Ah! si vôtre majesté pouvait se tromper de voiture,' we might have forgiven the characteristic bon môt. But calmly and deliberately to betray the master he served, would, even if the case stood alone, deprive Talleyrand of all claim on the confidence of mankind. It is far from standing alone.

In respect to that passage in Talleyrand's life which is generally referred to as the strongest proof of his faithfulness,—namely, his ultimate adoption of the cause of the Bourbons,-Lord Holland gives us a most curious illustration of the influence of accidental circumstances, not only on the destinies of men, but, of nations. After the negotiations at Chatillon, we are informed that Talleyrand and the Duke Dalberg were both desirous to learn what conditions Austria would impose on France, if France were to agree to abandon and dethrone Napoleon. They employed, for this purpose, M. de Vitrolles, whom they little suspected of being, at the time, a secret agent of Monsieur and the Bourbons. This emissary was furnished with a ring, or some secret sign, to ensure him credit with Prince Metternich. Vitrolles, exceeding his instructions, but relying on his secret credentials, assured the Allies that Talleyrand and others had formed their plot, and were determined to restore the Bourbons; and that they were awaiting a declaration in favour of the exiled family. 'On the arrival of the armies, the Allies were surprised to find that no such plot existed, and Talleyrand no less so that his name had been instrumental in restoring the Bourbons. He was, however, too quick-sighted not to make a virtue of necessity. The restoration was inevitable: he was too adroit not to father the spurious child unexpectedly sworn to him by the prostitute who had conceived it.' (P. 299.) true that, by this account, M. de Vitrolles is shown to have well merited the epithet applied to him. But what was Talleyrand? We are inclined to say 'Il y en a deux.'

We have dwelt upon the degree of credit due to the testimony of Talleyrand, not only because Lord Holland informs us that he relies almost implicitly upon him,—as it was 'from his authority that he derived much of the little knowledge he possessed of the leading characters in France before and after the Revolution' (p. 34),—but for another, and a far more important reason. The Prince Talleyrand has left, for future publication, the memoirs of his own time. This fact is put beyond all doubt by Lord Holland, in whose family circle parts of these memoirs were

read. We can easily imagine the 'engouement' with which these revelations may hereafter be received, and the degree of credit they may derive from the author's name, his wit, and the mystery attending the appearance of a work long suppressed. It becomes, therefore, important to suggest reasons to prevent his evidence from passing above its true value. It appears somewhat more than possible that one who had successfully overreached his contemporaries, should feel a secret pleasure in the hope of making a dupe of posterity. He has said indeed, and said with his accustomed wit, 'De nos jours il n'est pas facile de tromper long tems. Il-y-a quelqu'un qui a plus d'esprit que Voltaire, plus d'esprit que Bonaparte, plus que chacun des ministres passés, presents, et à venir. C'est tout le monde.' But this wellturned epigram is so far from creating or increasing our faith in its author, that we are inclined to believe that at the moment he uttered it he was contemplating with selfcomplacency the possibility of deceiving that very public before whose omniscience and infallibility he affected to bow down. We know from our police reports how skilfully an adroit thief contrives to carry off the watches and purses of the incautious, whilst putting the owners off their guard by marked attention and demonstrations of respect.

Whatever may be the opinion formed of Talleyrand as a statesman, in one judgment all must agree. We doubt whether any one in our times ever excelled him in the peculiar wit of which he was the great master. He combined at once the point of Martial with the condensed sententiousness of Tacitus, and a grace and delicacy peculiar to the countrymen of Fontenelle. Lord Holland truly says that his bon môts were, for forty or fifty years, more repeated and admired than those of any living man. 'The reason was obvious. Few men uttered so many, and yet fewer any equally good. By a happy combination of neatness in language and ease and suavity of manner, his sarcasms assumed a garb at once so courtly and so careless, that they often diverted as much as they could mortify their immediate objects.' (P. 40.) This, though true, seems to us scarcely to distinguish with precision the peculiarities of Talleyrand's wit. Its force and raciness were even more striking than its brilliancy. It was 'weighty bullion' rather than 'French wire.' The wit of some who have been thought distinguished conversers resembles a flight of rockets, which rise and burst, and leave little behind but the falling

stick and the smell of gunpowder. A second ; class exhibit their powers by writing in phosphorus,-very brilliant, but very cold. A third class deal in electricity, draw sparks, or perhaps give a shock from a well-charged jar, but the whole is artificially prepared, and the rustling of the glass against the silk betrays the previous arrangement. With Talleyrand all was effective and terse, and at the same time was thoroughly natural. Above all, his wit was argumentative, and when used in conversational warfare, it penetrated the most solid block like a red-hot shot, embedding itself in the timber, producing combustion, or, perhaps, firing the maga-Talleyrand's wit exhibited all its chazine. racteristics, whether directed to political, to literary, or to social objects. Of this we have a happy example in his commentary on the complaint of deafness made by that vainest of all mortals, M. de Chateaubriand: - Je comprends; depuis qu'on a cessé de parler de lui, il se croit sourd.' Another reply of his is also given us by Lord Holland, and is equally striking. In answer to a silly coxcomb, who was boasting of his mother's beauty in order to claim ('par droit de naissance') similar personal attractions for himself, Talleyrand answered, 'C'était donc M. vôtre père, qui n'etait pas si bien.' We wish that Lord Holland, who possessed more opportunities than any other man for collecting and stringing these conversational pearls, had been more diligent in so agreeable a vocation. We may add two anecdotes from memory, which we are not quite certain to have seen in print. The name of a man of rank in France, who, before the Restoration, had taken great pride in his relationship to Napoleon, being mentioned in society, some one present asked whether he was really a kinsman of the Emperor? 'Autrefois, Oui; à present, Non!' was the significant reply. As an example to show how readily the same powers were applied to the lighter as well as the graver subjects of discussion, we give another anecdote, which originated in a London salon. An attractive lady of rank having made some ineffectual attempts to engage Talleyrand in conversation, as a last effort required his opinion of her gown. He opened his eyes, surveyed his handsome questioner from her bust to her ankles, and then examining the robe in question, observed, with entire gravity, 'Madame, elle commence trop tard, et elle finit trop tôt.' We must not omit one of the very best of his sayings, as preserved by Lord Holland in this volume. Having given

up the intimacy of the distinguished daughter of Neckar for that of a certain Madame Grand, who neither possessed attractiveness of wit or of conversation, Talleyrand justified his change by observing, 'Il faut avour aimé Madame de Staël, pour contraître tout le bonheur d'aimer une bête.' Never were two mistresses so transfixed by one shaft. It did not come from Love's quiver.

It is much to be regretted that so many of Talleyrand's happiest replies have been lost. They merit being preserved in a more appropriate depositary than in the dialogue, however lively, of 'Bertrand and Raton,' or in the fugitive literature of the day. We are aware of what a delicate nature is wit. It bears transport as little as the precious Mangusteen, or those wines which lose their flavour if taken beyond their native vineyard. It loses much from want of its original entourage. It is essentially dramatic in its nature, and cannot be transmitted with effect through the coarse medium of printer's This was, however, less the case with Talleyrand than with most others of the class; and from his political position, and the nature of the subjects with which he dealt, our loss is proportionally great.

We know not whether it is to Talleyrand, that we are to attribute Lord Holland's inclination to pronounce more favourably on the character of Egalité, than his contemporaries have done, whatever their shades of opinion. We are not informed on what grounds we can assume that 'no man has been more calumniated than the Duke of Orleans, or will be more misrepresented to posterity.' P. 21. Lord Holland admits that 'his habits were far from respectable.' This is surely taking us a likeness in miniature. Thiers is bolder; he describes Egalité as 'livré aux mauvaises mœurs, il uvait abusé de tous les dons de la nature et de la fortune.' A man who would select Laclos as secretary to vouch for his morals, and Danton as a pledge for his politics, gave evidence that 'les liaisons dangereuses' might exist in other matters than in gallantry. This, and his association with the bloody crew of the Montagnards, might dispose of his public and private character. Lord Holland admits, 'that there is reason to suspect that the persons interested in keeping up the influence of the Duke of Orleans were agents in the revolutions of the 10th August and 2d September, 1792; and that the only party which showed the least disposition to connect itself with him, were a portion of those to whose language and manœuvres the horrors of that

This, surely, is conclusive. We cannot for one moment accept, in palliation of his vote condemning Louis XVI. to death, the suggestion that 'he could not have saved the King by voting against his death, but that he, more than any one else in the Assembly, would have accelerated his own death by so doing.' (P. 32.) This plea involves a principle which would justify weakness and crime in almost all cases. We need only look to the proces verbal of the Assembly, to see that his vote, whatever might have been its unworthy motive, created a sensation of horror, even in the Assembly itself. He voted twice. First, against the appeal to the people, which was proposed with a view of giving to the unfortunate King one additional chance of escape. The second vote was for his death,—the most wanton and savage act even of revolutionary times. In both cases his vote was motivé, and characteristic of all his base selfishness. The record informs us, that, in voting against the appeal, he said, 'Je ne m'occupe que de mon devoir. Je dis, Non.' He spoke more fully still in favour of death :— 'Uniquement occupé de mon devoir, convaincu que tous ceux qui ont attenté ou attenteront par la suite à la souverainté du peuple, méritent la mort, -- je vote pour la mort.' Is it wonderful that this should have been followed by a 'sourd murmure?' (Hist. Parl. vol. xxiii. p. 144.) The justification of his treason, suggested by Lord Holland, is likewise sanctioned by the observations of M. Thiers on the trial and execution of the Duke of Orleans. Obligé de se rendre supportable aux Jacobins ou de périr, le duc prononça la mort de son parent, et retourna à sa place au milieu de l'agitation causée par son vote. . . . Le plus profond et le plus volontaire abaissement ne pouvait ni calmer les défiances ni conjurer l'échaffaud.' (Thiers, vol. ii. p. 357.)

Lord Holland does not profess much acquaintance with the northern or the German courts. He does full credit, however, to the character of the great Count Bernstorff, and forcibly describes that steady moderation which enabled him to continue strong in consistency, and which protected him from the necessity of adopting, like so many other contemporaneous statesmen, that 'pliancy of principle, for which history will withhold from their excesses in prosperity, the honourable excuse of fanaticism, and from their sufferings in adversity, the grace and dignity of martyrdom.' (P. 56.) Under his wise administration Denmark prospered, and Lord Holland is fully justified in stating, that 'the

last day are mainly attributed.' (P. 29.) commerce and agriculture of the country advanced, the people were relieved from feudal burthens which oppressed them; tranquillity was preserved, justice purely administered, and the foreign policy conducted in a manner creditable and even glorious.' (P. 53.) This is the more remarkable when it is considered that at this time the king was in a state of childishness approaching to insanity. Papers requiring the sign manual were laid before him rather as a medical prescription, to occupy his mind, than as a function of royalty. Meantime, so jealous was he of his own rights, that finding a paper had been signed by the Crown Prince in anticipation, and before it had been submitted for his own signature, on the next occasion when called on for the sign manual, 'to the surprise and consternation of the courtiers, he signed as Christian & Co.; observing that though once the sole proprietor of the firm, as he now discovered that he was reduced to be a partner only, he wished to save his associates the trouble of adding their names. (P. 51.) At Paris, where it was the fashion to undervalue the intelligence of the Scandinavian race, it had been once reported, with witty malice. that a Danish traveller, on being asked what was the cordon bleu of Denmark, answered, 'Monsieur, le Saint Esprit du roi mon maître, est un Elephant,' alluding to the first order of Danish knighthood. An anecdote given us by Lord Holland serves to prove that even in the case of their sovereign Frederick VI., as well as in that of Christian, the spirit of wit might still occasionally inspire the heavy animals of the Baltic. The partition of the States of Europe was regulated at the congress of Vienna by the number of 'souls' or inhabitants within the ceded States. The King of Denmark, as we know, was no gainer by these changes. On taking his leave at Vienna, the Emperor assured him kindly of the universal regard and respect which he had acquired. 'Pendant vôtre séjour ici vôtre Majesté a gagné tous les cœurs.' 'Mais pas une seule âme,' was the ready but re-proachful rejoinder. We should have wished to have heard more of the Danes. We have ever felt a respect for these 'English of the North,' as they are called; a title which we feel more than ever willing to concede to them at a time when there can be no question concerning their patriotism and courage, whatever difference of opinion may exist between diplomatists and the German people concerning the merits of the cause in which these noble virtues have been exhibited.

The warm partiality which Lord Holland

felt at all times for Spain and the Spaniards, is fully shown by the attention he has paid to the Court of Madrid, its princes, and its statesmen. This partiality was natural in the biographer and critic of the great dramatist of Castile; in one who had himself not only gathered, but transplanted to our English soil some of the sweetest flowers of the Vega. So disposed was he to praise all that was Spanish, that we recollect well hearing him address to a French military diplomatist an energetic panegyric on the prowess of the Spanish armies. When defeated in his argument, as his friends had been in their battles, Lord Holland closed by saying, 'At least you must confess that no troops in Europe can make such marches as the Spaniards.' 'True,' replied the Frenchman, 'provided they are marching in retreat.' This reply was conclusive, and the conversation dropped.

Undisguised as was Lord Holland's partiality, he could not, however, create patriots, heroes, or philosophers out of the materials before him in the Spanish Royal Collection. We may be assured, indeed, by our guide, that we are under the gilded roofs of Madrid or Aranjuez. But the manners and morals to which we are introduced seem below those of the most wretched Venta, and the food to which we are condemned is an olla, in which rancid oil and garlic predominate. The judgment on the female character passed by Charles III., in reply to the confiding simplicity of his son, is better given in the original language than in our own, - 'Carlos, Carlos, que tonto que eres. Todas, si todas, son putas.' [P. 73.] This seems well-founded on Spanish Royal experience, for we find little in the social state and individual characters painted by Lord Holland, at variance with this sweeping denunciation. Nor was this corruption confined to the private life of the great. Its influence extended to affairs of State; and ministers seem to have been chosen on the same grounds on which we are informed by Juvenal that bequests were made in Imperial Rome. Hence the most stupenduous ignorance is exhibited even by ministers of some natural shrewdness of capacity. Lord Holland assures us, on conclusive authority [p. 135.], that in documents coming from the office of the Prince of the Peace, then foreign minister, the Hanseatic towns, Villas Hanseaticas, were often designated Islas Asiaticas. He adds, that he was assured that the same Godoy was for some time at the head of the foreign affairs before he discovered Prussia and Russia to be different countries, being led into this mistake

by an economical arrangement, which induced the two courts to club for an ambassador. Yet, with these disqualifications, Godoy continued the ruler of Spain for years. Though ignorant of many things, he was so far conscious of his own deficiencies as at times to select his instruments of government with discretion. To him Jovellanos and Saavedra, both considerable men, owed their first eleva-Lord Holland, on the whole, seems to have considered Godov friendly to England, having entered into office on anti-Gallican principles. But constancy and good faith were not the attributes of his time or class. When promoted to the rank of Prince, a right was conferred on him by patent to bear before him, on all solemnities, a golden image of Janus; and this 'santo Iddio a due faccie' was not an inapt emblem of his policy and that of too many others of greater pretension. The ignorance of Godoy was at leasequalled by the coarseness of his royal mas ter, Charles IV., who is justly described a 'brutal, silly, and credulous, (p. 142.). On discovering the treachery of his son Ferdinand, which amounted nearly to treason, his dignified reply to the Prince of the Asturias' protestations of innocence was, 'Tú mientes, Fernando, tú mientes; y tú me lo pagarás, sí, Fernando, tú me lo pagarás!"

The dismissal or retirement of Spanish ministers of State appears at times accompanied with forms unknown in our colder regions. The disgraced minister is said to be 'jubilado,' or 'regaled,' as Lord Holland translates it. We know not whether Mr. Fox would have applied the term 'jubilado' to his dismissal in 1783, or Lord Sidmouth to his overthrow in 1804. Nor do we believe that the latter, however orthodox, would have felt his resignation more palatable if, like Jovellanos, he had been placed in strict ecclesiastical custody, and been condemned to study his catechism daily. (P. 106.)

It is interesting, and in some respects instructive, to find how often in these pages proofs recur of the barbarous policy of our Roman Catholic penal code. 'Every one conversant with the modern military history of Spain,' observes Lord Holland, 'or with good society in that country, cannot but be struck with the large proportion of their eminent officers who were either born or descended from those who were born in Ireland.' (P. 79.) 'O'Reilly, who rejected all the offers of Marshal Laudon, made to him when prisoner of war, to induce him to engage in the imperial service, (p. 79.), had been a young Irish adventurer.' O'Farrel is

classed by Lord Holland as one of the leaders of the enlightened party which proposed to itself, by providing against political abuses, to raise Spain in the rank of European States. Blake, though admitting his 'mala estrella,' is considered by Lord Holland an accomplished soldier, and as exercising great influence over his troops. (P. 155.) His military work was praised by General Foy,—no mean authority. Blake's wife took refuge at Plymouth after the capture of Coruña.

She considered herself neglected by our government, which confirmed all the jealousy against England which her husband derived from his Irish origin.' Of O'Donnel (Abishal) Lord Holland speaks less favourably: 'He retained more of the nation from which he sprang, than of that in which he was born and educated to arms. He showed greater talent, and had more success, than all the other Spanish generals; but he was unsteady, intemperate, and unreasonable, and regardless of truth and character.' (P. 159.)

It would, however, be most unjust if, from what we have written and extracted, we were understood to suggest or to countenance the supposition that Spain, at the period described by Lord Holland, did not produce, or that it does not now contain, men of those noble and manly endowments, and of that chivalrous sense of honour and patriotism, which form the genuine Castilian. We hope and believe that such men do exist at present. That there were many such in the times described by Lord Holland is proved by the pages before us. Of these Melchor de Jovellanos was a bright example; and we feel great pleasure in extracting Lord Holland's description of his character, which is not only interesting in itself, but affords a good specimen of Lord Holland's style:-'Jovellanos distinguished himself at an early period of life by his literary productions in verse and prose, his taste in the arts, and his extensive knowledge in all branches of political economy. Great as were his intellectual endowments, his moral qualities were in unison with them. The purity of his taste was of a piece with that of his mind; and the correctness of his language a picture of his well regulated life. In the persuasive smoothness of his eloquence, and the mild dignity of his demeanour, one seemed to read the serenity of his temper and the elevation of his character.' (Pp. 90, 91.) Yet this man was condemned to the dungeons of Majorca!

Another distinguished man was, like Jo-

Arguelles was an early visitor to England; he had acquired a knowledge of our language and literature, very uncommon among the natives of the Peninsula; yet he was jealous of our country, of its foreign policy, and even of our great Captain, to whom Spain owed its deliverance. His unblemished integrity and rare disinterestedness were exhibited to the very close of his life, when, as we believe, he declined receiving the large income allotted to the high office which he filled near the present Queen of Spain during her minority. He had to sustain severe trials both of prosperity and of misfortune; and perhaps it was to the former he yielded, and fell a victim. He was tempted by the intoxication of popular applause, and he did not always use for the best purposes the almost unlimited ascendancy granted to him in the Cortes. The proceedings of that body were often unwise, and sometimes unjust. But after Arguelles had undergone the cruelties inflicted by Ferdinand; after a confinement of eighteen months in an unwholesome prison at Madrid; after his subsequent imprisonment in an African fortress-he sought and found an asylum in a country where his 'consistency of principle, firmness of spirit, and austerity of virtue in public and in private,' were justly appreciated. country we have reason to know that the great commander towards whom, in the palmy days of political triumph, Arguelles had expressed jealousy and mistrust, had opportunities, of which he availed himself, of marking his discriminating kindness to the political exile, and in contributing to his happiness and contentment.

This notice of some of the great and noble Spaniards would be indeed incomplete if all mention were omitted of one as well known and deservedly valued in our home circles as he had been in our battle fields. The nobler characteristics of the Spanish race were never more appropriately represented than by Alava. The friend and associate of Wellington, he was worthy of that high distinction. He appreciated it, as much as he did his name of Spaniard. He spoke of his great commander with a devoted tenderness which seemed only next to the love he bore his country, and his young queen. Holland was well qualified to appreciate his character, which, as he describes it, and as we recollect it, in many points resembled his own. 'Alava,' he tells us, (p. 159.), was impetuous in temper, and heedless in conversation; but yet so honest, so natural, vellanos, a native of the Asturias. Augustin so cheerful, and so affectionate, that the

- most reserved man could scarcely have given less offence than he who commanded the respect of so many by his intrepid openness and sincerity.' We may add two anecdotes of Alava, which are highly characteristic, and which will, to most of our readers, be Sitting at table near a member of Lord Grey's government, and heartily expressing his approval of a branch of policy then under discussion, he suddenly turned round and exclaimed, with all the vehemence of the South, 'But you must not think I can ever prefer this government to the Duke of Wellington—it is he whom I love!' At a later period, when about to take leave of England, he visited a private family, where he had been received in the most familiar intimacy. For one of the young ladies of that family the old soldier and minister had always manifested an affectionate and parental regard. He took leave with emotion. Returning from the door to repeat his farewell, he, for the last time, addressed his favourite:- 'You are good, you are young; your prayers will be heard; let me entreat you, for my sake, when you kneel to God, never forget a prayer for my queen.' But we must close this subject, and pass to the last which calls for our attention.

There are two particularities which, though they add to the force and graphic interest of Lord Holland's Reminiscences, have a tendency to impair that calmness and impartiality which are indispensable requisites in an histo-We mean his irrepressible, but somewhat indiscriminating, sympathy for misfortune; and his readiness to receive with undue favour all evidence tendered on behalf of the cause, or the persons, who interested his feelings. Both these influences seem to have been brought into play in dealing with the character of Napoleon. We do not believe that Lord Holland would himself have denied that this portion of his work was so far written with a bias, that his inclination was to convey a favourable impression of one whom he deemed the greatest man in Europe. We do not mean to suggest that this is done at any unworthy sacrifice, Lord Holland never seeks to palliate the cruelty of Napoleon in the murder of the Duke d'Enghein. On the contrary, he affirms 'that no discovery that he can conjecture can efface the stain that guilt left on the French Government.' 225.) Nor does he condescend to give the weight of his authority to that most absurd of all delusions, which holds up to mankind the military ruler of France as the friend of civil liberty or of popular rights. Though l

called by Pitt the child and champion of Jacobinism,' Napoleon never exhibited any filial duty towards his parent; against whom, on the contrary, he was ready at all times to enter the lists and to do battle. It is true, that in the early stages of his life he spoke revolutionary language, and assumed the republican garb. In so doing he bent to necessity, spoke the vulgar tongue, and wore the habit of the day. Nor could he otherwise have risen to power,—great as was his ambition, and commanding as was his genius. His earliest tendencies were, in truth, towards authority and despotism. Even at the age of eighteen, his dreams led him to calculate whether, with an army of 2000 men, he could not have made himself the 'principe' or ruler of Italy. (P. 210.) If in his youth he had embraced any democratic convictions, his own testimony establishes that they were soon cast aside. We doubt whether they were ever strongly rooted. Lord Holland informs us that, 'by Napoleon's own account of himself, it was in Egypt he weaned his mind from the republican illusions in which his early youth had been nursed. Those who knew him well, assured me that the scenes of the Revolution had estranged and even disgusted him with democracy; he checked every tendency to revive in France, or produce elsewhere, any excesses of that nature, from a conviction that the evil created by them was positive and certain,—the ultimate good to be derived from them, uncertain and problematical.' (P. 257.) During 'the hundred days,' whatever approach he made towards popular principles, he made under compulsion, -and it is unquestionable that he hated, and perhaps despised, the doctrinaires and philosophers with whom he was at that time reduced to make terms, regarding them as much his personal enemies, as the Allied Sovereigns themselves. Count Molé assured Lord Holland, on the authority of Napoleon himself, that Napoleon felt great apprehensions lest the Republicans should prevail; and he acknowledged that had he but foreseen how much of compliance with the democratic party would have been required, he never would have left Elba. (P. We have dwelt upon this, because the absurdity of connecting the name of Napoleon Buonaparte with the cause of libertythough recognised as such by rational menis not admitted by the fanatical and the ignorant, at home or abroad. It appears to us the most irrational of all attempts at imposture in hero-worship. If there be a class who are desirous of raising temples to such a divinity, let them do so on the ground of his military genius and achievements.

Lord Holland admits that the evidence on which he writes was, in the strongest sense of the word, ex parte. We do not mean that it was therefore inadmissible. Our objections go more to the credit than to the competency of his witnesses. Lord Holland describes this portion of his work to be no more than 'a transcript of some hasty and rambling notes taken on receiving the news of Napoleon's death in 1821.' (P. 187.) The generous attention and kindness which both Lord and Lady Holland had shown to the captive of St. Helena, in supplying his many wants and lessening the inevitable trials of his seclusion, were well known and justly appreciated throughout Europe. This kind-ness on their part, as we learn, 'introduced them to the society of those who openly professed, or sincerely felt, most veneration for Napoleon; and we are informed that it was from the conversation of these parties that Lord Holland's notes were taken. We confess we cannot but feel some mistrust of this information; not so much from a suspicion that it was the intention of Lord Holland's informants to mislead, as from the inevitable and justifiable consequences of their respect, gratitude, and affection for one, who, having been their monarch and their hero, was finally raised to the higher dignity of being made their martyr.

We do not therefore feel surprise, if, forewarned against such influences, we are driven to refuse our assent to some few of the judgments of Lord Holland. We are, perhaps, cold and phlegmatic, and too fearful lest any false enthusiasm should carry us astray. Lord Holland condemns, as cruel and ungenerous, the confinement of Napoleon at St. Helena. In this we cannot concur. to the want of those courtesies and attentions which might have alleviated his imprisonment without endangering his safe custody,—the petty torments and mortifications, the limitations imposed on his supply of books and necessaries, the refusal of a barren title to one who had ruled and conquered half the territories of Europe, and with whom we had not only fought but negotiated,-all this was inexcusable. There was exhibited throughout, a wretched and pitiful meanness, as well as a want of common feeling, disgraceful to all concerned. But that Napoleon should have been subjected to such restraints as were indispensable to his safe custody, was due to the best interests of mankind,-more especially after his escape from

Elba had proved how undeserving he was of further confidence. Lord Holland, indeed, justifies this breach of treaty obligations, by an assertion made, on the authority of an anonymous witness, that the removal of Napoleon to St. Helena had already been 'started and discussed' at the Congress of Vienna. It is not suggested that any resolution to this effect had ever been adopted. A supposed negotiation between our Government and the East India Government, to place St. Helena under the control of the Crown, is relied upon in evidence of the participation of England in this design. No such negotiation is proved. Nor was it in any respect requisite; even for the imputed purpose. St. Helena continued under the authority of the Company during the whole of Napoleon's captivity, and for ten or twelve years after his death. It was only on the last renewal of the East India Company's charter that the island was transferred to the Crown. It is true that an Act of Parliament was then judged to be necessary to give legality to his detention and to authorise his treatment as a prisoner of war. With this view the 56. Geo. III. c. 22. was passed. In the statute passed concurrently for regulating the intercourse with St. Helena (c. 24.), there was a clause specially saving the commercial rights of the East India Company; but no assent of that corporation seems to have been given or required. Lord Brougham, then a member of the House of Commons, stated his belief that on the question of 'securing the safe custody of the person of Napoleon opinions would be almost unanimous;' and he added, in a subsequent explanation, 'that no term could be put to this imprisonment, except under circumstances which it was impossible to anticipate.' (Parl. Debates, vol. xxx. pp. 210, 211.) whole hypothesis resorted to for the purpose of excusing a violation of engagement falls to the ground; and the naked fact remains that the prisoner of Elba had disregarded his sacred obligation, -and that, unless effectual measures were resorted to, rendering a second breach of faith impossible, a second escape or an attempt at escape—with all its calamitie to urope-was far from improbable.

A most curious method of raising the supplies was resorted to by Napoleon to meet the expenses of outfit for his great Italian campaign. It has been justly considered a mere vulgar error, to ascribe to chance events of which we are unable to state a sufficient cause. But in this instance we find that chance, in the strictest sense of the word, mits, however, that he traced in the conduct

was the cause of events the most important. It appears that the Directory was unwilling, or unable, to supply their general with the sum he required for himself and his personal After drawing on the funds and on the generosity of his friends, he resorted to Junot, then a young officer, and a frequenter of the tables of play. Napoleon confided to him all the money he had collected, to which Junot added the price of his own silver-hilted sword. He was directed by his commander to risk the whole,-to lose or so to increase it as to enable the Italian expedition to be undertaken. He was promised as a reward the appointment of aid-de-camp. Junot won an amount far beyond his expectation; but on reporting his success he was ordered by his employer to return and try his fortune once more,—to double or to lose the entire sum. Fortune was again favourable. A sum of three hundred thousand francs was won; the journey was accomplished, the command assumed, and the splendid victories of the campaign of Italy ensued. Thus, perhaps, the crown of the Cæsars may be said to have depended on the cast of a die, and the independence of the Pope to have been the result of drawing 'grande on petite figure.' (P. 217.) Never has there been another game played for so mighty a

It is almost as curious a fact to learn, on the authority of Murveldt, the minister who negotiated the Peace of Campo Formio, that, even after Napoleon had signed that treaty, contrary to his instructions, thus giving a signal proof of his self-reliance, he should have been offered by Austria a safe retreat and a small principality in Germany. (P. 242.) How little it could then have been anticipated, that the soldier, to whom so paltry a bribe was tendered, should within a few short years be the victor at Austerlitz, should plant his eagles on the walls of Vienna, and become the son-in-law of the Emperor.

It is difficult to decide how far it could have been possible by any course of British policy to have maintained the Peace of Amiens. M. Gallois, who from his ability and his honourable independence was worthy of being consulted by his Sovereign, gave his opinion frankly: 'England might have done more to preserve peace, but France has not done all she could to obtain it.' (P. 233.) Napoleon must have felt the mecurity of his position arising from the jealousy and hatred of the continental sovereigns. They could hardly sleep in peace whilst the Corsican sat in the king's gate,

still less when he was the superior of kings themselves. He therefore felt that the war must come, and that it was better to meet it before peace had unnerved his army, and destroyed his means of attack and defence: 'Il faut d'ailleurs,' he observed, 'l'armée,les généraux; and he feared he might lose both by a protracted peace. Without stopping to examine to what extent this hostile spirit existed on the continent of Europe, it may he doubted whether the feelings and wishes of the government, the legislature, and the people of England warranted the belief which Napoleon expressed to his philosophic counsellor Gallois: 'L'Angleterre veut absolument la guerre. Elle l'aura.' He was probably much more truthful when he added, ' quant à moi j'en suis ravi.' (P. 234.) One of the weaknesses of Napoleon was his sensibility to the abuse contained in the English journals. What Lord Holland terms 'the scurrility of the newspapers' (p. 232.) 'at that period created a constant irritation in the mind of Napoleon, and contributed to accelerate and embitter the rupture between the two countries.' (P. 263.) Mounier, and his twelve clerks, employed to abridge and translate from our daily papers all the paragraphs pointed against the emperor and his family, must have furnished him with an abundance of means to perform his function of a self-tormentor. How great a mistake was it to consider that the public journals of the day necessarily spoke the sense of the people, or implied the assent and approval of parliament or of the ministry! But the whole course of these events prove how great a responsibility rests upon journalists. In discussions on foreign policy, these writers are freed from direct or legal responsibility, yet from their own desks they possess, and sometimes exercise, the power of kindling angry passions which can only be extinguished in blood. Napoleon either did not know, or would not admit, that the feelings as well as the interests of England were eminently We believe them to be still more so at present.

In an article like the present it would be out of place to enter at any length upon the political career of Buonaparte: nor does Lord Holland do so, probably, for the same reason. Some of his statements are, however, so important, that it is impossible to pass them over. Talleyrand's judgment on the errors which his master had committed belongs to history: 'He committed three capital faults,' the diplomatist observed, 'and to them his fall, scarce less extraordinary

than his elevation, is to be ascribed, - Spain, Russia, and the Pope.' (P. 317.) To these Lord Holland justly adds, 'the neglect of making peace after the victories of Lützen and Bautzen in 1813.' This last error was admitted by Napoleon in conversation with Mr. Fazakerly: 'Je me croyais assez fort pour ne pas faire la paix, et je me suis trompé; sans celà c'était assurement le moment de faire la paix.' (P. 319.) We are inclined to think that he also committed a similar error at a later time. Even at Chatillon, in 1814, though he must then have submitted to conditions far less favourable than in the previous years, he might have preserved, by peace, an imperial crown, and possibly have transmitted to his offspring a noble inheritance. Mignet considers, that the sacrifice required at that time was too great to have been acquiesced in by Napoleon or by France. Lord Holland, who had seen the official papers of Caulincourt, expresses his confidence in the integrity and pacific intentions of that negotiator; he adof Napoleon 'an intention of not only violating faith with the Allies, but, in case of need, of disavowing and sacrificing the honour of the minister who was serving his country with zeal, talent, and fidelity.' (P. 296.) This is a strong condemnation from Lord Holland, and it seems deserved: Napoleon evidently felt it difficult to justify, or even to account for, his conduct. We have reason to believe from other sources of information, that when asked by Captain Usher why he had not made peace at Chatillon, after some inconclusive assertions of the faithlessness of his enemies, he ended by saying, 'et d'ailleurs j'avais de l'humeur!'

The judgments on the French character pronounced by Napoleon give us some insight into his mode of government. 'Le Français aime l'égalité, mais il ne se soucie pas beaucoup de la liberté,' was an observation made at Elba to the present Lord Therefore it was that he gave Fortescue. to France the benefit, and to the world the example, of the Code Napoléon, and yet never ventured, till he was under duress, to make any real approach towards free institutions. He condemns the Directory, 'parcequ'ils ne savent rien faire jouer l'imagination de la nation.' (P. 243.) He himself therefore endeavoured, in all things and at all cost, to dazzle and to astonish. His attention to the corps of savans who accompanied him to Egypt was intended to react on public opinion, through the press and literature. The French soldiery do not seem to have partici-

pated in the respect of their commander for this learned corps. On the contrary, the philosophers, prosecuting their march mounted on asses, are said to have been the object of rather irreverent jests: 'Voilà bête d'âne!' the soldiers exclaimed when they saw a savant, and 'Voilà un savant!' when they overtook a donkey. The same desire to act on the imagination dictated those 'songs of triumph,' the bulletins of the grand army. A similar experiment was made, in his letter to the Prince Regent, when he tried the effects of his scraps from Plutarch, and appeared in the character of Themistocles. In this case he had mistaken his man: 'On the impassive ice the lightnings played.' All that seems to have been noticed by George IV. in this memorable letter was, that he had begun it according to etiquette, 'Altesse Royale,'-an observation somewhat trivial, but not the less characteristic. Lord Holland denies that Napoleon ever actually embraced the faith of Islamism, or affected to do so. But he conformed to many Mahometan ceremonies; and in some of his public documents and interviews he adopted a form of speech savouring of the Koran and of the East. This again was 'pour faire jouer l'imagina-

With the same object of producing a startling effect, and to obtain power or reputation under false pretences, Napoleon condescended to resort to the vulgar process of what in our university life is called 'cramming,'-a process not unknown, we believe, either to kings or statesmen. Visiting Caen with Maria Louise, and a train of crowned heads and princes, the prefect, an old friend, having supplied him with statistical tables of the provinces, he observed, 'C'est bon; vous et moi ferons bien de l'esprit là dessus, demain au conseil.' Accordingly he astonished the landed proprietors by his minute knowledge of the prices of good and bad cider, and other produce. (P. 315.) There was, however, no necessity for any affectation or artifice on the part of Napoleon, as regarded accuracy and knowledge of detail, in many or perhaps in most cases. He exhibited to some of our officers at Elba a practical acquaintance with nautical affairs which amazed them. His inquiries were unceasing, and from the nature of them must have led in some instances to unflattering replies. When on board the Undaunted he saw the crew breakfasting on the best cocoa, an article which at that time would have been a luxury to the most delicate Parisian beauty: 'How long have your seamen had this allowance?' he asked of

Capt. Usher. 'From the commencement of your Imperial Majesty's continental system,' was the answer. Napoleon was silenced. We have had ourselves further evidence of the minute accuracy of his knowledge. A very gallant Irish officer commanded a small vessel of war off Elba. Invited to the Emperor's table, his host asked his birth-place. On finding that he came from the banks of the Shannon, 'Grande et belle fleuve que votre Shannon!' observed the Emperor. 'But,' he added, 'it is ill-defended. Your seaward roadstead is at a place named Tarbert. Your batteries are commanded. I could have landed my troops out of reach of shot. I could have taken your batteries en revers, and have thrown your guns (culbuté) into the sea. What then would have become of your vessels lying at anchor and laden with grain for the army in the Peninsula?' give this anecdote on the authority of the gallant officer to whom the remark was addressed, and who by his own local knowledge had perfect means of vouching the accuracy of the observation.

Talleyrand observes of his master (p. 317.), 'Il était mal élève,' and had but very little regard for truth. Yet he assures us that 'C'est incalculable ce qu'il produisait; plus qu'aucun homme, plus qu'aucun quatre hommes, que j'ai jamais connu. Son génie était inconcevable. Rien n'égalait son esprit, sa capacité de travail, sa facilité de produire. Il avait de la sagacité aussi. Ce n'était que rarement que son mauvais judgment l'emportait, et c'était tonjours lorsqu'il ne s'était pas donné le tems de consulter celui d'autres personnes.' (P. 289.) . . . 'Il avait le sentiment du grand, mais pas du beau.' (P. 200.) And accordingly, except in one touching instance, in which, however, his sterner nature ultimately resumed its empire, we see nothing that bespeaks any strength or refinement of feeling. The exceptional case to which we allude, was his interview with Josephine before the divorce. When he represented to her that his family, his ministers, 'enfin tout le monde,' were in fayour of a divorce, and concluded by asking, ' Qu'en dis tu donc ? cela sera-t-il ? The reply of the wife was as eloquent and pathetic as love and sorrow could make it: Que veux tu, que j'en dise?' Si tes frères, tes ministres, tout le monde, sont contre moi, et il n'y a que toi seul pour me défendre.', ... 'Tu n'as que moi pour te défendre,' he exclaimed with emotion; 'Eh bien! tu l'emporteras.' It is a blot which can never be effaced that he broke this engagement, and

brought himself to cast aside the only tie of real affection which appears to have bound him to humanity. It was in harmony with his character to have rejected the supplications of the attractive and excellent Queen of Prussia, and to have told her roughly, when she entreated an asylum for her children, that Magdeburg was worth one hundred queens.' But to have thrown off the woman who had been his faithful and devoted companion in his early struggles, and during all the vicissitudes of his varying fortunes, showed a hardness of nature which we cannot pardon. He seems, indeed, to have been conscious of this. To M. Gallois he said, 'Je n'aime pas beaucoup les femmes, ni le jeu; enfin rein; je suis tout à fait un être politique.' With our habits and feelings, and with examples before us drawn from our own time, we cannot persuade ourselves that, in order to constitute the character of a "happy statesman,' any more than that of a 'happy warrior,' it is necessary that the affections and sympathies should be blunted or extinguished. Elevation of mind is inconsistent with any such unnatural sacrifices, and without elevation of mind true political greatness cannot exist.

Lord Holland gives us some insight into the intellectual pursuits of Napoleon. He was fond of French tragedy, which he loved to read aloud. We cannot agree that, because he admired Zaïre, he must therefore have admired the other works of Voltaire. On the contrary, we think that the use to which he had turned the pen of Geoffroy, in furnishing replies to the Encyclopedists, and particularly to him whom we cannot join Lord Holland in calling 'the great and calum-niated philosopher of Ferney,' was founded upon a real dislike. There was an antagonism between the genius of the two men; and the 'esprit moqueur' of Voltaire must have been essentially antagonistic to one who, like Napoleon, was familiar with the stern realities of life. He condemned Rousseau unreservedly. 'A conversation' reported by Lord Holland to have taken place between Napoleon and Stanislas Girardin is full of interest. 'C'était un méchant homme, ce Rousseau. Sans lui la France n'avait pas eu de révolution.' To an observation made by Girardin, that he had not been before aware that Napoleon considered the Revolution so unmixed an evil, Napoleon replied, 'Ah vous voulez dire, que sans la révolution vous ne m'aurez pas eu. Peut-être—je le crois—mais aussi la France ne'en serait elle que plus heureuse!'

His favourite studies towards the close of

his life were French tragedy, the Odyssey, and the Bible. We are informed that he had not been previously very conversant with the Old Testament, 'and that he was surprised and delighted, provoked and diverted at the sublimity and beauty of some passages, and what appeared to him the extravagance and absurdity of others.' (P. 306.) There seems to have been in his mind a strange combination of religious convictions with thoughts of a different nature. The former appear to have predominated, and to have acquired strength as he advanced in life, and experienced misfortune. At Fontainebleau he stated as a final reason against suicide, 'Je ne suis pas entièrement étranger à des idées réligieuses.' He refused to admit the administration of the Holy Sacrament as part of the ceremonial of his coronation, because he considered 'that no other man had a right to say when or where he (Napoleon) would take the Sacrament, or whether he would take it or not." It is singular that he should have entertained this feeling some years before the British parliament relieved the most religious country in Europe from the disgrace and impiety of the sacramental test. The imperial captive in his latter moments was not likely to have derived much guidance or consolation from the two Roman Catholic ecclesiastics who formed part of his establishment. Perhaps they were sent in vengeance for the Pope's imprisonment at Fontainebleau. They

were so utterly ignorant that one of them described Alexander the Great as the most fortunate of Roman generals. We have not sufficient means provided in this work, or elsewhere, to enable us to decide whether his mind did ultimately embrace a full religious conviction, and whether in his decaying strength he was supported by religious consolations. We are willing to believe what we earnestly desire. If he died a Christian, we may most truly add, in the verses of Manzoni:—

'____ più superba altezza Al disonor del Golgota Giammai non si chinò.'

We now close this article, which has been protracted beyond our proposed limits. But we have found the intrinsic interest and importance of the book increase as we proceeded. We approached our task with much curiosity, and with most favourable anticipations. We have read the volume with gratification, and with instruction. We have pointed out where we differ. We have done so respectfully, but with freedom. We felt ourselves the more authorised to take this course, because the book can well afford to abide by the results of examination, and also because, in performing our duty with honest frankness, we are following the course that Lord Holland himself would have most approved.

Discovery of Enormous Fossil Eggs.—
The Calcutta Englishman writes:—"The Mauritian mentions, on the authority of a Bourbon journal, that a singular discovery has been made in Madagascar. Fossil eggs of an enormous size have been found in the bed of a torrent. The shells are an eighth of an inch thick, and the circumference of the egg itself is 2 feet 8 inches lengthways, and 2 feet 2 inches round the middle. One which has been opened contains 8½ litres, or about two gallons! What was to have come out of these eggs? Bird or crocodile? The natives seem to be well acquainted with them,

and say that ancient tradition is uniform as to the former existence of a bird large enough to carry off an ox. This is only a little smaller than the roc of oriental fable, which waited patiently till he saw the elephant and rhinoceros fighting, and then carried off both at one stoop. Some fossil bones were found in the same place as the eggs; but the Bourbon editor says he will leave it to the pupils of the great Cuvier to decide to what animal they belong. If they should prove to be the bones of a bird of size corresponding to the eggs, the discovery will indeed be an extraordinary one."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CURIOSITIES OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.*

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, ESQ. F.S.A.

HAVING, in the opening of our paper, treated of one who obtained much *éclat* for extensive traveling, we may turn to the contemplation of one who obtained the credit of being an "Indian princess," and who had

never left England.

The annals of successful imposition cannot furnish a more curious instance of fraud ingeniously carried on by an untutored but art-ful girl, than that exhibited by the pretended "Princess of Javasu," who came before the English public in 1817. That an illiterate cobbler's daughter, born and bred in an obscure village of Devonshire, and with features of the most ordinary kind, and manners totally uncultivated, should by aid of natural quickness of wit alone, and an overweening vanity, have so conducted herself as to have induced hundreds to believe that she was no less a personage than an unfortunate, unprotected, and wandering princess from a distant Eastern Island, cast upon the shores of Britain by cruel and relentless pirates; that she should have sustained this character with a countenance never changed by the most abject flattery, or the most abusive invective; constantly surrounded by persons of superior talent and education, as well as by those in her own rank of life, who were always on the on the watch to mark any inconsistency, or to catch at any occurrence that could lead to detection; and that on no occasion was she found to lose sight of the part she was acting, or even to betray herself;—is an instance of consummate art and duplicity exceeding any occurrence in the annals of modern imposture.

It was on the evening of Thursday, the 3d of April, 1817, that the overseer of the poor of the parish of Almondsbury, in the county of Gloucester, called at Knole Park, the residence of Samuel Worrall, Esq., to in-

form the inmates that a strange visitor had appeared in the village whom no one could comprehend. She was dressed in a semi-Asiatic fashion, appeared to be about twentyfive, could not speak English or understand it: and in fact puzzled all who had seen her. In the village public-house she had been particularly interested with a print of the Anana, and made them understand it to be the fruit of her own country. She seemed not to be used to sleeping in a bed; and upon being confronted with the clergyman who had brought some geographical books with him, she appeared to know something of China. She was always very devout, saying a prayer before each cup of tea, and when a home was given her at Knole, perceiving some cross-buns on the table she took one, and after looking earnestly at it, she cut off the cross, and placed it in her bosom. She again seemed delighted at seeing anything Chinese in the fittings of the house; and upon her name being asked by signs, she pointed to herself, crying, "Caraboo, Caraboo!"

After some days she was removed to the hospital at Bristol, and while there was visited by a gentleman who had traveled much in the East, and from what he could gather he declared, "I think her name is not Caraboo, but rather that that is her country. I consider that she comes from the Bay of Karabough, on the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea, and situated in Independent Tartary." A Portuguese from the Malay country, who happened to be in Bristol, was introduced to her, and he declared that he could undertake to interpret her language. pronounced her to be a person of rank who had been decoyed from an island in the East Indies, brought to England and deserted: that her language was a mixed dialect used on the coast of Sumatra, and other islands in the East; and this story so completely reassured Mrs. Worrall of the truth of the

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^{*} Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for February

whole affair that she again took her into her I house, and then learned by her gestures and words during an interview with an East Indian traveller, that her name was Caraboo; that she was the daughter of a person of rank of Chinese origin; that she had been entrapped while walking in her garden by a pirate vessel; that her father was shot with an arrow while attempting her rescue; that she fortunately escaped from the ship to which she was ultimately consigned, when off the coast of England, by jumping overboard and swimming ashore. She described her native dress, and, on being furnished with calico, made one for herself.

To narrate her shrewd tricks to defy discovery would occupy too long. She made a chart of her supposed journey, which she ultimately acknowledged was entirely the result of the leading questions and promptings which she received. She portrayed the method of writing in her own country by a sort of reed upon the bark or leaf of a tree with Indian ink. The characters are perfectly formed and conjoined Arabic characters: it scarcely need be said, that they were copied by her from those which she had seen written by some Orientalist who wished to test her knowledge of the language. Others were purely her own invention, and it was this mixture of the true and false which puzzled her inquirers, and made them believe her to be a native of some of the less known tribes of the East. For weeks she was in Mrs. W.'s family, and was always consistent in every action, never to be caught in a mistake any way, however suddenly it was attempted; and doing many outlandish actions which debarred suspicion. Among other occurrences which show the dexterity with which she seized and acted on what she heard, is the following :- A gentleman observed, that it was customary in the East to stain the points of a dagger with vegetable poison; the next time a dagger was put into her hands she went to a flower-stand, and rubbing a couple of leaves between her fingers, applied the juice to the point, and then, touching her arm, pretended to swoon. She, in truth, conducted herself so correctly, and her manners were so fascinating, that she soon became a favorite with all, and thoroughly domesticated at Knole.

After three weeks' residence there, she was one morning missing; she had gone to Bristol, to take her passage in a vessel to America, but the ship had sailed. So she went to the lodging she had temporarily occupied in that city, packed up her trunk and sent it to her father by an Exeter wagon,

and determined to return to Knole, whither she returned ill and disappointed, but with a story ready, and succeeded in again eluding

suspicion and meeting pity.

Had this Princess of Javasu escaped to America or elsewhere, leaving her singular imposture undiscovered, a mystery might have for ever hung over the entire circumstance; but she was fated to carry her impositions to still greater lengths before her tricks were discovered. Having been disappointed of her voyage, she stayed for a little time longer under the roof of her protectress at Knole; but growing tired of being confined to one spot, or probably fearing discovery from the frequent visits she paid to Bristol with her protectress, where she might have the misfortune to meet her old landlady of Lewin's-mead; or that she might be sent to London for examination at the East India House, as Mrs. Worrall had determined; she again took flight on Saturday the 6th of June, and made her way towards the ancient and fashionable city of Bath. But, with the honest knowledge of meum and tuum, which, in spite of her other impostures, had always characterized her, she appropriated no trifle of ribbon or dress to herself which did not belong to her. The place of her elopement was communicated next day to her benefactress, who posted off to Bath with a determination to reclaim her, when a scene met her eyes ludicrous in the extreme. She found the pretended princess in the drawing-room of a lady of haut ton, at the very pinnacle of her glory and her ambition. The room was crowded with fashionable visitants, all eager to be introduced to the interesting princess. There was one fair female kneeling before her, another taking her by the hand, another begging a kiss; another offering her Royal Highness a bowl of cream upon her kness; and others bowing in vacant amazement at the cobbler's daughter's "natural grandeur and sublimity." So far did the Bath ladies allow their imaginations to carry away their judgments, and become willing gulls to an artful girl. Caraboo afterwards declared that this was the most trying scene she had ever encountered, and that on this occasion she had more difficulty to refrain from laughing and escape detection than in all the singular occurrences of her imposture.

But it was not the ladies alone who were deceived by her, and who, with a great deal of good-heartedness, a scarcely perceptible amount of suspicion, and a love for the romantic and the marvelous, as well as a desire for some new lion to break the monotony

of their lives, gave such ready credence to her pretensions. Dr. Wilkinson, an eminent practitioner of that city, was as completely fascinated by her as was the gentleman from China already alluded to; and the many other lovers of the marvelous, who had been already duped so successfully at Knole. He carried his belief so far as to publish in the Bath Chronicle a detailed description of her adventures and person, and which was eventually the means of leading to a detection of the imposture. He gravely observes in one of these letters-"Such is the general effect on all who behold her, that, if before suspected as an impostor, the sight of her removes all doubt." But at the present time, when all doubt is really removed, it becomes absolutely ludicrous when we read the doctor's grave statement that-" all the assistance to be derived from a polyglot bible, Fry's Pantographia, or Dr. Hager's Elementary Characters of the Chinese, do not enable us to ascertain either the nature of her language or the country to which she belongs: one or two characters bear some resemblance to the Chinese, particularly the Chinese cho. a reed. There are more characters which have some similitude to the Greek, particularly the ι , π , and ε . Different publications have been shown to her, in Greek, Malay, Chinese, Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persic, but with all she appears to be entirely unacquainted." He then says that her letter has been shown "to every person in Bristol and Bath, versed in oriental literature, but without success. A copy was sent to the India House, and submitted by the chairman of that company to the examination of Mr. Raffles, one of the best oriental scholars; yet he could not decipher it." The Oxford scholars, he says, "denied its being the character of any language;" but others consider it "imperfect Javanese," or "the Malay of Sumatra!" He inclines to believe it Circassian, and feels sure she comes from the East, because she declared she had been ill on her journey, and had had her hair cut off, and an operation on the back of her head performed. "I examined the part; it had been scarified, but not according to the English mode of cupping, or to any European manner with which I am acquainted; the incisions are extremely regular, and apparently effected with the caustic, a mode of oupping adopted in the East!!" Caraboo wanted but such grave authority to complete her farce!

But the doctor was a real friend, although too enthusiastic an one for an impostor. He posted off to London, to appeal to the East India directors, and to be ready to introduce Caraboo to their notice, who was to follow him the day after his departure. In a letter which the doctor had printed the day before in the Bath Herald, he declares no one doubted her, except—"those whose souls feel not the spirit of benevolence, and wish to convert into ridicule that amiable disposition in others." At the very moment that the doctor's letter was printing at Bath, Caraboo was making a full confession of her imposture at Bristol! What a rebuke for a philosopher!

On this eventful Sunday, Caraboo left Bath with her protectress, Mrs. Worrall, to return to the scene of her first attempt at imposition; and so well did she practise on the credulity and good nature of this lady, that she became even more interested in her behalf, and confirmed in the belief of her story. But the re-publication in the Bristol Journal of Dr. Wilkinson's first letter, led to the detection of the imposture. Caraboo's landlady at Lewin's-mead-Mrs. Neale-had read this with no small degree of surprise and amusement, and in an instant recognised the Princess of Javasu as her late lodger, Mary Buker... She communicated her suspicion on the Monday morning to a friend of Mrs. Worrall, who made that lady immediately acquainted therewith; and he had scarcely left the parlor at Knole, when a youth arrived from Westbury, who had met with the girl in her first expedition there, and who well remembered that when she was in his company, spirits and water were not quite so repugnant to her taste as they had been at Knole. Mrs. Worrall did not communicate her information to Caraboo, but determined on the next day to test its truth. Accordingly, in the morning, she carried her to Bristol, and took her to the house of the gentleman who had helped to undeceive Mrs. W. Mrs. Neale and her daughters were there; and after Mrs. Worrall had conversed with them, she returned to Caraboo, and informed her of the conclusive proofs she now possessed of her being an impostor. Caraboo, however, still tried to interest and deceive her, by exclaiming, in her usual gibberish-" Caraboo's Toddy, Moddy (father and mother) Irish!" But finding it did not succeed as usual, and that Mrs... W. was about to order Mrs. Neale up stairs, and confront her with her old landlady, she felt that the bubble had at last burst, and at

once acknowledged the cheat, begging that

Mrs. W. would not cast her off, or suffer her father to be sent for. This was promised

upon certain conditions, one of which was

that she would instantly give a faithful detail of her former course of life, disclose her real name, her parentage and history. Mrs. Neale being dismissed, the girl immediately commenced a narrative to Mr. Mortimer, the gentleman in whose house the éclaircissement took place, in which, to account for her knowledge of Eastern customs, she attempted to show that she had resided for four months at Bombay, and also at the Isle of France, as nurse in an European family. But Mr. Mortimer, having visited Bombay, soon detected her; and she refused at that time to communicate any further particulars; but to another gentleman she soon afterwards confessed a different and a truer story.

She confessed her real name to be Mary Baker (that of her parents Willcox); that she was born at Witheridge in 1791, and had received no education, owing to her irregular disposition. At eight years of age she was employed in spinning wool; in the summer months she often drove the farmers' horses, weeded the corn, and assisted in all labor. From her earliest youth she had always an ambition to excel her companions, whether at any game, such as cricket, or even in swimming in the water, &c. At the age of sixteen, she obtained a situation in a farmhouse, to look after the children; but while there she often carried a sack of corn or apples on her back, and endeavored to emulate the laboring men. This place, after two years, she left, because she received as wages but ten-pence a-week, and her employers refused to pay her the shilling aweek which she required. She returned to her father's house, but being badly received, she left for Exeter, where she obtained a situation, but did not stay in it long, roaming from place to place, until her misery and poverty induced her to attempt suicide. But receiving unexpected charity, she continued her melancholy wandering, until she reached London, where she was ill in St. Giles' Hospital for a long time; emerging from thence to a service in a lady's family, who gave her instruction and kept her for three years; after which she got admitted to the Magdalen Hospital, fancying it a place of refuge for females of any kind; but was expelled on its being discovered that she had' no real claim on their funds. She changed her female dress at a pawnbroker's for that of a man, as she feared traveling alone as a woman, and journeyed to Exeter, where she again changed them for female clothes, and went to her father's. After a few more changes of place in the country, she con-

tracted a dislike to it, and returned to London, and here she got acquainted with "a gentlemanly-looking man," whom, after an acquaintance of two months, she married; but, after a few months, employed principally in traveling in Sussex, he left her suddenly for Calais, promising to write and send for hera promise which he never kept. His name was Bakerstendht, or Beckerstein, which was contracted into Baker; and there is little doubt but it was from him that she picked up the Eastern words and idioms which she used, as well as the knowledge of Asiatic customs, which so effectually enabled her to carry out her imposition; as he had traveled among the Malays. After enduring some more unhappy reverses, and giving birth to a child, who died in the Foundling Hospital, she again visited Exeter, which she left for Plymouth, falling in with gipsies on the road, with whom she stayed some few days. After leaving them, she first assumed the manners and partial garb of a foreigner, being taken for French or Spanish by the country people, and going from place to place, living on occasional contributions, and residing in Bristol for three weeks, during which time she dressed in a turban, and went out in the streets, begging as a distressed foreigner, and her success induced her to endeavor to get together money enough in this way to pay her passage to America, whither she wished to go. After many adventures in her assumed garb, she reached the house of Mrs. Worrall, where her greatest scenes of imposture were enacted in the manner already narrated.

The parents of Caraboo were now found, and the substance of her narrative discovered to be correct; they spoke of her learning having much increased after her marriage, when she would talk some language, which they could not understand, for hours, to her sister in bed of a morning. The letters which they possessed of hers, before and after her journey to London, and her marriage there, gave conclusive proofs of a wonderful improvement in educational training.

The principal occurrences of "the princess's" life, as she narrated them, having been thus proved to be true, and the others having been by a slower and more distant mode of inquiry also found in the main correct, Mrs. Worrall determined to send her out to America, whither she still expressed a strong wish to go. In the mean time the termination of her imposture had greatly excited public curiosity, and she was visited by persons of all descriptions—noblemen,

painters, physiognomists, craniologists, all swelled the throng at her levées, while she, on her part, appeared highly gratified by the number of dupes she had made. Yet to Mrs. Worrall she always showed great gratitude and esteem.

After the discovery, she more than once expressed a wish that her adventures might be dramatized, for she declared that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to act the part of Caraboo herself. She was certainly highly delighted with the important figure she made as a successful impostor, and in no instance repented of her tricks. vanity was much gratified by the attention she excited, and her hopes of a successful visit to America were evidently based on some wild and desperate scheme, as she predicted she should return to England in her carriage and four. On her first arrival in America, she attracted a great share of attention, and exhibited herself in the costume she had adopted to aid her deceptions. But, however great her success in America might be at first, the éclat subsided, and her restless disposition induced her to leave that country. In the year 1824 she returned from America, and taking apartments in New Bond-street, made a public exhibition of herself. But seven years had elapsed since the period of her imposition, and public interest in her had ceased. The price of admittance was fixed at one shilling each person, but it does not appear that any great number of visitors went to see her. She retired into the obscurity from which she had originally emerged: another instance of the unhappy incertitude of a life of deception.

A more successful instance of imposture may, however, be now recorded in a brief notice of another female—Joanna Southcott—who carried on her deception in another, a safer, but a more reprehensible channel.

The imposition so long and so successfully practised by Joanna Souchcott, is a painful instance of credulity. Her partisans gave full credence to the assertions which she made with so much indelicate effrontery; and even when she outlived the period she had herself assigned for testing the truth of her assertions, still believed in them. Death, which dispels most illusions, did not dispel theirs; they still defended her tenets, asserted her words to be truths, inscribed her monument with the record of their faith, and the last remnants of the sect still venerate the pseudo-prophetess.

Joanna Southcott was born at Gettisham,

a small village in Devonshire, in the month of April, 1750, and was baptized on the 6th of June following, as appears by the registry of baptisms, at the parish church of St. Mary Ottery, in Devonshire. She was the daughter of William and Hannah Southcott, who were both members of the Established Church, and occupied themselves in farming.

From an early age Joanna had been a diligent reader of the Scriptures, and was so very enthusiastic in her studies as to become remarkable for it when a mere girl. This strong religious bias "grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength," and as she increased in years almost took entire possession of her mind. Like most young women, she had her admirers, and among them was one Noah Williams, whom she confesses to have felt an attachment for, and who was entirely attached to her, but whom she discarded, as she did all the others. In the year 1790, she was employed as a work-woman at an upholsterer's shop in Exeter. The shopkeeper being a Methodist, his shop was frequently visited by ministers of the same persuasion; and Joanna Southcott, possessing what they termed a serious turn of mind, did not pass unnoticed. She had frequent discussions in the shop with these ministers, and was regarded as a prodigy. Indeed, so much was she sensible of her own importance and superiority, that it took entire possession of her mind; and this naturally produced dreams which she considered as spiritual communications, and, these extraordinary visions continuing, she began to think herself inspired. She now bade adieu to the shop, and commenced prophetess. She declared that she was visited by the Lord, who promised to enter into an everlasting covenant with her; but the Methodist preachers already adverted to, endeavored to convince her of the evil nature of her inspirations, and attributed their origin to Satan himself, but Joanna continued firm in her own belief

Joanna began her impositions in 1792, by declaring herself to be the woman spoken of in the Revelations as "the bride," "the Lamb's wife," and "the woman clothed with the sun." This was at Exeter, and attracted great attention. She wrote to the clerical dignitaries of the town, and to other persons of repectability; but for eight years she got no sanction from any but the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy. In 1801 she published her first book, "The Strange Effects of Faith;" and that brought to Exeter five gentlemen from different parts of the kingdom to test her

truth. Three of them were clergymen, and, after remaining in that city for ten days, they declared themselves satisfied that she had a divine mission.

Two years afterwards they visited London, with many others, for her doctrines had greatly spread, and publicly "tried" the truth of her mission. For the third time a better organized and larger meeting was held, and Joanna again triumphed—a paper being signed to that effect by all present.

Being thus fortified, Joanna issued the following document, in which she broadly stated

her pretensions:-

"I, Joanna Southcott, am clearly convinced that my calling is of God, and my writings are indited by his Spirit, as it is impossible for any spirit but an all-wise God, that is wondrous in working, wondrous in wisdom, wondrous in power, wondrous in truth, could have brought round such mysteries, so full of truth, as is in my writings; so I am clear in whom I have believed, that all my writings came from the Spirit of the most high God.

"JOANNA SOUTHCOTT."

This was signed in the presence of fiftyeight persons, including the Methodist preachers present, who all assented to the truth of the statement.

Her converts now surprisingly increased, and she visited, in her missionary capacity, Bristol, Leeds, Stockport, and other large towns, where she obtained many adherents. Among the number was William Sharp, the celebrated engraver, who was a man prone to mystical imaginings, and most easily deceived by religious impostors. At an early period of his life he became a convert to the opinions of Brothers and others, who called themselves prophets, such as Wright, Bryan, He became so completely enamored of Joanna and her pretensions, that he went to Exeter, and brought her to London, took lodgings for her, and maintained her for some time. He to the last firmly believed that she was inspired. It is no wonder that, reveling as he did in such vagaries, he died poor.

Among the directions for her conduct which the Spirit, according to her belief, had given her, was an order to Seal the faithful to the number of one hundred and forty-four thousand, previous to the Millennium, which she declared was fast approaching. The story of the discovery of this famous seal is variously told. Some affirm that she found it in sweeping out her master's shop at Exeter; others say that she obtained it in sweeping her own house, where she carelessly threw it into a box; and when she was ordered by the

Spirit to seal up the people, having no seal for the purpose, the Spirit told her in the Devonshire dialect, that she would find one in the skivet of her box; so she opened the box, and found the seal above mentioned, and, on looking at it, found engraved on it I. C., with two stars, the explanation of which, she says, was given her by the Spirit; that is, I stands for Jesus and Joanna, the C for Christ, and the two stars for the morning and evening stars, Jesus being the morning,

and Joanna the evening star.

A manuscript note of the late Mr. George Smeeton, in the possession of our publisher, hitherto unpublished, gives the following curious history of this seal. He says: "Mr. Samuel Rousseau, author of a 'Grammar of the Persian Language,' and other works, told me 'that this famous mystical seal was found in a dust heap, near the Clerkenwell, in the neighborhood of which he was then living, and was brought for his inspection; that he jocularly commented upon it to the bearer, telling him it would do for Joanna Southcott. and that it was a mystical seal. The poor creature believed him, and presented it to Joanna, he being one of her followers. From this identical seal twenty thousand passports to heaven were sealed, varying in price from one shilling to twelve. So much for enlightened England!"

This sealing of the elect was thus performed. Upon a sheet of paper was written, within a mystical circle about six inches in diameter, the following words, commencing

with the mame of the disciple:-

R. N * * * *,
The sealed of the Lord—the Elect precious,
Man's Redemption, to Inherit the
Tree of Life.
To be made Heirs of God, and Joint heirs

with Jesus Christ.

This was dated on the day of its delivery, and signed by Joanna herself.

The paper was then folded up; and the impression of Joanna's seal made on the outside in wax. This done, they were sent to different persons commissioned by Joanna to dispense the same. When any person was to be sealed, he wrote his name in a list provided for that purpose; this was called signing for Satan's destruction, as he thereby signifies his wish that Satan may soon be destroyed; that is, banished from the earth. The new name, being thus added to the list, was copied thence into the paper which recorded the sealing; which, being written out fairly, and signed by the Prophetess, was

carefully folded, and sealed up with her seal, with the injunction "not to be broke open" written outside. It was then delivered into the hands of the party whose name it bore, and that person was considered as sealed.

The price of this sealing was originally one guinea, but was subsequently reduced to twelve shillings, and even lower; as the applications became numerous, and the determination to fleece even the poorest among her followers, governed their rulers. The numbers of the sealed, up to the year 1808, is estimated to have amounted to upwards of six thousand four hundred,—a melancholy list of dupes, and a disagreeable contemplation for a thinking mind. Each of these persons believed this sealed paper a certain salvation; and the wicked folly of disseminating these things continued until 1808, when, for some unexplained reason, the sealing was sud-

denly stopped.

Joanna continued her visionary rhapsodies, and occasionally preached to the assembled people. She used to dress in a plain, quaker-like style, in a gown of calimancoe, and a shawl and bonnet of a drab She was a coarse, common-place looking woman, of considerable corpulency. She would occasionally address the people in the open air, her stronghold being in Southwark, where her chapel was. house, which had on its front, in very large characters, "The House of God," was situated a few doors south of the old Elephant and Castle, and opposite the Fishmongers' The three leading preachers Almshouses. here were a Mr. Carpenter, who afterwards seceded from his mistress, and with a young man saw visions on his own account; a Mr. S. P. Foley (said to be a relation of Lord Foley), and a Mr. Tozer, who was a lath-render in the London Road, adjacent; and who, with the rest, had no other ordination than that given by the Spirit through Joanna. square block of houses among which this chapel stood, was a peculiar bequeath in the reign of Elizabeth for the support of ten aged widows, and then consisted of a field, with a dwelling house and blacksmith's shop on it. When the estate became released, the parish officers pulled down this chapel, and reconstructed the other houses, and had a clause inserted in the new leases, that on any tenant affixing on any part of the front of their premises the words-"House of God," the leases should immediately become forfeited.

In 1803, Joanna published some remarks

on the Church of England Prayers, which she declared were dictated by the Holy Spirit, as all her other writings were affirmed to be. To this was prefixed an introduction, written by her enthusiastic admirer, Sharp, the engraver, in which he states his belief in the redemption of mankind by her means, and that she is the woman named in the 12th chapter of the Revelations; and that in consequence of the purity of her church prayers, England would be the first country redeemed; and then the whole world, by means of Joanna's writings.

Joanna was some years stationary in London. She had chapels in Southwark, Spitalfields, Greenwich, Twickenham, and Gravesend, and all her prophecies were carefully committed to paper. In the Times of the 28th of October, 1813, she inserted a letter of warning to the English nation, and a challenge to the Bishops and Clergy of the Church of England, and all who disbelieved in her mission. These warnings were contained in her "Book of Wonders," sent, as she was "ordered by the Spirit," to the Prince Regent, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of Worcester, Salisbury, and London, the Duke of Gloster, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Ellenborough, and the Recorder of London. In the third "Book of Wonders," was announced "the coming of Shiloh with a call to the Hebrews," and the climax of Joanna's madness arrived.

This unfortunate religious enthusiast had so far wrought on her own mind, that she believed Christ was to be born again under the name of Shiloh, and that she, at the age of sixty-five, was to be the mother. The madness of herself and her votaries, acting and reacting on each other, had taught them to assert and believe this monstrous and wicked absurdity. It is impossible to print here the descriptions of her miraculous conception, which her followers had the audacity to promulgate; or to give, in Southcott's own words, her description of her pregnancy; suffice it to say, that her followers believed in the assertion she made of the Spirit having said to her, "This year, in the sixty-fifth year of thy age, thou shalt have a son by the power of the Most High; which, if they (the Hebrews) receive as their prophet, priest, and king, then I will restore them to their own land, and cast out the heathen for their sakes, as I cast out them when they east out me, by rejecting me as their Saviour, Prince, and King, for which I said I was born, but not at that time to establish my kingdom."

And now the mad enthusiasm of Joanna's followers continued on the increase. In town and country all sorts of contributions and necessary preparations for her accouchement were made. She was literally overwhelmed with presents, and a costly cradle was provided for the child that was eagerly expected by her followers.

A book was kept in which all these "freewill offerings to Shiloh" were entered as they were received; and this was, with her will, placed in the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. It is curious to look over the list. Some are of value; some but trifling "mementoes of love;" some are gifts of clothing; others of money; others of a very nondescript kind-such as Mrs. Harwood's gift of "a silver barrel," or Alfred Goldsmith's of "a pretty sixpence." The quantity of caps given is enormous, while robes, pinafores, shoes, of satin and worsted, flannel shirts, napkins, blankets, &c., swell the list to a large amount; silver spoons, pap-boats, mugs, corals; as well as silver teapots, sugar basins, tongs, and "odds-and-ends" of all kinds, complete this record of fanatical credu-

The absurdity of all this was severely commented upon both in England, and on the Continent. Yet there were not wanting persons possessing a sufficient amount of gullibility to uphold her fancies or deception among the medical profession. A letter was published by Dr. Reece, in which, after stating that he had visited her and ascertained by personal examination that she was undoubtedly pregnant, had applied to the parish clerk for the certificate of her baptism; and having assured himself of her age, without binding himself to her tenets or her assertions, he considered himself "satisfied" that she might give birth to a child.

But as if to silence the objection to the truth of her situation, an advertisement appeared in the Morning Chronicle of Thursday, September 22d, 1814, and also in the Courier of Friday, 23rd, in which she declared that in consequence of the malicious and false reports circulated, she was desirous of treating for "a spacious and ready-furnished house to be hired for three months, in which her accouchement may take place, in the presence of such competent witnesses as shall be appointed by proper authority to prove her character to the world." On Sunday, Aug. 23rd, all the chapels of her sect were closed until the birth of the child: and her principal chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Tozer, announced that it would be accompanied by supernatural signs sufficient to convince the most skeptical and that then would the Millennium commence.

But the appointed day passed over, and, of course, no birth took place, yet her votaries defended her, and obstinately persisted that the child would speedily be born, when death dropped the curtain on the miserable farce; and Joanna expired, in Manchester Street, Manchester Square, on the 27th of December of the same year. Even her death was scarcely believed by her friends, who expected her to rise and live again; but she was buried in the ground attached to St. John's Wood Chapel, where another religious impostor lies, "the prophet Richard Brothers." Opposite to No. 44, on the wall, is the tombstone to her memory.

The failure of her prophesies had, however, no effect in opening the eyes of her deluded votaries. On one occasion she prognosticated the death of her own father at a stated period; in doing which she stood a fair chance of being right, as he was then above seventy years of age, and his death daily expected; but he long survived the appointed period without "the prophetess" suffering at all in the opinion of her followers. On another occasion, to confirm her disciples, a miracle was announced to be performed on a certain day; and this was to raise a corpse to life. The Devil, however, in the shape of Wortley, an officer of the Union Hall Office, interposed and spoiled the effect, by proposing that the dead man should first be stabbed with a dagger. The corpse not liking such a process got up and ran away, to the great astonishment of the congregation. In some instances the zeal of Joanna's followers outran her own discretion; and they carried their vagaries to an extent which she did not always countenance or command, although they were the natural results of her own erroneous example.

The implicit faith that her followers reposed on her predictions may be illustrated by one instance among many. Edward Penny, a farmer residing at Inglebourn, near Totness, Devon, became so convinced of the truth of her prediction, that in the ensuing year there would be no harvest, as the world would be destroyed before the period for gathering the corn had arrived, that he determined to save his seed-wheat, and let all his land lie idle. The harvest time came, the world went on as before; and when rent-day came he had no way of meeting the demands upon himself, so he was obliged to part with a portion of

his property to pay the rent of the farm he had so foolishly neglected. He never recovered the blow, but sunk gradually in the world until he was obliged to seek parochial

aid, dying miserably poor.

In London the believers in Southcott's imposture are "dying out," but so short a time ago as September 1838, some few were summoned to Union Hall, for exciting a disturbance in the streets by the exhibition of banners and mystical emblems, and the public preaching of her doctrine; and in May, 1835, an advertisement to the following effect appeared in the papers:-The followers of Joanna Southcott and her son Shiloh, are informed that a very valuable manuscript, giving an account of the Divine Mission of Shiloh, his works and miracles, which have taken place since the death of Joanna Southcott, will be published in Numbers, at one shilling each." And in 1840 another advertisement announced that the manuscript of her original prophecies was to be sold complete "in excellent preservation." Some few of her followers still linger about the neighborhood of Walworth; and it is but a short time since a petition for the destruction of the Devil lay for signature at a rag-shop

there, thus continuing one of the old freaks of Joanna.

That Joanna was an unfortunate lunatic there can be no doubt, her lunacy being the result of misdirected study and enthusiasm acting on a weak brain; and that she and her more immediate followers added deliberate moneygetting by imposition there can be also no What their religious tenets were can scarcely be clearly made out by the published or spoken rhapsodies of the prophetess or her sect; the probability is that they did not themselves distinctly comprehend them. Their errors and actions as exhibited to the world, equal in absurdity any that we read of as enacted in what we term "the dark ages," although taking place in the nineteenth century; and in the very centre of one of the most civilized of European nations. Ere we judge too harshly of the credulity of our ancestors, who had not that means of obtaining true knowledge we have ourselves, we should reflect on the vagaries of this sect, thus acting in opposition to truth and reason. It should also teach us how dangerous it is to stray from the well-defined rules of true religious government.

Science versus Sentiment.—At the trial of the Abbé Gothland and Madame Dussablon for poisoning the housekeeper of the former, which took place the first week in December, 1850, at the assizes of La Charente, in Angoulême, a professional argument occurred between M. Lesueur, the celebrated chemist, and another medical witness, whether the poison had been administered in successive doses or otherwise; and, during the discussion, an allusion was made to a former victim, named Soufflard, by Dr. Gigon, the antagonist of Lesueur, who advanced some erroneous statements with regard to the results of the post-morten examination, which was immediately refuted by Lesueur, who, in his scientific enthusiasm, exclaimed vehemently, "I ought to be able to decide the question, for I myself cooked him from head to foot!"

This melancholy facetiousness recalls irre-

sistibly to memory an anecdote of Gall the phrenologist, who was one day lecturing upon the organ of Tune. "Gentlemen," said the veteran professor, exhibiting at the same time a superbly-formed skull, "here is the head of my excellent friend Colonel Hartmann, one of the finest musicians in the Austrian empire."

"Give us its history!—give us its history!"

cried a score of his listeners.

"It is a very simple one," said the German, with a smile of grave self-gratulation; "I lately received intelligence of the death of my excellent friend, which had just taken place at Vienna, and you may imagine my delight on learning that the musical development was most extraordinary. I hastened to possess myself of so valuable a testimony to the truth of the immortal science of phrenology, and here it is. Gentlemen, pass round the head of Colonel Hartmann!"—Bentley.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Somewhat more than thirty years ago, when Sir Walter Scott was pouring forth his anonymous novels, when Jeffrey was the king of Whig critics, when Professor Wilson, with Lockhart and the Ettrick Shepherd for his companions, was holding his Noctes Ambrosianæ, in connection with Blackwood's Magazine, and when, made illustrious by the presence of such men, Edinburgh was all but the literary capital of the country, there might have been seen in Leith Walk, which is a long suburb stretching from Edinburgh to its port-town of Leith, two small bookshops kept by two brothers of the name of Chambers. It would have been found on inquiry that these two young men, of whom the elder was named William and the younger Robert, were natives of Peebles, a pretty town on Tweedside; that they were the sons of parents who had known better days; and that, fortune having thrown them upon their own resources at a time of life when most young men of the middle class are only leaving school, they had chosen a course, which, though humble, gave an incidental gratification to the superior tastes which their early education had led them to contract, and were pursuing it with a zeal, a tenacity of purpose, and a spirit of self-dependence, extraordinary at their age and in their circumstances.

Of the early struggles of the two brothers it is not in our power to say much. several years, until they took the step of removing from Leith Walk into Edinburgh, they increased their business by slow degrees, gradually forming acquaintanceships among the book-buying and book-selling portions of the Edinburgh community. To eke out the profits of his small trade, William had taught himself the art of printing; and at this branch of business he continued to work for some years as his own compositor and pressman, being unable to pay for assistance. More than this, he ingeniously cut in wood the larger kind of types which he had not the means of purchasing; and he bound with his own hands the whole impression of a small volume, the publication of which his

enterprise had induced him to undertake. An aged gentleman is still in the habit of telling that, in going home late at night through Leith Walk, he never failed to observe that, while all the rest of the street was shrouded in silence and darkness, lights gleamed from the window of William Chambers's small printing-room, whence issued also the wheasy sounds of his ever-toiling press. Industry like this could scarcely fail of its reward.

Occupied either in the mechanical preparation or in the sale of books, the two young men began, about or even before the time of their removal into Edinburgh, to be known by their own efforts in literature. Whether it was native instinct, or their habit of handling books professionally that led them immediately into the temptation of authorship, it might be difficult to say; in the particular nature, however, of their early efforts in this line, one sees a clear proof that both of them possessed from the first something of that innate and intense amor patrice which has constituted for probably half of the whole number of literary Scotchmen the primary impulse and determination towards the literary calling.

Every Scotchman, of any culture or intelligence, has a taste for the antiquities of his native country. Wherever in the wide world a Scotchman ultimately fixes his abode—whatever amount of various training it may be his fortune to receive—to whatever mode of intellectual activity he may at last give himself up, whether to politics, to poetry, to metaphysics, to science, or to stockjobbing—there will still necessarily be found at his heart, by those that can succeed in reaching it, an undissolved knot of national feeling, of purely sentimental attachment to that jagged litle bit of the general British area which lies north of the Tweed.

"The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide, Amang the bearded bear, I turned the weeding-heuk aside, And spared the symbol dear: No nation, no station, My envy e'er could raise; A Scot still, but blot still, I knew nae higher praise."

All Scotchmen share this feeling of Burns. Indeed, this sentiment of the Thistle, if we may so call it, seems to be the only piece of original moral capital with which Scotland furnishes all her children indiscriminately. All Scotchmen have not the same type of head; nor, whatever may be the common opinion on the subject, are all Scotchmen prudent and cautious; but this one quality all Scotchmen certainly do possess in common-affection for Scotland. Connecting this one element of Scotticism with whatever other kinds of mental stuff he chooses, a Scotchman may be anything possible in the world—a transendentalist or a Joseph Hume; a saint or a debauchee; a poet or a maker of fish-hooks; nevertheless, as possessing this one quality upon which they can always fall back for agreement, Scotchmen are more homogeneous than Englishmen. And, as we have already said, much of the literary effort of Scottish authors has been determined by this strong feeling of nationality. The poetry of Burns, for example, and the writings of Sir Walter Scott, are pre-eminently Scottish in their character. No English compositions can be cited that exhibit such a surcharge of the peculiar element of Anglicism, whatever that is, as these compositions exhibit of the element of Scotticism. The greatness of Shakspeare and of Milton does not possess, or, as some might say, is not marred by, any feature of special nationality; but in reading Burns and Sir Walter, it is almost essential to remember that they were Scotchmen. And even of literary Scotchmen of a different class-of such general thinkers and writers, for example, as Adam Smith, Reid, Hume, and Chalmers, in whose intellectual exhibitions there has been nothing deliberately or formally Scotcheven of such writers and thinkers it may be observed, that, privately, and for their own solace, they have always retained much of the specially Scottish sentiment and humor. There is a curious instance of this in the evident delight, we had almost said glee, with which Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh, a man whose speculative intellect is, perhaps, more pure and less limited by local or national associations than that of any other living Briton, traces, in his recent edition of Reid's Works, the course of the tributary of Scottish thought through the whole modern history of philosophy; pointing out, for example, for was peculiar and national in the habits of the

the credit of his native country, such facts as these—that the grandfather of Sir Isaac Newton was a Scotchman from East Lothian; that Kant himself had Scottish blood in his veins; and that the celebrated French thinker, Destutt Tracy, was a scion of the uneuphonic Scottish clan of Stott.

Thirty years ago the Scottish sentiment was stronger than it is now; and there were circumstances in the position of the two Chamberses to enhance even that portion of it which, in common with all Scotchmen, Natives of they had received from nature. a provincial Scottish town, not without its claim to antiquarian notice, they had removed to Edinburgh just at the time of life when they were most fit to receive new impres-Now no one that has not gone through the experience can tell the effects of a first contact with Edinburgh and its society upon a young Scotchman that has removed thither from a provincial town.

"Edinburgh to a young provincial who sees it for the first time! O! the complex strangeness of the impression! The reekier atmosphere; the picturesque outline of the whole built mass against the sky; the heights and hollows; the free-stone houses; the different aspects of the shops; the dialect so new that one hears from the children in the streets—the impression of all this is indescribable. Everything is strange; the very dust seems to be blown by the wind in a new and mystic manner. And then, when the town is taken in detail. The Calton Hill; Arthur seat; the High-street, with its closes; the Castle, with Mons Meg and the Regalia; John Knox's house; Holyrood Palace; Princes'-street, along which Sir Walter Scott limped; the whole of the New Town, and the great, black chasm, lamp-studded at night, which separates it from the Old-all so poetic, so novel! And then, here to have so many historical facts and incidents visibly bodied forth! Rizzio's blood, the Martyr's grave, the spot where Mitchell shot at Archbishop Sharpe; one can go and see it all. Surely, to be born in this city is a privilege; to have lived in it, and not to love it, is for a Scotchman impossible. "City of my choice," one might say with Richter, "to which I would belong on this side the grave!'

So writes some enthusiastic Scot regarding Edinburgh as it now is, or as it was a little while ago; and thirty or forty years ago the impression must have been even more characteristic and vivid. True, Mons Meg and the Regalia were not then to be seen, and the New Town was not by half so Athenian and architectural as it now is; but many tradition-hallowed parts of the Old Town have since been pulled down, and much that

citizens has since disappeared. The Scotch ! dialect was then still spoken among classes of the community from which it has since been chased by the invasion of English teachers of elocution; relics of Edinburgh, as it was in the middle of last century, still remained in the shape of octogenarian ladies and gentlemen that pertinaciously clung to the Old Town, and told stories of their younger days; and the Parliament House still boasted wits and humorists, worthy to have been caricatured by Kay, along with the Kameses and Monboddos of a former generation. And, more important still, Sir Walter Scott was then still alive. Persons walking down Princes'-street in an afternoon could see his buirdly figure heaving itself lamely along on the pavement before them, and could study his good-humored countenance, with its shaggy light eyebrows, as he turned to pat the dogs that would introduce themselves to him, and take the liberty of licking his hand. Moreover, the influence of this man had filled all Scotland, and Edinburgh in particular, with a kind of epidemic enthusiasm for everything that related to Scottish antiquity. Hardly can the two brothers have been familiar with the streets of Edinburgh when "Waverley" came out to astonish and delight all its reading circles; and among the chief topics of the town during the first four years of their residence in it must have been the six novels with which the Great Unknown followed up his first effort, to wit-"Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." Others and others followed; and in 1820 everybody was mad about Scotch ballads, Scotch antiquities, and the Waverley novels.

What with their native amor patria as Scotchmen, what with the antiquarian curiosity that could not fail to be roused in them by their transference at such an inquisitive age to Edinburgh, and what with the infection of that atmosphere of Scottish enthusiasm, which Scott had then been the means of diffusing through the country, the two brothers, if they were to make an entrance into literature at all, could hardly escape doing so through the medium of a liking for Scottish humors and antiquities. Possessing both of them a strong desire for information, and gifted also, both of them, and especially Robert, with a peculiar relish for the anecdotic and picturesque in history, their favorite books for reading, out of their own little stocks, when they began life as booksellers,

must have been, we fancy, such as Sir Walter Scott also used to set most store by. The Waverley novels, they, of course, read as they came out; but many an odd volume of old ballads, and other Scottish matter besides, such as Sir Walter would have been glad to pick up had he met with it, must have lain on their counters for their own private reading in the intervals of business, or of severer intellectual employment. Their reminiscences, too, of the country; their facilities in their respective situations, for making observations of their own on men and manners; and their opportunities, in their more social hours, of gleaning original snatches of old Scottish song and narrative from among their various acquaintances-must all have contributed to give to their acquisitions in Scottish history an independent value and interest; and had Sir Walter, in 1819 or 1820, chanced, in sauntering down Leith Walk, to enter into conversation, over an old book, with either of the young book-dealing brothers—with William, then but nineteen or twenty, or with Robert, then but seventeen or eighteen years of age-he would doubtless have found in either not merely an intelligent reader of his own works, but a youth of real culture in the department of Scottish lore and antiquities.

We do not know if Sir Walter ever did happen thus to fall into chat with the young Chamberses in their shops in Leith Walk; but they had not been long in Edinburgh before their names became known to him. For, already practised in writing as, like all other literary aspirants, they must have been by the contribution of occasional papers to such local periodicals as were open to them, anonymously or otherwise, they soon ventured on publications which gave them a title to rank openly among the devotees of Scottish literature.

Robert's first work, the "Traditions of Edinburgh," the materials for which he had begun to collect in 1820, appeared in 1823-4. The first and several of the subsequent editions were printed by William at his small press. The work was immediately popular, and it deserved to be so. There does not exist a more amusing book of local antiquities. It is for Edinburgh what Cunningham's "Handbook" and Leigh Hunt's "Town" are for London, combining the accurate detail of the one, with much of the humor and romance of the other. And indeed Edinburgh is just the town that could admit of such a book, and that required to have it,-a town not too large to be overtaken in a connected

story, and yet every inch of it rich with old memories and associations. Every spot in the town has its traditions, and every inhabitant knows, by some chance or other, some of those traditions. One person will point out to you James's Court, where Hume and Boswell lived, and where Dr. Johnson went to visit the latter; another will show you a cellar in the High Street, and tell you that the treaty of Union between Scotland and England was signed there: a third will show you the spot where Darnley was blown up with gunpowder; in the West Bow anybody will point out to you the haunted house once tenanted by the horrible wizard, Major Weir, who was burnt in 1670; and all round the Grass-market are tangible and visible relics of notorious facts in the old history of the town. To collect these scattered traditions of Edinburgh in an authentic and complete form had been, we believe, a favorite design of Sir Walter Scott; but the enterprising young immigrant from Peebles was beforehand with him in setting about its execution. With a natural taste for the historical and anecdotic, and impressed, doubtless, with that mystic veneration for Edinburgh which, as we have already said, is sure to seize every intelligent young provincial that goes to take up his abode in it, Robert Chambers seems, while yet a mere boy, to have contracted, in his perambulations through the town, an antiquarian acquaintance with all its noted localities. And when the idea struck him of writing a book on so interesting and attractive a subject, he spared no pains in converting this general acquaintance with the streets and suburbs of Edinburgh into a minute and perfect knowledge. Probably there was not a nook or corner of the town, not a close or land in the dingiest purlieus of Auld Reekie, that he did not visit and explore in person. All such oral or written sources of information as were open to him, were also diligently consulted; and in particular, interesting materials were communicated to him by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe and Sir Walter Scott, to whom his inquiries during the preparation of the book were the means of introducing him, and to whom, when it was finished, he dedicated it—the first volume to Mr. Sharpe, the second to Sir Walter. Since the work was originally published it has been much improved and enlarged; and the copyright, after having passed through several hands, having been recently repurchased by the brothers, the "Traditions of Edinburgh" now appears, in its final shape, as one of the volumes of the author's re-issue of his select !

writings. It is the best guide a stranger could have to the antiquities of Edinburgh: at least we only know one better, and that is Mr. Robert Chambers himself, than whom, Peebles-man as he is, there is not, since Sir Walter Scott died, a single citizen of Edinburgh better acquainted with its outs and ins, or better qualified to do its honors as illustrator and cicerone. A walk through the old town of Edinburgh, with Robert Chambers as guide, is one of the treats that literary strangers of any antiquarian propensity have a kind of prescriptive right to look forward to when about to visit the Scottish capital.

Once fairly embarked on the career of authorship, and having succeeded in making themselves favorably known by their first productions, the two brothers continued, in the intervals of business, to prosecute their literary efforts. Either as having more time, or as having a stronger inclination to use his pen, Robert was for some years the more voluminous author. His "Traditions of Edinburgh" were, in 1826, followed by a curious and most agreeable volume entitled "Popular Rhymes of Scotland." The nature of this book—a book after Sir Walter Scott's own heart—may be inferred by those that have not seen it (and no Scotchman ought to be in that predicament) from the following paragraph in the preface to the new and fuller edition of it, printed among the author's select writings :-

"Reared amidst friends to whom popular poetry furnished a daily enjoyment, and led by a tendency of my own mind to delight in whatever is quaint, whimsical, and old, I formed the wish, at an early period of life, to complete, as I considered it, the collection of the traditionary verse of Scotland, by gathering together and publishing all that remained of a multitude of rhymes and short snatches of verse, applicable to places, families, natural objects, amusements, &c., wherewith, not less than by song and ballad, the cottage fireside was amused in days gone past, while yet printed books were only familiar to comparatively few. task was executed as well as circumstances would permit, and a portion of the 'Popular Rhymes of Scotland' was published in 1826. Other objects have since occupied me, generally of a graver kind; yet, amidst them all, I have never lost my wish to complete the publication of these relics of the old natural literature of my native country."

This book, perhaps the most original in conception of all Robert Chambers's works of the same species, must have added greatly to the reputation his "Traditions of Edinburgh" had procured for him, and must have

been the means of gaining him many friends. In the following year he still farther distinguished himself by "The Picture of Scotland," a work in two volumes, the result of travel and reading combined, and intended as an attempt to elevate topographical and archæological details respecting the chief localities in Scotland into the region of the belles lettres. In an entry in Scott's Diary, dated February 4th, 1829, there occurs the following criticism of this book:-"Rather dawdled, and took to reading Chambers's 'Beauties of Scotland,' which would be admirable, if they were accurate. He is a clever young fellow, but hurts himself by too much haste." The inaccuracy complained of by Sir Walter arose doubtless from the necessity the author was under of eking out the results of his own tour by matter compiled from other sources. "Haste," indeed, in a certain sense, there must have been (though Sir Walter was hardly the man to find fault with celerity of production), for in the three years 1828-30, Robert, whose pen had doubtless acquired fluency by practice, followed up his "Picture of Scotland" by no fewer than eight volumes more-to wit, "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions of 1638-1660, 1745-46, and 1689-1715," in successive volumes, and a "Life of James I.," in two volumes, for Constable's Miscellany; and three volumes of "Scottish Ballads and Songs," with annotations, for Tait. Of these various productions the author has thought none worthy to be reprinted among his select writings, except the "History of the Rebellion of 1745-6"-a work which, enlarged as it now is, is not only the best narrative we have of the life of Prince Charles Stuart, but also one of the best specimens of lively and picturesque story-telling in the language. It is to be regretted that the "Ballads and Songs" are now so scarce, as the collection was judicious and the typographical appearance of the volumes extremely creditable to the publisher. A later work, commenced by R. Cuambers in 1832 for Messrs. Blackie and Fullarton of Glasgow, but not concluded till 1835, was a "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen," extending over four large volumes. All these literary undertakings were accomplished by Mr. Chambers while attending to his business as a bool seller; most of them being literary commissions, so to speak, from large houses in his own trade.

Meanwhile, William's pen had not been idle. Besides various occasional writings, doubtless, which we have not the means of tracing, he brought out, in 1830, an elaborate

work entitled "The Book of Scotland." Of the nature and intention of this book, the following is an account given in the preface:

"The volume now introduced to public notice has been compiled with the view of furnishing for the first time to strangers and others a connected, comprehensive delineation of the chief Institutions in Scotland, as well as the more prominent and peculiar laws and usages by which the northern kingdom is still distinguished from other parts of the British Empire, and more especially from England."

As admirable as Robert's works are in their way, is this work of William's, with its succinct and clear accounts of all the peculiarities in the mechanism of the Scottish social system; the powers of its courts and various legal functionaries; its laws of marriage, divorce, &c.; its educational institutions, its civic and religious organisation, and such like. Indeed we know not how the original characteristic qualities of the two brothers could be better seen than by taking this work as representative of William, and comparing it with the "Picture of Scotland," the "Traditions of Edinburgh," or any other of Robert's earlier productions. In both will be found the same fundamental amor Scotiae, the same patriotic sentiment; in both, too, will be found the same relish for a genuine bit of Scottish character or humor, and the same liking for treasuring it up: but in Robert the tendency, it will be observed, is rather to the purely historic and artistic; in William there is a stronger dash of the statistical and immediately practical. It is the external features of his native land, the physiognomy, moral and corporeal, of its inhabitants, their costumes, customs, and humors, that Robert chiefly describes, and he looks on them rather with the acquiescent eye of a poet and lover of the picturesque, than with the eye of a social or political censor; William, on the other hand, without being insensible to these charms of humorous and poetical observation, seems to have possessed from the first a special energy of temperament, that led him rather to discuss the right and the wrong of social forms and usages, and to take a part in overt movements for social improvement. Does the reader remember the language of Burns, in the other half of that famous verse, part of which we have already quoted, as descriptive of the kind of patriotic enthusiasm which is the initial feeling of almost all Scotchmen? Here it is :-

"Even then, a wish (I mind its power,)
A wish that to my latest hour

Shall strongly heave my breast— That I for poor auld Scotland's sake Some usefu' plan or beuk could make, Or sing a sang at least."

Well, if this wish be broken into two parts, we should say that the one part would represent the original aspiration of William Chambers, the other the original aspiration of Robert. To write the "beuk" and to sing the "sang" must have been the form, we take it, of Robert's earliest wish to be of benefit to his native land; William, on the other hand, must have aspired after the "usefu' plan," and must have meditated the beuk," chiefly as a fit vehicle of the same. Hence, we should imagine, the idea of such a work as "The Book of Scotland"—a repertory of information relative to the entire constitution of Scottish social and legal procedure, with sagacious, practical reflections interspersed, and comparisons suggested with other countries.

It is obvious that the characteristic differences of the two brothers, based as they were on real agreement and similarity, were just such as to be of mutual service when brought to act in literary concert. Their first joint enterprise, accordingly, was of a kind to call forth in some degree the peculiar talents of both. This was a "Gazetteer of Scotland," in other words an alphabetical survey, geographical, commercial; and antiquarian, of the whole kingdom of Scotland. It was begun for the booksellers in 1829, and completed, at the expense of much labor in collecting materials, in 1832, when it was published. The chief share of the work devolved, we believe, on William, who wrote the bulk of it while waiting on business at his counter.

But that which was finally to associate the brothers in literary and commercial partnership was the scheme of the *Edinburgh Journal*, projected by William in 1832, and which was destined to fulfill to the utmost whatever aspirations after a "usefu' plan" his most sanguine anticipations had led him to con-

"Cheap literature" was not then unknown, but it was still in its infancy. A great deal of useless controversy, it seems to us, has been raised on the question of priority of invention, if it may be so called, in this matter. Who was the inventor of "Cheap Literature?" To whom is the original conception of a cheap literary sheet, depending for success on a widely-extended circulation, justly to be attributed? On this particular point of absolute priority we have never heard that the Messrs. Chambers have put forward

any claim; indeed, about twenty years ago the idea was epidemic, the offspring of nobody in special, but the general result of many circumstances combined—in part of a popular demand for literary recreation, in part of the mechanical perfection to which the art of printing had attained, and in part of that mercantile spirit of enterprise which ever watches the market. Names, however, that do deserve honorable mention in this connection are those of Leigh Hunt and Charles Knight; the one of whom, we believe, preceded the Chamberses as the editor of a cheap weekly sheet, and the other of whom, appearing in the field almost contemporaneously with them, has during these twenty years advanced side by side with them, with a spirit and fertility of design all his own, thus adding an independent reputation to his merits as an author, and rendering his name as familiar to the people at large as the sight of his fine benevolent countenance is delightful to those that personally know him. If the Chamberses and Charles Knight have since appeared as friendly competitors on the same general arena, this has been the result of circumstances; for originally, we believe, the Chamberses chiefly contemplated addressing themselves to Scotland. One or two cheap sheets were already in being in Edinburgh—poor in abilities and in aim, but yet eminently successful; and it was the success of these that suggested to William Chambers the idea of issuing a cheap weekly periodical, of a superior tone, carefully prepared, and with comprehensive views as regarded popular enlightenment. He was then in his thirty-second year, and full of energy; his success in business had enabled him to lay by capital enough to make a beginning; this he was willing to risk; and, securing his brother's literary co-operation, he took all the preliminary measures, and on the 4th of February, 1832, six weeks before the appearance of the Penny Magazine, the first number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, in the form of a large newspaper sheet, was to be seen in the windows of the Scottish booksellers.

We have a copy of the first number of the Journal now before us, and, in glancing over it, we are struck by two things; in the first place, by the decidedly Scottish tone and spirit of the periodical at its outset, more than one half of the matter consisting of papers illustrative of Scottish character and Scottish society; and in the second place, by the enthusiastic and resolute manner in which the editor, Mr. William Chambers, chalks out

the future career of the periodical in his programme, and the distinctness with which he makes his readers aware of his views as to the purposes which such a periodical should fulfill. The following are a few sentences from the opening address:—

"The grand leading principle by which I have been actuated, is to take advantage of the universal appetite for instruction which at present exists; to supply to that appetite food of the best kind, and in such a form, and at such a price, as must suit the convenience of every man in the British dominions. Every Saturday, when the poorest laborer in the country draws his humble earnings, he shall have it in his power to purchase, with an insignificant portion of even that humble sum, a meal of healthful, useful, and agreeable mental instruction; nay, every schoolboy shall be able to purchase with his pocket-money something permanently useful-something calculated to influence his fate through life, instead of the trash upon which the grown children of the present day were wont to expend it . . . Whether I succeed in my wishes, a very brief space of time will satisfactorily determine. I throw myself on the good sense of my countrymen for support; all I ask is a fair field wherein to exercise my industry in their service; and should Heaven in its mercy grant me that share of health, which, by its inscrutable Providence, is now denied to so many around me, I do not despair of showing such a specimen of the powers of the printing-press as has hitherto been unexampled in the history of literature. It may, perhaps, be considered an invidious remark, when I state as my honest conviction, that the people of Great Britain and Ireland have never yet been properly cared for, in the way of presenting knowledge, under its most cheering and captivating aspect, to their immediate observation. The scheme of diffusing knowledge has certainly more than once been attempted on respectable principles, by associations established under all the advantages of an enormous capital, as well as the influence of baronial title, and the endeavor has generally been attended with beneficial results. Yet the great end has not been gained. The dearth of the publications, the harshness of official authority, and, above all, the folly of attaching the interests of political or ecclesiastical corporations to the course of instruction or reading, have, separately or conjointly, circumscribed the limits of their operation; so that the world, on the whole, is but little the wiser, with all the attempts which have in this manner been made. The strongholds of ignorance, though not unassailed, remain still to be carried. Carefully eschewing the errors into which these highly praiseworthy associations have unfortunately fallen, I take a course altogether novel. Whatever may be my political principles-and I would not be in the least degree ashamed to own and defend them-neither these principles, nor any other, which would assuredly be destructive to my present views, shall ever mingle in my observations on the conventional arrangements of civil society.

Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to learn that Chambers' Edinburgh Journal yielded equal satisfaction and delight to the highest Conservative party in the state, and to the boldest advocate of an universal democracy; or was read with as much avidity at the cheerless firesides of the Roman Catholic peasantry, as at those of the more highly cultivated Presbyterian cotters of my native land. I have voluntarily, and unprompted, taken in my hands an engine endowed with the most tremendous possibilities of mischief. I may have it now in my power to instill the most pernicious opinions on almost any subject into the minds of three millions of human beings. But I see the straight path of moral responsibilty before me, and shall, by the blessing of God, adhere to the line of rectitude and duty.'

It may be laid down as an axiom, that the worth of every enterprise, political, literary, or of any other kind whatever, is exactly equal to the worth of the mind or minds it issues from. Heralded in, therefore, by such a bold and decided note, and supported by all the talent and energy of two brothers, both of them men of remarkable native power, both of them trained to habits of business and punctuality, both of them upheld in all their dealings by strict prudence and conscientiousness, and both of them practised, according to their different aims and tendencies, in literary labor—the Journal met with an immediate success. Twenty thousand copies were sold in Scotland alone on the first day of publication; and the following extract from a note by the Editor to his readers, printed at the close of the first year, i. e. in the Journal of the 2d of February, 1833, will show the manner in which the public continued to receive the boon offered to them :-

"The sale of the first twelve numbers of the JOURNAL was confined in a great measure to Scotland; and the quantity then printed (including a portion designed for the supply of future demands) was thirty-one thousand. At the thirteenth number, an impression was commenced in London, which soon very nearly doubled the previous amount of the sales. The eight ensuing numbers were printed both in England and Scotland, from forms of types respectively set up in London and Edinburgh, which necessarily induced the risk of printing a few additional thousands, to be reserved as stock. But at the twenty-first publication, it was resolved to use stereotype plates; so that the impression might in both cases be limited to the immediate demand, leaving all future necessities to be supplied exactly as they arose. From the types set up under the care of the Editors at Edinburgh, were then cast two sets of plates, one of which was regularly transmitted on a particular day to London, where it was used instead of separate forms of types; by which means the

Editors might be said to have the advantage of supervising both editions; the risk of superfluous stock was avoided; and yet the whole expense of the two sets of plates was less than what had previously been paid for the double composition of the types. When the system had fully taken effect, the united sale of the two editions approached fifty thousand. . It is also a circumstance in no small degree satisfactory, that, with the present publication, commences an independent impression for Ireland, by the use of a set of stereotype plates, taken, like the others, from the types set up under the immediate care of the Editors, and which are subjected to the press by Messrs. Curry and Company, of Dublin. The work is now, therefore, simultaneously printed and published in each of the three capitals of the United Kingdom; a circumstance for which there is no parallel in the annals of letters."

We are just old enough ourselves to recollect the sensation produced in Scotland by the appearance of Chambers's, or, as it used to be called with that disregard of orthoepy which distinguishes Scottish pronunciation, Chaumers's Edinburgh Journal. We remember the avidity with which it was sought for and read, the care that was taken to preserve the old numbers for binding, and the mysterious sense of wonder that used to be felt (it was in a town remote from Edinburgh) by children as to who those extraordinary beings, the Chaumerses, were. Nay, a year or two afterward, when, as a boy, we paid our first visit to Edinburgh, we remember gazing with interest at the spot in Waterlooplace, where we were given to understand the wonderful business of preparing the delightful periodical was carried on, and reverently speculating, as we walked in the neighborhood, whether this or that imposing individual that we met on the crowded pavement might not possibly be one of the Chaumerses. And similarly, we should suppose, must the idea of the Journal and its Editors have figured in the imagination of all the growing part of the Scottish community.

The success of the Journal was not temporary. Gradually the circulation rose from 50,000 copies, which was the rate of sale during the first year or two of its existence, to 60,000; thence, during the year 1838, to 68,000; and thence in the following years to 70,000, and 72,000. This was the rate of what may be called the direct or home circulation, not reckoning the American reprints which began to be issued, almost as soon as the Journal had appeared. Of the home-copies, also, thousands were despatched to India and the Colonies; so that ere long the Journal counted its readers in all parts of

the globe where the English language was spoken. At the close of the twelfth year, the editors resolved on a change in the form of the sheet; and accordingly since the beginning of 1844, the Journal has been issued. not in the large folio size which prevailed through the first twelve volumes (and which was itself a reduction from the unwieldy newspaper dimensions of the first few numbers); but in the convenient form of an octavo sheet fit for preservation and binding. As it is not safe to make innovations of this kind where the public has long been accustomed to a particular form, the experiment was reckoned by some rather hazardous; but the result amply justified the venture, for almost immediately the circulation rose largely in consequence, so that, during the year 1845, which was the second year of the new series, it reached the extraordinary quantity of 90,000 copies—a number, however, which still fell short of that attained by the Penny Magazine, which, as being cheaper, and also embellished with woodcuts, reached, we are told, a circulation at one time averaging 170,-000, and even occasionally rose far beyond After an existence, however, of ten years, the Penny Magazine ceased; and its companion, the Saturday Magazine, likewise ceasing after a few years, the Journal was left for awhile in possession of the field. New competitors have since started up in Hogg's Weekly Instructor, The People's Journal, Howitt's Journal, Eliza Cook's Journal, Dickens's Household Words, and, as we may now add, a new issue of Leigh Hunt's Journal. All these periodicals, with characteristic excellences of their own, bear some resemblance, in form and method, to Chambers's Journal, which, indeed, has, by virtue of its steady success and continuance, served as a kind of model to all projectors in the same line. Over and above the journals named, but of a somewhat different class, are such papers as The Family Herald, the issue of which, we believe, reaches a sum that places it at the head of popular prints. Notwithstanding all these rivalriès from so many different quarters, the Edinburgh Journal yet sustains its rank; its circulation at the present moment averaging 64,000 or 65,000—a notable testimony to the unabated worth and reputation of a periodical, now verging on the close of the nineteenth year of its existence!

Nor has the progress of the Journal been solely in the matter of circulation. Whoever has been acquainted with it from its outset, must have remarked a kind of pro-

gress or development in the character of the periodical itself, keeping pace with its growth in years. This is variously to be accounted for. In the first place, it must be partly the result of the growing experience of the Messrs. Chambers themselves, who, with all their knowledge at the outset of what was best suited for the purposes of popular instruction and amusement, must of course have benefited by the lessons they have received in the course of their long and laborious editorship. Again, something is to be attributed to the fact, that the Journal, although originally intended chiefly as a Scottish periodical, has long-ceased to be such. After the first quarter, the editors found that they were able to add England, Ireland, the Colonies, and America to the field of their circulation and influence; and it is a curious fact that, from that period hitherto, the greater part of the circulation not only of the Journal but also of all their other publications, has been in England—the Scottish circulation being but a proportionate fraction of the whole. Necessarily, therefore, the editors have abandoned much of that spirit of reference to Scottish tastes and Scottish subjects, which characterized their early numbers; and have studied to address themselves broadly and deeply to the whole range of British and human interests. And, in accomplishing this, they have of course been greatly assisted by the co-operation of other writers, of whose services they have from the first availed themselves. Retaining always in their own hands the direction and management of the periodical, they have had among their contributors, writers of all varieties of faculty and taste-Englishmen and Englishwomen, Irishmen and Irishwomen, as well as countrymen and countrywomen of their own, writers of the highest celebrity, as well as aspirants whom they have helped to encourage. The Journal is supported, we believe, at an expense of about £1,000 per annum for literary contributions alone. In addition. however, to these reasons for the progress one may have remarked in the character and tone of the Journal, something must also be owing to the fact of the growing intimacy between the Journal itself and its readers. Having once established itself as a household favorite, the Journal had, as it were, secured a fixed audience; and having, as it were, to carry this audience along with it, (many who were boys and girls when they began to read it, are now fathers and mothers of families) it has necessarily, while never ceasing to aim at the instruction and delight of the humblest

reader that might chance to take it up, endeavored at the same time to fulfill the purposes of progressive and ever-widening tuition. Thus there will be found in its pages—in addition to tales, essays, historic sketches, criticisms, and miscellaneous paragraphs, such as would interest readers universally—numerous dissertations of a scientific or highly thoughtful nature, adapted for a more select class of minds, and displaying as much depth and as much intellectual originality as the best current papers of the most distinguished quarterlies; indeed, very frequently, written by the same pens.

Immediately after the Journal had become successful as a speculation, the two brothers relinquished their separate businesses, and united in partnership for the printing and publishing of that and other works. For some time their premises were in Waterloo Place, Edinburgh; but ultimately they removed to the High street, where, by successive purchases and alterations, they have converted the whole space between two of those ancient courts or closes, which run off from the main street like the small bones from the vertebra of a fish, into a large and handsome printing establishment and warehouse, which strangers go to visit out of curiosity.

which strangers go to visit out of curiosity.

The "Journal" (to which there was originally attached, under the name of The Historical Newspaper, a kind of monthly record of events, not unlike the monthly chronicle now attached to "Dickens's Household Words") had been in existence about two years, when the brothers projected a new scheme in the shape of a series of popular, scientific, and historical treatises, entitled "Information for the People." Of this most useful publication the sale from first to last averaged, we believe, 30,000 copies of each number. Other publications, carried on from time to time contemporaneously with the Journal, have been :- "The Cyclopædia of English Literature," in three volumes, forming a survey of our national literature from its infancy to the present day, with biographical and critical notices of distinguished writers, and ample extracts from their works; "The People's Editions of Standard English Works and Translations;" including, also, Original Contributions by the Messrs. Chambers themselves; "The Educational Course," a series of volumes begun in 1834, and still in progress, designed as a complete set of text-books for public or private tuition, from the years of infancy up to the close of the period of life usually devoted in this country to scholastic training;

"Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," a series of popular sketches, tales, and treatises, published at a penny, and now bound up in twenty volumes, immense bales of which, over and above the immediate issue, have since been despatched to all parts of the world; "Chambers's Popular Library," and "Chambers's Juvenile Library," consisting of separate works expressly written for the occasion (Mr. J. Hill Burton, the author of the "Life of David Hume," wrote a treatise on "Social and Political Philosophy" for the former series), and destined, the one for the people at large, the other for the instruction and amusement of children; and, lastly, "Chambers's Papers for the People," a weekly issue of the same price as the Journal, and designed as an adaptation to popular wants of that higher kind of literary matter which has hitherto formed the staple of our more elaborate Quarterlies. Nearly all of these works have been reprinted in America; several of the volumes of "The Educational Course" have been translated into Hindoostance, and are used in Bengal by the native teachers; and "The Information for the People" has been translated into Welsh, and is now being published in Wales.

Even commercially viewed, there is much that is interesting in such a mechanism for the diffusion of literature on the large scale, as that which the Messrs. Chambers have thus created and brought to perfection. At the outset, we believe, it was not merely the possession of practical knowledge as booksellers that determined them to combine the mechanical business of printing and publishing with the higher functions of editorship and original literary production; but also, in part, a sense of the extreme difficulty of working out large schemes of publication, if restricted by dependence on tradesmen out of doors. Possibly the lesson thus afforded by the Messrs. Chambers is capable of an application to the business of authorship, not yet fully appreciated. Although concerned only with the printing and publishing of their own works, the plans of the Messrs. Chambers, at their establishment in Edinburgh, and the number of hands they employ, are necessarily considerable. The depth of their premises in the High-street (in which all the branches of their business except papermaking are carried on) is about 268 feet from front to back; and the general breadth Their chief printing-room, a is 45 feet. spacious hall lighted from the roof, gives accommodation to ten printing machines, with

a high-pressure steam-engine of ten horse power. The number of sheets printed in this apartment during the month ending February 2, 1850, was 723,504; the number of sheets printed annually averages ten millions, paying about £3000 of excise duty. The number of persons at present employed on the premises, including principals and literary assistants, is 180-a change truly from the times when the elder brother toiled half the night at his hand-press, with doubtless but a feeble hope of ever becoming known beyond

a very limited sphere of operation.

The nineteen years that have elapsed since the two brothers first commenced their exertions in that department of activity with which their names are now indissolubly associated, have, of course, produced changes not only in their worldly relations and circumstances, but also, in some degree, in their own aspirations and modes of thinking. They were then young men, with little means, and struggling hard and in comparative obscurity for a living. They are now men of mature age, enjoying a degree of affluence that in Scotland must be called wealth—the honorable fruit of their enterprise and diligence; men of social note and distinction in the city where they have resided so long, and known by reputation wherever there are reading Englishmen. Recently, by a graceful act of natural affection towards the place of his birth, Mr. William Chambers has purchased back the house in Peebles that once belonged to his father, as well as an estate in the neighborhood, where he has fixed his summer residence, visiting Edinburgh as occasion requires, and where he means to prosecute improvements as a landlord. Robert Chambers still resides habitually in Edinburgh. In both of them it is still possible to trace a strong subsoil of that amor patrix of which, as we have said, no Scotchman ever seeks to rid himself, and which constituted for them, as it has for so many others, the primary impulse and determination towards literature: In the natural course of development, however, through which they have been led since they began their literary labors, they have necessarily superinduced on this original foundation, each according to his characteristic tendencies, an intimate acquaintance and sympathy with the whole civilization of the Thus, William, following out that tendency to the observation and criticism of social forms and institutions which appeared in his "Book of Scotland," has, in the course or his editorship, applied himself much and variously to considerations affecting the economical and educational progress of British people generally, and has furnished numerous papers illustrating his views on such topics. We may instance particularly some remarkable articles published by him in the "Journal" a year or two ago on the state of Ireland. Robert, on the other hand, while retaining his fondness for the historical, the humorous, and the picturesque, has gone largely into general literature; and has, for some years,

distinguished himself by his assiduity and success as an original laborer among the speculations of advanced science. Among his contributions in this walk, his work on "Ancient Sea Margins"—an attempt inductively to establish the extensive operation over the globe of a geological influence hitherto overlooked or too little appreciated—deserves especial notice.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Two years have elapsed since an article appeared in our pages on the "Arctic Expeditions," in which we gave all the information in our power respecting the expedition under Sir John Franklin, and of the means which had been taken at that period to rescue our unfortunate countrymen; and we concluded by expressing our strong hopes and expectations that before the close of 1849 they would be restored to us.

But these hopes were, unhappily, destined to be disappointed. The autumn of 1849 witnessed the return of Sir James Ross from an entirely unsuccessful voyage in search of the Erebus and Terror; and the winter of 1849-50 closed upon us with the painful certainty that 138 men still remained immured in the arctic regions.

The signal failures to succor Sir John Franklin, acting powerfully on public sympathy, determined the Admiralty to organize more extensive measures for his discovery; and no time was lost in obtaining the opinion of those persons best calculated to advise in

so urgent a crisis.

It ultimately was resolved to send out three distinct expeditions,—one, consisting of the Enterprise and Investigator, to Behring Straits, under the command of Captain Collinson, who is instructed to do all in his power to penetrate through the Straits to Melville Island; and the two other expeditions to Lancaster Sound and Barrow Straits, with the view of exploring the seas to the westward. The latter expeditions are composed of six ships, four of which are under the command of Captain Austin, and two under that of Mr. Penny, who has had great experience in

the Arctic Seas as captain of a whaling-ship. A new and important feature merits notice with respect to Captain Austin's expedition. Two of his ships are screw steamers of sixty-horse power, and their performance has proved beyond all doubt that it is by the means of such vessels only that we can hope to thoroughly solve the mysteries of the Arctic Seas. Independently of these expeditions, three others were despatched in the spring of the past year on the same humane mission to Barrow Straits. One consisting of two ships of 144 and 91 tons respectively, equipped at the sole expense of Mr. Grinnell of New York, which sailed from that port; one under the patronage of the Hudson's Bay Company, and commanded by Sir John Ross; and one consisting of the "ketch" Prince Albert, equipped at the expense principally of Lady Franklin, and which sailed from Aberdeen on the 5th of June last. Although this ship was sufficiently provisioned to enable her to remain out during this winter, her inability to enter a harbor in the vicinity of her proposed operations rendered her return expedient; and it is to this circumstance that we are indebted for much valuable and interesting information respecting the movements and probable position of the searching squadron. Before, however, entering on this branch of our subject, we have a few words to say with reference to the north coast of America, and the land supposed to exist to the north of that coast. It will be in the memory of our readers that Sir John Richardson and Mr. Rae examined that coast from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine rivers, a distance of 800 miles, without finding any trace of Sir

John Franklin or of his companions. A more adventurous journey was undertaken by Lieut. Pullen, who volunteered to explore the same coast from Wainwright Inlet, near Behring Straits, to the Mackenzie. This was accomplished with great difficulty, and, unhappily, only produced the same negative results. But as an opinion was still entertained that the crews of the Erebus and Terror might forsake their ships in the vicinity of Banks Land, and make an attempt to cross that land to the south, Mr. Rae was instructed to conduct a party from Fort Confidence on Great Bear Lake to Cape Krusenstern, and to endeavor, if possible, to traverse the channel to Wollaston Land, when his explorations were to commence, and to be carried on to the north-But although that determined and heroic Arctic traveler used every means in his power to cross to Wollaston Land, he was always foiled, and was at last obliged to abandon the attempt.

This failure caused Government to order Mr. Rae and Commander Pullen, who had been promoted for his daring journey from Behring Straits to the Mackenzie, to renew the search in the same direction last summer. But as the stock of provisions at their disposal would not admit of two expeditions being equipped, Mr. Rae informs us that it was arranged that Commander Pullen, who, as he states, is much better fitted for such an undertaking than himself (Mr. Rae's health having given way under the privations and fatigues of his late Arctic journeys), should head a party, taking with him 4500 lbs. of pemmican and dry meat. The precise object of the proposed expedition will be best gathered from the following interesting letter, which has been furnished to us by Sir John Richard-

Captain Pullen was to descend the Mackenzie in July last, with one of his own whale-boats and one of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading bateaux, calculated for river navigation and for carrying a large cargo, but not well suited for sea navigation. Some of his own men having suffered from the fatigue of the previous year's work, were sent home, and their place supplied by company's men hired for the voyage. The idea of striking out from Cape Bathurst for Melville Island was Lieut. Osborne's, and was urged strongly by Dr. Scoresby and Lady Franklin. With boats constructed for navigating a stormy sea, and at the same time light enough to be hauled upon ice as Parry's were, the scheme seemed to me to be practicable; but with the few resources available to Captain Pullen, I held it, and hold it to be, extremely hazardous, and look for no good results. God grant that I may be mistaken. When asked

by the Admiralty to offer any suggestions, I did not express a direct disapproval of the scheme, as when a man so competent to judge of the dangerous navigation of the Arctic Sea as Dr. Scoresby strongly urged the enterprise, I did not think it was my part to oppose a plan which offered a chance of relief to the lost party; but I pointed out the difficulties Captain Pullen would have in procuring proper boats, and victualling them for such a voyage, and counselled the Admiralty to leave him full liberty either to undertake or decline the voyage, and not to attach any blame to him if he found his means inadequate. This they him if he found his means inadequate. did in their instructions. He will also have to contend with the Esquimaux of the Mackenzie river, but of their attempts to plunder he is well aware. He will return either by the Mackenzie, which is his safest course, or by a river which falls into Bathurst Inlet; but as the navigation of this river is unknown, he will be wise to avoid it if he can. Lastly, he may, if led far to the eastward, ascend the Coppermine river, and cross to Fort Confidence; in which case he would likely see or hear of Rae and his party. His obvious and safest course, however, is to ascend the Mackenzie. Rae will have, I suppose, with him about seven men and a Mr. M'Kenzie, an active Hudson's Bay officer. His plan was to descend the Coppermine in September last, to visit his dépots of pemmican on the coast, that he might know how far he could rely on them, as there was a possibility of their being discovered and destroyed by the Esquimaux. If all was right, he purposed, in April or May next, crossing to Wollaston Land over the ice. And in the summer to do the same in his boat if the sea should open. Captain Pullen may fall in with Captain Collinson, as both will be pressing towards the same point at the same time; and this will be very desirable.

Whatever expectations may be entertained of the utility of these expeditions, and it must be conceded that Sir John Richardson's letter does not give much encouragement for hope, it is m nifest that our greatest prospect of finding the missing party rests on those ships following their track.

Although the latter left England at different periods during last spring, they all met in Melville Bay, those ships which had arrived there first having been detained by the heavy state of the ice in Baffin's Bay. This ice, which is well known to Arctic navigators as the "Middle Ice," cements Greenland and America firmly together during the long winter months. Summer, in that region a brief but ardent season of constant life, makes rapid inroads upon this icy sea, and leaves a huge central tongue of ice bearing the name of the middle pack. It rarely happens that this pack can be cleared at what is called the middle passage between the latitudes of 65° 50' and 75°. The general course of vessels is to the north of it round Melville

Bay, and this was the route taken by all the

ships last year.

A detention took place off Cape York, in consequence of a terrible story having been communicated to Captain Austin by the Esquimaux interpreter on board Sir John Ross's ship, to the effect that, in the winter of 1846, two ships had been broken up by the ice forty miles to the northward, and burned by a fierce and numerous tribe of natives; and that the crews, being in a weak and exhausted condition, had been murdered.

Before proceeding further, Captain Austin wisely determined on investigating the credibility of the story, and it resulted that the only apparent foundation was that the North Star had wintered in the situation referred

to.

Letters, however, from the American ships mention a circumstance in connection with Cape York, which seems to have escaped the notice of our English friends, and may possibly have had some influence in giving rise to the above report. They state that near that Cape more than twenty corpses of Esquimaux were found ice-preserved, entire except their eyes and lips, and lying down, lifeless dog by lifeless master. The cause of this passing away of life was a mystery. There was food around them, and where food and fuel are nearly convertible terms, they could hardly have been without fire or light.

As soon as the ships had attained open water on the west of Baffin's Bay, the search commenced. It was Captain Penny's intention to have examined Jones's Sound, but being unable to enter it on account of the heavy ice which barred the entrance, he passed on through Lancaster Sound with the

other ships.

We must now revert to the Prince Albert, whose mission differed from that of all the other expeditions. If our readers will look at a map of the Arctic regions (and here we may tell them, that they can only obtain an accurate idea of the configuration of the land and water of that part of the globe by consulting the Admiralty charts containing the latest discoveries), they will see, that should Sir John Franklin have deserted his ships to the south of Cape Walker, it is quite possible that he would strike across North Somerset, and make for the Fury stores at Fury Beach in Regent Inlet.

Under these circumstances, the examination of that inlet is of great importance; and as it does not enter into the instructions of the other expeditions, Lady Franklin determined to equip a ship of her own for the purpose of doing this very necessary work. The total cost of the expedition is estimated at about £4000, the greater portion of which will be borne by Lady Franklin. The Prince Albert, a ketch of eighty-nine tons, was purchased for the service. Captain Forsyth, in the most generous and noble manner, gave his services gratuitously; and, provisioned for two years, the little ship went forth on her voyage on the 5th June last. Although this period was later by several days than the date of the departure of the other ships, yet the Prince Albert was the first to arrive at the entrance to Regent Inlet, making Leopold Island, at the mouth of that inlet, on the 21st Aug. The harbor was closed with heavy ice, which completely prevented the ingress of the ship; but it was so important that this locality should be examined, as being the place where Sir James Ross had left one of his steam-launches and a large quantity of provisions, that Captain Forsyth ordered Mr. Snow and a party of men to take the guttapercha boat and endeavor to reach the shore. Had it not been for this boat, the material of which is singularly effective in resisting the pressure of ice-floes, it would have been almost impossible to have gained the harbor, for the ice was so thick, and in such convulsive motion, that Mr. Snow declares, any boat made of wood would have been crushed like an egg-shell.

We can well understand that it was an anxious moment when the cylinders found in the house on the beach were examined:— "Eagerly," says Mr. Snow, in his account of the voyage of the Prince Albert, "did I open them and take out their contents. Three papers were in one, and two in the other. My agitation was so great that I could hardly see to read, and my hands fairly trembled."

To the great disappointment of the party, there was not a line from those whom they sought, the papers simply giving an account of the provisions and stores deposited in the harbor by Sir James Ross, and of the visit of the North Star, which ship had been there only a few days before them. With the exception of some rents in the sides and top of the house, it was found in good order; and all the stores and provisions were in excellent preservation.

Mr. Snow having regained his ship, Captain Forsyth bore south down Regent Inlet, in accordance with his instructions; but being met when off Fury Beach by great quantities of drift ice, through which he could not penetrate, and which, in his own opinion and that of his mates, presented no prospect of

opening, he stood out again to the northward, with the intention of proceeding down the western side of North Somerset, but was prevented carrying this into execution by the pack-ice, which extended across Barrow Straits.

Running along the edge of this pack, he reached Cape Riley, at the eastern entrance to Wellington Channel. The American ship Advance was discovered close in shore, apparently beset by icebergs; and it was from her captain that the starting intelligence was gleaned, that traces of an encampment had

been found on Cape Riley.

Captain Forsyth immediately sent Mr. Snow to examine the Cape, and the result of the examination is too well known to render it necessary for us to say more, than that the traces brought home by Captain Forsyth have been regarded as certain evidence of Sir John Franklin having encamped on the Cape. Independently of the relies, traces of five tents were found, which led to the belief that Sir John Franklin had landed on Cape Riley to make magnetical observations, for which five tents would be required.

Captain Ommaney, of the Assistance, who had visited the Cape only two days before Captain Forsyth's arrival, had evidently no doubt of having discovered traces of the missing expedition; and although he did not leave any record of the nature of those traces, but simply stated his intention of going on to Cape Walker in search of further information, yet—as it is pretty clear that he spent a day and night on the Cape-he must have gleaned more intelligence respecting Sir John Franklin than we are aware of. And we have evidence even more confirmatory of this. For when Captain Ommaney parted from Captain Austin, his instructions were to examine the north shore of Lancaster Sound to Wellington Channel, and then to proceed up the Channel, as far as practicable, until he felt fully satisfied that it has not been the course of the missing ships. These are positive orders obliging Captain Ommaney, before going elswhere, to satisfy himself fully that the Erebus and Terror had not proceeded up Wellington Channel. But instead of exploring this channel, we find that, after visiting Cape Riley, he resolves immediately on pushing on to Cape Hotham and Cape Walker; thus leaving us to infer that he felt entirely satisfied Wellington Channel had not been the course of the missing ships; and that it was practicable to go further up that channel is evidenced by the fact of the Rescue being as high

up as between Cape Innes and Cape Bowden. Cape Hotham is above thirty miles from Cape Riley; and Mr. Snow states, that when the Prince Albert was mid-way between Cape Spencer and Point Innes, and about a mile from the shore, he saw the Assistance pressing on through a channel of open water, within about fifteen miles of Cape Hotham. The Intrepid, steam tender, was near her, and there were apparent lanes or leads of water in various directions.

It was further ordered, that Captain Ommaney was to leave intelligence of his proceedings at Griffith's Island, to which place Captain Austin would proceed; and as there was about a month of open season before them, there is little doubt but that all the ships met at that locality, which, indeed, had

been appointed as a rendezvous.

Should they have been unable to penetrate further westward, the position of that island is highly favorable for walking explorations during this winter and spring; and unless the ice prove quite impassable, parties will certainly reach Cape Walker and Melville Island.

Feeling satisfied that the search to the westward would be effectually made by Captain Ommaney and his companions, Captain Forsyth, whose mission was confined to Regent Inlet, judged it prudent, as there was no port which he could enter in the vicinity of his proposed operations, to return to England.

From information which has reached us, we apprehend that a spirit of insubordination, which early broke out among the chief officers of the Prince Albert, was another reason why Captain Forsyth felt anxious, when he could not examine Regent Inlet, to return home. The rigorous discipline of the navy is especially needed in services of such a nature as Arctic explorations; and the United States Government have acted most judiciously in placing the private expediton fitted out at the expense of Mr. Grinnell, of New York, under Admiralty regulations.

In conclusion, we cannot divest ourselves of the belief that the searching ships have succeeded in their mission. We are not sufficiently sanguine to hope that many of our friends will be rescued. Great mortality must have taken place among them; but we do think it not only possible, but probable, that a few survive; and that we shall hear from living lips the strangest record of endurance and suffering that have yet befallen the mariners of any nation.

From the People's Journal.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis Raptat amor. Juvar ire jugis, qua nulla priorum Castaliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.—Virgil.

When George Crabbe came out as a poet, Samuel Johnson "ruled the waves" of British criticism, and himself deigned to correct The Village, which was published the year before the great lexicographer's decease; Gray and Goldsmith, Akenside and Chatterton, had not been long dead; Warton was not yet appointed poet-laureate; Beattie had finished The Minstrel, and was training up to virtue those two sons whom he doated on so fondly and whose loss he was soon to mourn so bitterly; Sir William Jones was just embarking for India—elated with his new characters of judge, knight, and married man; Christopher Anstey was amusing the town with his satires and sketches of fashionable life; Sheridan had taken it, by storm with his comedies, all effervescent with wit, every sentence pricking its way by its own polished point; novelists of the day were fresh from Henry Mackenzie and Clara Reeve-historians were quoting the new work of Robertson, and Gibbon's latest quarto volume-philosophers were discussing Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, and Kames's metaphysics, and Priestley's polemics-critics were analyzing Blair, and politicians Burke; which last great man was a generous patron to Crabbe when an unknown lad, and in peril of actual starvation but for this kindly interposition. Such were the stars of the literary world when Crabbe's star arose and joined the orbs for ever singing as they shine. When it set, how changed was the aspect of that constellated sky! Instead of Johnson and his brethren, the ascendant lights in the firmament were Wordsworth, like the "red planet Mars," serene, and resolute, and still, and calm, and self-possessed; and Scott, bright, clear, joyous; and Byron, often cloud-covered, sometimes tinged as with blood, emitting a fierce lurid glare; and Coleridge, dim and nebu-

lous, but beautiful even in haze; and Southey, twinkling quietly on, whether stargazers worshipped him or no; and then there were galaxies differing in glory, but each with a glory of its own-Rogers, Campbell, and Moore-Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt-Shelley and Keats-Baillie, Croly, and Milman. What a different set of people were Crabbe's readers of 1783 from those of 1819! How literature had changed! how taste had revolutionized! What a broad line of demarcation between the epoch of The Village, brought out under the auspices of Johnson and Burke and Reynolds, and that of Tales of the Hall, for which John Murray, in the zenith of his bibliopolic greatness, paid down the pleasant trifle of three thousand pounds!*

The new lights were burning now in a body, and with such lustre as had not been witnessed since Elizabathan days or a little after; for the "Augustan age" of Queen Anne was not, we think, with all its brilliancy, up to the mark of that era when the music of the spheres was that of Lakers, and Border Minstrels, and a heavenly host besides

When fourteen years of age, Crabbe was apprenticed to a surgeon, and subsequently

^{*} Mr. Moore tells us, that when Crabbe (now an elderly gentleman of sixty-five), received the bills for 3000*l*., his friends in town earnestly advised him to deposit them without delay in safe hands; "but no: 'he must take them with him to Trowbridge, and show them to his son John. They would hardly believe in his good luck at home if they did not see the bills.' On his way down to Trowbridge, a friend at Salisbury, at whose house he rested, seeing that he carried these bills loosely in his waistcoat pocket, requested (being a banker) to be allowed to take charge of them for him, but with equal ill success. There was no fear, he said, of his losing them, and he must show them to his son John."

adopted that profession on his own account, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, his native place, although forced to abandon it by want of success and discouraging prospects. But he had not studied anatomy in vain. Not in vain had he learned the mysteries of dissection and penetrated the arcana of physiological science. When he quitted materia medica he became M. D. extraordinary to the human mind. His anatomy was now to be that of motives and manners—his lancet was to be exercised on the tempora and mores amid which his lot was cast. He was to "cut up" poor humanity, and exhibit the morbid particles on the point of his knife. He was to be a demonstrator of subjects full, to use Shakspeare's* words, of "unpleasing blots, and sightless† stains, lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, patched with foul moles and eye-offending marks:" qualifying himself, by dint of extensive practice, for such a commission as Lear in his madness demanded—"Let them anatomise Regan; see what breeds about her heart." T Nor is Crabbe very nice in performing the operation; he has something in common with the old lady who thanked her stars that she was born before nerves were invented. He goes cutting and slashing on, dividing asunder bones and marrow with a pitiless straightforwardness. In Mr. Landor's words, "he writes with a twopenny nail, and scratches rough truthes and rogues' facts on mud walls."§ Or, as an American critic puts it, "With a bold and industrious scrutiny he plunges into the gloomy particulars of human wretchedness; and like some of the Dutch limners, engages our attention, not by the unearthly graces, but the appalling truthfulness of his pictures. Unlike Goldsmith, instead of casting a halo of romance around rustic life, he elaborately exposes its discomforts. Byron calls him 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best;' and he has been well styled by another the Hogarth of verse. The mists that shroud the dwellings of the wretched are rolled away, the wounds of the social system are laid bare, and the sternest facts of experience are proclaimed." Mr. Gilfillan thinks that Crabbe would have made an admirable physician to a lunatic asylum—sifting out severely every grain of poetry from

those tumultuous exposures of the human mind; wringing out from the patients tales to which those of Lewis would be feeble and trite—commanding the fiercest of them by his mild, steady and piercing eye-" and yet how calm would his brain have remained, when others even of a more prosaic mould, were reeling in sympathy with the surrounding delirium!" Our poet lingers upon topics and whiles away time upon characters which more sensitive writers would dismiss as summarily as possible, or eschew altogether. Look at some of his portraits. Swallow, an attorney, whom Satan has helped to pen and ink, a hard bad man who preyed upon the weak; Fred. Thompson, a strooling player, ever changing scenes, but with unchanging vice, led to haunts of starving villany, of thieves and cheats; robbed, beaten, hungry, pained, diseased, and poor, returning home to die in a roofless hovel; the borough hospital, with its

Fevers and chronic ills, corroding pains, Each accidental mischief man sustains: Fractures and wounds, and withered limbs, and

With all that, slow or sudden, vex our frame; --

the poor and their dwellings, from the "pauper-palace which they hate to see," with its high bounding wall and bare-worn walks, to miserable sheds in narrow rows. "where flags the noon-tide air, and as we pass, we fear to breathe the putrifying mass;" Peter Grimes and his apprentices, "bearing the blows of his outrageous hand," and worse than that, until the distempered man dies, tormented by horrors that demons might be proud to raise; the borough prisoners, including him of the condemned cell; the mad-house, where noble and most sovereign reason is out of tune and harsh, like sweet bells jangled-not the madhouse of Hanwell or of Morningside, but that unreformed atrocity to which we look back with awe and shame—" the Bedlam of forty years ago," as one of Crabbe's commentators has it, "with its music of groans and shrieks, and mutterings of still more melancholy meaning; its keepers cold and stern as the snow-covered cliffs above the wintry cataract, its songs dying away in despairing gurgles down the miserable throat; its cells how devoid of monastic silence; its confusion worse confounded, of gibbering idiocy, monomania absorbed and absent from itself as well as from the world, and howling frenzy; its day-light saddened as it shines into the dim, vacant, or glaring eyes of those wretched men; and its moon-

^{*} King John, Act iii,

[†] i. e. Unsightly.
† King Lear, Act iii. Scene vi.
§ Landor's Imaginary Conversations. "Porson and Southey."

Tuckerman's Thoughts on the Poets. Tait's Magazine, March 1847.

Pat was the urchin's name, a red-haired youth, Fonder of purl and skittle-ground than truth.

Southey says, in one of his letters to the late Mr. Wynn—the father of the House of Commons-"I was not disappointed with Crabbe's Tales. He is a decided mannerist, but so are all original writers in all ages; nor is it possible for a poet to avoid it if he writes much in the same key and upon the same class of subjects. Crabbe's poems will have a great and lasting value as pictures of domestic life-elucidating the moral history of these times-times which must hold a most conspicuous place in history. He knows his own powers, and never aims above his reach." Had Mr. Washington Irving studied Crabbe more and Addison less, the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall of that fascinating writer might have been much nearer the mark than they are.

It has been a question whether Crabbe is original. Whether he had the genius for originating poetry, matter and form included, may well be doubted; but that he could be original in handling things which lay within reach, giving them novel aspects, and treating them as they had not been treated before, is surely unquestionable. Mr. Gilfillan enters with

eloquent discrimination into this discussion—and shows that Crabbe's originality is not of the creative kind enjoyed by Shakspeare and the very highest poets, but a sort of magic at second-hand; Crabbe takes, not makes his materials; he finds a good foundation—wood and stone in plenty—and he begins laboriously, successfully, and after a plan of his own, to build.

Be he an imitator or no, he appears in his own way to be inimitable, or at least unimitated. The caricaturists have hit him off, but none else have caught his manner. has not founded a school of imitators and plagiarists, as Scott has done, both in his minstrel and novelist capacity, or as Byron has done, and Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hemans. He stands all alone in his glory. His descriptions are not those of Goldsmith or Beattie, of Cowper or Churchill; they are his own; his wit is not that of Pope, or Gay, or Swift, or Sterne; his pathos is not that of the Deserted Village or Tristram Shandy; it is, whether feeble or profound, veritably his own. He may be something of an eclectic, but his eclecticism is original—not framed by the canons of the schools, but by the right of private judgment, a device of his

A LITERARY MAN'S HOME: LIBERAL PRO-POSITION OF SIR E. L. BULWER.—Our readers know how often we have pointed out the pressing urgency which exists for the establishment of some form of provision for the literary man, established on more intelligible principles and clearer responsibilities than the Literary Fund, and available to the unfortunate of that class who are strangely excluded from the benefits of the fund in question by the present interpretation of its statutes. Some such institution on a broad scale, which might be partly self-supporting and partly endowed, would probably develop itself out of any good beginning earnestly made; and we have, therefore, heard with great satisfaction of a munificent offer made by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer at the close of some dramatic entertainments which he has been giving at Knebworth, the performers consisting of the company of amateurs who

usually play under the managerial direction of Mr. Dickens. Sir Edward proposes to write a play, to be acted by that company at various places in the United Kingdom; the proceeds to form the germ of a fund for a certain number of houses to be further endowed for literary men and artists, and the play itself, if we understand rightly, to be afterwards disposed of for the added benfit of the fund. Sir Edward will likewise give in fee ground on his estate in Herts for the erection of such asylum, rest, retreat, or whatever else it may be determined to call the residences in question. The actors, to whom a conspicuous share in this good work will be due, hope, we understand, to take the field in the spring of next year. understand that a portion of the receipts will also be set apart to complete the purchase of "Shakspeare's House," for the na-

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

Jasmin, the Barber-Poet.—There are many of our readers who will remember the singularly interesting article of the Westminster Review, a few years ago, republished in the Eclectic Magazine, respecting the literary career of a remarkable man, Jasmin, the Barber of Agen, -who, born from the lowest ranks of the people, and reared on the profits of mendicancy, had, by dint of an inborn and untutored genius, set up a shrine in the shape of a barber's shop on the banks of the Garonne, which had drawn, as pilgrims to it, the great poets, statesmen, and men of letters in France, -had taken as tribute from the town of Toulouse, a laurel of gold; from the citizens of Auch a golden cup; from his admirers in Pau a set of rich damask; from the King of France a gold watch; from the then Prince Roy-al an emerald ring, and ornaments of all kinds from ambassadresses and lords, French, English, and German: and finally had earned means enough to enable him to burn the old chair in which, one by one, the generations of his ancestors had been carried to the hospital when old age or disease arrested them as beggars on the highway!

A correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* relates the particulars of a visit recently paid to Jasmin, in which he more than confirms our account of the extraordinary spell exercised by this untaught genius over the imaginations of his countrymen of classes very different from his own.

"The raptures of the New Yorkers or Bostonians with Jenny Lind, he says, are weak and cold compared with the ovations which Jasmin has received. At a late recitation at Auch, the ladies present actually tore the flowers and feathers out of their bonnets, wove them into extempore garlands, and flung them in showers upon the panting minstrel; while the editors of the local papers next morning assured him, in floods of flattering epigrams, that humble as he was now, future ages would acknowledge the 'divinity' of Jasmin!"

Jasmin is a well-built and strongly limbed man, of about fifty, with a large massive head and a broad pile of forehead, overhanging two piercingly bright black eyes, and features which would be heavy if they were allowed a moment's repose from the continual play of the facial muscles, sending a never-ending series of varying expressions across the dark swarthy visage. Two sentences of his conversation were quite sufficient to stamp his individuality. The first thing which struck me was the utter absence of all the mock modesty, and the pretended self-underrating, conventionally assumed by persons expecting to be complimented upon their sayings and doings. Jasmin seemed thoroughly to despise all such flimsy hypocrisy. 'God only made four Frenchmen poets,' he out with, 'and their names are, Corneille, Lafontaine, Béranger, and Jasmin!' Talking with the most impassioned vehemence and the

most redundant energy of gesture, he went on to declaim against the influences of civilization upon language and manners as being fatal to all real poetry. If the true inspiration yet existed upon earth, it burned in the hearts and brains of men far removed from cities, salons, and the clash and din of social influences. Your only true poets were the unlettered peasants, who poured forth their hearts in song—not because they wished to make poetry, but because they were joyous and true. Colleges, academies, and schools of learning, schools of literature, and all such institutions, Jasmin denounced as the curse and the bane of true poetry. They had spoiled, he said, the very French language. could no more write poetry in French now than you could in arithmetical figures. The language had been licked and kneaded, and tricked out, and plumed, and dandified, and scented, and minced, and ruled square, and chipped—(I am trying to give an idea of the strange flood of epithets he used)-and pranked out, and polished, and muscadined—until, for all honest purposes of true high poetry, it was mere unavailable and contemptible jargon. It might do for cheating agents de change on the Bourse-for squabbling politicians in the Chambers—for mincing dandies in the salons—for the sarcasm of Scribe-ish comedies, or the coarse drolleries of Palais Royal farces, but for poetry the French language was extinct. All modern poets who used it were mere faiseurs de phrase—thinking about words and not feelings. 'No, no,' my Troubadour continued-'to write poetry, you must get the language of a rural people—a language talked among fields, and trees, and by rivers and mountains—a language never minced or disfigured by academies, and dictionary-makers, and journalists—you must have a language like that which your own Burns-whom I read of in Chateaubriand-used; or like the brave old mellow tongue-unchanged for centuries-stuffed with the strangest, quaintest, richest, raciest idioms and odd solemn words, full of shifting meanings and associations, at once pathetic and familiar, homely and graceful-the language which I write in, and which has never yet been defiled by calculating men of science or jack-a-dandy littlerateurs.' The above sentences may be taken as a specimen of the ideas with which Jasmin seemed to be actually overflowing from every pore in his body—so rapid, vehement, and loud was his enunciation of them."

Pensions.—A pension has been conferred upon Mrs. Liston, widow of the eminent surgeon, of £100. The pension formerly granted to Mr. Sturgeon, of Manchester, is continued to his widow. Mr. Poole, the dramatic author, and Mrs. Belzoni, the aged widow of the eminent Egyptian traveler, have each received a pension of £100 per year.

French Publications during 1850.—The Journal de la Librairie states that in 1850 there were pub-

lished in France 7208 books and pamphlets of all kinds, of which 4711 at Paris, 2460 in the departments, and 37 in Algeria. Of this total, 1360 are reprints, or new editions; 5848 new works; 6661 were in the French language, 68 in provincial idioms, 53 in German, 61 English, 2 Arabic, 51 Spanish, 83 Greek, 9 Hebrew, 16 Italian, 165 Latin, 14 Polish, 16 Portuguese, 4 Roumain, 1 Russian, 2 Turk, 2 Polyglottes.

Sale of Autographs.—A great sale of rare and valuable autographs recently took place in London.

A letter of Rubens (two pages folio) brought 3l. 15s., and a letter of Nicolas Poussin's (one page folio) 3l. 5s. A letter of Pope's brought 2l. 4s.; and the well-known letter from Kirke White to the Editor of the Monthly Review, as much as 4l. A charming letter from Madame Necker, wife of the minister, to David Garrick, realized 2l. 4s.; and a curious letter of Kitty Clive's to the same great actor, 2l. Royal autographs found eager bidders: a signature of Queen Elizabeth's brought 2l. 12s., and a signature of Oliver Cromwell's 2l. The rarer autographs obtained good prices: a letter of Camden's bringing 3l. 3s.; and a charter signed by Edward, Duke of York, who fell at Agincourt, 5l. 7s. 6d.

Lord Holland's Reminiscences, so warmly commended in the article from the Edinburgh Review, published in this number, is spoken of with unmingled praise. It has been neatly reprinted by the Messrs. Harper, and supplies a volume of rare interest and value.

A novel, of Indian life in America, has just been published in London, under the title of Ellen Clayton, or the Nomades of the West. The Morning Herald, praises it. The author portrays a scenery in the midst of which he has lived, and avows himself to be an admirer of the red man, with whom he has had dealings; and he avows that the object for which this work is written, is the hope of awakening sympathy on behalf of the wild races of the American continent, so that some plan may be devised for rescuing from utter annihilation those fast perishing tribes.

Lola Montes.—The long-talked of autobiography of Lola Montes has at length commenced, and the Parisian newspaper called Le Pays, so distinguished for its attachment to the cause of Louis Napoleon, has been honored with the first fewilleton; it is addressed to the King of Bavaria, and holds forth the promise of giving the private opinion of that monarch and of some royal celebrities, of the present state of the leading powers of Europe, and above all, of those who figured in the early days of the revolution.

A Literary Help-Meet.—A prefatorial notice in the new edition of Major-General Napier's History of the war in the Peninsula, states that the gallant author is indebted to Lady Napier, his wife, not only for the arrangement and translation of an enormous pile of official correspondence written in three languages, but for that which is far more extraordinary, the elucidation of the secret cipher of Jerome Bonaparte and others, by her own untiring perseverance and labor.

The Sister of Burns.—A pension was some time ago bestowed on Mrs. Begg, the only surviving sister of the Scottish poet Burns. The pension was

bestowed virtually on Mrs. Begg, but nominally on her two unmarried daughters, -whose exertions, by a humble industry for their mother's support, had called forth general admiration. About the same time, through the exertions of Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, assisted by Mr. Wilson the vocalist, and others, a sum of £400 was raised for Mrs. Begg by private subscription. Mrs. Begg is now eighty years of age, and in the event of her death, her daughters will be very poorly provided for, as their mother's annuity will then cease. In these circumstances, the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh are making a fresh effort to do something for the family. They propose to raise a fund of £300; which, with the £166 remaining of the previous subscription for Mrs. Begg, may be applied, at her death, in purchasing a small annuity for the Misses Begg, thus completing a modest provision for them. Towards this fund we understand the Messrs. Chambers are to contribute the profits of the new edition of the "Life and Works of Burns," by Mr. R. Chambers, now in course of publication.

Liberal Benefactions.—Dr. Warneford has made another munificent donation to the Queen's College, Birmingham, in the shape of an additional £1,400 contributed towards the permanent foundation of a chair for pastoral, as distinguished from dogmatic, theology. His former donation of £2,000 makes the total sum given by him for the endowment of this professorship, £3,400. The endowments altogether bestowed on the College by this wealthy and liberal patron amount to more than ten thousand pounds: namely, for the chaplaincy of the College, £1,000,—for the chaplaincy of the Queen's Hospital, £1,000,—for the scholarships in the medical department, £1,000,-for the Warneford medical prizes, £1,000,—for the endowment of a resident medical tutor, £1,000,-for the endowment of the warden, £1,000,—for divinity lectures to medical students, £1,000.

The Whaleman's Adventures in the Southern Ocean, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever, edited by the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D., F.R.S., originally published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, has been reprinted by Low, and also another edition by Bogue, and is highly praised. The Literary Gazette says of it:-The substance of the book consists of inforformation collected and observations made by an American clergyman, an invalid, who adopted the novel fashion of seeking for health by embarking in a whaling voyage to the South Seas and Pacific Ocean. These have been revised and annotated by the man of all others most competent for the task, the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, an old whale-fisher himself, and the soundest of authorities on the subject of whaling. The result of this union of equally able author and editor, is the production of a charming volume, presenting the rarely combined features of being a book adapted alike to delight boys and men; one which the naturalist will peruse for fresh information on the habits of Cetacea, and the clergyman recommend on account of the spirit of cheerful piety and truthfulness that pervades the narrative.

The Athenœum also commends it in a long review, which thus commences:—"The Whaleman's Adventures," "gathered" by Mr. Cheever, and "edited" by Dr. Scoresby, though a book of shreds

and patches so picked up and compiled from various sources as to make it difficult at times to say what belongs to author, what to gatherer, and what to editor—is, nevertheless, a very readable and interesting volume, full of stirring adventure, hairbreadth escapes, and curious, if not always accurate, information. In fact, it is just the sort of book for the eager intelligences which at this season of the year crowd around the Christmas table.

Richard Edney and the Governor's Family, a Tale by the author of "Margaret," published by Philles, Sampson & Co. of Boston, is criticised by the Athenœum in no very friendly terms. In the course of its long review it says:—On some of the most easily-aped peculiarities of Jean Paul, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Emerson, and Miss Fuller, our novelist has inlaid a variety of cant words, the like of which we have not met, even in the talk of Sam Slick, or among the rough-and-ready squatters and settlers whom the Pauldings and others have introduced into their backwood novels. The homespun slang of the saw-mill produces a very odd effect when it alternates with such high flights.

Olshausen's Commentary on the Gospels and the Acts, published by CLARKE, of Edinburgh, is thus spoken of by the Literary Gazette: - Dr. Olshausen's work is full of important matter, and many of his suggestions and criticisms are deserving of particular notice. It is also, in great measure, free from the mysticism which is so prevalent in the German writings. The translators appear to have accomplished their part of the work with judgment and ability, and to have succeeded in many passages in catching the correct English idiom. They have catching the correct English idiom. They have thought it expedient in some instances to mark their dissent from the views of the author. The notes' contain, indeed, much information derived from De Wette, Tholuck, Hase, and other foreign theological writers, to whom the ordinary English reader has few means of access.

Death of the Marquis of Northampton.—This liberal patron of science and literature, formerly President of the Royal Society, has recently deceased. In the eulogy of the Athenœum this estimate is made of his lordship's scholarship and services:

To say that Lord Northampton was a scientific man in the strict sense of the term, would be incorrect; his geological acquirements were, however, far from contemptible, and to the study of that science he devoted a considerable portion of his time. Without pretending to rank with the eminent men of science who formed the councils over which he presided, his judicious conduct and knowledge of business enabled him to perform the high duties of his office with credit to himself and advantage to the Society. His brilliant soirées will long be remembered as being of signal advantage to science by bringing its various interests into harmony and fellowship. As president of the Royal Society, Lord Northampton was ex officio a trustee of the British Museum, and gave to that important institution the benefit of his services during many years. Indeed, of such advantage was his counsel, that when his trusteeship expired with his resignation of the presidency of the Royal

Society, he was elected a life-trustee. At the time of his decease, he was also President of the Royal Society of Literature. He was a zealous antiquary. He was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1836, was more than once on the council of that body, and communicated papers to the Archæologia.

Death of Mr. Maxwell.-Mr. Maxwell, the wellknown author of "Wild Sports of the West," and "The Story of my Life," and largely a contributor to the periodical literature of his day, died at Musselburg, near Edinburgh, on the 29th of last month. Mr. Maxwell had that gay overflow of spirits which is a part of the temperament of his country-Ireland; and his sketches were dashed in with a bold and easy hand that gave the effect of vigor rather than disposed of vigor itself. His manner in its play and freedom made always the most of his matter. He was a popular writer among that class whose literary food is catered principally by the circulating libraries; and may almost be said, as a contemporary has claimed for him, to have been the founder of the gay "rollicking school" of late years,-in which, however, we, differing from our contemporary, think he has been excelled by its scholars.

Death of Linck.—The University of Berlin has met with a severe loss by the death of Dr. Linck, professor of botany,—who expired on the 1st of January, in his 82nd year. Dr. Linck was director of the Royal Botanical Garden in Berlin, and the oldest member of the Royal Academy of Sciences.

Layard's Researches in Nineveh.—A fund is now raising entitled the "Nineveh Fund," the object of which is to enable Mr. Layard to carry on his researches for the British public in Assyria, Babylonia, &c. The funds placed at the disposal of Mr. Layard by the British Government being already exhausted,—and several new excavations at Nim-rúd and at Nebbi Junas, and which promised to lead to historical discoveries of great importance, having been, as far as Great Britain is concerned, abandoned for the present,-Mr. Layard has proceeded, we are told, to Babylonia, for the purpose of examining the various ancient sites that are scattered over that extensive country, with a view of ascertaining the spots most favorable for excavation. He is prepared to devote the next six months to this particular object; and proposes, if unassisted from other quarters, to defray from his own resources the expenses of his preliminary survey, and of such excavations as he may find it practicable to undertake among the cities of Chaldea.

Merkland.—A Tale by the Author of "Margaret Maitland," republished by Harper & Brothers, is highly spoken of by all the journals. The Literary Gazette says:

With a little more care in the choice and conduct of the story, this would have been a very remarkable novel. Judged by its best passages, it is a work of extraordinary beauty and power, written with real eloquence, and displaying a fine sense of the picturesque, poetic, and dramatic. But the absorbing interest of the earlier portions is not sustained throughout; and we close the book with a high respect for the writer's eminent ability, mingled with a feeling of disappointment at its misdirection.

Time the Avenger.—A Tale by the Author of The Wilmingtons," &c., is warmly commended by the Examiner:

There is always power and substance in this writer, and we thought the "Wilmingtons" by no means one of her least successful efforts. The present book is in some sort a sequel to it. It exhibits two lives utterly wrecked by mutual and silly mistakes, which a little less of trifling on the one hand, and of exaction on the other, would easily have cleared away. But it also shows that even when the waves seem to have closed over all that makes life precious, religion and self-discipline have triumphs of their own to achieve. Indeed, the ethical design of the writer is permitted to take precedence of every other. As a mere tale the book has no merit; but it contains scenes that enchain and fascinate the reader by the mere force of the writer's earnestness, the feeling she desires to work out, and the eloquent elaboration of the means she employs.

The Life and Works of Robert Burns, edited by Robert Chambers, has just been published. The Literary Gazette regards it the best life of the poet extant:

For the task here undertaken, no man possesses equal qualifications with Robert Chambers. His thorough knowledge of the whole poetical literature of Scotland; his intimate familiarity with its history, public and domestic, its topography and social usages, and all the gossiping details which have survived the period embraced in Burns's personal history, assure us that the present will become the standard edition of the greatest lyrist of ancient or modern times. And in all that concerns the personal character and life of the poet, a faithful and just, because broad and liberal, estimate is sure to emanate from the genial heart and thoughtful sagacity, of the amiable and accomplished editor.

Among the books announced for publication, or as recently issued in London, are a new edition of Joanna Bailie's Works; Sir James Mackintosh's Miscellaneous Works; Rovings in the Pacific, by a Merchant, long resident in Tahiti; Southey's Common Place Book, Fourth Series; a second edition of Alton Loeke; and Catholicism, the Religion of Fear, contrasted with Rationalism, the Theory of

Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary of Geography, republished in an elegant octavo by Messrs. Harrer and Brothers, is highly praised by the critical journals. The Examiner speaks of it as "cast and arranged principally for schools; and elsewhere, as well as there, will be quite invaluable. It pushes forever from his stool our well remembered school-friend Lempriere."

The Spectator says it is a "book that should be in the hands of every classic 1 student; and on the shelves of every library where the more claborate works on which it is based are not required."

The Athenaum says: "As friends of classical education, we gladly welcome the appearance of this work; which has long been announced, and still longer desired. It supplies a want much more generally felt than even that which the larger dictionaries published under the superintendence of the

same editor were intended to meet. Our schools have, for many years, been in want of a good classical dictionary; by which we mean a dictionary comprising within the limits of a single moderately-sized volume the results of modern researches into the antiquities, biography, mythology, and geography of classic Greece and Rome, and, at the same time, free from indelicacy of expression or of allusion."

Rev. Mr. Barnes' Notes on Isaiah, edited by Rev. Ingram Cobbin, and published by Partridge and Oakey, London, is thus noticed by the Christian Times:

"Barnes is now independent of the reviewer-The public will have him, and they cannot find a safer or better guide to the understanding of the Book of books. The new edition of Isaiah, from which the work before us is reprinted, is considered, by the author himself, a great improvement upon the old. His aim in revising it has been to condense the work as much as possible."

The Bards of the Bible. By George Gilfillan. Published in Edinburgh by Hogg, and reprinted by HARPER & BROTHERS, is thus spoken of by the Literary Gazette:

"This is one of the ablest and most original books which Scotland has produced for some time. 'Its main ambition,' as the author tells us in the preface, 'is to be a prose poem, or hymn, in honor of the poetry and poets of the inspired volume.' It contains, however, much besides, both of criticism and speculation, and demands fuller notice hereafter."

The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh, reprinted in one large 8vo., by A. Hart, of Philadelphia, is thus spoken of, on occasion of a new edition, by the Examiner:

"It is rather an indication of what such a mind might have produced, than satisfactory evidence of its energies and powers; but it is at any rate a most rich, interesting, and instructive memorial of a man who was more content to set others' minds to work than fully to exercise his own."

Scenes from Italian Life, by L. Mariotti, is highly lauded by the Athenœum:

"As a sketcher of manners, as a panoramic painter of life and scenery as they exist on the southern side of the Italian Alps, Signor Mariotti is a welcome guest at our literary fireside. The vivacous style of his country, and the slight trace of a foreign accent, lend a particular charm to his narrative, impossible to Celt or Saxon. In the winter evenings of the North few things are pleasanter than to listen to his wild and picturesque stories, -whether the tell-tale of silent priests and divinely-beautiful Castellane, of gay young Roman cavaliers and dark-browed, student-like conspirators, of rustic peasants and picturesque banditti; whether the scene be laid in stately Genoa, or in the disconsolate Queen of the Adriatic, on the level Campagna of Rome, or up in the desolate solitudes of the Umbrian Appenines; the same cloudless sky and burning sun are over all. Balmy airs seem to cool the temples; varied tints to enchant the eye wearied with the monotony of street and mist, and touches of romance excite the fancy to stray an hour or two out of the dull regions of fact."

Mr. Ken

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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

APRIL, 1851.

From the North British Review.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.*

ASIDE from the great thoroughfares, and yet not far from London; large enough to be self-contained, and yet conscious of no bustle; its spacious streets and tidy shops announcing industrious comfort, and its belt of villas suggestive of refined society; its margin laved by the winding Nen, and its ample meadows fragrant with cowslips and milch kine; that shadowy interest hovering over it in which historic minds invest the scenes of old Parliaments and sieges, whilst meetinghouses, reading-rooms, and railway stations flare beside medieval fanes in confidential proximity; like a British oak from a Saxon acorn, still growthful and green at heart, Northampton is one of those towns of good constitution, which combine the freshness of youth with the sedateness of antiquity. as first we hailed it, standing up with its towers and steeples, an islet of masonry in a verdurous sea, we felt that even England could not offer a more tempting retreat to a student somewhat social. Sequestered enough to promise leisure, and withal sufficiently populous to supply incentives to min-

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isterial exertion; had we been a pastor in search of a people, like St. Catherine at Ledbury, we should have heard an opportune chime in its evening air tinkling, and telling us, "Here take up thy rest."

To English Nonconformity Northampton is, or ought to be, a sort of Mecca. Three hundred years ago it gave birth to Robert Brown, the father of English congregationalism; and within the last generation, Northampton and its neighborhood have been a chief stronghold of the English Baptists. It was here that the Rynalds ministered: the elder, in his orthodox vehemence a Boanerges, in his tender feelings a beloved disciple; the younger famous for his microscopic eyes, and who ought to have been famous for his telescopic heart; for never was there spirit more catholic, or one who could espy goodness at a greater distance. It was in the adjacent Kettering that Andrew Fuller labored for thirty years; in a noisy study (for it was withal a populous nursery) composing those volumes which have gone so far to give the right tone and attempering to modern Calvinism; a deep digger in the Bible mine, and whose rich, though clumsy ingots, supply to the present day the mint of many a

^{*} The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.
By Philip Doddridge, D.D. With an Introductory Essay by John Foster. Glasgow.

sermon-coiner; himself too homely to be a popular preacher, and too unambitious to regret it, he was in contrivance resourceful, and in council sagacious; the mainspring of each denominational movement, and one of the purest philanthropists, but blunt and ungainly withal. And in Northampton and its surrounding villages a poor cobbler used to ply his craft-for Northampton is the Selkirk of the South—its citizens are sutors; and leaving at home his broken-hearted wife, poor cobbler Carey would hawk from door to door his shoes of supererogation to pay the funeral charges of his child. ague and rain, and the unsaleable sackful, he was revolving that Eastern mission of which he was so soon to be the father and founder, and from borrowed grammars acquiring those elements of Polyglottal power which shortly developed in the Briareus of Oriental Translation. But our pilgrimage to Northampton was mainly impelled by veneration for another worthy. The running title has already told it: but without its help our readers would have guessed the name of Philip DODDRIDGE. We went to see the spot ennobled by the saintliest name in last century's dissenting ministry. We went to see the house where "The Rise and Progress" was written. We visited the old chapel, with its square windows and sombre walls,* where so many fervent exhortations were once poured forth, and so much enduring good accomplished. We entered the pulpit where Doddridge used to preach, and the pew where Colonel Gardner worshipped. We sate in the old arm-chair beside the vestry fire, and flanking the little table on which so many pages of that affecting Diary were written. And with a view of a supposed original likeness in the study of our hosta minister of the same school with Doddridge—we finished our Northampton pilgrimage.

In the ornithological gallery of the British Museum, and near the celebrated remains of the Dodo, is suspended the portrait of an extinct lawyer, Sir John Doderidge, the first of the name who procured any distinction to his old Devonian family. Persons skillful in physiognomy have detected a resemblance betwixt King James's solicitor-general and

his only famous namesake. But, although it is difficult to identify the sphery figure of the judge with the slim consumptive preacher, and still more difficult to light up with pensive benevolence the convivial countenance in which official gravity and constitutional gruffness have only yielded to good cheer; yet, it would appear that for some of his mental features, the divine was indebted to his learned ancestor. Sir John was a bookworm and a scholar; and for a great period of his life a man of mighty industry. His ruling passion went with him to the grave; for he chose to be buried in Exeter Cathedral, at the threshold of its library. His nephew was the rector of Shepperton in Middlesex; but at the Restoration, as he kept a conscience, he lost his living. In the troubles of the Civil War, the judge's estate of two thousand a-year had also been lost out of the family, and the ejected minister was glad to rear his son as a London apprentice, and young Daniel had to push his own way as an oilman. A few years before Mr. Doddridge resigned the living of Shepperton, there had come over to England a Bohemian refugee, John Baumann. When the persecution against the Protestants arose in his native land, this godly pastor fled from Prague, taking with him his German Bible, and a hundred gold pieces stitched into a leather girdle. Sleeping in a country inn on one of the first nights of his flight, the fugitive forgot the girdle, and did not miss it till he reached his next resting-place. It was a weary tramp to retrace his steps to his former lodging; but there the maid of the inn informed him that she had that morning found an old belt, and from its worn appearance had thought it useless, and thrown it away. However, animated by the offered reward. the damsel instituted a search for the traveler's old belt, and found it in one of those domestic limbos,—a closet under the stair, where worn besoms and broken stools await the next general removal. With the remainder of his gold pieces, and with his Luther's Bible, Pastor Baumann at last reached England, and when, many years after, he died, the teacher of a school at Kingston-upon-Thames, he left an only daughter. In the providence of God, the son of the ejected Nonconformist, and the daughter of the German refugee, became acquainted. Perhaps the similarity of their descent might help to interest them in one another. But, sure enough, they fell in love, and the London shopkeeper espoused the orphan daughter of the Kingston schoolmaster. Their income

^{*} The older houses in Northampton are constructed of oolite, fine grained and yellow, not unlike petrified pease-pudding. When darkened by the weather such buildings acquire a complexion so sallow and metaphysical, that it somewhat affected our spirits.

was never great, and in nest-building visions] they sometimes fancied how pleasant it would be if they could only recover some of Sir John's Devonshire acres. But the salutary dread of a lawsuit soon checked the vain ambition, and sent Daniel back to his casks and his cans and his wife to her humble house-keeping. for all their toils, the Sabbath made them sweet amends. They had a sorer trial. cept one sickly girl, they had lost all their children; and that little girl, was the only survivor of nineteen. At last on a mid-summer's day,* and in an airless chamber of some stifled London street, Mrs. Doddridge gave birth to her twentieth child. In their solicitude for the half-dead mother, no one paid much attention to the small and lifelesslooking infant. Encouraged, however, by some symptom of animation, a neighbor took in hand the little castaway, and by dint of tender nursing, saved to the world what it had so nearly lost, the life of Philip Dod-

dridge. A child so fragile, and given to them in circumstances so affecting, was exceedingly endeared to his parents; and, as usually happens with delicate children, his finelystrung sensibilities, and his yearning affection, rendered him peculiarly susceptible of maternal influence. His first lessons were out of a Pictorial Bible, occasionally found in the old houses of England and Holland. The chimney of the room where he and his mother usually sate, was adorned with a series of Dutch tiles, representing the chief events of Scriptural story. In bright blue, on a ground of glistering white, were represented the serpent in the tree, Adam delving outside the gate of Paradise, Noah building his great ship, Elisha's bears devouring the naughty children, and all the outstanding incidents of Holy Writ. And when the frost made the fire burn clear, and little Philip was snug in the arm-chair beside his mother, it was endless joy to hear the stories that lurked in the painted porcelain. That mother could not foresee the outgoings of her early lesson; but when the tiny boy had become a famous divine, and was publishing his Family Expositor, he could not forget the Nursery Bible in the chimney tiles. At ten years of age he was sent to the school at Kingston, which his grandfather Baumann had taught long ago; and here his sweet dispositions and alacrity for learning drew much love around him—a love which he soon inspired in the school at St. Alban's, whither his father subsequently removed him. But whilst busy there with his Greek and Latin, his heart was sorely wrung by the successive tidings of the death of either parent. His father was willing to indulge a wish he had now begun to cherish, and had left money enough to enable the young student to complete his preparations for the Christian ministry. Of this provision a self-constituted guardian got hold, and embarked it in his own sinking business. His failure soon followed, and ingulfed the little fortune of his ward; and, as the hereditary plate of the thrifty householders was sold along with the bankrupt's effects, if he had ever felt the pride of being born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the poor scholar must have felt some pathos in seeing both spoon and tankard in the broker's inventory.

A securer heritage, however, than parental savings, is parental faith and piety. Daniel Doddridge and his wife had sought for their child first of all the kingdom of heaven, and God gave it now. Under the ministry of the Rev. Samuel Clarke of St. Alban's, his mind had become more and more impressed with the beauty of holiness, and the blessedness of a religious life; and on the other hand, that kind-hearted pastor took a deepening interest in his amiable and intelligent orphan hearer. Finding that he had declined the generous offer of the Duchess of Bedford, to maintain him at either University, provided he would enter the Established Church, Dr. Clarke applied to his own and his father's friends, and procured a sufficient sum to send him to a Dissenting Academy at Kibworth. in Leicestershire, then conducted by an able tutor whose work on Jewish Antiquities still retains considerable value—the Rev. David

To trace Philip Doddridge's early career would be a labor of some amusement, and much instruction. And we are not without abundant materials. No man is responsible for his remote descendants. Sir John Doddridge, judge of the Court of King's Bench, would have blushed to think that his greatgrand-nephew was to be a Puritan preacher. With more reason might Dr. Doddridge have blushed to think that his great-grandson was to be a coxcomb. But so it has proved. Twenty years ago Mr. John Doddridge Humphreys gave to the world five octavos of his ancestor's correspondence, which, on the whole, we deem the most eminent instance. in modern times, of editorial incompetency. Dr. Doddridge was a scholar: Mr. Humphreys prints Latin to the tune of "Nunk dimittus." Dr. Doddridge was a man of taste and refinement: Mr. Humphreys is a noisy scrawler of bombast and bluster. Dr. Doddridge for the last twenty years of his life was so devout and earnest, that he bewailed as sins the errors of his youth, its foolish jesting and frivolous epistolizing: Mr. Humphreys is so intolerant of strictness, that he parades every expression or incident inconsistent with Puritanical decorum, and fills two volumes of large print with the frivolous effusions of the stripling, whilst the Diary and the "peculiar notions" of the confirmed Christian are entombed in an appendix of small typography. Dr. Doddridge was a liberal and large-hearted Protestant, who dearly loved all the household of faith, and who hoped the best of others: Mr. Humphreys confines all his love to that small community whom he calls "rational dissenters;" and whenever he alludes to the believers or "bigots" to whom his ancestor belonged, and who alone have embalmed his memory, Mr. Humphreys always waxes so honestly violent, as to let out his inherent vulgarity. And yet, tawdry and coarse as are the hands of the compiler, now that he has shot his cartload of rubbish, it contains many curiosities to reward the dust-sifting historian. And were it not our object to hasten on and sketch the ministerial model to which our last Number alluded, we could cheerfully halt for half an hour, and entertain our readers and ourselves with the sweepings of Dr. Doddridge's Kibworth study.

Suffice it to say that the protégé of the good Dr. Clarke rewarded his patron's kind-His classical attainments were far above the usual University standard, and he read with avidity the English philosophers from Bacon down to Shaftesbury. He early exhibited that hopeful propensity,—the noble avarice of books. In his first half-yearly account of nine pounds, are entries for "King's Inquiry," and an interleaved New Testament; and a guinea presented by a rich fellow-student, is invested in "Scott's Christian Life." Nor was he less diligent in perusing the stories of the Academy Library. In six months we find him reading sixty volumes, and some of them as solid as Patrick's Exposition and Tillotson's Sermons. With such avidity for information, professional and miscellaneous, and with a style which was always elastic and easy, and with brilliant talent constantly gleaming over the surface of unruffled temper and warm affections, it is not wonderful that his friends hoped and desired for him high distinction; but it evinces

unusual and precocious attainments, that, when he had scarcely reached majority, he should have been invited to succeed Mr. Jennings as pastor at Kibworth, and that whilst still a young man he should have been urged by his ministerial brethren to combine with his pastorate the responsible duties of a Col-

lege tutor. It should encourage those who have been some years in the ministry, and who are desirous of starting anew in a style of greater devotedness, to know that even Doddridge's beginnings were small. Under the fatherly instructions of Clarke and Jennings, the pious predispositions of his childhood had greatly strengthened; and in the solitude of his study, no one could be visited with more realizing views of things eternal. And in the pulpit, and when meeting face to face the people of his charge, his warm and affectionate nature overflowed in appeals the most tender and touching, sometimes producing a remarkable impression. But the circumstances of the time and place were far from favorable. He had few fervent neighbors, and not many pious hearers; and, as his social disposition drew him often into their company, his complaisance yielded more than was right to their frivolity. On the other hand, sharing that susceptibility of gentle charms which marks most ideal natures, he devoted to his lady-correspondents time and thought de-There was a manded by graver duties. period when, but for interposing Providence, this shining light would have gone out in darkness; and, instead of being praised in all the churches, his story would have been the obscure but mournful fate of many a minister. Early in the reign of George the Third, the week-day visitor might have seen in a Leicestershire hamlet an old man in rusty black, receiving as he passed a familiar nod from patronizing neighbors, or standing hours together in the market-place among the country folks an idle nondescript; or on the Sunday he might have gone to a meagre meetinghouse, and heard this old man repeat to a self-sufficient grazier, and a few rustics in buff leggings and point-collar frocks, a sermon sound and soporific. But even the hollow emphasis of the preacher, and the boisterous discords of the singers, might have struck the stranger as the reminiscence of a glory departed—the pantomime of a happier past; and in answer to his inquiries, you venerable lady might have shaken her head and said, "Yes, if you had seen the crowds that used to flock from far and near, and only heard our pastor when he first came amongst us, you might call Kibworth meeting Ichabod. That sermon I heard thirty years ago, when there was scarce a dry eye amongst us. But the salt has lost his savor. Not that there is anything really bad about him, for I do take it that he is a decent and harmless creature; but this I do know, what with his love of company, and what with a worldly wife, and what with his taking to farming, things have been going sadly back amongst us."

From such a catastrophe the hand of God saved Philip Doddridge. In 1729 he was removed to Northampton, and from that period may be dated the consolidation of his character, and the commencement of a new and noble career. The anguish of spirit occasioned by parting with a much-loved people, and the solemn consciousness of entering on a more arduous sphere, both tended to make him thoughtful, and that thoughtfulness was deepened by a dangerous sickness. Nor in this sobering discipline must we leave out of view one painful but salutary element -a mortified affection. Mr. Doddridge had been living as a boarder in the house of his predecessor's widow, and her only child—the little girl whom he had found amusement in teaching an occasional lesson, was now nearly grown up, and had grown up so brilliant and engaging, that the soft heart of the tutor was terribly smitten. The charms of Clio and Sabrina, and every former flame, were merged in the rising glories of Clarinda,-as by a classical apotheosis Miss Kitty was now known to his entranced imagination; and in every vision of future enjoyment Clarinda was the beatific angel. But when he decided in favor of Northampton, Miss Jennings showed a will of her own, and absolutely refused to go with him. To the romantic lover the disappointment was all the more severe, because he had made so sure of the young lady's affection; nor was it mitigated by the mode in which Miss Jennings conveyed her declinature. However, her scorn, if not an excellent oil, was a very good eye-salve. It disenchanted her admirer, and made him wonder how a reverend divine could ever fancy a spoiled child, who had scarcely matured into a petulant girl. And as the mirage melted, and Clarinda again resolved into Kitty, other realities began to show themselves in a sedater and truer light to the awakened dreamer. As an excuse for an attachment at which Doddridge himself soon learned to smile, it is fair to add that love was in this instance prophetic. Clarinda turned out a remarkable woman. She married an eminent dissenting minister, and became the mother of Dr. John Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld, and in her grand-daughter, Lucy Aikin, her matrimonial name still survives; so that the curious in such matters may speculate how far the instructions of Doddridge contributed to produce the "Universal Biography," "Evenings at Home," and "Memoirs of the Courts of the Stuarts."

His biographers do not mark it, but his arrival at Northampton is the real date of Doddridge's memorable ministry. He then woke up to the full import of his high calling, and never went to sleep again. The sickness, the wounded spirit, the altered scene, and we may add seclusion from the society of formal religionists, had each its wholesome influence; and, finding how much was required of him as a pastor and a tutor, he got of a startled man, and the first true rest he took was twenty years after, when he turned aside to die.

Glorying in such names as Goodwin, and Charnock, and Owen, it was the ambition of the early Nonconformists of England to perpetuate among themselves a learned ministry. But the stern exclusiveness of the English Universities rendered the attainment of this object very difficult. It may be questioned whether it is right in any established church to inflict ignorance as a punishment on those dissenting from it. If intended as a vindictive visitation, it is a very fearful one, and reminds painfully of those tyrants who used to extinguish the eyes of rebellious subjects. And if designed as a reformatory process, we question its efficiency. The zero of ignorance is unbelief, and its minus scale marks errors. You cannot make dissenters so ignorant as thereby to make them Christians; and, even though you made them savages, they might still remain seceders. However, this was the policy of the English establishment in the days of Doddridge. By withholding education from dissenters, they sought either to reclaim them, or to be revenged upon them; and had this policy succeeded, the dissenting pulpits would soon have been filled with fanatics, and the pews with superstitious sectaries. But much to their honor, the Nonconformists taxed themselves heavily in order to procure elsewhere the light which Oxford and Cambridge refused. Academies were opened in various places, and among others selected for the office of tutor, his talents recommended Mr. Doddridge. A large house was taken in the town of Northampton, and

the business of instruction had begun, when Dr. Reynolds, the diocesan chancellor, instituted a prosecution in the ecclesiastical courts, on the ground that the Academy was not licensed by the bishop. The affair gave Dr. Doddridge much trouble, but he had a powerful friend in the Earl of Halifax. That nobleman represented the matter to King George the Second, and conformably to his own declaration, "That in his reign there should be no persecution for conscience sake," His Majesty sent a message to Dr. Reynolds,

which put an end to the process. Freed from this peril, the institution advanced in a career of uninterrupted prosperity. Not only was it the resort of aspirants to the dissenting ministry, but wealthy dissenters were glad to secure its advantages for sons whom they were training to business or to learned professions. And latterly, attracted by the reputation of its head, pupils came from Scotland and from Holland; and in one case at least, we find a clergyman of the Church of England selecting it as the best seminary for a son whom he designed for the established ministry. Among our own compatriots educated there, we find the names of the Earl of Dunmore, Ferguson of Kilkerran, Professor Gilbert Robertson, and another Edinburgh professor, James Robertson, famous in the annals of his Hebrew-

loving family.

With an average attendance of forty young men, mostly residing under his own roof, this Academy would have furnished abundant occupation to any ordinary teacher; and although usually relieved of elementary drudgery by his assistant, the main burden of instruction fell on Doddridge himself. taught Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Geography, Logic, and Metaphysics. He prelected on the Greek and Latin Classics, and at morning worship the Bible was Such of his pupils as read in Hebrew. desired it were initiated in French; and besides an extensive course of Jewish Antiquities and Church History, they were carried through a history of philosophy on the basis of Buddæus. To all of which must be added the main staple of the curriculum, a series of 250 Theological lectures, arranged, like Stapfer's, on the demonstrative principle, and each proposition following its prdecessor with a sort of mathematical precision. Enormous as was the labor of preparing so many systems, and arranging anew materials so multifarious, it was still a labor of love. A clear and easy apprehension enabled him to amass knowledge with a rapidity which few have

ever rivalled, and a constitutional orderliness of mind rendered him perpetual master of all his acquisitions; and like most millionnaires in the world of knowledge, his avidity of acquirement was accompanied by an equal delight in imparting his treasures. When the essential ingredients of his course were completed, he relieved his memory of its redundant stores, by giving lectures on rhetoric and belles lettres, on the microscope, and on the anatomy of the human frame; and there is one feature of his method which we would especially commemorate, as we fear that it still remains an original without a copy. Sometimes he conducted the students into the library, and gave a lecture on its contents. Going over it case by case, and row by row, he pointed out the most important authors, and indicated their characteristic excellencies, and fixed the mental association by striking or amusing anecdotes. Would not such bibliographical lectures be a boon to all our students? To them a large library is often a labyrinth without a clue—a mighty maze —a dusty chaos. And might not the learned keepers of our great collections give lectures which would at once be entertaining and edifying on those rarities, printed and manuscript, of which they are the favored guardians, but of which their shelves are in a fair way to become not the dormitory alone, but the sepulchre? Nor was it to the mere intellectual culture of his pupils that Dr. Doddridge directed his labors. His academy was a church within a church; and not content with the ministrations which its members shared in common with his stated congregation, this indefatigable man took the pains to prepare and preach many occasional sermons to the students. These, and his formal addresses, as well as his personal interviews, had such an effect, that out of the 200 young men who came under his instructions, 70 made their first public profession of Christianity during their sojourn at Northampton.

And yet, whilst absorbing the best hours of every day, this college was only an accessory to Dr. Doddridge's ministerial engagements. His primary work was the pastorate; and the journal which he commenced on coming to Northampton is an impressive record of the seriousness and self-denial with which he discharged its duties. He made himself minutely conversant with all his flock; and, as many of them came from the adjacent hamlets, he took advantage of his visits thither to gather congregations of the villagers, whom he exhorted with simple but impassioned earnestness; and many of these

casual hearers became members of his stated congregation-not a few of them his crown of rejoicing. Like an honest man and a real orator, in his sermons his first object was to be understood, and therefore his language was plain and unambitious. But he wished to be understood only because he wished to be felt, and therefore from the very outset of his discourse there was a perceptible glow of benevolence and desirousness, which, towards the close, kindled into the most fervent remonstrance and entreaty. And whilst, owing to the pellucid clearness of his own mind, his meaning was always manifest, and whilst, owing to his logical habits of arrangement, his most hurried compositions were always coherent and instructive—the least enlightened hearer, if he missed the ingenious exposition or the elaborate argument, could hardly miss the contagion of the preacher's earnestness. And surely that sermon is the best which remains not so much a deposit in the memory as a solution through the feelings, and which is recalled not by some pithy remark or pretty figure, but by the consciousness that some sin was then detected, some holy impulse imparted, some new majesty or endearment thrown around the person of the Saviour. Within the compass of English literature scores of sermons might be quoted more ingenious and more eloquent, but not many which more enchain the reader when he has once begun to peruse them, and not many which in their original delivery made deeper and more enduring impressions-impressions, in despite of an unmelodious voice and a nervous excess of action, and which included all classes of his Northampton hearers, from boors who could not read the alphabet up to Mr. Akenside the

As a proof of the versatility of his powers, it may be mentioned that each sermon was usually concluded with an appropriate hymn. When he had finished the preparation of a discourse, and whilst his heart was still warm with the subject, it was his custom to throw the leading thoughts into a few simple stanzas. These were sung at the close of the service, and supplied his hearers with a compend of the sermon at once mnemonic and devotional. Thus, a sermon on "The rest which remains for the people of God," was followed by this hymn;—

"Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows, On this Thy day, in this Thy house, And own, as grateful sacrifice, The songs which from the desert rise.

- "Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our laboring souls aspire
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- "No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place; No groans to mingle with the songs Which warble from immortal tongues.
- "No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose:
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- "O long expected day, begin,
 Dawn on these realms of wo and sin!
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death to rest with God."

In like manner, a sermon on 1 Peter, ii. 7, was condensed into the following metrical epitome:—

- "Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
 'Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven should hear.
- "Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.
- "All my capacious powers can wish In Thee doth richly meet: Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
- "Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, And sheds its fragrance there; The noblest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.
- "I'll speak the honors of Thy name
 With my last laboring breath;
 Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
 The antidote of death."

If amber is the gum of fossil trees, fetched up and floated off by the ocean, hymns like these are a spiritual amber. Most of the sermons to which they originally pertained have disappeared forever; but, at once beautiful and buoyant, these sacred strains are destined to carry the devout emotions of Doddridge to every shore where his Master is loved and where his mother-tongue is spoken.

Whilst in labors for his students and his people thus abundant, Doddridge was secretly engaged on a task which he intended for the Church at large. Ever since his first initiation into the Bible story, as he studied the

Dutch tiles on his mother's knee, that book | had been the nucleus round which all his vast reading and information revolved and arranged itself; and he early formed the purpose of doing something effectual for its illustration. Element by element the plan of the "Family Expositor" evolved, and he set to work on a New Testament Commentary, which should at once instruct the uninformed, edify the devout, and facilitate the studies of the learned. Happy is the man who has a "magnum opus" on hand! Be it an "Excursion" poem, or a Southey's "Portugal," or a Neandrine "Church History,"-to the fond projector there is no end of congenial occupation, and, provided he never completes it, there will be no break in the blissful illusion. Whenever he walks abroad, he picks up some dainty herb for his growthful Pegasus; or, we should rather say, some new bricks for his posthumous pyramid. And wherever he goes he is flattered by perceiving that his book is the very desideratum for which the world is unwittingly waiting; and in his sleeve he smiles benevolently to think how happy mankind will be as soon as he vouchsafes his epic or his story. It is delightful to us to think of all the joys with which, for twenty years, that Expositor filled the dear mind of Dr. Doddridge; how one felicitous rendering was suggested after another; how a bright solution of a textual difficulty would rouse him an hour before his usual, and set the study fire a blazing at four o'clock of a winter's morning; and then how beautiful the first quarto looked as it arrived with its laid sheets and snowy margins! We see him setting out to spend a week's holiday at St. Albans, or with the Honorable Mrs. Scawen at Maidwell, and packing the "apparatuscriticus" into the spacious saddle-bags; and we enjoy the prelibation with which Dr. Clarke and a few cherished friends are favored. We sympathize in his dismay when word arrives that Dr. Guyse has forestalled his design, and we are comforted when the doctor's chariot lumbers on, and no longer stops the way. We are even glad at the apalling accident which set on fire the manuscript of the concluding volume, charring its edges, and bathing it all in molten wax; for we know how exulting would be the thanks for its deliverance. We can even lancy the pious hope dawning in the writer's mind, that it might prove a blessing to the princess to whom it was inscribed; and we can excuse him if, with bashful disallowance,

and Warburton, or tried to extract an atom of intelligent commendation from the stately compliment of bishops. But far be it from us to insinuate that the chief value of the Expositor was the pleasure with which it supplied the author. If not so minutely erudite as some later works which have profited by German research, its learning is still sufficient to shed honor on the writer, and on a community debarred from colleges; and there must be original thinking in a book which is by some regarded as the source of Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ." But, next to its Practical Observations, its chief excellence is its Paraphrase. There the sense of the sacred writers is rescued from the haze of too familiar words, and is transfused into language not only fresh and expressive, but congenial and devout; and whilst difficulties are fairly and earnestly dealt with, instead of a dry grammarian or a one-sided polemic, the reader constantly feels that he is in the company of a saint and a scholar. And although we could name interpreters more profound, and analysts more subtile, we know not any who has proceeded through the whole New Testament with so much candor, or who has brought to its elucidation truer taste and holier feeling. He lived to complete the manuscript, and to see three volumes published. He was cheered to witness its acceptance with all the churches; and to those who love his memory, it is a welcome thought to think in how many myriads of closets and family circles its author when dead has spoken. And as his death in a foreign land forfeited the insurance by which he had somewhat provided for his family, we confess to a certain comfort in knowing that the loss was replaced by this literary legacy. But the great source of complacency is, that He to whom the work was consecrated had a favor for it, and has given it the greatest honor that a human book can have, - making it extensively the means of explaining and endearing the book of God.

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Whilst this great undertaking was slowly advancing, the author was from time to time induced to give to the world a sermon or a practical treatise. Several of these maintain a considerable circulation down to the present day; but of them all the most permanent and precious is "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." The publication of this work was urged upon him by Dr. Isaac Watts, with whom it had long been a cherished project to prepare a manual which should contain within itself a complete course of practical piety, from the first dawn of

earnest thought to the full development of Christian character. But when exhaustion and decay admonished Dr. Watts that his work was done, he transferred to his likeminded friend his favorite scheme; and, sorely begrudging the interruption of his Commentary, Doddridge compiled this volume. It is not faultless. A more predominant exhibition of the Gospel remedy would have been more apostolic; and it would have prevented an evil which some have experienced in reading it, who have entangled themselves in its technical details, and who, in their anxiety to keep the track of the Rise and Progress, have forgotten that after all the grand object is to reach the Cross. But, with every reasonable abatement, it is the best book of the eighteenth century; and, tried by the test of usefulness, we doubt if its equal has since appeared. Rendered into the leading languages of Europe, it has been read by few without impression, and in the case of vast numbers that impression has been enduring. What adds greatly to its importance, and to the reward of its glorified writer,-many of those whom it has impressed were master minds, and destined in their turn to be the means of impressing others. As in the instance of Wilberforce, this little book was to be in their minds the germ of other influential books, or of sermons; and, like the lamp at which many torches and tapers are lighted, none can tell how far its rays have traveled in the persons and labors of those whose Christianity it first enkindled.

But what was the secret of Dr. Doddridge's great success? He had not the rhetoric of Bates, the imagination of Bunyan, nor the massive theology of Owen; and yet his preaching and his publications were as useful as theirs. So far as we can find it out, let us briefly indicate where his great strength

As already hinted, we attach considerable importance to his clear and orderly mind. He was an excellent teacher. At a glance he saw every thing which could simplify his subject, and he had self-denial sufficient to forego those good things which would only encumber it. Hence, like his college lectures, his sermons were continuous and atraightforward, and his hearers had the comfort of accompanying him to a goal which they and he constantly kept in view. It was his plan not only to divide his discourses, but to enunciate the divisions again and again, till they were fully imprinted on the memory; and although such a method would impart a

fatal stiffness to many compositions, in his manipulation it only added clearness to his meaning, and precision to his proofs. Dr. Doddridge's was not the simplicity of happy illustration. In his writings you meet few of those apt allusions which play over every line of Bunyan, like the slant beams of evening on the winking lids of the ocean; nor can you gather out of his writings such anecdotes as, like garnets in some Highland mountain, sparkle in every page of Brooks and Flavel. Nor was it the simplicity of homely language. It was not the terse and self-commending Saxon, of which Latimer in one age, and Swift in another, and Cobbett in our own, have been the mighty masters, and through it the masters of their English fellows. But it was the simplicity of clear conception and orderly arrangement. text or topic may be compared to a goodly apartment still empty, and which will be very differently garnished according as you move into it piece by piece the furniture from a similar chamber, or pour in pell-mell the contents of a lumber attic. Most minds can appreciate order, and to the majority of hearers it is a greater treat than ministers always imagine, to get some obscure matter made plain, or some confused subject cleared up. With this treat Doddridge's readers and hearers were constantly indulged. Whether they were things new orold, from the orderly compartments of his memory he fetched the argument or the quotation which the moment wanted. He knew his own mind, and told it in his own way, and was always natural, arresting, instructive. And even if, in giving them forth, they should cancel the ticketmarks,—the numerals by which they identify and arrange their own materials, authors and orators who wish to convince and to edify must strive in the first place to be orderly.

To this must be added a certain pathetic affectionateness, by which all his productions are pervaded. At the head of this Article we have placed together Doddridge and Foster, because a Glasgow Mæcenas has effected the meeting. And no juxta-position could better answer our purpose. Dogmatically, Foster was as evangelical as the author of the Rise and Progress; in sheer intellect he was immeasurably superior; and in this long introductory essay, without professing or designing it, he has written something like a rival volume. But Foster complained that he knew no instance in which he had been the means of saving a soul; nor did this elaborate essay furnish an exception. Nor can it be ascribed to want of earnestargument, and solemnity of remonstrance, we know few effusions equal to this remarkable appeal. But there is a difference: the difference between Esau, hard and hispid-and Jacob, soft and gentle. Each takes hold of the reader and carries him resistlessly onward; but in the one case he finds himself in the grasp of a gauntlet,—in the other, the hand that holds his is like the mild clasp of one's mother. With Foster it is the ascendancy of superior strength; with Doddridge it is the might of tenderness. The brawny essayist is a schoolmaster, by the ear-tip lugging home the captive truant; the evangelist is a good shepherd, carrying back the stray sheep on his shoulder rejoicing. both represent two classes of orthodox preachers—the pastors and the pedagogues. the former class Doddridge belonged; and a greater than Doddridge-Paul. "Gentle among his hearers, like a nurse cherishing children, affectionately desirous of them," and letting freely forth the yearnings with which his spirit was surcharged,—his heart was in his lips and eyes, his heart was in his hand. But many preachers "know not what spirit they are of;" that is, they have taken their doctrines from the one dispensation, their spirit from the other. They proclaim gospel tenets in a fulgorous Sinaitic tone. The very texts which convey towards guilty man the loving-kindness of Heaven are converted into an angry artillery; and the "joyful sound" of forgiveness is shouted with clenched fists and a flashing eye. Is it wonderful that their speed is small? "He that winneth souls is wise;" and this winsomeness was Doddridge's main wisdom. There was something in his temper and affections more evangelical than even in his theology. His remonstrances were compassionate; his reproofs regretful amidst their faithfulness; his warnings all the more solemn because of their evident sympathy; and his exhortations encouraging and alluring from the benevolent hopefulness with which they were freighted.

But we must go a little deeper. Much of the strength of Doddridge was his personal holiness. During the twenty years of his Northampton ministry, it was his endeavor to "walk with God." And it is a spectacle at once humbling and animating to mark his progress, and to see how that divinely-planted principle, which once struggled so feebly with frivolity and self-indulgence and the love of praise, had grown into "a mighty tree." Nor were his immediate hearers unaware of his personal piety and his heavenly-minded-

ness. For tenacity of purpose, cogency of | ness. They knew how unselfish and disinterested he was; how the husband of an heiress, to whom he had been guardian, made him a handsome present as an acknowledgment for losses sustained by an over-scrupulous administration of her property; and how all the influence which he possessed with noble and powerful personages was exerted only on behalf of others. They knew his pious industry, and how the hardest worker and earliest riser in all their town was the great Doctor, whom so many strangers came to see and hear. They knew his zeal for God, and how dear to him was every project which promised to spread his glory in the earth; and how damping every incident by which he saw God's name dishonored. And in listening to him they all felt that he was a man of God. And his readers feel the same. They are constantly encountering thoughts which they know instinctively could only have been fetched up from the depths of personal sanctity. The very texts which he quotes are evidently steeped in his own experience; and, unlike the second-hand truisms,—the dried rose-leaves,—with which so many are content, his thoughts have a dew still on them, like flowers fresh gathered in fields of holy meditation. Even beyond his pathos there is something subduing in his goodness.

Yet we would not tell our entire belief unless we added the power of prayer. Some may remember the prayer at the commencement of the Rise and Progress. "Impute it not, O God, as a culpable ambition, if I desire that this work may be completed and propagated far abroad; that it may reach to those that are yet unborn, and teach them thy name and thy praise, when the author has long dwelt in the dust. But if this petition be too great to be granted to one who pretends no claim but thy sovereign grace, give him to be in thy Almighty hand the blessed instrument of converting and saving one soul; and if it be but one, and that the weakest and meanest, it shall be most thankfully accepted as a rich recompense for all the thought and labor this effort may cost." And his secret supplications were in unison with this printed prayer. Besides other seasons of devotion, the first Monday of every month was spent in that "solitary place," his vestry; and, deducting the time employed in reviewing the past month, and laying plans for the new one, these seasons were spent in prayer and communion with God. And none the less for the accessory reasons already mentioned, it is our persuasion that the success of his ministry, and the singular good accomplished by his writings, are an answer to these prayers. The piety of Doddridge was as devout as it was benevolent; and to his power with God he owed no small measure of his power with men. Though genius is longevity, and goodness is immortality, it is Providence alone which can prevent a name from perishing from off the earth. That Providence has not only preserved the name of Doddridge, but has given to his writings a vitality shared by very few of his religious or literary cotemporaries.

Leaving the tutor, the pastor, the author, it is time that we return to the man; and might we draw a full-length portrait, our readers would share our affection. That may not be, and therefore we shall only indicate a few features. His industry, as has already been inferred, was enormous: in the end it became an excess, and crushed a feeble constitution into an early grave. His letters alone were an extensive authorship. With such friends as Bishop Warburton and Archbishop Secker, with Isaac Watts and Nathaniel Lardner, with his spiritual father, the venerable Clarke, and with his fervent and tender-hearted brother, Barker, it was worth while to maintain a frequent correspondence; but many of his epistolizers had little right to tax a man like Doddridge. Those were the cruel days of dear posts and "private opportunities;" and a letter needed to contain matter enough to fill a little pamphlet; and when some cosy country clergyman, who could sleep twelve hours in twenty-four, or some self-contained dowager, who had no charge but her maid and her lap-dog, insisted on long missives from the busiest and greatest of their friends, they forgot that a sermon had to be laid aside, or a chapter of the Exposition suspended in their favor; or that a man, who had seldom leisure to talk to his children, must sit up an extra hour to talk to them. And yet, amidst the pressure of overwhelming toil, his vivacity seldom flagged, and his politeness never. Perhaps the severest thing he ever said was an impromptu on a shallowpated student who was unfolding a scheme for flying to the moon:-

And will Volatio leave this world so soon, To fly to his own native seat, the moon? 'Twill stand, however, in some little stead, That he sets out with such an empty head.

But his wit was usually as mild as his dispositions; and it was seldom that he answered a fool according to his folly. His very es-

sence was his kindness and charity, and one of the worst faults laid to his harge is a perilous sort of catholicity. The Dissenters never liked his dealings with the Church of England; and both Episcopalians and Presbyterians have regretted his intimacy with avowed or suspected Arians. Bishop Warburton reproached him for editing Hervey's Meditations, and Nathaniel Neal warned him of the contempt he was incurring amongst many by associating with "honest crazy Whitefield;" whilst the "rational Dissenters," represented by Dr. Kippis, have regretted that his superior intelligence was never cast into the Socinian scale. Judging from his early letters, this latter consummation was at one time far from unlikely; but the older and more earnest he grew, the more definite became his creed, and the more intense his affinity for spiritual Christianity. In ecclesiastical polity he never was a partizan,* and for piety his attraction was always more powerful than for mere theology. But in that essential element of vital Christianity, a profound and adoring attachment to the Saviour of men, the orthodoxy of Doddridge was never gainsaid. Had any one intercepted a packet of his letters, and found one addressed to Whitefield and another to Wesley; one to the Archbishop of Canterbury and another to Dr. Webster of Edinburgh; one to Henry Baker, F.R.S., describing a five-legged lamb and similar prodigies; and another to the Countess of Huntingdon or Joseph Williams, the Kidderminster manufacturer, on some rare phasis of spiritual experience; he might have been at a loss to devise a sufficient theory for such a miscellaneous man. And yet he had a theory. As he writes to his wife, "I do not merely talk of it, but I feel it at my heart, that the only important end of life, and the greatest happiness to be expected in it, consists in seeking in all things to please God, attempting all the good we can." And

^{*} The free-and-easy organization of Noncomformist Churches at that period is well known; many of the Presbyterian Chapels being practically Congregational, and the Congregational frequently adopting what are usually considered features of Presbytery. For instance, up to 1707 the Congregational Church at Northampton had recognized ruling elders as well as deacons. In the minute-book for that year, under date May 7, an entry occurs:—"It was agreed upon by the whole church assembled at a public church-meeting, for weighty reasons, that for the time to come the church shall be governed without ruling elders." In 1737, and under Dr. Doddridge's pastorate, the elders were re-appointed. See some interesting notices of this old church in the Congregational Magazine, vol. vi., New Series.

from the Post-office could the querist have our pages are not worthy that we should returned to the great house at the top of the town, and spent a day in the study, the parlor, and the lecture-room, he would have found that after all there was a true unity amidst these several forthgoings. Like Northampton itself, which marches with more counties than any other shire in England, his tastes were various and his heart was large, and consequently his border-line was long. And yet Northampton has a surface and a solid content, as well as a circumference; and amidst all his complaisance and all his versatility, Doddrige had a mind and a calling of his own.

The heart of Doddridge was just recovering from the wound which the faithless Kitty had inflicted, when he formed the acquaintance of MERCY MARIS. Come of gentle blood, her dark eyes and raven hair and brunette complexion were true to their Norman pedigree; and her refined and vivacious mind was only too well betokened in the mantling cheek, and the brilliant expression, and the light movements of a sensitive and delicate frame. When one so fascinating was good and gifted besides, what wonder that Doddridge fell in love? and what wonder that he deemed the 22d of December (1730) the brightest of days, when it gave him such a help-meet? Neither of them had ever cause to rue it; and it is fine to read the correspondence which passed between them, showing them youthful lovers to the last. When away from home, the good doctor had to write constantly to apprise Mercy that he was still "pure well;" and in these epistles he records with Pepysian minuteness every incident which was likely to be important at home: how Mr. Scawen had taken him to see the House of Commons, and how Lady Abney carried him out in her coach to Newington; how soon his wrist-bands got soiled in the smoke of London, and how his horse had fallen into Mr. Coward's well at Walthamstow; and how he had gone a-fishing "with extraordinary success, for he had pulled a minnow out of the water, though it made shift to get away." They also contain sundry consultations and references on the subject of fans and damasks, white and blue. And from one of them we are comforted to find that the Northampton earrier was conveying a "harlequin dog" as a present from Kitty's husband to the wife of Kitty's old admirer,-showing, as is abundantly evinced in other ways, how good an aftercrop of friendship may grow on the stubble fields where love was long since shorn. But I doctor greatly profited; for even among the

transfer into them the better things with which these letters abound. Nor must we stop to sketch the domestic group which soon gathered round the paternal table—the son and three daughters who were destined, along with their mother, to survive for nearly half a century their bright Northampton home, and, along with the fond father's image, to recall his first and darling child,the little Tetsy whom "everybody loved, be-

cause Tetsy loved everybody." The family physician was Dr. Stonehouse. He had come to Northampton an infidel, and had written an attack on the Christian evidence, which was sufficiently clever to run through three editions, when the perusal of Dr. Doddridge's "Christianity Founded on Argument" revolutionized all his opinions. He not only retracted his skeptical publication, but became an ornament to the faith which once he destroyed. To the liberal mind of Doddridge it was no mortification, at least he never showed it, that his son in the faith preferred the Church of England, and waited on another ministry. The pious and accomplished physician became more and more the bosom friend of the magnanimous and unselfish divine, and in conjunction they planned and executed many works of usefulness, of which the greatest was the Northampton Infirmary. At last Dr. Stonehouse exchanged his profession for the Christian ministry, and became the rector of Great and Little Cheverell, in Wiltshire. Belonging to a good family, and possessing superior powers, his preaching attracted many hearers in his own domain of Bath and Bristol, and, like his once popular publications, was productive of much good. He used to tell two lessons of elocution which he had one day received from Garrick, at the close of the service. "What particular business had you to do to-day when the duty was over?" asked the actor. "None." "Why," said Garrick, "I thought you must from the hurry in which you entered the desk. Nothing can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred service as if he were a tradesman, and wanted to get through it as soon as possible. But what books might those be which you had in the desk before you?" "Only the Bible and Prayer-Book," replied the preach-"Only the Bible and Prayer-Book," rejoined the player. "Why, you tossed them about, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were a day-book and ledger." And by the reproof of the British Roscius the

pump-room exquisites he was admired for the perfect grace and propriety of his pulpit man-Perhaps he studied it too carefully, at least he studied it till he became aware of it, and talked too much about it. His old age was rather egotistical. He had become rich and a baronet, and as the friend of Hannah More, a star in the constellation "Virgo." And he loved to transcribe the laudatory notes in which dignitaries acknowledged presentation copies of his threepenny tracts. And he gave forth oracles which would have been more impressive had they been less querulous. But with all these foibles Sir James was a man of undoubted piety, and it may well excuse a little communicativeness when we remember that of the generation he had served so well, few survived to speak his praise. At all events there was one benefactor whom he never forgot; and the chirrup of the old Cicada softened into something very soft and tender every time he mentioned the name

of Doddridge. Amongst the visitors at their father's house, at first to the children more formidable than the doctor, and by and by the most revered of all, was a Scotch cavalry officer. With his Hessian boots, and their tremendous spurs, sustaining the grandeur of his scarlet coat and powdered queue, there was something to youthful imaginations very awful in the tall and stately hussar; and that awe was nowise abated when they got courage to look on his high forehead which overhung gray eyes and weather-beaten cheeks, and when they marked his firm and dauntless air. And then it was terrible to think how many battles he had fought, and how in one of them a bullet had gone quite through his neck, and he had lain a whole night among the slain. But there was a deeper mystery still. He had been a very bad man once, it would appear, and now he was very good; and he had seen a vision; and altogether, with his strong Scotch voice, and his sword, and his wonderful story, the most solemn visitant was this grave and lofty soldier. But they saw how their father loved him, and they saw how he loved their father. he sat so erect in the square corner-seat of the chapel, they could notice how his stern look would soften, and how his firm lip would quiver, and how a happy tear would roll down his deep lined face: and they heard him as he sang so joyfully the closing hymn, and they came to feel that the Colonel must indeed be very good. At last, after a long absence, he came to see their father, and stayed three days, and he was looking

very sick and very old. And the last night, before he went away, their father preached a sermon in the house, and his text was, "I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him." And the Colonel went away, and their father went with him, and gave him a long convoy; and many letters went and came. But at last there was war in Scotland. There was a rebellion, and there were battles; and then the gloomy news arrived. There had been a battle close to the very house of Bankton, and the king's soldiers had run away, and the brave COLONEL GARDINER would not run, but fought to the very last, and-alas for the Lady Frances!—he was stricken down and slain scarce a mile from his own mansion

Near Northampton stands the little parish church of Weston Favel. Its young minister was one of Doddridge's dearest friends. He was a tall and spectral-looking man, dying daily; and, like so many in that district, was a debtor to his distinguished neighbor. After he became minister of his hereditary parish, and when he was preaching with more earnestness than light, he was one day acting on a favorite medical prescription of that period, and accompanying a ploughman along the furrow in order to smell the fresh earth. The ploughman was a pious man, and attended the Castle-Hill Meeting; and the young parish minister asked him, "What do you think the hardest thing in religion?" The ploughman respectfully returned the question, excusing himself, as an ignorant man; and the minister said, "I think the hardest thing in religion is to deny sinful self;" and, expatiating some time on its difficulties, asked, if anything could be harder? "No, sir, except it be to deny righteous At the moment the minister thought his parishioner a strange fellow, or a fool; but he never forgot the answer, and was soon a convert to the ploughman's creed. James HERVEY had a mind of uncommon gorgeousness. His thoughts all marched to a stately music, and were arrayed in the richest superlatives. Nor was it affectation. It was the necessity of his ideal nature, and was a merciful compensation for his scanty powers of outward enjoyment. As he sate in his little parlor watching the saucepan, in which his dinner of gruel was simmering, and filled up the moments with his microscope, or a page of the Astro-Theology, in his tour of the universe he soon forgot the pains and miseries of his corporeal residence. To him "Nature was Christian; and after his own soul had drunk in all the joy of the Gospel, ! it became his favorite employment to read it in the fields and the firmament. One product of these researches was his famous "Meditations." They were, in fact, a sort of Astro and Physico-Evangelism, and, as their popularity was amazing, they must have contributed extensively to the cause of Christianity. They were followed by "Theron and Aspasio,"—a series of Dialogues and Letters on the most important points of personal religion, in which, after the example of Cicero, solid instruction is conveyed amidst the charms of landscape and the amenities of friendly intercourse. This latter work is memorable as one of the first attempts to popularize systematic divinity; and it should undeceive those who deem dullness the test of truth, when they find the theology of Vitringa and Witsius enshrined in one of our finest prose poems. It was hailed with especial rapture by the Seceders of Scotland, who recognized "the Marrow" in this lordly dish, and were justly proud of their unexpected apostle. Many of them, that is, many of the few who achieved the feat of a London journey, arranged to take Weston on their way, and eschewing the Ram Inn and the adjacent Academy, they turned in to Aspasio's lowly parsonage. Here they found "a reed shaking in the wind:"—a panting invalid, nursed by his tender mother and sister; and when the Sabbath came, James Erskine, or Dr. Pattison, or whoever the pilgrim might be, saw a great contrast to his own teeming meeting-house in the little flock that assembled in the little church of Weston Favel. But that flock hung with up-looking affection on the moveless attitude and faint accents of their emaciated pastor, and with Scotch-like alacrity, turned up and marked in their Bibles every text which he quoted; and though they could not report the usual accessories of clerical fame, -the melodious voice, and graceful elocution, and gazing throng,—the visitors carried away "a thread of the mantle," and long cherished, as a sacred remembrance, the hours spent with this Elijah before he went over Jordan. Others paid him the compliment of copying his style; and both among the Evangelical preachers of the Scotch Establishment and its Secession, the "Meditations" became a frequent model. A few imitators were very successful; for their spirit and genius were kindred: but the tendency of most of them was to make the world despise themselves, and weary of their unoffending idol. Little children prefer red sugar-plums to white,

and always think it the best "content" which is drunk from a painted cup: but when the dispensation of content and sugar-plums has yielded to maturer age, the man takes his coffee and his cracknel, without observing the pattern of the pottery. And, unfortunately, it was to this that the Herveyites directed their chief attention, and hungry people have long since tired of their flowery truisms and mellifluous inanities; and, partly from impatience of the copyists, the reading republic has nearly ostracized the glowing

and gifted original.

Gladly would we introduce the reader to a few others of Dr. Doddridge's friends: such as Dr. Clarke, his constant adviser and considerate friend, whose work on "The Promises" still holds its place in our religious literature; Gilbert West, whose catholic piety and elegant tastes found in Doddridge a congenial friend; DR. WATTS, who so shortly preceded him to that better country, of which on earth they were among the brightest citizens; BISHOP WARBURTON, who, in a life-long correspondence with so mild a friend, carefully cushioned his formidable claws, and became the lion playing with the lamb; and WILLIAM COWARD, Esq., with cramps in his legs, and crotchets in his head,—the rich London merchant who was constantly changing his will, but who at last, by what Robert Baillie would have termed the "canny conveyance" of Watts and Doddridge, did bequeath twenty thousand pounds towards founding a dissenting college. At each of these and several others we would have wished to glance; for we hold that biography is only like a cabinet specimen when it merely presents the man himself, and that to know him truly he must be seen in situ, and surrounded with his friends: especially a man like Doddridge, whose affectionate and absorptive nature imbibed so much from those around him. But perhaps enough has been already said to aid the reader's fancy.

The sole survivor of twenty children, and with such a weakly frame, the wonder is that, amidst incessant toil, Doddridge held out so long. Temperance, elasticity of spirits, and the hand of God upheld him. At last, in December, 1750, preaching the funeral sermon of Dr. Clarke, at St. Albans, he caught a cold which he could never cure. Visits to London and the waters of Bristol had no beneficial effect; and, in the fall of the following year, he was advised to try a voyage to Lisbon. His kind friend Bishop Warburton here interfered, and procured for his dissenting brother a favor which deserves to be held

in lasting memorial. He applied at the London Post-office, and, through his influence, it was arranged that the captain's rooms in the packet should be put at the invalid's disposal. Accordingly, on the 30th September, accompanied by his anxious wife and a servant, he sailed from Falmouth; and, revived by the soft breezes and the ship's stormless progress, he sate in his easy chair in the cabin, enjoying the brightest thoughts of all his life. "Such transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with, as no words can express," was his frequent exclamation to the tender partner of his voyage. And when the ship was gliding up the Tagus, and Lisbon with its groves and gardens and sunny towers stood before them, so animating was the spectacle, that affection hoped he might yet recover. The hope was an illusion. Bad symptoms soon came on; and the chief advantage of the change was, that it perhaps rendered dissolution more easy. On the 26th of October, 1751, he ceased from his labors, and soon after was laid in the burying-ground of the English factory. The Lisbon earthquake soon followed; but his grave remains to this day, and, like Henry Martyn's at Tocat, is to the Christian traveler a little spot of holy ground.

A hundred years have passed away since then; but there is much of Doddridge still on earth. The "Life of Colonel Gardiner" is still one of the best-known biographies; and, with Dr. Brown, we incline to think that, as a manual for ministers, there has yet appeared no memoir superior to his own. Family Expositor has undergone that disintegrating process to which all bulky books are liable, and many of its happiest illustrations now circulate as things of course in the current popular criticism; and though his memory does not receive the due acknowledgment, the Church derives the benefit. The singers of the Scotch Paraphrases and of other hymn collections are often unwitting singers of the words of Doddridge; and the thousands who quote the lines-

"Live while you live, the epicure would say," &c.

are repeating the epigram which Philip Doddridge wrote, and which Samuel Johnson pronounced the happiest in our language. And if the "Rise and Progress" shall ever be superseded by a modern work, we can only wish its successor equal usefulness: promise that it will keep as far ahead of all ompetitors for a hundred years as the origi- by too many in his day; nor could any one

nal work has done. Had Doddridge lived a little longer, missionary movements would have been sooner originated by the British churches; but he lived long enough to be the father of the Book Society. And though Coward College is now absorbed in a more extensive erection, the founders of St. John's Wood College should rear a statue to Doddridge, as the man who gave the mightiest impulse to the work of rearing an educated Nonconformist ministry in England.

From wanting what may be termed the decisive or dogmatic faculty, some minds are incapable of forming a conclusive opinion on debatable points; from constitutional mildness, others are incapable of pronouncing firmly opinions which they have decidedly formed. To a certain extent Doddridge shared either infirmity. Except those few fundamental truths on which his personal piety immediately reposed, the doctrines of theology had not been the subject of his anxious study. With the literature of his science he was abundantly acquainted, and, as a historian, he knew what other men had thought and written; but, as a judge, he had not come to an absolute verdict; -as a divine, he had not completed his creed. Still more, in that age of religious rancor, and with friendships embracing all shades of Protestant opinion, it was very distressing to a soft and affectionate nature to give forth categorical statements on the points of controversy. Doddridge felt this hardship, and because he preached in all sorts of pulpits, and had a certain popularity among all sorts of hearers, many called him a temporizer and trimmer. This was unfair. With Doddridge the primary aim was the promotion of practical piety; and he fancied that, in his occasional ministrations amongst his neighbors, this could be best advanced by keeping clear of their theological peculiarities. A man of greater courage or of intenser convictions might have acted otherwise; but in acting as he did, we believe that Doddridge acted purely. loved his friends, and he had no desire for partizans, and therefore he was extremely anxious to give offence to none. But if he did not always preach the whole of his creed, he never preached anything contrary to it. If he did not always announce himself as a Calvinist, neither did he to the Arminians become as an Arminian, nor to the Arians did he become as an Arian. He may have been too facile, and may have taken a momentary however great its merits, we can scarcely complexion from his company, but he practised no intentional imposition, as was done upbraid him as a wolf in sheep's clothing. He may have been a chameleon—he was not a Proteus.

But, in apologizing for Doddridge, we would not plead for a silent or neutral policy. Not only is it essential that a pastor and a tutor should have his mind made up on all important matters, but he ought to be so "fully persuaded," as to give a positive tone to his teaching. And if, with beliefs so few or so feeble that he cannot throw into his subject an enthusiastic advocacy, a man ascends the chair of instruction, his see-saw statements may inflict a lasting damage on his hearers; for while they fail to do justice to particular truths, they leave the impression that there is no truth attainable. In his theological lectures, Dr. Doddridge treated his pupils as if he were a judge summing up to a jury; and it need not surprise us if, finding so many questions left open, some of them never came to a decision, and others decided wrong.

But if Northampton Academy was not a school of dogmatic theology, the piety and intelligence of its Principal imparted a peculiar salubrity to its atmosphere; and, according to their several affinities, its alumni carried away the fervor of evangelists, or the tastes and habits of accomplished scholars.

Of the former class we can have no happier instance than RISDON DARRACOTT.* Even when a student, this pious youth found an outlet for his zeal in the surrounding villages; and on one occasion, as was then very usual, his little conventicle was surrounded by the rabble, and the preacher only escaped personal injury by making his exit through a window in the rear of the building. When his college course was ended, and in all the freshness of youth, he was invited to become the minister of the Presbyterian congregation at Wellington in Somersetshire. This little town was just the sort of place where ordinary zeal would have dwindled down to decency, and where caged ambition would have fretted at the smallness of its sphere. But Darracott's was more than common zeal; and so long as there were thousands of unconverted men in Wellington, there were abundant objects for his ambition. Accordingly, commencing with a communion roll or twenty-eight, he began to preach with as much warmth and energy as if the entire town were resorting to his ministry. moderate scholarship, and with nothing brilliant in his thoughts, his eager aspect and

glowing countenance gave to truth oft-told a freshness equal to originality, and even to the coarsest minds there was something irresistibly captivating, in the suavity of his spirit and the refinement of the Christian gentleman; and as that Gospel which he preached had a constant exponent in an eye ever beaming and in a frame ever bounding with active benevolence, it is not wonderful that the common people heard him gladly. When he perceived any one unusually attentive or solemnized, it was his plan to write a letter or pay an early visit, in order to urge the impression home; and he was unwearied in his efforts to bring amiable or awakened hearers to the grand decision which divides the Church from the world, and formality from His paramount zeal for his Master was nobly displayed in his anxiety to bring to Wellington preachers more powerful than himself, and a visit which he secured from Whitefield was the means of a memorable and salutary excitement in that little town. It was chiefly among the poor and illiterate that Mr. Darracott's ministry prospered; but among poachers and vagrants, foreign mountebanks and clod-poles, who could not read the alphabet, as well as among farmers and tradesmen, he saw many triumphs of the alltransforming gospel. And amongst his forays into the surrounding villages, one hamlet is specified as a singular trophy of his fervent ministry. So addicted to drunkenness, rioting, and fighting was Rogue's Green, that it had become the Nazareth of that neighborhood. However, into this den of depravity Mr. Darracott found his way, and the result of his labors was, that in a hamlet where there had not been a single worshiper, there remained scarcely a single house in which the evening traveler would not hear the voice of prayer and praise. And when, after eighteen years of unflagging toil, this good old man died his blessed death, instead of twenty-eight, he left a church of three hundred members. One of the last cordials vouchsafed to Doddridge before he left his native land, was a sight of this beloved pupil in the very zenith of his usefulness. A week before he embarked for Lisbon he spent a night at Wellington, and on the morning of his departure he told his young friend that his joys were now too much for his enfeebled body to sustain.

Another like-minded pupil was Benjamin Fawcett.* His sphere for five and thirty years was Kidderminster, and the charge

immortalized by the name of Baxter. Never | had minister a more kindred successor. Not only did Mr. Fawcett adopt the Baxterian theology, and attain a goodly measure of the Baxterian importunity and pathos in preaching, but it was the labor of his leisure to abridge such works as the "Saint's Rest," and the "Call to the Unconverted," and "Converse with God in Solitude." is easy to curtail a book. With pen and scissors any man may make a long treatise short. But it is not so easy to condense a book-preserving all its essence, and only diminishing its volume. But this is what the skill of Fawcett has effected for the copiousness of Baxter. Relieving the work of cumbrous quotations and irrelevant discussions, he has also compressed the exuberant phraseology, but so happily that it still retains a pleasing fullness. And whilst the condensation has increased the effectiveness of the composition, with the tenderness of a foster-father he has sacrificed nothing which the author would have grieved to surrender. Like a second distillation, the entire spirit of Baxter still is there; and like a bullet after it has passed through the compressing machine, the bulk is diminished, but the entire metal remains, and the momentum is increased. In his own ministry Mr. Fawcett was eminent for his abundant labors and physical energy. In his hale constitution and hardihood only he was not a successor of Baxter. Like his tutor, he used to rise every morning at five, and, even in the coldest weather, he never had a fire in his study. And three sermons on Sabbath, with several through the week, seemed only to have the effect of a wholesome exercise.

For the last fifteen years of his life Mr. Fawcett had for a hearer an esteemed ministerial brother, and if you had wished to know all about Doddridge, you could not have done better than make the acquaintance of that elderly gentleman in the scratch wig, with mittens and spencer. You would have found it rather difficult. He was a recluse, and, partly from a nervous inability to meet official exigencies, had resigned his pastorate in Shrewsbury; and now the old bachelor wished to snuggle down in a bookish privacy. Write him a letter, and he will send you an answer full of anecdotes and wisdom, and running over with piety and kindness; but do not flutter him by a personal inroad. Or if go you must, wait till evening, and tap gently, very gently at the door. As he sits with his feet on either hob, it is a pipe that he is smoking, and it is Flavel that he is reading. I

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See, how you have frightened him! how furtively and sorrowfully he looks up at the intruder, and how the pipe has nearly dropped from his unclosing lips! Speak to him. Assure him. Tell him that you are not a deacon from the old meeting at Shrewsbury, but a devotee come to worship at the shrine of Doddridge. And now you are right wel-Half the fireside is yours, and—Do you smoke? or would you prefer a cup of cider? He will tell you all you want to He will tell you how high he was and how thin, and how he stooped in the shoulders. He will describe his conversation, its sprightliness, its benevolence, its occasional brilliant repartee; and, above all, its instructivness: how, like the warm brooks in the Apennines, even when quickest and clearest it always left a solid deposit. He will describe his preaching and his lecturing and his studying; and if he sees that you are enthusiast enough, he will go to that cupboard, and produce a sample of the hoarded relics. Here is a bunch of letters, and you see how neat and legible is every line; and there is a little stenographic volume. It is Rich's short hand; and had you been a pupil of the doctor, it would have been your first task to learn it. Though not a Boswell, Job ORTON* was one of the best of biographers; and so carefully and piously has he compiled the life of his venerated tutor, that his own name will be coeval with Doddridge. paraphrase of the Old Testament, on the model of his early master, has obtained little notoriety; but his "Sermons to the Aged" are still in good repute, and show how solid and practical his preaching must have been, and to what good account he turned his multifarious reading.

The converse of Job Orton was Andrew Kippis. Both grateful pupils and admiring biographers of Doddridge, no men could be more different. And yet at one point their orbits curiously intersected. Princes Street Chapel in Westminster was vacant, and each was successively invited to fill it. Orton, who, notwithstanding his strong curiosity, never had courage to visit London, declined Kippis went, and lived and died its minister. In his youth he had acquired a vast mass of information, having, it is said, read for years together at the rate of sixteen hours a day, and in his omnivorous appetite for knowledge bolting such books as the ten folios of the "General Dictionary." with all the ardor of unabated studiousness,

^{*} Born 1717. Died 1783. † Born 1725. Died 1795.

his powerful memory retained to the last its amazing acquisitions. Nor was Robert Hall's sarcasm so true as it was witty. Crammed with books as was his cranium, his brains had room to move in it. He was a vigorous thinker, as well as a Herculean worker; and his original articles in the "Biographia Britannica" bear the stamp of a masculine understanding as well as a rarely furnished memory. However, it was chiefly as a man of letters and a rhetorician that Dr. Kippis could appreciate the character of Doddridge. Kitty's daughter, Mrs. Barbauld, said of her own Socinian sect, that it was "the frozen zone of Christianity:" and in those days of spiritual aphelion, so refrigerated had the spiritual atmosphere become, that almost all who left a pious home were speedily frostbitten. Removed from contact with Doddridge's fervent spirit, it was not long before, in the minds of many of his pupils, the icy spicula began to shoot, and the arctic winter set in. Such was the fate of Dr. Kippis. his mind evangelism became completely petrified, and the essays of Princes Street had no power as gospel sermons. Had it not been for this, he would have been the model of a city minister. With a temper which no interruptions ruffled, and a frame which no fatigues exhausted, he not only accomplished literary undertakings of enormous industry, such as editing the works of Lardner and Doddridge, and compiling the five folios of his Biographia; but he found leisure to execute the duties of sundry trusts-equivalent to the work of modern Committees-and besides gratifying his own tastes as a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, he fulfilled with a faultless accuracy all the outward labors of his pastorate. Although the knocker had been singing "Tityre tu," he could not have received with a blander smile each invading Melibœus, whether he were a country minister come to pass the day with him, or a young student soliciting one of the Williams' bursaries, or a poor author wishing to sell a greasy poem to the Monthly Magazine. For all, the polite and kind-hearted Kippis had always patience and urbanity, and to many he rendered enduring service. And then, when he came in from a protracted tea-drinking with some old lady, who felt shabbily used because he did not come till five and left at nine, he found in the lobby the messenger of printer Nichols waiting for more "copy;" and in the study there were letters from Sir John Pringle about some Royal Society feud, and from Sir David Dalrymple about some old border abbey, and from some

provincial congregation about procuring supply, all needing answers by return. And such answers they would receive. Before breakfast next morning the supply was announced, Sir John and Sir David were enlightened, and the printer was pacified. In his day the Atlas of so large a sphere—so laborious, so affable, and so truly learned—and monopolizing to himself and his associates the title of "Rational Dissenters," is it not curious that nearly all his associates should now be forgotten, and that his own name should chiefly survive in the sarcasm of a dissenter whom Dr. Kippis would scarcely have counted "rational?

Amongst incipient divines a work of some consideration used to be "Farmer on Miracles." Its author, Hugh FARMER,* was one of Doddridge's earliest pupils. His lot in life was easy. Mr. Coward, whose residence was seven miles from London, and in the stately seclusion of Epping Forest, selected him as his private chaplain. His vigorous compositions, aided by a polished style and a voice full of unction, attracted to Mr. Coward's parlor so large an audience that a separate place of worship was speedily provided; and so high did the reputation of Mr. Farmer rise, that many opulent citizens bought or built mansions at Walthamstow for the sake of his ministry. At last, it is recorded, as many as twenty or thirty coaches would be marshaled at the door of his meeting on a Sunday morning. Meanwhile, he ceased to reside with Mr. Coward. That old English gentleman closed his doors at six in winter and seven in summer; and thereafter no urgency could obtain admission. evening the chaplain was bolted out; and knowing how needless it was to continue knocking, he repaired to the house of a hearer. Mr. and Mrs. Snell were so kind that the night's lodging grew into a sojourn of thirty years; and the only drawback on this rare hospitality was, that when at last it was ended by the decease of his host and hostess, he found himself a gouty bachelor too old to look out for a wife. We suspect that this leisure was too delightful, and the refined society of the Forest too fascinating. His ministry was popular, but we are afraid that it was not very useful. He had an independent and vigorous mind, and, besides his best known work, he published on Demoniacs and other subjects treatises which displayed originality and learning, but for the most part leaning to the rationalistic side.

^{*} Born 1714. Died 1787.

He was very fastidious about his own compositions, and during his long and fashionable ministry had sufficient forbearance to publish only one sermon. Not only was he exemplary as the printer of no more than a single sermon, but, in these book-burdened times, he deserves well of the literary public for an act of posthumous considerateness. By will he requested that all his papers might be destroyed, save those which he should except by special codicil. As there was no codicil, his conscientious executors burned all his

manuscripts, including the books he had prepared for the press. For this deed they have been branded as Goths, and Mr. Farmer is enrolled as a sort of literary martyr. But from the best attention we have been able to give the case—including the perusal of a rescued fragment—we should be inclined to return a verdict of Justifiable Libricide; and, as for the martyrdom, we cannot allow any one to be canonized who is a "martyr by mistake."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CURRAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

A NOBLE land lies in desolation. Years pass over it, leaving its aspect only more desolate; the barbarian takes possession of the soil, or the outcast makes it his place of refuge. Its palaces are in ruins, its chieftains are in the dust; its past triumphs are regarded as the exaggerations of romance, or the fond fantasies of fable. At length a man of intelligence and vigor comes, delves into the heart of the soil, breaks up the mound, throws aside the wrecks of neglect and time, opens to us the foundations of palaces, the treasure chambers of kings, the trophies of warriors, and gives the world the memorials of a great people in the grave.

All analogy must be imperfect in detail; and we have no desire to insist on the perfection of our analogy between the Golden Head of the East, and the little kingdom whose fallen honors are recorded in the volume before us. But if Ireland is even now neither the nominis umbra which the Assyrian empire has been for so many ages, nor the Irish legislature the heir of the fierce and falcon-eyed council which sleeps in the sepulchres of Nineveh, there is something of a curious relationship in the adventurous industry which has so lately exhumed the monuments

of Eastern grandeur, and the patriotic reminiscences which have retrieved the true glories of the sister country, the examples of her genius, from an oblivion alike resulting from the misfortunes of the Land and the lapse of Time

Nor are we altogether inclined to admit the inferiority of the moral catastrophe of the Island to the physical fall of the Empire. If there be an inferiority, we should place it on the side of the Oriental throne. To us, all that belongs to mind assumes the higher rank; the soil trodden by the philosopher and the patriot, the birthplace of the poet and the orator, bears a prouder aspect, is entitled to a more reverent homage, and creates richer recollections in the coming periods of mankind, than all the pomp of intellectual power. There would be to us a stronger claim in the fragments of an Athenian tomb, or in the thicket-covered wall of a temple in the Ægean, than in all the grandeurs of Babylon.

It is now fifty years since the parliament of Ireland fell; and, in that period, there has not been a more disturbed, helpless, and hopeless country than Ireland, on the face of the earth. Nor has this calamity been confined to the lower orders; every order has been similarly convulsed. The higher professions have languished and lost their lustre; the Church has been exposed to a struggle for life; the nobility have given up the useless

^{*} Curran and his Contemporaries. By Charles Phillips, Esq., A. B., one of her Majesty's Commissioners in the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. 1 vol. 8vo. 1850.

resistance to difficulties increasing round them from hour to hour; the landed interest is supplicating the Court of Encumbered Estates to relieve it from its burthens; the farmers are hurrying, in huge streams of fugitives, from a land in which they can no longer live; and the tillers of the ground, the serfs of the spade, are left to the dangerous teaching of an angry priesthood, or to the death of mingled famine and pestilence. A cloud, which seems to stoop lower day by day, and through which no ray can pierce, at once chills and darkens Ireland.

The author of this important and interesting volume, in a brief preface, states his object as being that of giving personal sketches of the leading Irish characters of his time, exactly as they appeared on the scenes of professional and public life—most of them being his acquaintance, some his intimates. He concludes by gracefully expressing his "hope, that the reader will rejoice in a more intimate acquaintance with them; and that, in endeavoring to elevate the land of his birth, he may make some return for the kindness bestowed on him by that of his adoption."

Here two objects are announced; and, whether the *first* was the elevation of his country by the characters of its eminent men; or whether the country was the background for the figures of the national history-piece, he has given us a work which brings the patriots and orators of Ireland with singular force before the eye.

His introduction to Curran was sufficiently characteristic. When at the Temple, he had written a poem on the honors of his country, in which the great orator of her Bar was named with due admiration. The popularity of the verses excited the attention of their object, and the young barrister received an invitation to dine with Curran, then Master of the Rolls, at the Priory, his villa, a few miles from Dublin. The appointed hour was five, and it was a matter of importance to be punctual; for beyond that hour dinner was to wait for no man. His first view of his host is graphically described. He found him in his avenue.

"There he was; as a thousand times afterwards I saw him, in a dress which you would imagine he had borrowed from his tipstaff; his hands in his sides, his face almost parallel with the horizon—his under lip protruded, and the impatient step and the eternal attitude only varied by the pause in which his eye glanced from his guest to his watch, and from his watch reproachfully to his dining-room."

However, it appears that the ominous hour had not struck, and they dined.

"I had often seen Curran, often heard of him, often read him, but no no man ever knew anything about him who did not see him at his own table, with the few whom he selected. . . . It was said of Swift, that his rule was, to allow a minute's pause after he had concluded, and then, if no person took up the conversation, to recommence. Curran had no conversational rule whatever; he spoke from impulse, and he had the art so to draw you into a conversation, that, though you felt an inferiority, it was a contented one. Indeed, nothing could exceed the urbanity of his demeanor."

If this description could be doubted, on the authority of the volume, it would be amply confirmed by the authority of his time. Curran was confessedly the wit of the day, and his witticisms were the more popular from their being, in general, harmless. No man could sting more keenly where he had a public culprit of his own class to sting, or a political adversary to combat; but no man was seldomer personal.

Curran's nature was playful. His taste was also *dramatic*, and he was fond of playing harmless tricks upon his friends. Of this taste Mr. Phillips had a specimen, even on

the day of his introduction:-

"When the last dish had departed, Curran totally confounded me with a proposal for which I was anything but prepared. 'Mr. Phillips,' said he, 'as this is the first of, I hope, your very many visits to the Priory, I may as well initiate you at once into the peculiarities of the place. You may observe that, though the board is cleared, there are no preparations for a symposium; it all depends on you. My friends here generally prefer a walk after dinner. It is a sweet evening, but if you wish for wine, say so without ceremony.'

if you wish for wine, say so without ceremony." Even now I can see Curran's starlike eyes twinkling at the disappointment no doubt visible in mine. I had heard, and heard truly, that he never was more delightful than with half-a-dozen friends after dinner over his bottle. The hope in which I had so long revelled was realized at last, and here came this infernal walk, and the 'sweet evening.' Oh, how I would have hailed a thunderstorm! But to say the truth, the sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and the flowers were blooming and breathing so sweetly on that autumn eve, that, wondering not at the wish of my companions, I also voted for 'the walk.'

"We took the walk, no doubt, but it was only to the drawing-room; where, over a dessert freshly culled from his gardens, and over wines for which his board was celebrated, we passed those

hours which seemed an era in my life."

All this is very well told and very amus-

ing in description, and was very innocent when all was over. But it was exposed to the chance of being differently taken, and had but one advantage—that it could not be repeated on the individual.

Curran was born in 1760, at Newmarket, a village in the county of Cork. His parentage was humble, his father being only the seneschal of the manor. His mother seems to have been a woman of superior faculties, and her celebrated son always spoke of her with remarkable deference.

As it was a custom, among the oddities of Ireland, to teach Greek and Latin to boys who were probably to spend the rest of their lives at the spade, Curran had what in Irelund was called a classical education, but which his natural talent turned to better account than one in a million of those halfnaked classicists. It enriched his metaphors in after life, and enabled him to talk of the raptures of antiquity. In the Irish University, he shared the fate of other celebrated men. Swift, Burke, and Goldsmith, made no figure in their academic course. 'We certainly do not mention this failure to their praise, nor would they themselves have ever so mentioned it. We can easily conceive, that in their palmiest days they regretted their waste of time, or want of industry. Still they may have found their palliative in the ungenial nature of the collegiate studies in their day. We should observe, that those studies have since been more advantageously adapted to the national necessity, and are of a much more general and popular description.

But in the last century, the whole bent of the collegiate education was mathematical: the only road to distinction was Euclid. value of mathematics is unquestionable. As a science, it holds its head among the highest; but as a national education, it is among the most uesless. The mind made for mathematical distinction is as rare as the mind made for poetic pre-eminence. One might as well make poetry a requisite, in a national education, as the mastery of mathematics. The plea that they invigorate the reason is contradicted by perpetual experience. Some of the feeblest, and even the most fanciful, and of course the silliest, managers of great principles, have been mathematicians of celebrity. Napoleon said of Laplace, the first mathematician of his day, to whom he gave a title and a seat in his Council of State, on the strength of his scientific renown, that "he could do nothing with him-that as a public man he was useless—that his mind was full of his infinite littles." And this is the histo-

ry of nearly all mathematical minds: beyond their diagrams, they are among the dullest, most circumscribed, and most incapable of mankind. The mind of a Newton is not to be ranged in this class of elaborate mediocrity; he was not the mole, whose merit consists in seeing his way in the dark by an organ which is blind in the broad light of nature; he was an eagle, and could dare the full effulgence of the sun. But this meagre and inapplicable acquirement was the chosen prize for the whole young mind of educated Ireland; her mathematical crutch was the only instrument of progress for all the salient spirits of a nation abounding in the most aspiring faculties of man, and the quiet drudge who burrowed his way through Cubics and Surds, or could keep himself awake over the reveries of the Meditationes Analyticae, was the Coryphæus of the College; while men passed along unnoted, who were in future years to embody the national renown.

As Curran's determination was the Irish Bar, he of course made the customary visit to the English Inns of Court. Here, though his finances compelled him to live in solitude, he contrived to amuse himself by that study of which in life he was so great a masterthe study of character. Some of his letters from London are curious indications of this early tendency of his mind. Curran was by nature a Tory. All men of genius are Tories until they get angry with the world, or get corrupt, and sell themselves to Whiggism, or get disgusted, and think that both

parties are equally worthless.

"Here," says Curran, "every coal-porter is a politician, and vends his maxims in public with all the importance of a man who thinks he is exerting himself for the public service. He claims the privilege of looking as wise as possible, and of talking as loud; of damning the ministry, and abusing the King, with less reserve than he would his equal. Yet, little as those poor people understand the liberty they so warmly contend for, or of the measures they rail against, it reconciles me to their absurdity, by considering that they are happy, at so small an expense as being ridicu-

This feeling was too true ever to have The language was changed, been changed. and no tongue could pour out more showy declamation on the multitude; but, when loosed from the handcuffs of party, no man laughed more loudly, or sneered more contemptuously, at the squalid idol to which he had so long bowed the knee.

Another fragment has its value in the

illustration of his kindness of heart:-

"A portion of my time I have set apart every day for thinking of my absent friends. Though this is a duty that does not give much trouble to many, I have been obliged to confine it, or endeavor to confine it, within proper bounds. I have therefore made a resolution to avoid any reflections of this sort except in their allotted season, immediately after dinner. I am then in a tranquil, happy humor, and I increase that happiness by presenting to my fancy those I love, in the most advantageous point of view. So that, however severely I treat them when they intrude in the morning, I make them ample amends in the evening. I then assure myself that they are twice as agreeable, and as wise and as good as they really are."

Whether the author of Tristram Shandy would have been a great orator, if he had begun his career at the Bar, may be a question; but that Curran could have written admirable Shandian chapters can scarcely be doubted by those who have observed the exquisite turns of his speeches from grave to gay; or perhaps even those who now read the few words which conclude the story of Dr. du Gavreau. This man was one of his casual acquaintances, a French fugitive, who ran away with a Parisian woman of a different faith. Whether they married or not is dextrously veiled. The woman died, leaving a daughter; but whether married or not, their child would have been illegitimate by the existing laws of France. The widower had often been pressed by his friends to return to France, but he determined never to return where his child would be stigmatized.

"I did not know the particulars," says Curran, "till a few days since, when I breakfasted with He had taken his little child on his knee, and, after trifling with her for a few moments, burst into tears. Such an emotion could not but excite, as well as justify, some share of curiosity. The poor Doctor looked as if he were conscious I felt for him, and his heart was too full to conceal his affliction. He kissed his little 'orphan,' as he called her, and then endeavored to acquaint me with the lamentable detail. It was the hardest story in the world to be told by a man of delicacy. He felt all the difficulties of it: he had many things to palliate, some that wanted to be justified; he seemed fully sensible of this, yet checked himself when he slided into anything like defence. I could perceive the conflict shifting the colors of his cheek, and I could not but pity him, and admire him for such an embarrassment. withstanding all this, he sometimes assumed all the gayety of a Frenchman, and is a very entertaining fellow."

In all these breaks of the story, and touches of feeling, who but must recognize the spirit of Sterne? The volume is a grave volume, and treats of high things with equal grace and gravity; but Curran was an eccentric being, and his true history must always be mingled with the comic.

"I have got acquainted," he says," with a Miss Hume, who is also an original in her way. She is a relation of the celebrated David Hume, and, I suppose on the strength of her kindred, sets up for a politician as well as a skeptic. She has heard his Essays recommended, and shows her own discernment, by pronouncing them unanswerable, and talks of the famous Burke by the familiar appellation of Ned. Then she is so romantic, so sentimental! Nothing for her, but goats and purling streams, and piping shepherds. And, to crown all, it sings like a nightingale. As I have not the best command of my muscles, I always propose putting out the candles before the song begins, for the greater romanticality of the thing."

Then, as to his relaxations—

"You will perhaps be at a loss to guess what kind of amusement I allow myself: why, I'll tell you. I spend a couple of hours every night at a coffee-house, where I am not a little entertained with a group of old politicians, who meet in order to debate on the reports of the day, or to invent some for the next, with the other business of the nation! Though I don't know that society is the characteristic of this people, yet politics are a certain introduction to the closest intimacy of coffeehouse acquaintance. I also visit a variety of ordinaries and eating-houses, and they are equally fertile in game for a character-hunter. I think I have found out the cellar where Roderick Random ate shin of beef for threepence, and have actually drunk out of the identical quart which the drummer squeezed together when poor Strap spilt the broth on his legs.

He visited Hampton Court, and though he seems to have passed through its solemn halls and stately galleries without peculiar remark, he seized on his *game* of living character.

"The servant who showed us the splendid apartments seemed to be a good deal pleased with his manner of explaining a suite of tapestry representing the Persian war of Alexander. Though a simple fellow, he had his lesson well by rote, and ran over the battles of Issus, Arbela, &c., with surprising fluency. 'But where is Alexander?' cries Apjohn, (a young fellow-student, who had accompanied him.) 'There, sir, at the door of Darius's tent, with the ladies at his feet.' 'Surely,' said I, 'that must be Hephæstion, for he was mistaken by the Queen for Alexander.' 'Pardon me, sir, I hope I know Alexander better than that.' 'But which of the two do you think the greater man?' 'Greater!—bless your soul, sir, they are both dead these hundred years.'"

Curran's observations on this official, or, as he would probably have called it, *ministerial* blunder, exhibits, even in these early days of his mind, something of the reflective spirit which afterwards gave such an interest to his eloquence.

"Oh, what a comment on human vanity! There was the marrow of a thousand folios in the answer. I could not help thinking on the instant, what a puzzle that mighty man would be in, should he appear before a committee from the Temple of Fame, to claim those laurels which he thought so much of, and to be opposed in his demands, though his competitor were Thersites, or the fellow who rubbed Bucephalus's heels."

All this is showy, if not new; yet, in defiance even of Curran's authority, its argument is practically denied by all human What man ever acts for the praise nature. of posterity alone? Present impulses, excited by present rewards, are the law of the living; and Alexander charging through the Granicus, and sweeping the royal Persian cavalry before him, had probably a heart as full of the most powerful impulses, as if he could have assured himself of the inheritance for ten thousand years of the plaudits of the globe. We are also to remember, that he has inherited the great legacy of fame, to this hour—that, to the minds of all the intelligent, he is still the hero of heroes; that clowns are not the clients of memory, or the distributors of renown; and that the man whose history has already survived his throne two thousand years, has exhibited in himself all the distinction between the perishableness of power and the immortality of fame.

In 1775, Curran returned to Ireland, and after anxiously pondering on the chances of abandoning Europe and seeking fortune in America, as other eminent men—Edmund Burke among the number—had done before him, he fixed his fates at home.

This portion of the subject begins with a high panegyric on the difficult but attractive profession into which Curran now threw himself, without income, connection, or friend:—

"It is not to be questioned, that to the Bar of that day the people of Ireland looked up in every emergency, with the most perfect reliance on their talent and their integrity. It was then the nursery of the parliament and the peerage; there was scarcely a noble family in the land that did not enrol its elect in that body, by the study of law, and the exercise of eloquence to prepare them for the field of legislative exertion. And

there not unfrequently arose a genius from the very lowest of the people, who won his way to the distinctions of the Senate, and wrested from pedigree the highest honors and offices of the Constitution."

That the Bar was the first body in the country was incontestible, and that it often exhibited remarkable instances of ability is equally known. But those facts must not be understood as giving the author's opinion, that perfection lies in the populace. All the remarkable persons of their time in Ireland were men of education, many of birth, and many of hereditary fortune. Grattan was the son of a judge; Flood a man of old family and estate; Clare, the Chancellor, was the son of the leader of the Bar, and began the world with £4000 a-year—a sum probably now equal to twice the amount.

The Ponsonbys, the leading family of Whiggism in Ireland, were among the first blood and fortune of the land. Hussey Burgh was a man of old family and fortune. The Beresfords were closely allied to nobility. Plunket and Curran were, perhaps, those among the leaders the least indebted to the Heralds' College; but Plunket was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and both had received the best education which Ireland could give—both were graduates of the University.

Of course, nature is impartial in the distribution of talents, but the true distinction is in their training. The Radicalism which fills public life with vulgarity and faction is wholly the work of that absence of all early training, which must be the fate of men suddenly gathered from the manual labors of We know the necessity of those labors, but intellectual superiority must be the work of another school. The men of eminence in Ireland were also men of accomplished general knowledge, and of classical acquirement, to an amount seldom found even in the English Legislature. There was not an assembly in the world where a happy classical quotation, or dextrous reference to antiquity, would be received with a quicker sense or a louder plaudit than in the Irish Parliament.

When the well known antagonist of the Romish claims, Dr. Duigenan, a stern looking and singularly dark-featured old man, had one night made a long and learned speech on the subject, Sir John Doyle wholly extinguished its effect, by the Horatian

"Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto."

The House shook with applause, and the

universal laugh drove the doctor from the

On another evening, when the prince of jesters, Toler, then a chief supporter of Government, contemptuously observed, on seeing a smile on some of the Opposition faces-

"Dulce est desirere in loco;"

an Opposition member started up and retorted the quotation, by saying, "That it was much more applicable to the conduct and position of the honorable member and his friends, and that the true translation was, 'It is mighty pleasant to play the fool in a place.' "

The novelty and happiness of the translation disturbed the gravity of debate for a

considerable time.

But those were the gay days of Ireland. Times of keen anxiety, of daring change, and of social convulsion, were already shaping themselves to the eye of the patriot, and the true debates on which the fate of the nation hung were transferred from parliament to the peasantry, from the council-room to the cabin, from the accomplished intelligence and polished brilliancy of the legislature to the rude resentment, fierce recollections, and sullen prejudices of the multitude. It was on the heath, that Revolution, like Macbeth, met the disturbing spirits of the land, and heard the "All hail, hereafter."

Curran's rapid professional distinctions were the more remarkable, that the Irish Bar was aristocratic, to a degree wholly unknown in England. If it is true, that this great profession often leads to the Peerage, in Ireland the course was reversed, and the Peerage often derived its chief honors from its connection with the Bar. The sons of the first families were the gown, and the cedant arma toga was more fully realized in Ireland than it ever was in Rome.

But few men of condition have ever entered the Army; and in a nation of habitual passion for publicity, and proverbial love of enterprise, perhaps fewer officers were added to the British service than from the Channel Islands. This has since been largely changed, and Ireland, which in the last century but filled up the rank and file, has since nobly contributed her share to the names which register themselves in the memory of nations. To Ireland, glorious England and rescued Europe owe a Wellington!

The Church, the usual province of high families in England, was poor, feeble, and unpopular in Ireland. With a few positions

of great wealth, all below was barren: livings of vast extent, with a meagre population, and still more meagre income; Romanism was hourly spreading with a population, itself spreading until it had nothing to eat, and embittered against Protestantism until conversion became more than a hopeless toil —an actual terror. Law was the only instrument of collecting the clerical income, and the collector and the clergyman were involved in one common obloquy, and often in one common danger—a condition of things which must have largely repelled all those

who had the power of choice.

The mitres were chiefly bestowed on the Fellows of English colleges, and tutors of English noblemen. Every new Viceroy imported a succession of Chaplains, and quartered them all upon the Irish Church. majority of those men looked upon their position with the nervous alarm of settlers in the wilderness; thought only of the commonroom of the colleges from which they had been torn, or of the noble houses in which they had been installed; and reproached the ill-luck which had given them dignities which only excited popular disgust; and wealth, from which they could derive no pleasure, but in its accumulation. We can scarcely wonder that, through almost the whole of the eighteenth century, the Irish Church lay in a state of humiliation, repulsive to the public feelings. This, too, has changed; and the Church now possesses many able men.

Commerce, which plays so vigorous a part in the world, was then a swathed infant in Ireland, and swathed so tightly by provincial regulations, that there was scarcely a prospect of its ever stepping beyond the cradle. Manufactures—that gold-mine worth all the treasures of the Western World were limited to the looms of the North; and the only manufacture of three-fourths of this fine country consisted in the fatal fabrication

of forty-shilling voters.

The Squiredom of Ireland was the favorite profession of busy idleness, worthless activity, and festive folly. But this profession must have an estate to dilapidate, or a country to ride over, and English mortgages to pamper its prodigality and accelerate its ruin. Gout, the pistol, broken necks, and hereditary disease, rapidly thinned this class. Perpetual litigation stood before their rent rolls, in the shape of a devouring dragon; and, with a peasantry starving but cheerful, and with a proprietary pauperized but laughing to the last, they were determined, though like a gentleman.

All those circumstances coming together, made the Bar almost the sole assemblage of the ability of Ireland. But they also made it the most daring, dashing, and belligerent body of gentlemen that Europe has seen. It was Lord Norbury's remark in his old age, when he reposed on the cushions of the peerage, had realized immense wealth, and obtained two peerages for his two sons-that all this came out of fifty pounds and a case of pistols, his father's sole present as he launched him in life. The list of the duels fought by the leading members of the Bar might figure in a continental campaign; and no man was regarded as above answering for a sarcasm dropped in court, by his appearance in the field.

But we must not, from this unfortunate and guilty habit, conceive that the spirit of the higher orders of Ireland was deficient in the courtesies of life. There was a melancholy cause in the convulsions of the country. The war of William III, which had broken down the throne of James II., had left many a bitter feeling among the Popish families of Many of the soldiers of James had retired into village obscurity, or were suffered to retain the fragments of their estates, and live in that most embittering of all conditions -a sense of birth, with all the struggles of diminished means: These men indulged their irritable feelings, or avenged their ruin, by the continual appeal to the pistol. Always nurturing the idea that the victory had been lost to them solely by the cowardice of James, they were ready to quarrel with any man who doubted their opinion; and as their Protestant conquerors were brave bold men, equally disposed to maintain their right, and unhesitating in their claim to possess what they had won by their swords, their quarrels became Law, which represented the principle, by its laxity established the practice; and when lawyers led the way, the community followed. Still, there can be no doubt that duelling is a custom alike contrary to the order of society, and the command of heaven; and, the first judge who hangs a duellist as a murderer, and sends all the parties engaged in the transaction to the penal colonies for life, will have rendered a signal service to his country.

While every part of this volume is valuable, for the display of vigorous writing and manly conception, the more interesting fragments, to us, are the characters of the parliamentary leaders; because such men are the

hourly sinking into bankruptcy, to be ruined | creators of national character, the standards of national intellect, and the memorials to which their nation justly points as the trophies of national honor.

The Parliament of Ireland is in the grave; but, while the statues of her public orators stand round the tomb, it must be felt to be more than a sepulchre. Whatever homage for genius may be left in the distractions of an unhappy country, must come to kneel beside that tomb; and if the time shall ever arrive for the national enfranchisement from faction, the first accents of national wisdom must be dictated from that sacred depository of departed virtue.

Grattan, the first man in the brightest day of the Irish Parliament, was descended of an honorable lineage. His father was a barrister, member of Parliament for Dublin, and also its Recorder. He himself was a graduate of the Irish University, where he was distinguished. Entering the Middle Temple, he was called to the Irish Bar in 1772.

But his mind was parliamentary; his study in England had been parliament; and his spirit was kindled by the great orators of the time. He who had heard Burke and Chatham, had heard the full power of imaginative oratory-of all oratory the noblest. Grattan had the materials of a great speaker in him by nature-keen sensibility, strong passion, daring sincerity, and an imagination furnished with all the essential knowledge for debatenot overwhelmed by it, but refreshing the original force of his mind, like the eagle's wing refreshed by dipping into the fountain, but dipping only to soar. Yet, though almost rapturously admiring those distinguished men, he was no imitator. He struck out for himself a line between both, and in some of its happier moments, superior to either; combining the rich exuberance of Burke's imagination with Chatham's condensed dignity of thought. Possessed of an extraordinary power of reasoning, Grattan had the not less extraordinary power of working it into an intensity which made it glow; and some of the most elaborate arguments ever uttered in Parliament have all the brilliancy of eloquence. He continually reasoned, though the most metaphorical of speakers; and this combination of logic and lustre, though so unusual in others, in him was characteristic. He poured out arguments like a shower of arrows, but they were all arrows tipped with fire.

Mr. Phillips' sketch of him brings Grattan before us to the life :-

"He was short in stature, and unprepossessing

in appearance. His arms were disproportionately long. His walk was a stride. With a person swaying like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought, and each thought provoked an attendant gesticulation. Such was the outward and visible form of one whom the passenger would stop to stare at as a droll and the philosopher to contemplate as a study. How strange it is that a mind so replete with grace and symmetry, and power and splendor, should have been allotted such a dwelling for its residence! Yet so it was, and so also was it one of his highest attributes, that his genius, by its 'excessive light,' blinded his hearers to his physical imperfections. It was the victory of mind over matter."

It is then stated that, even while at the Temple, he exercised himself in Parliamentary studies, and made speeches in his walks in Windsor Forest, near which he had taken lodgings, and in his chamber. Of course, he was supposed to be a little mad:-

"His landlady observed, 'What a sad thing it was to see the poor young gentleman all day talking to somebody he calls Mr. Speaker, when there was no speaker in the house but himself." Nor was the old lady singular in her opinion. In some few years afterwards, no less a man than Edmund Burke wrote over to Ireland, "Will no one stop that madman, Grattan?' Assuredly when Burke himself enacted the dagger-scene on the floor of the House of Commons, the epithet was more applicable."

We refer to this remark, chiefly to correct a misconception generally adopted. It has been supposed that Burke, to heighten the effect of his speech on the discontents then engendering against the State, actually purchased a dagger, to throw on the floor of Parliament. This, of course, would have been ridiculous; and it is to do the common duty of rescuing the fame of a great man from the slightest touch of ridicule, that this explanation is given. One of his friends (we believe, a member of Parliament) had received, in the course of the day, from Birmingham, a newly-invented dagger, of a desperate kind, of which some thousands had been ordered, evidently for the purpose of assassination. Burke, naturally shocked at this proof of the sanguinary designs spreading among the lower population, took the weapon with him, to convince those who constantly scoffed at him as an alarmist, that his alarms were true. The whole was a matter of accident; nothing could be less premeditated; and every hearer of the true statement will agree that, so far from being a theatrical exhibition, it was the very act

have done. The time was terrible: revolution threatened every hour. Jacobinism was hourly boasting that it had the Church and Throne in its grasp; and at such a period, the positive statement of a man like Burke, that thousands (we believe five thousand) of weapons, evidently made for private murder, were actually ordered in one of our manufacturing towns, and the sight of one of those horrid instruments itself, was an important call on the vigilance of Government, and a salutary caution to the country. It is not at all improbable that this act crushed the conspiracy

Mr. Phillips observes, that when Burke wrote "that madman Grattan, the madman was contemplating the glorious future; his ardent mind beheld the vision of the country he so loved rising erect from the servitude of centuries, 'redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled' by his exertions. Nor was that vision baseless—he made of it a proud and grand reality: her chains fell off, as at the bidding of an enchanter."

Grattan's influence in Parliament was felt from his first entrance. But he carried it in the only way in which even genius can be permanently successful.

"His industry was indomitable. The affairs of Parliament were to be thenceforth the business of his life, and he studied them minutely. The chief difficulty in this great speaker's way was the first five minutes. During his exordium, laughter was imminent. He bent his body almost to the ground, swung his arms over his head, up and down and around him, and added to the grotesqueness of his manner a hesitating tone and drawling emphasis. Still there was an earnestness about him, that at first besought, and, as he warmed, enforced, nay, commanded attention."

His first entrance into the British House of Commons is described with the same graphic effect:

"He had said of Flood 'that he forgot that he was an oak of the forest, too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty.' And yet here he was himself. Whether he would take root was the question, and for some moments very questionable it was. When he rose, every voice in that crowded House was hushed; the great rivals, Pitt and Fox, riveted their eyes upon him; he strode forth and gesticulated-the hush became unanimous; not a cheer was heard: men looked in one another's faces, and then at the phenomenon before them, as if doubting his identity. At last, and on a sudden, the indication of the master-spirit came. Pitt was the first generously to recognize it. He which any rational and manly man would | an impulse when he was pleased—his followers saw it, and knew it, and with a universal burst they hailed the advent and the triumph of the stranger."

Grattan was sincere, and this sincerity gave at once substance to his popularity, and power to his eloquence. But, as a politician, he was rash; and as a prophet, he had to see the failure of all his predictions. He wielded a torch of exceeding brightness, it is true; but the torch at once blinded himself and inflamed the nation. His patriotism was pure, but it wanted practicability. He left no great measure of public utility behind him. His liberation, as he called it, of Ireland in 1702, was a showy fiction, to end in the disgrace of a painful discovery. It was the liberation of a fever, to end in exhaustion; of a dream of opulence and independence, to finish in an awaking of poverty and despair. Its closest resemblance was to the late festival at the Hanwell Asylum—an assemblage of lunatics dressed for the night in feathers and flowers, dancing and feasting until the morning light sent them back to their cells, and the drudgery of their melancholy discipline.

The whole policy of the Whig party in Ireland was the counterpart of their policy in England, only on a smaller scale. It was, to the performances of Fox and Opposition here, what the little stage-play in Hamlet is to the tragedy itself—the same characters and the same crime performed in imitation of the larger guilt that gazes on it. wretched shortsightedness of supporting any demand of the populace whom they at once deluded and despised; the perpetual agitation to give the franchise to classes who must use it without the power of discrimination, and who must be careless of it but for the purposes of corruption; the reckless clientship of the Popish claims, ending in the sale of Irish independence by the Papists; the universal conspiracy, and the sanguinary civil war, followed by the political suicide of the Parliament—all the direct and rapid results of the Whig policy in Ireland show either the headlong ignorance or the scandalous hypocrisy of Irish faction.

Yet, in all this blaze of fraud and false-hood, the name of Grattan was never degraded by public suspicion. He was an enthusiast; and his robe of enthusiam, like one of the fire-resisting robes of antiquity, came out only brighter for its passing through the flame. But the Legislature (all impurities) was left in ashes.

Mr. Phillips seems to regret Grattan's transfer to England, as an injury to his ora-

torical distinctions. He tells us "that it is in the Irish Parliament, and in his younger day, that his finest efforts are to be found !" Reluctant as we are to differ from such an authority, yet, judging from his published speeches, it appears to us that his powers never found their right position until they were within the walls of the British Parliament. These walls shut out the roar of the populace, which disturbed him, but to which he once must listen. These walls sheltered him from that perpetual clinging of Popery, which dragged down his fine tastes to its Within these walls, he was reown level. lieved from the petty interests of partisanship, and raised from the feuds of an island to the policy of an empire. In Ireland, popularity required perpetual submission to the caprices of the multitude, and no man had more fully felt than Grattan the impossibility of taking a stand on his own principles-he must be either on the shoulders of the mob, or under their heels. In England, no longer wearied with the responsibility of leading parties who refused to be guided, or the disgust of following his inferiors through the dust of their hurried "road to ruin," he had before him, and embraced with the gallantry of his nature, the great Cause for which England was fighting—the cause of humankind. In Ireland, Grattan, with all his intrepidity, would not have dared to make his magnificent speech on the war with Napoleon, or, if he had, would have been denounced by the roar of the million. In England, he was in the midst of the noblest associations; he was surrounded by all the living ability of the empire; and if genius itself is to be inspired by the memories of the mighty, every stone of the walls round him teemed with inspiration.

Thus, if his language was more chastened, it was loftier; if his metaphors were more disciplined, they were more majestic;—the orb which, rising through the mists of faction, had shone with broadened disc and fiery hue, now, in its meridian, assumed its perfect form, and beamed with its stainless glory.

In recording the remarkable names of this period in Ireland, Mr. Phillips alludes to the celebrated preacher Dean Kirwan:

"He had been a Roman Catholic clergyman, but conformed to the Church of England. He was a wonderful orator—one of the greatest that ever filled a pulpit; and yet, when injudicious friends, after his death, published a volume of his sermons, they were scarcely readable. This sounds paradoxical: but it is true. The volume is not remembered—those who heard the preacher never can forget him. It was my happiness to have the

opportunity thrice, while a student in the University of Dublin. The church, on those occasions, presented a singular, and, in truth, not a very decorous spectacle—a bear-garden was orderly compared to it. The clothes were torn off men's backs-ladies were carried out fainting-disorder the most unseemly disgraced the entire service, and so continued till Kirwan ascended the pulpit. What a change was there then! Every eye was turned to him-every tongue was hushed-all was solemn silence. His enunciation of the Lord's Prayer was one of the finest things ever heard. Never before or since did mortal man produce such wonderful effect. And yet he had his disadvantages to overcome: his person was not imposing; he was somewhat wall-eyed; and his voice at times was inharmonious."

We see in this striking portrait the writer con amore, and we must give him due credit for his vivid tribute to Irish ability. But there are few miracles in this world, and the fact that Kirwan's printed sermons are wholly inferior to his reputation reduces our wonder within more restricted bounds. If it is true. that much emotion is lost by the loss of the actual speaking; that the full power of the oratory is somewhat diminished by its being calmly read, instead of being ardently heard; still we have but few instances, perhaps none, where true oratory altogether loses its power in publication.

For example, Curran's published speeches give the general reader a very sufficient specimen of the richness of his language, the fertility of imagination, and even the subtlety of his humor. Grattan's speeches, most of them mere fragments, and probably few published with his revision, gave the full impression of his boldness of thought, depth of argument, and exquisite pungency of expression. Burke's printed speeches are even said to give a higher sense of his wonderful ability than when they were delivered in the House of Commons. There is an anecdote that, when Pitt had read one of those earlier speeches in the form of a pamphlet, he expressed his astonishment. "Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that this fine oration can be what we heard the other night?"

That Kirwan's preaching was attended by immense congregations, is unquestionable; and that his collections were very large, is equally true. But there were circumstances remarkably in favor of both. He preached but three or four times in the year, and he never preached but for charities patronized by the highest personages of the land. Lord-lieutenant and the principal nobility were generally the patrons of those especial

tage, that then poor-laws in Ireland were unknown, and public liberality was thus the more urgently required, and the more willingly exercised. The day of his preaching was in general an anniversary, for which the whole preceding year was a preparation; and the collection was thus, in a certain degree, the payment of a rent.

The magnitude of his collections has been the subject of some erroneous conjectures. On the occasion of his preaching for the families of the yeomanry who fell in the rebellion of 1798—a memorable and melancholy occasion, which naturally called forth the national liberality—the collection was said to have amounted to a thousand pounds. very large sum, but it was a national contribution.

Kirwan's style of delivery, too, had some share in his popular effect—he recited his sermons in the manner of the French preachers; and the novelty formed a striking contrast to the dreary reading of the ordinary preachers. He was also fond of lashing public transgressions, and the vices of high life were constantly the subject of sharp remarks, which even stooped to the dresses of the women. The nobility, accordingly, came to hear themselves attacked; and, as all personality was avoided, they came to be amused.

Still, Kirwan was a remarkable man, and worthy of mention in any volume which treats of the memorable personages of Ireland.

We wish that we could avoid speaking of his treatment by the church dignitaries of his While they ought to have received such a convert with honor, they seem to have made a point of neglecting him. He was not merely a man of talent in the pulpit, but alike accomplished in science and elegant literature; for he had been successively Professor of Rhetoric, and of Natural Philosophy, in (if we recollect rightly) the College of Louvain, at a time when French Mathematics were the pride of the Continent.

Yet he never obtained preferment or countenance, and scarcely even civility, except the extorted civility of fear, from any of the ecclesiastical heads of Ireland. The dull and common-place men with whom it was then customary to fill the Irish Sees, shrank from one who might have been a most willing, as he must have been a most able, instrument in reconciling his Papist countrymen to the Church of England. And, without any other cause than their own somnolent stupidity, they rendered wholly useless—as far as was charities. There was this additional advan- in their power-a man who, in a position corresponding to his ability, might have | headed a New Reformation in Ireland.

Kirwan's only dignity was given to him by the Lord-lieutenant, Cornwallis, after nearly fifteen years of thankless labor; and it consisted only of the poor Deanery of Killala, a nook on the savage shore of Western Ireland. He died soon after, of a coup-desoleil—as it was observed the natural death of a man of his genius!

But we must break off from this captivating volume. We recollect no political work

in which politics are treated with more manly propriety, or personal character delineated with more vigorous truth; in which happier anecdotes abound, or in which the writer gives his own opinion with more firmness, yet with less offence to public feelings. From its evident knowledge of Ireland, it could be written by none but an Irishman; but its sentiments are cosmopolite. If the author sails under his national flag, still, his bark must be recognized as a noble vessel, and welcome in any Port of the World.

From the North British Review.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

In the chancel of Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, are interred the mortal remains of Arthur Henry Hallam, eldest son of our great philosophic historian and critic, and that friend to whom "In Memoriam" is sacred. This place was selected by his father, not only from the connection of kindred, being the burial place of his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, but on account of its still and sequestered situation, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Chan-This lone hill, with its humble old church, its outlook over the waste of waters, where go the ships, were, we doubt not, in Tennyson's mind, or eye, when these words, which contain the burden of that volume in which are enshrined so much of the deepest affection, poetry, philosophy, and godliness, rose into his mind,-

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

"O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

Out of these few simple words, deep, and melanchóly, and sounding as the sea, as out of a well of the living waters of love, flows forth all "In Memoriam," as a stream flows out of its spring-all is here. "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me,"-"the touch of the vanished hand—the sound of the voice that is still,"—the body and soul of his friend. Rising as it were out of the midst of the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, "the mountain infant to the sun comes forth like human life from darkness;" and how its waters flow on! carrying life, beauty, magnificence, shadows and happy lights, depths of blackness, depths clear as the very body of heaven. How it deepens as it goes, involving greater interests, larger views, "thoughts that wander through eternity," wider affections, but retaining its pure living waters, its unforgotten burden of joy and sorrow. How it visits every region! pleasant villages and farms, waste howling wildernesses, grim woods, nemorumque noctem, informed with spiritual fears, where may be seen, if shapes they may be called-

"Fear and trembling Hope Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton, And Time the Shadow;" now within hearing of the Minster clock, now of the college bells, and the vague hum of the mighty city. And over head through all its course the heaven with its clouds, its sun, moon, and stars; but always, and in all places, declaring its source; and even when laying its burden of manifold and faithful affection at the feet of the Almighty Father, it still remembers whence it came.

"That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God which ever lives and loves;
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

It is to that chancel, and to the day, 3d January, 1834, that he refers in poem xviii. of "In Memoriam."

"'Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand Where he in English earth is laid, And from his ashes may be made The violet of his native land.

"'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest,
And in the places of his youth."

And again in xix.:

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

"There twice a-day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills."

Here, too, it is, lxv.:

"When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest,
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

"Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years."

This young man, whose memory his friend has consecrated in the hearts of all who can be touched by such love and beauty, was in no wise unworthy of all this. It is not for us to say, for it was not given to us the sad privilege to know, all that a father's heart buried with his son in that grave, all the hopes of unaccomplished years; nor can we feel in its fullness all that is meant by

"Such A friendship as had mastered Time;

"Which masters Time indeed, and is Eternal, separate from fears. The all-assuming months and years Can take no part away from this."

But this we may say, we know of nothing in all literature to compare with the volume from which these lines are taken, since David lamented with this lamentation: "The beauty of Israel is slain. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither rain upon you. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love for me was wonderful." cannot, as some have done, compare it with Shakspeare's sonnets or "Lycidas." spite of the amazing genius and tenderness, the never wearying, all involving reiteration of passionate attachment, the idolatry of admiring love, the rapturous devotedness, of one of the greatest beings which nature ever produced in the human form, displayed in the sonnets, we cannot but agree with Mr. Hallam in thinking, "that there is a tendency now, especially among young men of poetical tempers, to exaggerate the beauties of these remarkable productions;" and though we would hardly say with him, "that it is impossible not to wish that Shakspeare had never written them," giving us, as they do, and as perhaps nothing else could do, such proof of a power of loving, of an amount of attendrissement, which is not less wonderful than the bodying forth of that myriad-mind, which gave us Hamlet, and Lear, and Cordelia, and Puck, and all the rest, and which indeed explains to us how he could give us all these; -while we go hardly so far, we entirely agree with his other wise words:-"There is a weakness and folly in all misplaced and excessive affection;" which in Shakspeare's case is all the more distressing, when we consider that "Mr. W. H., the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, was, in all likelihood, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, a man of noble and gallant character, but always of licentious life.

As for Lycidas, we are obliged to confess that the poetry—and we all know how consummate it is—and not the affection, seems uppermost in Milton's mind, as it is in ours. The other element, though quick and true, has no glory, through reason of the excellency of that which invests it. But there is no such drawback here. The purity, the temperate but fervent goodness, the firmness and depth of nature, the impassioned logic,

the large, sensitive and liberal heart, the reverence and godly fear, of

"That friend of mine who lives in God,"

which from these Remains we know to have dwelt in that young soul, give to "In Memoriam" the character of exactest portraiture. There is no excessive or misplaced affection here; it is all founded in fact: while everywhere and throughout it all, affection—a love that is wonderful-meets us first and leaves us last, gives form and substance and grace, and the breath of life and love, to everything that the poet's thick-coming fancies so exquisitely frame. We can remember few poems approaching to it in this quality of sustained affection. The only English poems we can think of as of the same order, are Cowper's lines on seeing his mother's portrait:

" Oh that these lips had language!"

Burns to "Mary in Heaven;" and two pieces of Vaughan—one beginning

"Oh thou who know'st for whom I mourn;"

And the other-

"They are all gone into the world of light,"

But our object now is, not so much to illustrate Mr. Tennyson's verses, as to introduce to our readers, what we ourselves have got so much delight and, we trust, profit from—the volume we have placed at the head of this notice. We had for many years been searching for it, but in vain; a sentence quoted by Henry Taylor, in his Notes on Life. struck us, and our desire was quickened by reading "In Memoriam." We do not know when we have been more impressed by anything than by these Remains of this young man, especially when taken along with his friend's Memorial; and instead of trying to tell our readers what this impression is, we have preferred giving them as copious extracts as our space allows, that they may judge and enjoy for themselves. We can promise them few finer, deeper, and better pleasures than reading, and detaining their minds over these two books together, filling their hearts with the fullness of their grace and truth. They will see how accurate as well as how affectionate and "of imagination all compact" Tennyson is, and how worthy of all that he has said of him, that friend was; and we may add

with still more significance is—knowing now, as he is known—being blessed in the vision of God. How the likeness is drawn, ad vivum!

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought He summons up remembrance of things past."

We do not know a more perfect illustration of that passage which we quoted in a former paper, and which we can hardly quote too often:

"The idea of his life has sweetly crept
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of his life
Has come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when he lived indeed."

The idea has been sown a natural body, and has been raised a spiritual body, but the identity is untouched; the countenance shines and the raiment is white and glistering, but it is the same face and form.

We have learned that it has pleased the Supreme Disposer, whose ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts, to remove Mr. Hallam's remaining son by a death equally sudden as Arthur's. We have also heard that he was in every way worthy of being his brother. May we hope that by and by, when He who has smitten shall have comforted, as He alone can, the honored and bereaved father will present to the world his Memorial of them both. In doing this, we feel persuaded he will best honor them, and make them, even in death, to serve their Maker, and benefit mankind. For such a book as this we have quoted from, the full value of which, and of its author, can however only be understood by reading it through and through, is of no slender use in a country like ours. "It serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, as well as to delectation, and doth raise and erect the mind." We may say of him,-

"Necesse est tanquam immaturam mortem ejus defleam; si tamen fas est aut flere, aut omnino mortem vocare, qua tanti juvenis mortalitas magis finita quam vita est. Vivit enim, vivetque semper, atque etiam latius in memoria hominum et sermone versabitur, postquam ab oculis recessit."

"Arthur Henry Hallam was born in Bedford Place,* London, on the 1st of February, 1811.

^{* &}quot;Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street;
Doors, where my heart was wont to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand."
In Memoriam.

Very few years had elapsed before his parents observed strong indications of his future character, in a peculiar clearness of perception, a facility of acquiring knowledge, and, above all, in an undeviating sweetness of disposition, and adherence to his sense of what was right and becoming. As he advanced to another stage of childhood, it was rendered still more manifest that he would be distinguished from ordinary persons, by an increasing thoughtfulness, and a fondness for a class of books, which in general are so little intelligible to boys of his age, that they excite in them no kind of interest.

"In the summer of 1818 he spent some months with his parents in Germany and Switzerland, and became familiar with the French language, which he had already learned to read with facility. He had gone through the elements of Latin before this time; but that language having been laid aside during his tour, it was found upon his return that, a variety of new scenes having effaced it from his memory, it was necessary to begin again with the first rudiments. He was nearly eight years old at this time; and in little more than twelve months he could read Latin with tolerable facility. In this period his mind was developing itself more rapidly than before; he now felt a keen relish for dramatic poetry, and wrote several tragedies, if we may so call them, either in prose or verse, with a more precocious display of talents than the Editor remembers to have met with in any other individual. The natural pride, however, of his parents did not blind them to the uncertainty that belongs to all premature efforts of the mind; and they so carefully avoided everything like a boastful display of blossoms which, in many cases, have withered away in barren luxuriance, that the circumstance of these compositions was hardly ever mentioned out of their own family.

"In the spring of 1820, Arthur was placed under the Rev. W. Carmalt, at Putney, where he remained nearly two years. After leaving this school, he went abroad again for some months; and in October 1822 became the pupil of the Rev. E. C. Hawtrey, an Assistant Master of Eaton College. At Eaton he continued till the summer of 1827. He was now become a good, though not perhaps a first-rate, scholar in the Latin and Greek languages. The loss of time, relatively to this object, in traveling, but far more his increasing avidity for a different kind of knowledge, and the strong bent of his mind to subjects which exercise other faculties than such as the requirement of languages calls into play, will sufficiently account for what might seem a comparative deficiency in classical learning. It can only however be reckoned one, comparatively to his other attainments, and to his remarkable facility in mastering the modern languages. The Editor has thought it not improper to print in the following pages an Eton exercise, which, as written before the age of fourteen, though not free from metrical and other errors, appears, perhaps, to a partial judgment, far above the level of such compositions. markable that he should have selected the story of Ugolino, from a poet with whom, and with whose

language, he was then but very slightly acquainted, but who was afterwards to become, more per haps than any other, the master-mover of his spirit. It may be added, that great judgment and taste are perceptible in this translation, which is by no means a literal one; and in which the phraseology of Sophocles is not ill substituted, in some

passages, for that of Dante.

"The Latin poetry of an Etonian is generally reckoned at that School the chief test of his literary talent. That of Arthur was good without being excellent; he never wanted depth of thought, or truth of feeling; but it is only in a few rare instances, if altogether in any, that an original mind has been known to utter itself freely and vigorously, without sacrifice of purity, in a language the capacities of which are so imperfectly understood; and in his productions there was not the thorough conformity to an ancient model which is required for perfect elegance in Latin verse. He took no great pleasure in this sort of composition; and perhaps never returned to it of his own

" In the latter part of his residence at Eton, he was led away more and more by the predominant bias of his mind, from the exclusive study of ancient literature. The poets of England, especially the older dramatists, came with greater attraction over his spirit. He loved Fletcher, and some of Fletcher's contemporaries, for their energy of language and intenseness of feeling; but it was in Shakspeare alone that he found the fulness of soul which seemed to slake the thirst of his own rapidly expanding genius for an inexhaustible fountain of thought and emotion. He knew Shakspeare thoroughly; and indeed his acquaintance with the earlier poetry of this country was very extensive. Among the modern poets, Byron was at this time, far above the rest, and almost exclusively, his favorite; a preference which, in later years, he transferred altogether to Words-

worth and Shelley.

"He became, when about fifteen years old, a member of the debating society established among the elder boys, in which he took great interest; and this served to confirm the bias of his intellect towards the moral and political philosophy of modern times. It was probably however of important utility in giving him that command of his own language which he possessed, as the following Essays will show, in a very superior degree, and in exercising those powers of argumentative discussion, which now displayed themselves as eminently characteristic of his mind. It was a necessary consequence that he declined still more from the usual paths of study, and abated perhaps somewhat of his regard for the writers of antiquity. It must not be understood, nevertheless, as most of those who read these pages will be aware, that he ever lost his sensibility to those ever-living effusions of genius which the ancient languages preserve. He loved Æschylus and Sophocles, (to Euripides he hardly did justice.) Lucretius and Virgil; if he did not seem so much drawn towards Homer as might at first be expected, this may probably be accounted for by his increasing taste for philosophical poetry.

"In the early part of 1827, Arthur took a part in the Eton Miscellany, a periodical publication, in which some of his friends in the debating society were concerned. He wrote in this, besides a few papers in prose, a little poem on a story connected with the Lake of Killarney. It has not been thought by the Editor advisable, upon the whole, to reprint these lines; though, in his opinion, they bear very striking marks of superior powers. This was almost the first poetry that Arthur had written, except the childish tragedies above mentioned. No one was ever less inclined to the trick of versifying. Poetry with him was not an amusement, but the natural and almost necessary language of genuine emo-tion; and it was not till the discipline of serious reflection, and the approach of manhood, gave a reality and intenseness to such emotions, that he learned the capacities of his own genius. That he was a poet by nature, these remains will sufficiently prove; but certainly he was far removed from being a versifier by nature; nor was he probably able to perform, what he scarce ever attempted, to write easily and elegantly on an ordinary subject. The lines on the story of Pygmalion are so far an exception, that they arose out of a momentary amusement of society; but he could not avoid, even in these, his own grave tone of poetry.

"Upon leaving Eton in the summer of 1827, he accompanied his parents to the Continent, and passed eight months in Italy. This introduction to new scenes of nature and art, and to new sources of intellectual delight, at the very period of transition from boyhood to youth, sealed no doubt the peculiar character of his mind, and taught him, too soon for his peace, to sound those depths of thought and feeling, from which, after this time, all that he wrote was derived. had, when he passed the Alps, only a moderate acquaintance with the Italian language; but during his residence in the country, he came to speak it with perfect fluency, and with a pure Siendese pronunciation. In its study he was much assisted by his friend and instructor, the Abbate Pifferi, who encouraged him to his first attempts at versification. The few sonnets, which are now printed, were, it is to be remembered, written by a foreigner, hardly seventeen years old, and after a very short stay in Italy. Editor might not, probably, have suffered them to appear, even in this manner, upon his own judgment. But he knew that the greatest living writer of Italy, to whom they were shown some time since at Milan, by the author's excellent friend, Mr. Richard Milnes, has expressed himself in terms of high approbation.

"The growing intimacy of Arthur with Italian poetry led him naturally to that of Dante. No poet was so congenial to the character of his own reflective mind; in none other could he so abundantly find that disdain of flowery redundance, that perpetual reference of the sensible to the ideal, that aspiration for somewhat better and less fleeting than earthly things, to which his inmost soul responded. Like all genuine worshipers of the great Florentine poet, he rated the Inferno below

the two later portions of the Divina Commedia; there was nothing even to revolt his taste, but rather much to attract it, in the scholastic theology and mystic visions of the Paradiso. Petrarch he greatly admired, though with less idolatry than Dante; and the sonnets here printed will show to all competent judges how fully he had imbibed the spirit, without servile centonism, of the best writers in that style of composition who flourished in the 16th century.

"But poetry was not an absorbing passion at this time in his mind. His eyes were fixed on the best pictures with silent intense delight. He had a deep and just perception of what was beautiful in this art; at least in its higher schools; for he did not pay much regard, or perhaps quite do justice, to the masters of the 17th century. To technical criticism he made no sort of pretension; painting was to him but the visible language of emotion; and where it did not aim at exciting it, or employed inadequate means, his admiration would be withheld. Hence he highly prized the ancient paintings, both Italian and German, of the age which preceded the full development of art. But he was almost as enthusiastic an admirer of the Venetian, as of the Tuscan and Roman schools; considering these masters as reaching the same end by the different agencies of form This predilection for the sensitive and color. beauties of painting is somewhat analogous to his fondness for harmony of verse, on which he laid more stress than poets so thoughtful are apt to do. In one of the last days of his life, he lingered long among the fine Venetian pictures of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna.

"He returned to England in June, 1828; and, in the following October, went down to reside at Cambridge; having been entered on the boards of Trinity College before his departure to the Continent. He was the pupil of the Rev. William Whewell. In some respects, as soon became manifest, he was not formed to obtain great academical reputation. An acquaintance with the learned languages, considerable at the school where he was educated, but not improved, to say the least, by the intermission of a year, during which his mind had been so occupied by other pursuits, that he had thought little of antiquity even in Rome itself, though abundantly sufficient for the gratification of taste and the acquisition of knowledge, was sure to prove inadequate to the searching scrutiny of modern examinations. He soon, therefore, saw reason to renounce all competition of this kind; nor did he ever so muchas aftempt any Greek or Latin composition during his stay at Cambridge. In truth, he was very indifferent to success of this kind; and conscious as he must have been of a high reputation among his contemporaries, he could not think that he stood in need of any University distinctions. The Editor became by degrees almost equally indifferent to what he perceived to be so uncongenial to Arthur's mind. It was, however, to be regretted that he never paid the least attention to mathematical studies. That he should not prosecute them with the diligence usual at Cambridge, was of course to be expected; yet his clearness and

acumen would certainly have enabled him to master the principles of geometrical reasoning; nor, in fact, did he so much find a difficulty in apprehending demonstrations, as a want of interest, and a consequent inability to retain them in his memory. A little more practice in the strict logic of geometry, a little more familiarity with the physical laws of the universe, and the phenomena to which they relate, would possibly have repressed the tendency to vague and mystical speculations which he was too fond of indulging. In the philosophy of the human mind, he was in no danger of the materializing theories of some ancient and modern schools; but in shunning this extreme, he might sometimes forget that, in the honest pursuit of truth, we can shut our eyes to no real phenomena, and that the physiology of man must always enter into any valid scheme of his psyco-

logy.
"The comparative inferiority which he might show in the usual trials of knowledge, sprung in a great measure from the want of a prompt and accurate memory. It was the faculty wherein he shone the least, according to ordinary observation; though his very extensive reach of literature, and his rapidity in acquiring languages, sufficed to prove that it was capable of being largely exercised. He could remember anything, as a friend observed to the Editor, that was associated with an idea. But he seemed, at least after he reached manhood, to want almost wholly the power, so common with inferior understandings, of retaining with regularity and exactness a number of unimportant uninteresting particulars. It would have been nearly impossible to make him recollect for three days the date of the battle of Marathon, or the names in order of the Athenian months. Nor could he repeat poetry, much as he loved it, with the correctness often found in young men. It is not improbable, that a more steady discipline in early life would have strengthened this faculty, or that he might have supplied its deficiency by some technical devices; but where the higher powers of intellect were so extraordinarily manifested, it would have been preposterous to complain of what may perhaps have been a necessary consequence of their amplitude, or at least a natural result of their exercise.

"But another reason may be given for his deficiency in those unremitting labors which the course of academical education, in the present times, is supposed to exact from those who aspire to its distinctions. In the first year of his residence at Cambridge, symptoms of disordered health. especially in the circulatory system, began to show themselves; and it is by no means improbable, that these were indications of a tendency to derangement of the vital functions, which became ultimately fatal. A too rapid determination of blood towards the brain, with its concomitant uneasy sensations, rendered him frequently incapable of mental fatigue He had indeed once before, at Florence, been affected by symptoms not unlike these. His intensity of reflection and feeling also brought on occasionally a considerable depression of spirits, which had been painfully observed at times by those that watched him most, from the

time of his leaving Eton, and even before. It was not till after several months that he regained a less morbid condition of mind and body. The same irregularity of circulation returned again in the next spring, but was of less duration. During the third year of his Cambridge life, he appeared in much better health.

"In this year (1831) he obtained the first college prize for an English declamation. The subject chosen by him was the conduct of the Independent party during the civil war. This exercise was greatly admired at the time, but was never printed. In consequence of this success, it became incumbent on him, according to the custom of the college, to deliver an oration in the chapel immediately before the Christmas vacation of the same year. On this occasion he selected a subject very congenial to his own turn of thought and favorite study, the Influence of Italian upon English Literature. He had previously gained another prize for an English essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero. This essay is perhaps too excursive from the prescribed subject; but his mind was so deeply imbued with the higher philosophy, especially that of Plato, with which he was very conversant, that he could not be expected to dwell much on the praises of Cicero in that respect.

"Though the bent of Arthur's mind by no means inclined him to strict research into facts, he was full as much conversant with the great features of ancient and modern history, as from the course of his other studies and the habits of his life it was possible to expect. He reckoned them, as great minds always do, the groundworks of moral and political philosophy, and took no pains to acquire any knowledge of this sort from which a principle should be derived or illustrated. To some part of English history, and to that of the French revolution, he had paid considerable attention. He had not read nearly so much of the Greek and Latin historians as of the philosophers and poets. In the history of literary, and especially of philosophical and religious opinions, he was deeply versed, as much so as it is possible to apply that term at his age. The following pages exhibit proofs of an acquaintance, not crude or superficial, with that important branch of literature.

"His political judgments were invariably prompted by his strong sense of right and justice. These, in so young a person, were naturally rather fluctuating, and subject to the correction of advancing knowledge and experience. Ardent in the cause of those he deemed to be oppressed, of which, in one instance, he was led to give a proof with more of energy and enthusiasm than discretion, he was deeply attached to the ancient institutions of his country.

"He spoke French readily, though with less elegance than Italian, till from disuse he lost much of his fluency in the latter. In his last fatal tour in Germany, he was rapidly acquiring a readiness in the language of that country. The whole range of French literature was almost as familiar to him as that of England.

"The society in which Arthur lived most intimately, at Eton and at the University, was formed of young men, eminent for natural ability, and for delight in what he sought above all things, the knowledge of truth, and the perception of beauty. They who loved and admired him living, and who now revere his sacred memory, as of one to whom, in the fondness of regret, they admit of no rival, know best what he was in the daily commerce of life; and his eulogy should, on every account, better come from hearts, which, if partial, have been rendered so by the experience of friendship,

not by the affection of nature.

"Arthur left Cambridge on taking his degree in January, 1832. He resided from that time with the Editor in London, having been entered on the boards of the Inner Temple. It was greatly the desire of the Editor that he should engage himself in the study of the law; not merely with professional views, but as a useful discipline for a mind too much occupied with habits of thought, which, ennobling and important as they were, could not but separate him from the everyday business of life; and might, by their excess, in his susceptible temperament, be productive of considerable mischief. He had, during the previous long vacation, read with the Editor the Institutes of Justinian, and the two works of Heineccius which illustrate them; and he now went through Blackstone's Commentaries, with as much of other law-books as, in the Editor's judgment, was required for a similar purpose. It was satisfactory at that time to perceive that, far from showing any of that distaste to legal studies which might have been anticipated from some parts of his intellectual character, he entered upon them not only with great acuteness, but considerable interest. In the month of October, 1832, he began to see the practical application of legal knowledge in the office of an eminent conveyancer, Mr. Walters of Lincoln's Inn Fields, with whom he continued fill his departure from England in the following summer.

"It was not, however, to be expected, or even desired by any who knew how to value him, that he should at once abandon those habits of study which had fertilized and invigorated his mind. But he now, from some change or other in his course of thinking, ceased in a great measure to write poetry, and expressed to more than one friend an intention to give it up. The instances after his leaving Cambridge were few. The dramatic scene between Raffaelle and Fiammetta was written in 1832; and about the same time he had a design to translate the Vita Nuova of his favorite Dante; a work which he justly prized, as the development of that immense genius, in a kind of autobiography, which best prepares us for a real insight into the Divine Comedy. He rendered accordingly into verse most of the sonnets which the Vita Nuova contains; but the Editor does not believe that he made any progress in the prose translation. These sonnets appearing rather too literal, and consequently harsh, it has not

been thought worth while to print.

"In the summer of 1832, the appearance of Professor Rossetti's Disquisizioni sullo spirito Antipapale,' in which the writings of Arthur's beloved masters, Dante and Petrarch, as well as

most of the mediæval literature of Italy, were treated as a series of enigmas, to be understood only by a key that discloses a latent carbonarism, a secret conspiracy against the religion of their age, excited him to publish his own Remarks in reply. It seemed to him the worst of poetical heresies to desert the Absolute, the Universal, the Eternal, the Beautiful and True, which the Platonic spirit of his literary creed taught him to seek in all the higher works of genius, in quest of some temporary historical allusion, which could be of no interest with posterity. Nothing however could be more alien from his courteous disposition than to abuse the license of controversy, or to treat with intentional disrespect a very ingenious person, who had been led on too far in pursuing a course of interpretation, which, within certain much narrower limits, it is impossible for any one conversant with history not to admit.

"A very few other anonymous writings occupied his leisure about this time. Among these were slight memoirs of Petrarch, Voltaire, and Burke, for the Gallery of Portraits, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.* His time was however principally devoted, when not engaged at his office, to metaphysical researches, and to the history of philo-

sophical opinions.

"From the latter part of his residence at Cambridge, a gradual but very perceptible improve-ment in the cheerfulness of his spirits gladdened his family and his friends; intervals there doubtless were, when the continual seriousness of his habits of thought, or the force of circumstances, threw something more of gravity into his demeanor; but in general he was animated and even gay; renewing or preserving his intercourse with some of those he had most valued at Eton and Cam-The symptoms of deranged circulation which had manifested themselves before, ceased to appear, or at least so as to excite his own attention; and though it struck those who were most anxious in watching him, that his power of enduring fatigue was not quite so great as from his frame of body and apparent robustness might have been anticipated, nothing gave the least indication of danger, either to his eyes, or to those of the medical practitioners who were in the habit

* We had read these lives, and had remarked them before we knew whose they were, as being of rare merit. No one could suppose they were written by one so young. We give his estimate of the character of Burke. "The mind of this great man may, perhaps, be taken as a representation of the general characteristics of the English intellect. Its groundwork was solid, practical, and conversant with the details of business; but upon this, and secured by this, arose a superstructure of imagination and moral sentiment. He saw little, because it was painful to him to see anything beyong the limits of the national character. In all things, while he deeply reverenced principles, he chose to deal with the concrete rather than with abstractions. studied men rather than man." The words in italics imply an insight into the deepest springs of human action, the conjunct causes of what we call character, such as few men of large experience can attain.

of observing him. An attack of intermittent fever, during the prevalent influenza of the spring of 1833, may perhaps have disposed his constitution to the last fatal blow."

To any one who has watched the history of the disease by which "so quick this bright thing came to confusion," and who knows how near its subject must often, perhaps all his life, have been to that eternity which occupied so much of his thoughts and desires, and the secrets of which were so soon to open on his young eyes, there is something very touching in this account. Such a state of health would enhance, and tend to produce, by the sensations proper to such a condition, that habitual seriousness of thought, that sober judgment, and that tendency to look at the true life of things—that deep but gentle and calm sadness, and that occasional sinking of the heart, which make his noble and strong inner nature, his resolved mind, so much more impressive and endearing.

This feeling of personal insecurity—of life being ready to slip away—the sensation that this world and its outgoings, its mighty interests, and delicate joys, is ready to be shut up in a moment—this instinctive apprehension of the peril of vehement bodily enjoyment all this would tend to make him "walk softly," and to keep him from much of the evil that is in the world, and live soberly, righteously, and godly, even in the bright and rich years of his youth. His power of giving himself up to the search after absolute truth and of Supreme goodness, must have been helped by this same organization. But all this delicate feeling, this fineness of sense, did rather increase the power and fervor of the indwelling soul—the τι θερμον πραγμα that burned within. In the quaint words of Vaughan, it was "manhood with a female These two conditions must, as we have said, have made him dear indeed. And by a beautiful law of life, having that organ out of which are the issues of life, under a sort of perpetual nearness to suffering, and so liable to pain, he would be more easily moved for others—more alive to their pain—more filled with fellow-feeling.

"The Editor cannot dwell on anything later. Arthur accompanied him to Germany in the beginning of August. In returning to Vienna from Pesth, a wet day probably gave rise to an intermittent fever, with very slight symptoms, and apparently subsiding, when a sudden rush of blood to the head put an instantaneous end to his life on the 15th of September, 1833. The mysteriousness of such a dreadful termination to a disorder, generally of so little importance, and in this in-

stance of the slightest kind, has been diminished by an examination which showed a weakness of the cerebral vessels, and a want of sufficient energy in the heart. Those whose eyes must long be dim with tears, and whose hopes on this side the tomb are broken down for ever, may cling, as well as they can, to the poor consolation of believing, that a few more years would, in the usual chances of humanity, have severed the frail union of his graceful and manly form with the pure spirit that it enshrined.

"The remains of Arthur were brought to England, and interred on the third of January, 1834, in the chancel of the Clevedon Church in Somersetshire, belonging to his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton; a place selected by the Editor, not only from the connection of kindred, but on account of its still and sequestered situation, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel.

"More ought perhaps to be said-but it is very difficult to proceed. From the earliest years of this extraordinary young man, his premature abilities were not more conspicuous than an almost faultless disposition, sustained by a more calm self-command than has often been witnessed in that season of life. The sweetness of temper which distinguished his childhood, became with the advance of manhood an habitual benevolence, and ultimately ripened into that exalted principle of love towards God and man, which animated and almost absorbed his soul during the latter period of his life, and to which most of the following compositions bear such emphatic testimony. He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world; and in bowing to the mysterious will which has in mercy removed him, perfected by so short a trial, and passing over the bridge which separates the seen from the unseen life, in a moment, and, as we may believe, without a moment's pang, we must feel not only the bereavement of those to whom he was dear, but the loss which mankind have sustained by the withdrawing of such a light.

"A considerable portion of the poetry contained in this volume was printed in the year 1830, and was intended by the author to be published together with the poems of his intimate friend, Mr. Alfred Tennyson. They were however withheld from publication at the request of the Editor. The poem of Timbuctoo was written for the University prize in 1829, which it did not obtain. Notwithstanding its too great obscurity, the subject itself being hardly indicated, and the extremely hyperbolical importance which the author's brilliant fancy has attached to a nest of barbarians, no one can avoid admiring the grandeur of his conceptions, and the deep philosophy upon which he has built the scheme of his poem. This is, however, by no means the most pleasing of his compositions. It is in the profound reflection, the melancholy tenderness, and the religious sanctity of other effusions, that a lasting charm will be found. A commonplace subject, such as those announced for academical prizes generally are, was incapable of exciting a mind which, beyond almost every other, went straight to the furthest depths that the human intellect can fathom, or from which human feelings can be drawn. Many short poems, of equal beauty with those here printed, have been deemed unfit even for the limited circulation they might obtain, on account of their unveiling more of emotion, than consistently with what is due to him and to others, could

be exposed to view.

"The two succeeding essays have never been printed; but were read, it is believed, in a literary society at Trinity College, or in one to which he afterwards belonged in London. That entitled Theodicæa Novissima is printed at the desire of some of his intimate friends. A few expressions in it want his usual precision; and there are ideas which he might have seen cause, in the lapse of time, to modify, independently of what his very acute mind would probably have perceived, that his hypothesis, like that of Leibnitz, on the origin of evil, resolves itself at last into an unproved assumption of its necessity. It has, however, some advantages, which need not be mentioned, over that of Leibnitz; and it is here printed, not as a solation of the greatest mystery of the universe, but as most characteristic of the author's mind, original and sublime, uniting, what is very rare except in early youth, a fearless and unblenching spirit of inquiry into the highest objects of speculution, with the most humble and reverential piety. It is probable that in many of his views on such topics he was influenced by the writings of Jonathan Edwards, with whose opinions on metaphysical and moral subjects he seems generally to have

"The extract from a review of Tennyson's poems in a publication now extinct, the Englishman's Magazine, is also printed at the sugges-The pieces that follow are tion of a friend. reprints, and have been already mentioned in this Memoir."

We have given this Memoir entire, both for the sake of its subject and its mannerof the father and son. There is something very touching in the paternal composure, the judiciousness, the truthfulness, where truth is so difficult to reach through tears, the calm estimate and the subdued tenderness; the ever rising but ever restrained emotion; the father's heart throbs throughout, refusing to be comforted, but it is dumb. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Hallam may have had this great affliction—this event which took away the desire of his eyes with a stroke—in his mind, when he wrote these pathetic words in the Preface to his Introduction to the Literature of Europe—" but I have other warnings to bind up my sheaves as I may; my own advancing years, and the gathering in the Heavens."

We wish we could have given in full the letters from Arthur's friends, which his father has incorporated in the Memoir. They all bring out, in various but harmonious ways, his extraordinary moral and intellectual worth. his rare beauty of character, and their love for him.

The following extract from one seems to us very interesting :-- "Outwardly I do not think there was anything remarkable in his habits, except an irregularity with regard to times and places of study, which may seem surprising in one whose progress in so many directions was so eminently great and rapid. He was commonly to be found in some friend's room, reading or canvassing. I dare say he lost something by this irregularity, but less than perhaps one would at first imagine. I never saw him idle. He might seem to be lounging, as only amusing himself, but his mind was always active, and active for good. In fact, his energy and quickness of apprehension did not stand in need of outward aid." There is much in this worthy of more extended notice. Such minds as his probably grow best in this way, are best left to themselves, to glide on at their own sweet wills; the stream was too deep and clear, and perhaps too entirely bent on its own errand, to be dealt with or regulated by any art or device. The same friend sums up his character thus:—"I have met with no man his superior in metaphysical subtlety; no man his equal as a philosophical critic on works of taste; no man whose views on all subjects connected with the duties and dignities of humanity were more large, and generous, and enlightened." And all this said of a youth of twenty-heu nimium brevis ævi decus et desiderium!

We have given little of his verse; and what we do give is taken at random. We agree entirely in his father's estimate of his poetical gift and art; but his mind was too serious, too thoughtful, too intensely dedicated to truth and the God of truth, to linger long in pursuit of beauty; he was on his way to God, and could rest in nothing short of that; otherwise he might have been a poet of genuine excellence.

- " Dark, dark, yea, 'irrecoverably dark,' Is the soul's eye: yet how it strives and battles Through th' impenetrable gloom to fix That master light, the secret truth of things, Which is the body of the infinite God!"
- " Sure, we are leaves of one harmonious bower, Fed by a sap that never will be scant, All-permeating, all-producing mind; And in our several parcellings of doom We but fulfill the beauty of the whole. Oh madness! if a leaf should dare complain

Of its dark verdure, and aspire to be The gayer, brighter thing that wantons near."

"Oh blessing and delight of my young heart, Maiden, who wast so lovely, and so pure, I know not in what region now thou art, Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure.

Not the old hills on which we gazed together Not the old faces which we both did love, Not the old books, whence knowledge we did gather.

Not these, but others now thy fancies move. I would I knew thy present hopes and fears, All thy companions with their pleasant talk, And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears:

So, though in body absent, I might walk
With thee in thought and feeling, till thy
mood

Did sanctify mine own to peerless good."

"Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath a mossy ivied wall
On a quaint bench, which to that structure
old

Winds an accordant curve. Above my head Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults this summer noon."

Still here—thou hast not faded from my sight,

Nor all the music round thee from mine ear:

Still grace flows from thee to the brightening

year,

And all the birds laugh out in wealthier light.
Still am I free to close my happy eyes,

And paint upon the gloom thy mimic form, That soft white neck, that cheek in beauty warm,

And brow half hidden where you ringlet lies: With, oh! the blissful knowledge all the while That I can lift at will each curved lid, And my fair dream most highly realize.

The time will come, 'tis ushered by my sighs,
When I may shape the dark, but vainly bid
True light restore that form, those looks,
that smile."

"The garden trees are busy with the shower
That fell ere sunset; now methinks they
talk,

Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour, One to another down the grassy walk. Hark the laburnum from his opening flower This cherry creeper greets in whisper light,

While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night, Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore.* What shall I deem their converse? would they The wild grey light that fronts you massive cloud,

Or the half bow, rising like pillared fire?
Or are they sighing faintly for desire

That with May dawn their leaves may be o'erflowed,

And dews about their feet may never fail."

In the Essay, entitled "Theodicæa Novissima," from which the following passages are taken to the great injury of its general effect, he sets himself to the task of going as far as he can in clearing up the mystery of the existence of such a thing as sin and suffering, in the universe of a being like God. He does it fearlessly, but like a child. It is in the spirit of his friend's words,—

"An infant crying in the night, An infant crying for the light, And with no language but a cry."

"When was I as the child that cries, But, crying, knows his father near."

It is not a mere exercitation of the intellect, it is an endeavor to get nearer God-to assert his eternal Providence, and vindicate his ways to men. We know no performance more wonderful for such a boy. might have written it. As might be expected, the tremendous subject remains where he found it—his glowing love and genius cast a gleam here and there across its gloom; but it is brief as the lightning in the collied night—the jaws of darkness do devour it up this secret belongs to God. Across its deep and dazzling darkness, and from out its abyss of thick cloud, "all dark, dark, irrecoverably dark," no steady ray has ever, or will ever come, -over its face its own darkness must brood, till He to whom alone the darkness and the light are both alike, to whom the night shineth as the day, says, "Let there be light!" There is, we confess, an awful attraction, a nameless charm for all thoughtful spirits, in this mystery; and it is well for us at times, so that we have pure eyes and a clean heart, to turn aside and look into its gloom, but it is not good to busy ourselves in clever speculations about it, or deftly to criticise the speculations of others-it is a wise and pious saying of Augustin, Verius cogitatur Deus, quam dicitur; et verius est quam cogitatur.

"I wish to be understood as considering Christianity in the present Essay rather in its relation to the intellect, as constituting the higher philosophy, than in its far more important bearing upon the hearts and destinies of us all. I shall propose the question in this form, 'Is there ground for be-

^{*} This will remind the reader of a fine passage in "Edwin the Fair," on the specific differences in the sounds of the trees moved by the wind; and of some lines by Landor on flowers speaking to each other; and of something more exquisite than either in "Consuelo"—the description of the flowers in the old monastic garden.

lieving that the existence of moral evil is absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of God's essen-

tial love for Christ?'

"Can man by searching find out God? I believe not. I believe that the unassisted efforts of man's reason have not established the existence and attributes of Deity on so sure a basis as the Deist imagines. However sublime may be the notion of a supreme original mind, and however naturally human feelings adhered to it, the reasons by which it was justified were not, in my opinion, sufficient to clear it from considerable doubt and confusion. . . . I hesitate not to say that I derive from Revelation a conviction of Theism, which without that assistance would have been but a dark and ambiguous hope. I see that the Bible fits into every fold of the human heart. I am a man, and I believe it to be God's book because it is man's book. It is true that the Bible affords me no additional means of demonstrating the falsity of Atheism; if mind had nothing to do with the formation of the Universe, doubtless whatever had was competent also to make the Bible; but I have gained this advantage, that my feelings and thoughts can no longer refuse their assent to what is evidently framed to engage that assent; and what is it to me that I cannot disprove the bare logical possibility of my whole nature being fallacious? To seek for a certainty above certainty, an evidence above necessary belief, is the very lunacy of skepticism; we must trust our own faculties, or we can put no trust in anything, save that moment we call the present, which escapes us while we articulate its name. I am determined therefore to receive the Bible as divinely authorized, and the scheme of human and divine things which it contains, as essentially

"I may further observe, that however much we should rejoice to discover that the eternal scheme of God, the necessary completion, let us remember, of His Almighty Nature, did not require the absolute perdition of any spirit called by Him into existence, we are certainly not entitled to consider the perpetual misery of many individuals as

incompatible with sovereign love.

"In the Supreme Nature those two capacities of Perfect Love and Perfect Joy are indivisible. Holiness and Happiness, says an old Divine, are two several notions of one thing. Equally in-separable are the notions of Opposition to Love and Opposition to Bliss. Unless, therefore, the heart of a created being is at one with the heart of God, it cannot but be miserable. Moreover, there is no possibility of continuing for ever partly with God and partly against Him: we must either be capable by our nature of entire accordance with His will, or we must be incapable of anything but misery, further than He may for a while 'not impute our trespasses to us;' that is, He may interpose some temporary barrier between sin and its attendant pain. For in the Eternal Idea of God a created spirit is perhaps not seen, as a series of successive states, of which some that are evil might be compensated by others that are good, but as one indivisible object of these almost infinitely divisible modes, and that either in accord-

ance with His own nature, or else in opposition

"Before the Gospel was preached to man, how could a human soul have this love, and this consequent life? I see no way; but now that Christ has excited our love for him by showing unutterable love for us; now that we know him as an Elder Brother, a being of like thoughts, feelings, sensations, sufferings, with ourselves, it has become possible to love as God loves, that is, to love Christ, and thus to become united in heart to God. Besides, Christ is the express image of God's person: in loving him we are sure we are in a state of readiness to love the Father, whom we see, he tells us, when we see him. Nor is this all: the tendency of love is towards a union so intimate as virtually to amount to identification; when, then, by affection towards Christ, we have become blended with his being, the beams of Eternal love falling, as ever, on the one beloved object, will include us in him, and their returning flashes of love out of his personality will carry along with them some from our own, since ours has become confused with his, and so shall we be one with Christ, and through Christ with God. Thus, then, we see the great effect of the Incarnation, as far as our nature is concerned, was to render human love for the Most High a possible thing. The Law had said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength;" and could men have lived by law, 'which is the strength of sin,' verily righteousness and life would have been by that law. But it was not possible, and all were concluded under sin, that in Christ might be the deliverance of all. I believe that Redemption is universal, in so far as it left no obstacle between man and God, but man's own will: that, indeed, is in the power of God's election, with whom alone rest the abysmal secrets of personality; but as far as Christ is concerned, his death was for all, since his intentions and affections were equally directed to all, and 'none who come to him will be in any wise cast out.'

"I deprecate any hasty rejection of these thoughts as novelties. Christianity is indeed, as St. Augustin says, 'pulchritudo tam antiqua;' but he adds, 'tam nova,' and it is capable of presenting to every mind a new face of truth. great doctrine, which in my judgment these observations tend to strengthen and illumine, the doctrine of personal love for a personal God, is assurédly no novelty, but has in all times been the vital principle of the Church. Many are the forms of anti-Chiristian heresy which, for a season, have depressed and obscured that principle of life: but its nature is conflictive and resurgent; and neither the Papal Hierarchy, with its pomp of systematized errors, nor the worse apostacy of latitudinarian Protestantism have ever so far prevailed, but that many from age to age have proclaimed and vindicated the eternal Gospel of love; believing, as I also firmly believe, that any opinion which tends to keep out of sight the living and loving God, whether it substitute for Him an idol, an ocult agency, or a formal creed, can be nothing better than a vain and portentous shadow

projected from the selfish darkness of unregenerate man."

The following is from the review of Tennyson's Poems; we do not know that during the lapse of eighteen years anything better has been said:—

"Undoubtedly the true poet addresses himself, in all his conceptions, to the common nature of us all. Art is a lofty tree, and may shoot up far beyond our grasp, but its roots are in daily life and experience. Every bosom contains the elements of those complex emotions which the artist feels, and every head can, to a certain extent, go over in itself the process of their combination, so as to understand his expressions and sympathize with his state. But this requires exertion; more or less, indeed, according to the difference of occasion, but always some degree of exertion. For since the emotions of the poet, during composition, follow a regular law of association, it follows that to accompany their progress up to the harmonious prospect of the whole, and to perceive the proper dependence of every step on that which preceded, it is absolutely necessary to start from the same point, i. e., clearly to apprehend that leading sentiment of the poet's mind, by their conformity to which the host of suggestions are arranged. Now this requisite exertion is not willingly made by the large majority of readers. It is so easy to judge capriciously, and according to indolent impulse!"

"Those different powers of poetic disposition, the energies of Sensitive, of Reflective, of Passionate Emotion, which in former times were intermingled, and derived from mutual support an extensive empire over the feelings of men, were now restrained within separate spheres of agency. The whole system no longer worked harmoniously, and by intrinsic harmony acquired external freedom; but there arose a violent and unusual action in the several component functions, each for itself, all striving to reproduce the regular power which the whole once enjoyed. Hence the melancholy which so evidently characterizes the spirit of modern poetry; hence that return of the mind upon itself, and the habit of seeking relief in idiosyncrasies rather than community of interest. In the old times the poetic impulse went along

with the general impulse of the nation. "One of the faithful Islâm, a poet in the truest and highest sense, we are anxious to present to our readers. . . He sees all the forms of Nature with the 'eruditus oculus,' and his ear has a fairy fineness. There is a strange earnestness in his worship of beauty, which throws a charm over his impassioned song, more easily felt than described, and not to be escaped by those who have once felt it. We think that he has more definiteness and roundness of general conception than the late Mr. Keats, and is much more free from blemishes of diction and hasty capriccios of fancy. . . The author imitates nobody; we recognize the spirit of his age, but not the individual form of this or that writer. His thoughts bear no more resemblance to Byron or Scott, Shelley or Coleridge, than to Homer or

Calderon, Ferdusi or Calidasa. We have remarked five distinctive excellencies of his own manner. First, his luxuriance of imagination, and at the same time his control over it. Secondly, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character, with such extreme accuracy of adjustment, that the circumstances of the narration seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling, and, as it were, to be evolved from it by assimilative force. Thirdly, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects, and the peculiar skill with which he holds all of them fused, to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion. Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures, and exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed. Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought, implied in these compositions, and imparting a mellow soberness of tone, more impressive, to our minds, than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse, and sought to instruct the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart."

What follows is well said.

"And is it not a noble thing, that the English tongue is, as it were, the common focus and point of union to which opposite beauties converge? Is it a trifle that we temper energy with softness, strength with flexibility, capaciousness of sound with pliancy of idiom? Some, I know, insensible to these virtues, and ambitious of I know not what unattainable decomposition, prefer to utter funeral praises over the grave of departed Anglo-Saxon, or, starting with convulsive shudder, are ready to leap from surrounding Latinisms into the kindred, sympathetic arms of modern German. For myself, I neither share their regret, nor their terror. Willing at all times to pay filial homage to the shades of Hengist and Horsa, and to admit they have laid the base of our compound language; or, if you will, have prepared the soil from which the chief nutriment of the goodly tree, our British oak, must be derived, I am yet proud to confess that I look with sentiments more exulting and more reverential to the bonds by which the law of the universe has fastened me to my distant brethren of the same Caucasian race; to the privileges which I, an inhabitant of the gloomy North, share in common with climates imparadised in perpetual summer, to the universality and efficacy resulting from blended intelligence, which, while it endears in our eyes the land of our fathers as a seat of peculiar blessing, tends to elevate and expand our thoughts into communion with humanity at large; and, in the 'sublimer spirit' of the poet, to make us feel

"That God is everywhere—the God who framed Mankind to be one mighty family, Himself our Father, and the world our home."

This is finely said of Petrarch,—

"But it is not so much to his direct adoptions that

I refer, as to the general modulation of thought, that clear softness of his images, that energetic self-possession of his conceptions, and that melodious repose in which are held together all the emotions he delineates."

Every one who knows anything of himself, and of the history of his race, will acknowledge the wisdom of what follows—there is much in it suited to our present need:—

"I do not hesitate to express my conviction, that the spirit of the critical philosophy, as seen by its fruits in all the ramifications of art, literature, and morality, is as much more dangerous than the spirit of mechanical philosophy, as it is fairer in appearance, and more capable of alliance with our natural feelings of enthusiasm and delight. Its dangerous tendency is this, that it perverts those very minds, whose office it was to resist the perverse impulses of society, and to proclaim truth under the dominion of falsehood. However precipitate may be at any time the current of public opinion, bearing along the mass of men to the grosser agitations of life, and to such schemes of belief as make these the prominent object, there will always be in reserve a force of antagonist opinion, strengthened by opposition, and attesting the sanctity of those higher principles, which are despised or forgotten by the majority. These men are secured by natural temperament, and peculiar circumstances, from participating in the common delusion: but if some other and deeper fallacy be invented; if some more subtle beast of the field should speak to them in wicked flattery; if a digest of intellectual aphorisms can be substituted in their minds for a code of living truths, and the lovely semblances of beauty, truth, affection, can be made first to obscure the presence, and then to conceal the loss, of that religious humility, without which, as their central life, all these are but dreadful shadows; if so fatal a stratagem can be successfully practised, I see not what hope remains for a people against whom the gates of hell have so prevailed."

"But the number of pure artists is small: few souls are so finely tempered as to preserve the delicacy of meditative feeling, untainted by the allurements of accidental suggestion. The voice of the critical conscience is still and small, like that of the moral: it cannot entirely be stifled where it has been heard, but it may be disobeyed. Temptations are never wanting: some immediate and temporary effect can be produced at less expense of inward exertion than the high and more ideal effect which art demands: it is much easier to pander to the ordinary and often recurring wish for excitement, than to promote the rare and difficult intuition of beauty. To raise the many to his own real point of view, the artist must employ his energies, and create energy in others: to descend to their position is less noble, but practicable with ease. If I may be allowed the metaphor, one partakes of the nature of redemptive power; the other of that self-abased and degene-

rate will, which 'flung from his splendors' the fairest star in heaven."

"Revelation is a voluntary approximation of the Infinite Being to the ways and thoughts of finite humanity. But until this step has been taken by Almighty Grace, how should man have a warrant for loving with all his heart, and mind, and strength? . . . Without the Gospel, nature exhibits a want of harmony between our intrinsic constitution and the system in which it is placed. But Christianity has made up the father, who has made us his children by the spirit of adoption: it is possible and natural to love the Elder Brother, who was, in all things, like as we are, except sin, and can succor those in temptation, having been himself tempted. Thus the Christian faith is the necessary complement of a sound ethical system."

There is something very striking in the words "Revelation is a voluntary approximation of the Infinite Being," it states the fact better than is common. In one sense God is for ever revealing himself. His heavens are for ever telling his glory, and the firmament showing his handiwork; day unto day is uttering speech, and night unto night is showing knowledge concerning him. But in the word of the truth of the gospel, God draws near to his creatures, he bows his heavens and comes down—

"That glorious form, that light unsufferable, And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,"

he lays aside. The Word dwelt with men. "Come then, let us reason together;"-"Waiting to be gracious;"-"Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man open to me, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." It is the Father seeing his son while yet a great way off, and having compassion, and running to him and falling on his neck and kissing him; for it was meet for us to rejoice, for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found. Let no man confound the voice of God in his Works with the voice of God in his Word; they are utterances of the same infinite heart and will, they are in absolute harmony. Together they make up "That undisturbed song of pure concent." But they are distinct, they are meant to be so. A poor traveler, weary and way-sore, is stumbling in unknown places through the darkness of a night of fear, with no light near him, the everlasting stars twinkling far off in their depths, and the yet unrisen sun, or the waning moon sending up their pale beams into the upper heavens, but all this distant and bewildering for his poor feet, doubtless better

much than outer darkness, beautiful and full of God, if he could have the heart to look up, and the eyes to make use of his vague light; but he is miserable, and afraid; his next step is what he is thinking of; a lamp secured against all winds of doctrine is put into his hands; it may, in some respects, deepen the circle of darkness, but it will cheer his feet, it will tell them what to do next. What a silly fool he would be to throw away, or draw down the shutters of that lantern, and make it dark to him, while it sat "i' the centre and enjoyed bright day," and all upon the philosophical ground that its light was of the same kind as the stars', and that it was beneath the dignity of human nature to do anything but struggle on and be lost in the attempt to get through the wilderness and the night by the guidance of those "natural" lights, which, though they are from heaven, have so often led the wanderer astray. dignity of human nature indeed! Let him keep his lantern till the glad sun is up, with healing under his wings. Nature and the Bible, the Works and the Word of God, are two distinct things. In the mind of their Supreme Author they dwell in perfect peace, in that unspeakable unity which is of his essence; and to us his children, every day their harmony, their mutual relations, are discovering themselves; but let us beware of saying all nature is revelation just as the Bible is, and all the Bible is natural as nature is—there is a perilous juggle here.

The following passage develops his views on religious feeling-this was the master-idea of his mind, and it would not be easy to overrate its importance. "My son, give me thine heart,"-" Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,"-" The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." He expresses the same general idea in these words, remarkable in themselves, still more so as being the thought of one so young." "The work of intellect is posterior to the work of feeling. The latter lies at the foundation of the man, it is his proper selfthe peculiar thing that characterizes him as an individual. No two men are alike in feeling; but conceptions of the understanding, when distinct, are precisely similar in all—the ascertained relations of truths are the common

property of the race."

Tennyson, we have no doubt, had this very thought of his friend in his mind, in the following lines—it is an answer to the question, Can man by searching find out God?—

Nor thro' the questions men may try, The petty cobwebs we have spun:

- "If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
 I heard a voice, 'believe no more,'
 And heard an ever-breaking shore
 That tumbled in the Godless deep;
- "A warmth within the breast would melt The freezing reason's colder part, And like a man in wrath, the heart Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'
- "No, like a child in doubt and fear:
 But that blind clamor made me wise;
 Then was I as a child that cries,
 But, crying, knows his father near;
- "And what I seem beheld again
 What is, and no man understands;
 And out of darkness came the hands
 That reach thro' nature, moulding men."

This is a subject of the deepest personal as well as speculative interest. In the works of Augustin, of Baxter, Horne, and Jonathan Edwards, and of Alexander Knox, our readers will find how large a place the religious affections held in their view, of Divine truth as well as of human duty. The last mentioned writer expresses himself thus: "Our sentimental faculties are far stronger than our cogitative; and the best impressions on the latter will be but the moonshine of the mind, if they are alone. Feeling will be best excited by sympathy; rather, it cannot be excited in any other way. Heart must act upon heart—the idea of a living person being essential to all intercourse of heart. You cannot by any possibility cordialize with a mere ens rationis. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us,' otherwise we could not 'have seen his glory,' much less 'received of his fullness.'"

"This opens upon us an ampler view in which this subject deserves to be considered, and a relation still more direct and close between the Christian religion and the passion of love. is the distinguishing character of Hebrew literature, which separates it by so broad a line of demarcation from that of every ancient people? Undoubtedly the sentiment of erotic devotion which pervades it. Their poets never represent the Deity as an impassive principle, a mere organizing intellect, removed at infinite distance from human hopes and fears. He is for them a being of like passions with themselves, requiring heart for heart, and capable of inspiring affection because capable of feeling and returning it. Awful indeed are the thunders of his utterance and the clouds that surround his dwelling-place; very terrible is the vengeance he executes on the nations that forget him: but to his chosen people,

[&]quot;I found Him not in world or sun, Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;

and especially to the men 'after his own heart,' whom he anoints from the midst of them, his still, small voice, speaks in sympathy and lovingkindness. Every Hebrew, while his breast glowed with patriotic enthusiasm at those promises, which he shared as one of a favored race, had yet a deeper source of emotion, from which gushed perpetually the aspirations of prayer and thanksgiving. He might consider himself alone in the presence of his God; the single being to whom a great revelation had been made, and over whose head an 'exceeding weight of glory' was suspended. His personal welfare was infinitely concerned with every event that had taken place in the miraculous order of Providence. For him the rocks of Horeb had trembled, and the waters of the Red Sea were parted in their course. The word given on Sinai with such solemn pomp of ministration was given to his own individual soul, and brought him into immediate communion with the Creator, That awful Being could never be put away from him. He was about his path, and about his bed, and knew all his thoughts long before. Yet this tremendous, enclosing presence was a presence of love. It was a manifold, everlasting manifestation of one deep feeling-a desire for human affection. Such a belief, while it enlisted even pride and self-interest on the side of piety, had a direct tendency to excite the best passions of our nature. Love is not long asked in vain from generous dispositions. A Being, never absent, but standing beside the life of each man with ever watchful tenderness, and recognized, though invisible, in every blessing that befell them from youth to age, became naturally the object of their warmest affections. Their belief in him could not exist without producing, as a necessary effect, that profound impression of passionate individual attachment which in the Hebrew authors always mingles with and vivifies their faith in the Invisible. All the books of the Old Testament are breathed upon by this breath of life. Especially is it to be found in that beautiful collection, entitled the Psalms of David, which remains, after some thousand years, perhaps the most perfect form in which the religious sentiment of man has been embodied.

"But what is true of Judaism is yet more true of Christianity, 'matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.' In addition to all the characters of Hebrew Monotheism, there exists in the doctrine of the Cross a peculiar and inexhaustible treasure for the affectionate feelings. The idea of the Δεανθεωπος, the God whose goings forth have been from everlasting, yet visible to men for their redemption as an earthly, temporal creature, living, acting, and suffering among themselves, then (which is yet more important) transferring to the unseen place of his spiritual agency the same humanity he wore on earth, so that the lapse of generations can in no way affect the conception of his identity; this is the most powerful thought that ever addressed itself to a human imagination. It is the που στω, which alone was wanted to move the world. Here was solved at once the great problem which so long had distressed the teachers of mankind, how to make virtue the object of passion, and to secure at once the warmest enthusiasm in the

heart with the clearest perception of right and wrong in the understanding. The character of the blessed Founder of our faith became an abstract of morality to determine the judgment, while at the same time it remained personal and liable to love. The written word and established church prevented a degeneration into ungoverned mysticism, but the predominant principle of vital religion always remained that of self-sacrifice to the Saviour. Not only the higher divisions of moral duties, but the simple, primary impulses of benevolence, were subordinated to this new absorbing passion. 'The world was loved in Christ alone.' The brethren were members of his mystical body. All the other bonds that had fastened down the Spirit of the Universe to our narrow round of earth, were as nothing in comparison to this golden chain of suffering and self-sacrifice, which had once riveted the heart of man to one, who, like himself, was acquainted with grief. Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed more real and more holy than the other."

There is a sad pleasure, non ingrata amaritudo, and a sort of meditative tenderness, in contemplating the little life of this "dear youth," and in letting the mind rest upon these his earnest thoughts; to see his fine and fearless, but childlike spirit, moving itself aright—going straight onward "along the lines of limitless desires"—throwing himself into the very deepest of the ways of God, and striking out as a strong swimmer striketh out his hands to swim; to watch him "mewing his mighty youth, and kindling his undazzled eye at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance:"

"Light intellectual, and full of love, Love of true beauty, therefore full of joy, Joy, every other sweetness far above."

It is good for every one to look upon such a sight, and as we look, to love. We should all be the better for it; and should desire to be thankful for, and to use aright, a gift so good and perfect, coming down as it does from above, from the Father of lights, in whom alone there is no variableness, neither

shadow of turning.

Thus it is, that to each one of us the death of Arthur Hallam—his thoughts and affections—his views of God, of our relations to Him, of duty, of the meaning and worth of this world, and the next, where he now is, have an individual significance. He is bound up in our bundle of life; we must be the better or the worse of having known what manner of man he was: and in a sense less peculiar, but not less true, each of us may say,

"The tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me."

O for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!"

"God gives us love! Something to love He lends us; but when love is grown To ripeness, that on which it throve Falls off, and love is left alone.

"This is the curse of time. Alas!
In grief we are not all unlearned;
Once, through our own doors Death did pass;
One went, who never hath returned.

Rose with us, through a little arc
Of heaven, nor having wandered far,
Shot on the sudden into dark.

"Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace; Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul, While the stars burn, the moons increase, And the great ages onward roll.

"Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet,
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep, full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change."

Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella." Go in peace, soul beautiful and blessed.

Our readers may think we make too much of this; it would be difficult to do so. All our highest and most perilous interests are involved in some of the points on which this young man has with such deep seriousness spoken. Do we believe that God is Love? are we loving God? are we resting on nothing short of Him? and are we ready to join in this prayer?—

"Lord, I have viewed this world over, in which thou hast set me; I have tried how this and that thing will fit my spirit, and the design of my creation, and can find nothing on which to rest, for nothing here doth itself rest, but such things as please me for a while, in some degree, vanish and flee as shadows from before me. Lo! I come to Thee—the Eternal Being—the Spring of Life—the Centre of Rest—the Stay of the Creation—the Fulness of all things. I join myself to Thee; with Thee I will lead my life, and spend my days, with whom I aim to dwell for ever, expecting when my little time is over, to be taken up into Thine own eternity."

THE GUTTA PERCHA TRADE.—The history of gutta percha, or gatta ta au, as the learned tell us the best quality of the gum ought to be called, is brief but not uneventful. Previous to 1844, the very name of gutta percha was unknown to European commerce. In that year two cwt. of it was shipped experimentally from Singapore. The exportation of gutta percha from that port rose in 1845 to 169 piculs (the picul is $133\frac{1}{3}$ lbs.); in 1846, to 5,364; in 1847, to 9,296; and in the seven months of 1848, to 6,768 piculs. In the first four and a half years of the trade, 21,598 piculs of gutta percha, valued at 274,190 dollars, were shipped at Singapore, the whole of which were sent to England, with the exception of 15 piculs to Mauritius, 470 to the continent of Europe, and 922 to the United States. But this rapid growth of

the new trade conveys only a faint idea of the commotion it created among the native inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago. jungles of the Johore were the scenes of the earliest gatherings, and they were soon ransacked in every direction by parties of Malays and Chinese, while the indigenous population gave themselves up to the search with a unanimity and zeal only to be equalled by that which made railway jobbers of every man, woman, and child, in England about the same The knowledge of the article stirring the avidity of gatherers, gradually spread from Singapore northward as far as Penang, southward along the east coast of Sumatra to Java, eastward to Borneo, where it was found at Brune, Sarawak, and Pontinak on the west coast, at Keti and Passer on the east .- Daily News.

From the Quarterly Review.

BRITISH MUSEUM. THE

THE British Museum originated with Sir Hans Sloane (1660-1753), who devoted his long life to scientific pursuits—and the getting together of books, manuscripts, and rarities of every kind, at an expense of more than 50,000l. His testamentary offer to the nation of the entire collection for 20,000l. was accepted by Parliament, and in 1755 an act (26 George II. c. 20) was passed, which may be called a charter of foundation. About the same time a sum of 10,000/. was given for the Harleian manuscripts—to which the Cotton and Edwards collections were added; and these beginnings were advanced by George II., who, often pinched as to accommodation for German friends in his palaces, with marked liberality handed over the royal library of England, accumulated since Henry VII. Such was the nucleus around which the present vast and unrivalled assemblage has been gathered.

that, as the act says, "a free access to the collections may be given to all studious and curious persons, at such times and in such manner as by the said trustees shall be limited for that purpose." These trustees are forty-eight in number. Twenty-three are called Official-being the holders for the time of certain high offices, by whom the national interests of church and state, law, science, and art, are presumed to be represented and protected; of these the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, are termed the Principal Trustees. others are called the Family Trustees, as representing the families of Sloane, Cotton, Harley, and other benefactors; one more is termed the Royal Trustee, because nominated

directly by the Crown, in respect of its many

and great presents. The remaining fifteen

are styled the Elected Trustees; they are all

chosen by the preceding twenty-three, and

by them only; -for an elected trustee has, wisely or unwisely, no vote at subsequent

The government of the institution was

vested in trustees; to the end (inter alia)

saw, Electus non potest eligere; -but virtually the three Principal Trustees are the real electors. In accordance with the desire of Sir Hans Sloane, the elected were picked in the beginning from among the adepts of learning and science; and this practice continued until about 1791, when the vacancies began to be filled up almost exclusively by persons of rank and fortune—not quite necessarily adepts; an alteration possibly introduced at that revolutionary levelling period, with a laudable view of strengthening the aristocracy. Be that as it may, by this monopoly of a coveted distinction, the seeds of discontent, jealousy, and hostility were sown, which have ripened into open warfare in our times—for in those when the change was made it was not much noticed. Even sages and doctors had small leisure for pondering on the abstract rights or wrongs of science, when a deluge from France threatened to carry away every ancient landmark, religious and social; when the enemy was at the gate, all Englishmen, good and true, had to battle for altar and hearth. Nor did the nation at large take a tithe of the present interest in purely intellectual subjects. Few comparatively thirsted after knowledge or hungered after education—the modern panacea. The childlike uninstructed curiosity of the many was well pleased and satisfied with the sort of exhibitions provided for them by our fathers; and the government, compelled to be prodigal in warlike expenditure, grudged grants to an institution whose ends and objects flourish best in peace. Downingstreet, overburthened with fear and toil, cared for none of these things;* and the British Museum itself hardly kept pace with

^{*}We have all heard that, on the first advance of the French revolutionary armies into unplundered Italy, Mr. Pitt was offered the Pitti Gallery for a few thousands: but refused-more's the pity-on the ground that he would not reduce the navy one middy for the Medicean Venus. Perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer then did his duty, as the youngsters did theirs at Trafalgar. May neither the man nor the middies be wanting when wanted! elections, in deference to a supposed legal !

Of those entrusted with the working duties, the chief is called the Principal Librarianthough, as he has nothing to do with the books in particular, he might better be simply named the Principal, the Warden. He is appointed by the Crown under the signmanual, and holds his office during good behavior. To him, subject to the control of the Trustees, the main care and custody of the Museum and its contents are confided: among other duties, he is to watch that all the inferior officers perform theirs; he grants temporary admissions to the public, pays salaries and incidental expenses, sees that the orders of the trustees are carried into effect, reports to them in all cases of neglect and irregularity, and exercises a general superintendence over everything. He is the Lieutenant Colonel Commandant. The different departments are each managed by a heada Captain. Formerly there were only three departments—those of the printed books, of the MSS., and of natural history; but out of these three a fourth was carved about 1807, at the suggestion of Mr. Speaker Abbot, and was called that of arts and antiquities. Each captain, besides attending to the public, and to the general well-doing of his department, is to report on his occupations once a month to the standing committee of the trustees. These heads are aided by assistants and attendants, many of whose feelings are miserably wounded by being paid at so much per diem, like mere journeymen, and this only for the days they actually come to their work. No allowance is made for absences caused by illness to which the flesh is heir; none for Ash-Wednesday, Good Friday, and Christmas, when the Museum is closed and the church open. Neither is there any retiring pension for good and faithful servants who have wasted bone and marrow in such incessant occupation. It is owing to this uncertainty, this timor paupertatis, so injurious to mind and body, that within Mr. Keeper Gray's recollection six even of the officers have left the Museum or died of mental disease. The duties of the Secretary-whom we liken to an Adjutant—are to issue summonses for the meetings of trustees, to attend at them, make minutes of the proceedings, and conduct the official correspondence.

The patronage of the Museum belongs to the three, or any two, Principal Trustees, who appoint the holders in writing, and on a stamp, because that is the only evidence they can show of such appointments. Practically,

the age, which it did not attempt to lead or lit rests with the Archbishop. He is the first named in the Act, and is fixed for life in his high office, while the Chancellors and Speakers fluctuate with changes of ministries and parliaments. The remarkable coincidence of the primacy and speakership being for many years in one family-Manners Sutton-coupled with Chancellor Lord Eldon's reluctance to act, naturally increased the preponderance of Lambeth. The mouth of the speaker son was dutifully dumb; and the father archbishop became the real head of the triumvirate—the first consul. At that period, the attendant situations were often given to the menial servants of influential people. lers of bishops, when ripe for pension form, we know, the raw material for cathedral vergers, and do credit by portly conduct to sober sinecures, which are their established perquisites and euthanasia; but promotion from the cellar to the cabinet, from the larder to the library, however legitimate the connection between gastronomy and literature, was a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. The parting struggle of the principals, after it had been agreed not to provide thus for their own domestics, may be mentioned. The Primate brought an appointment, already signed by the Chancellor, and handed it over to the Speaker Abbot, to add his name. "Oh!" said he, returning it read but unsigned; "another servant of your Grace's! Two signatures are enough." The archbishop blushed and tore the paper. The patronage still continues in his Grace's successors-although (to judge from the evidence) it appears to have latterly been in part exercised by the Secretary, who had two applications for places every day for six months. The principal librarian, as housekeeper, had the nomination of the housemaids, until, "to his (Sir Henry Ellis's) great satisfaction," the privilege passed to the principal trustees. "Dec. 10, 1842—Cornelius Sullivan, Patrick Ryan, and David Roach were appointed in-door laborers to assist the housemaids." Patrick is stout and well, David sound as a roach, poor "Cornelius has died since in the service." The heads of the respective departments are not usually consulted, on vacancies, as to the sort of person especially wanted by them; they are compelled to take those who are appointed by a power that is without responsibility, be they fit or not. Nay, persons are appointed in spite of their remonstrances. As there is no rule or indeed custom of promotion, a stranger may be put over an old and meritorious assistant, and the head exposed to blame for

couraging system brought about a just retribution; and it was partly to the clamors of a temporary assistant, who had been dismissed, that the parliamentary inquiries in

1835 were owing.

It was during the official trusteeship of Mr. Speaker Abbot, one of the best trustees the Museum ever had, that its darkest moments drew to a close; then the penurious grants from Parliament began gradually to be increased, and extended facilities were afforded to readers and visiters. After the glorious events of 1815, when the temple of Janus was shut, the arts of peace, trodden down under the iron heels of armed hosts, sprang up, and the intellectual energies of Europe, too long engrossed in hostility and destruction, were directed anew to the preservation and civilization of poor humanity. By this blessed peace our learned and scientific men were once more brought into contact with their continental brethren, and a freer exchange made of discoveries and improvements. It was impossible, when the superior organization of foreign museums, their well-planned buildings, their liberal and effective arrangements, were studied, that our ill-contrived and ill-managed old Museum could be defended even by its steadiest friends. The active and angry opponents were many, and they presently found leaders in the Naturalists.

Natural History is comparatively a new science, and was quite secondary to literature in the days of Sloane—and after them. has made wonderful strides in the last fifty years; the family has grown to be very large, and is split into botanists, mineralogists, zoölogists, entomologists, palæontologists, ornithologists, geologists, and other ologists. These eaglets, while young and unfledged, agreed well in one aerie; but on waxing strong, became pugnacious, clamorous for independence, and inclined to pull the old nest to pieces, to build new ones for themselves with the materials.

So many of our readers will remember the British Museum in its primitive state, that we may pass by the heavy port-cochère of the prison-like exterior, the begrimed painted staircase and ceilings of the interior, the admired disorder of fish, flesh, and fowl, set out -so said the frondeurs-less to instruct than to amuse by a raree-show of varieties of cats and mice, rats and rabbits, blue butterflies, black beetles, green parrots, Robin Redbreasts, and such "small deer." Suffice it to say that the edifice itself had been planned

not unanticipated consequences. This dis- I for a private residence, not for a public repository; and chance, not design, presided over this cradle of the infant Museum. Montague House was built by Monsieur Puget, and happening to be then in the market, was purchased by the trustees from Lord Halifax for 10,250l. Fortunately it was surrounded by a considerable court and garden, whereby sufficient space, now so difficult to obtain in an accessible situation, has been afforded for the rebuildings contemplated in 1823. The old house soon became too small for the plethora of collections, increasing and bursting into the streets—insomuch that the trustees began to consider most accessions as incumbrances; and previous donors and their descendants beheld with pious horror their gifts, cribbed, cabined, and confined in "cases unpacked and unopened," or consigned to the "basement," anglicè, vaults-tombs of the Capulets—after the fashion of our National Records and the Vernon Gallery. There the sure workings of neglect, damp, and decay, partially remedied the evil, by diminishing the accumulation of "buried talents," dried butterflies and ephemerids, perishable commodities at best; nor was the more expeditious auto-de-fé neglected. Dr. Shaw, the then Keeper, used to have his periodical "cremations of rubbish—and the neighbors threatened actions because moths-brands from the official burnings—were thereby introduced into their houses. Meantime, while this wholesale and unwholesome destruction was going on, and was justified to the public by alleged want of accommodation, fifty-six light and salubrious rooms, capable of containing every thing, were occupied by the resident officers; the principal librarian, the chief custos and curator of public property, having naturally taken for his private comforts the greatest number of apartments. "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"

Yet the national collections were deserving of a better fate; to the original nucleus, victory had offered as spolia opima, the matchless assemblage of antiquities gathered, as if on purpose, by the French armies in Egypt, and cropped to make a garland for English crests. Between 1805 and 1816 were added the choice statues and antiques of Mr. Townley, the Lansdowne MSS., the Greville minerals, the law library of Hargrave, the Phigalean, and, last not least, the Elgin marbles. A dark side, we own, was not wanting to this picture; great opportunities, and such as only occur once, were lost for want of room and funds, through apathy or ignorance; thus the Dodwell Greek vases were let slip, while

Belzoni's unique alabaster sarcophagus passed | to Sir John Sloane; the Ægina marbles, discovered chiefly by Mr. C. R. Cockerell, were allowed to be purchased by Bavaria. The Nayler heraldica, rejected by the trustees at a moderate price, were sold by public auction for a much greater sum. Mr. Haworth's extraordinary insects, the Millingen vases, the Battle Abbey muniments, shared the same sad destiny; and, worse than all, the incomparable ancient drawings of Sir Thomas Lawrence, offered by him in his will to the nation for one-third of their original cost, were-to the eternal disgrace of our Ministers and R. A.s-refused, and have since been sold piecemeal for double.

Nor was this all; the neglect shown, and the sale of duplicate books, disgusted many persons of sound and disposing mind, who, if "things had been better managed, as in France," would have bequeathed their stores to the national institution. To cherish what he has created, to desire to secure the intact preservation of these love-labors of his life, is natural to man; nor is the ambition to make a name-non omnis moriar-by making the public the heir to private treasures, an unpardonable or unpatriotic pride. Here this yearning has been chilled rather than fostered: can it be wondered that Lord Fitzwilliam (obiit 1816), who intended to have begueathed his collections to the Museum, should, on learning they were liable to be sold or lost, hand them over to the better taste and custody of Cambridge; or that mediæval Douce, testy and capricious, and his compeer "Northern Saxon" Gough, should select the Bodleian for the asylum of their precious accumulations? So Soane steered clear of the careless triton of Great Russell-street, in order to found his minnow Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields; so Kirby the entomologist, fearful of "basements," took special care that his beloved specimens should escape slow putrefaction and rapid cremation. While offers to give were snubbed, proposals to sell were not welcomed by the trustees; indeed, so great was the difficulty in dealing with this corporation, that one of our most eminent booksellers gave up all idea of it—he having on one occasion offered a MS. to the trustees for thirty-five guineas, which they refused, and three years afterwards purchased at an auction for fifty! Thus a modern reality was given to the old myth of the Sibyl's books. Rare books are not to be got by being simply ordered in when wanted, like chaldrons of coals.

Public attention was still more attracted to the Museum in 1828, on the reception of

the fine library formed by George III., who, immediately on his accession, being of opinion (unlike his grandfather) that the King of England should have a library, began by purchasing, for 10,000l., the books of Mr. Smith, our consul at Venice, and next sent a good hand to the continent to procure others. It was on that occasion that Dr. Johnson wrote the remarkable letter, printed in the preface of the catalogue of this library, explanatory of the principles on which a good one ought to be made. By the steady expenditure of 2000l. a year, from 1762 to 1822, upwards of 65,000 volumes had been purchased, and it was then announced that George IV. had presented the whole to the public. A select committee of the House of Commons reported, April 18, 1823, that a new "fire-proof" building ought to be raised to receive the royal library, and expressed the "strongest gratitude" to the reigning Prince for "this act of munificent liberality, and his Majesty's disposition to promote the science and literature of the country." The secret history we believe to have been this. King George IV., having some pressing call for money, did not decline a proposition for selling the library in question to the Emperor of Russia. Mr. Heber, having ascertained that the books were actually booked for the Baltic, went to Lord Sidmouth, then Home Secretary, and stated the case, observing "what a shame it would be that such a collection should go out of the country;" to which Lord Sidmouth replied, "Mr. Heber, it shall not;" and it did not. On the remonstrance of Lord Sidmouth, of whose manly and straightforward character George IV. was very properly in awe, the last of the Grand monarques presented the books to the Museum—on the condition that the value of the rubles they were to have fetched should be somehow or other made good to him by Ministers in pounds sterling. This was done out of the surplus of certain funds furnished by France for the compensation of losses by the Revolution. But his Ministers, on a hint from the House of Commons that it was necessary to refund these moneys, had recourse, we are told, to the droits of the Admiralty.

The eyes of mankind were much turned to Bloomsbury; and the non-contents, headed, as we said, by the Naturalists, availed themselves of the opportunity. "The present," cried Sir Humphrey Davy—himself an instance of as yet unhackneyed honors granted to science—"is the best moment for attempting a radical and fundamental change in everything belonging to this ancient, misap-

plied, I may almost say useless, institution." So Dr. Davy states, in his biography of his renowned brother. After volleys of paper pellets of the brain from daily and weekly sheets, the heavy breaching artillery was opened in May, 1823, by our respected colleagues of the Edinburgh Review; although many marks were cleverly hit, the northern discharge was found, when evidence was examined, to be overloaded; nevertheless, the blue and buff signal of war to the knife was repeated by the Westminster and Retrospective Reviews--and by pamphlets published by small people on "Science without Head," as well as by octavos written by great personages, "Reflections on the Decline of Science in England," &c. &c., a vast sensation was created. It was a mighty pretty quarrel as it stood; now all is forgotten—requiescat in pace. The deep-seated cause of all this festering and inflammation in the intellectual constitution of England lay in the antagonism between the aristocracy of talent and the aristocracy of birth. It reddened when the road to the honors of science was made a royal one by the election of the Duke of Sussex to the presidency of the Royal Society. It led the centrifugal dissenters to establish, on a German model,* an opposition British Association for the advancement of science and men of science—to whom, as their organs feelingly complained, with one exception or so in an age, no titles had been conceded; nay, to whom Westminster Abbey was utterly refused when they were defunct -a circumstance doubly aggravating, because Britannia had been comparatively liberal of stones to her dead poets, though she often denied them bread while in the flesh. The great Associated, advocates of the aurea mediocritas, were too lofty to speak out as to ribbons and monuments—but sticking to business, they manfully set forth the comfortable doctrine that they should, while living, find "an asylum in the eldorado of the state," -in short, have a fixed income paid quarterly out of the consolidated fund, and thus be able to devote their whole intellects to the public good. This feat remains to be accomplished. Science cannot be too much honored: it may be too well paid. The poverty which compels genius to work, enriches mankind. How many gifted men have been found missing when bound by the golden

links of Hymen! How many poets (and patriots) have been silenced by a pension! The first meeting was held at York in 1831, when, in the eloquent language of one of the illustrious founders, "Beauty, in the form of Minerva, took part in the orgies of Science." Twenty summers have followed, made glorious by this sun of York and other provincial "starrings" of peripatetic philosophers; vast the gaping of squires and bumpkins at sections, and lectures, and experimentswondrous the enthusiasm of provincial basbleus-spendid the local contributions of venison and pine apples-ultra-Ciceronian the interlaudations of the wise. We hope some

real good has been done.

To help the movement, moreover, just about the same epoch the small black cloud of radical-reform mania loomed in the horizon, and cast its coming shadow. The British Museum became too prominent a mark for nuisance-abaters and notoriety-hunters, to be passed over by them in the higher walks of energy to which so many of their kidney had soon found access. Mr. Grey Bennet made sundry motions; but the angry humors were brought to a head by Mr. Benjamin Hawes, at that time a popular member, and a very different person from the full-blown Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Mr. Hawes became the cat's-paw of one Millard, who had been appointed, in 1824, a temporary assistant in the British Museum, but was discharged in 1833. Mr. Hawes, with a seer-like sympathy, rushed to the resuscitation of a drowning subaltern. Small causes, however, may produce good :- in 1835, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed-and a more excellent one could not well have been selected. chair was happily given to Mr. Estcourt. The committee sat for two sessions.

The Report of the Committee, July 14, 1836, recommended, among other things, a revision of the establishment of the Museum; and an occasional conferring of the elective trusteeship on scientific men as a mark of distinction; nor, we repeat, ought this to be It is an honor far more to be prized than a galaxy of decorations—which may signify little more than pertinacity in tuft-hunting. English Science may well be contented with the elevation of her own pedestal and the shadow cast on all below. Now that Hallam, Hamilton, Herschel, Buckland, and Macaulay have been admitted into the elective trusteeship, the aristocracy of talent has no more contests to fear-and nature's masterpieces may well follow where

^{*} Berlin, Sept. 18, 1829, was graced by a congress of philosophers. Alexander von Humboldt presided: 850 persons dined; 1200 and odd drank tea and beer—the king, though no teatotaller, being one of them.

the Lansdownes, Spencers, Aberdeens, and Stanleys have led: we shall not prolong the closed poll; the battle of the books, now raging, and which more strictly concerns us,

is an evil quite sufficient.

The Committee also recommended that the heads of departments should meet quarterly to discuss details and better management, and report to the trustees; -who, however, when the alarm from "outside barbarians" came to a pause, omitted utterly to enforce this sound suggestion. It was recommended by the 14th resolution, that every new accession to the Museum should be forthwith registered by the responsible head of the department, and a book kept for that purpose. Under the pretence of this impossible registration, the trustees—without consulting any officer in the Museum except the Secretary—gave to his post a wholly new importance; to him, and not to the heads, they entrusted this registration, and thereby destroyed all effectual checks and responsibilities. The form and farce of registration, mismanaged by the Secretary's clerks, and "one of the most fruitful sources of misunderstandings," was, after infinite waste of time, trouble, and expense, abolished by the trustees, in the eleventh hour, and possibly from fear of the Commission. On the plea of increased business, the salary of the Secretary was raised from 100l. to 700l. a-year; a house, and one of the best, was given him in a most irregular manner, to the indignation of the other officers. To this were added an over numerous staff, offices, and privileges. It would seem that the Secretary, owing to his constant presence at fluctuating boards, from servant became master, and was raised from a subaltern to be commander-in-chief-the proper superintendent, the Principal Librarian, being virtually deposed. The Secretary's new power was no trifle; -we gather from the Evidence that he had the initiative; prepared at his pleasure agenda for meetings of the trustees; gave no notice sometimes of what was to be done at them; that he drew the minutes, and had the power of selecting what he liked; nay, that the minutes of the standing committees were not always read to the general board-by which they were occasionally confirmed in the gross—the contents unexamined. He might present or withhold reports sent in by heads of departments; might abstract or abridge them, and omit what he chose. These heads sometimes communicated directly to him and he to them, and without the intervention of the

Principal Librarian; in a word, most proceedings were guided by his discretion, and he was the mainspring of a mighty institution, which, should that mainspring be deranged, inevitably must go wrong.

The Secretary appears at least to have had a share of the patronage; the proper and usual forms were too often neglectedblank appointments being filled up by the Primate, who wrote over in ink the names penciled by the Secretary. At times he merely told the trustees that the Primate had verbally made the appointment; at others the Secretary did not even go through that form, but nominated directly himself. this abuse blew up when Lord Cottenham refused to sign appointments of persons who had long been employed without any proper authority: the Chancellor kept the papers nearly a year in his desk, and a most curious correspondence ensued. It requires a very long sap and siege to take the Court of Chancery.

Now, happily, this anomalous new secretaryship is abolished—the Rev. Joseph Forshall—who had the misfortune to fall into very bad health—took his physicians' advice, and finally retired—and what then? Sir Henry Ellis, principal librarian, turned 72, and more than 50 years in the service of the Museum, has most kindly and admirably performed, for nearly two years, all the duties of Secretary, all those so "arduous" duties, in addition to his own, finding them "light," and without the smallest gratuity or fraction of the 700l. a-year being yet offered to him.

Let us enter the great body of the library. The whole collection consists of about 460,000 volumes, which are ranged on some twelve miles of shelves. About one-third of this national library has been presented, and the remainder honestly come by. "Mais, Sire, tout est payé ici"-as Mr. Planta, chief librarian, said in 1814 to Alexander, who remarked on its then smallness. They manage matters better in France and Russia. It appears in evidence that in the Bibliotheque du Roi (now Nation ale) "one-third at least is pure theft"taken from convents and émigrés at the first Revolution. Under Buonaparte's despotism, collector-commissioners followed the rapacious eagle, and conveyed to Paris, then the great receiving-house of the stolen-goods of Europe, all that was judged deserving of transportation-preference being religiously given to church plate. The Gauls, it is fair to add, acted no worse towards foreigners than towards their own countrymen-witness the

revelations of the wholesale stealing which went on in every provincial library of France, detailed in M. Libri's own book-we mean his "Lettre à M. de Falloux" (Paris, 1849); -and also in other documents. Nor was the whole of the Buonapartist swag disgorged in 1815, when the allied emetic was adminis-The Parisians still rejoice in their pickings-"furto lætantur in ipso." A witness, when visiting this "national property," and observing the words Bibliotheca Vaticana on a magnificent vellum volume, remarked that he thought they had returned all the books of other people. "Oh, no," was the answer; "we have not given them all back; we have taken good care of that." "La propriété c'est le vol," says M. Proudhon, cidevant représentant du peuple souverain.

The Imperial Public Library at St. Petersburg was formed after a Tartar and Calmuck fashion. Count Zaluski, bishop of Kiof, collected in the last century some 200,000 volumes. These, augmented by his brother, the bishop of Cracow, were ultimately in 1761 left by a Zaluski to the college of Jesuits at Warsaw. This "gift rather of a king than of a subject" was in 1791, and after the suppression of that order, carried off to St. Petersburg. The season was so bad and the books so ill-packed, although shaved off with sabres when protruding, that many cases broke by accident, and many items were lost and others further injured. To this haul were added in due time the books of Potemkin. He was giving a fête to the Empress Catherine, when she remarked that the only thing wanting in his palace was a library. Next morning this well-trimmed aper of civilization sent for a bookseller, gave a liberal order—"no matter what, little books at the top, and great ones at the bottom." Never was such trash shelved, and it is still classed on the principles of our west-end upholsterers when furnishing ladies' boudoirs, by a reference to size, not subject. "The quartos," says Mr. Huish, "are ranged together, the octavos together, the duodecimos together; works of all kinds and subjects are mingled; you will find Mrs. Glass on the art of making Syllabubs placed next to Beattie on the Immutability of Truth." It is lucky for these delectable British classics that the illustrious Ukase-maker Paul has retired from business; for he had "passed a law not to admit an Englishman into the library, nor an English book."

Fortunately the latter deficiency can be supplied in our Museum, parliamentary petitioners to the contrary notwithstanding. The

first object of the keeper, as was proved in evidence, is to secure works relating to British subjects. The strongest branch of the British Museum is general history, and the strongest branch of that, the strongest, is British history. The printed book department, forming almost the only public library in London for two millions, is more interfered with and misrepresented than any other. The keeper is subject to pressure from within and from without; it is impossible to please everybody. Here, while mankind wisely leaves geology to geologists, botany to botanists, and so forth, and does not pretend to teach the professed and responsible heads, everybody that can read fancies he knows all about books-a slight mistake, which increases in proportion to the crassness of every pretender's ignorance.

The literary interests of the Museum, down to 1824, were inadequately cared for. A pittance of between 200/. and 300l. a-year was, it is true, doled out; but most propositions to buy were thwarted, and especially by Mr. Bankes; the fear of Joseph Hume, then commencing a politico-economical career, was always before his eyes; -but, we are bound to add, quite needlessly-for Sir R. H. Inglis has borne witness that he never recollected of Mr. Hume's making the least objection to any expenditure, however high, upon any worthy object acquired or coveted for the Thus, however, when the text of Museum. Audubon's fine work on birds came to the Museum under the Copyright Act, without the plates, Mr. Bankes refused to purchase them. The trustees are not to be left off on the score of Joseph's awful brows-they themselves, of their own free will, took many a leaf out of the book (the only book) of the late Ferdinand of Naples: -after his restoration, on Murat's downfall, when the minister set down in his budget the usual sum for the library, "What's this?" said his macaroni-engulphing Majesty; "how many volumes have you already?" "150,000, Sire." "Have they all been read through?" "No, Sire." "Then buy no more until they have." Gradually the English Treasury were shamed into some increase, and the purchases were entrusted to the unfettered discretion of the keeper. It was, however, impossible, with such limited means and bit-by-bit assistance, not amounting to 20,000% in thirty-two years, to supply the many and notorious desiderata. In January, 1845, a lucid statement was presented by Mr. Panizzi to the trustees, giving once for all a history of the library and its deficiencies. Government—thanks chiefly to

the exertions of Mr. Goulburn and Mr. Cardwell—recommended Parliament to grant, for some years to come, 10,000l. a-year for the purchase of books of all descriptions. An inculcation to add, meantime, more sparingly to other collections, coupled with the keeper's suggestions to remove the Natural History, raised the jealousy and opposition of some of his brother officers—hinc illa lacry-With the 28,0001. received during the scarcely three years of this short-lived but generous grant, many gaps were filled up, and all would have been by this time, had not the Peel ministry become felo de se. The first step of the Whigs in power, the zealots of education, was to stop the grant, and thereby to dry up one of the chief sources of knowledge. We are convinced that, until proper room is prepared, no prudent keeper will ever again bestir himself to obtain any new grant; the obloquy, trouble, and ill-will, which have been the reward of him who had the courage to set the example, will be a lasting warning. To fold the arms, and dose from quarter-day to quarter-day, is the best policy for minor officials in too many departments-surtout

point de zele. The interior of the library is striking. The general designs and forms are somewhat too square. In the elegant "arched room" we trace Italian suggestions. The accumulated tomes, ranged high and low, are verily, as worthy Dominie has it, "prodigious!" In every direction well-garnished trucks of books are moving about on noiseless wheels; able attendants, waiting on the public, fetch and carry balm for the sick soul, companions to the desolate, food for the mind; tables groan under volumes to be marked and catalogued by intelligent gentlemen, each of whom, for his refreshment, has a decanter of water and a glass—"Doctrines of Sapience"—liberally supplied by the Board, without any deduction from his daily wages. Here and there some privileged scholar, a spectacled German, a Frenchman bearded as a pard, is poring over black letters and incunabula; or a party of lady visitors-Graces, Muses, and Minervas-are flitting through extra-bound in colors brighter than "Manchester calico," which Mr. Tomlinson, a severely critical witness, mistook for best "Barbary Morocco!" They must not, however, seduce us from our subject. The volumes of this glorious library have doubled in number since the present keeper has been at the head-227,000 in 1837, they now reach 460,000, truly reckoned up according to Cocker. The boasted numbers of most of the libraries abroad are, !

beyond doubt, exaggerated; it is easier to guess than to count: even the sum total of the 11,000 virgins of Cologne may be a trifle too large. Certainly, in countries of pious frauds and bulletin celebrity, to lie pour l'honneur de la patrie has long been orthodox. In this library great care has been taken to. procure the rarest and most expensive books, in order that poor students may be sure to find everything necessary for research and reference, however beyond their means. The public purse properly pays for such private benefits. This dispensary of the mind is, as it ought to be, a national storehouse of knowledge, a rich repository, destined more for utility than entertainment. It ought neither to be a school nor a circulating library; yet, while no foreign library permits loungers to occupy scanty space or waste the time of attendants with calls for light and idling literature, that absurdity is allowed here. public master who pays, calls for what he pleases: he is served with an intellectual banquet in the reading-room, from the inner library, through a window, which resembles

the buttery-hatch of a college.

In order to enter the reading-room, we must walk into Montague-place, and go down a mews-like lane where a cart cannot turn. The hinder portions of the Museum are most Hottentotish, and shame the portico front features; they consist of irregular excrescences, coachhouse-looking makeshifts, courts and corners run up for the nonce in defiance of symmetry and Vitruvius. It is the old story again, want of room. Assuredly, if the Natural History be not shortly removed, a new and enormous outlay in bricks and mortar must be incurred. If, on the contrary, nature be separated from art, nothing will be required for two generations. In the former emergency, it was suggested that it might be well to effect the purchase of seven houses and gardens in Russell-square and Montague-place, and erect on their site a new MSS. department—taking the present MSS. rooms for the printed books-and constructing, in a central point between the two, new reading-saloons worthy of the public. Then could be supplied a collating-room for curious and large works-a want now seriously felt by learned students, since the place destined for that purpose has been thrown away on insects and reptiles; a cold collation and consolation for the book-worm bi-

The public entrance to the reading-room is at a poky side-door in the north-east corner. It leads, by a gloomy ante-vault, and

up a narrow back-staircase, into two large rooms. Here, since the sitting of the commission, Mr. Panizzi has at last been permitted to carry out his plans. We can vouch, after a minute examination, that every possible comfort and convenience which the constructions permitted, is now provided. Formerly, there existed great difficulties of admission. About 1806 a special recommendation from a trustee was necessary. This was broken down by Dr. Stone, who claimed it as a right. Now the door is opened as widely as possible, consistently with the preservation of the public property. In the year 1811 only 269 tickets were issued; in 1849, 3049. The number of readers, from 22,800 in 1825, had risen, in 1848, to 65,867, and is rapidly increasing since the recent improvements within. The besetting sin of the largest of these rooms is the original and architectual want of light and space; but all that patient ingenuity could well devise for counteracting such evils has been done. More than 10,000 dictionaries, encyclopedias, and books of reference have been placed for the visitors to consult at pleasure. Two sets of the additional catalogue are provided, with sloping shelves to rest them on. There are stands for pen and ink, and printed directions to fill up in order to obtain anything wanted. Even blotting-paper is not forgotten. The scanty side-light has been aided by putting glass panels in doors, and by reflectors. Room for forty readers more has been gained by change of tables and positions. The legs of chairs are padded with India-rubber to move noiselessly like cats' paws. The hastiest comparison of the facilities and civilities of this establishment with the rude and rigid regulations in most foreign libraries, ought to gratify John Bull. Here any person may have any number of books. Dr. Biber had, he says, 150 in one day—he had really 261. Any book correctly asked for can be delivered in ten, and is often delivered in six minutes, although it takes three minutes to walk the length of the library. They come, says one witness, "by magic." In some libraries abroad they come, when they come at all, in an hour; in others the next day. At Paris, after waiting an hour, you are often told, "The book is not here." There indeed it is so bad that Mr. Thackeray soon abandoned any search in that Vanity Fair, "Never," says he, "was anything less satisfactory."

To conclude—while a class of Englishmen, lovers of the grumble, befoul their own nest—according to the testimony of two compeent foreigners who have traveled Europe to

inspect libraries, "this is the best regulated in the world; here the books are most faithfully guarded and the public most properly served." The evidence before the commissioners goes unanimously to prove the skill, good-humored patience, and attentive civility of the attendants. Simple ignorance is aided -pretentious ignorance is endured;—testy old gentlemen who write wrong nameshasty sparks who will not search under the right letter of the catalogue, are put in the way of their alphabet by men paid daily wages. Yet no end of growling. When Sir F. Madden writes for a bibliographical, meaning a biographical, work—Professor Forbes for one by Lichtenstein, meaning Leuctenberg, and so on-it seems to us that the attendants, not the applicants, have a right to be cross: you might as well call for a Sandwich, meaning a Spencer. The business of the British Museum is to supply books, not that sort of information about books and their authors, and the various titles or designations of the same author, which ought to be got before a man enters the Museum, from the common manuals of bibliographical or biographical instruction. If reasons were supplied by pantechnicon patent vans, numskulls are not to be furnished with understanding. Honorable M. P.'s themselves may be misled. One complained to the House that the British Museum did not possess the esteemed work on Artesian Wells by one of its own trustees. The truth came out that he had mistaken a capital city, Paris, for a capital physician, Dr. Paris, who has written well on many ills—but, ill or well, on no wells.

Nor are all clever men—occasionally the spoilt children of sweet Dopia—always to be contented. Some, not satisfied with having sugar-plums given them, feel aggrieved if they are not put in their mouths for them. Mr. Turner thinks it hard, and too much for his physical capacities, to have to carry the books he wants—(we trust his extracts may be lighter);—so he, for peace and quiet, goes by the train to the Bodleian. He is vexed in spirit at the British Museum by a fellowstudent, "an idiot, who was sent to the reading-room by his friends to get rid of him." Surely a secretary or a principal librarian, exercising a paternal authority over the Museum, ought to have provided a keeper with strait waistcoats, to be used by him at his discretion. Mr. Turner is moreover agitated here by the presence of a flea, "larger than any to be found elsewhere, except in the re-ceiving-room of a workhouse." This we must skip. Our inferior entomological experience prevents more particularities on the Pulex Mus. Brit. Max. Certainly in this over-crowded world and British Museum there are naturals and natural history whose room is better than their company, and we tremble for the dear blue-stockings who grace the reading-room. Our esteemed friend Mr. Carlyle's evidence (Feb. 29, 1849,) forms one of the sweetest morsels of the feast. He, too, is worried by the aforesaid idiot, and by a sane gent. who blew his nose very loudly every half-hour. "The bad ventilation gives me"—i. e. Mr. Carlyle—"the Museum headache." "The ordinary frequenters are a very thick-skinned race—I am a thin-skinned student and can't study there." We do trust that poor Panizzi has sufficiently felt the reading-public pulse, with no fee but abuse, to be now callous, pachydermatous, and willing to leave the skin-feeling to the judgment of Dr. Paris. The author of Sartor Resartus complains of a general want of "composure" and catalogue. Without the latter he is "lost in the sylva sylvarum." "The books might as well have been locked up in watertight chests and sunk at the Doggerbank." "Of all catalogues, the worst is no catalogue at all. A library without one is a Polyphemus without an eye in his head. A man of common sense might go into this chaos and make it a cosmos." Other wits are indignant that this chaos is not open and lighted up of an evening-but peradventure, however education-mongers may theorize, in practice it might be found that few persons would come here if it were opened at night. Lawyers' and merchants' clerks find the work of each day sufficient, and oddly enough prefer casinos and cigars, after early closing, to metaphysics and mathematics. Nor must we forget the danger to which so much public property would then be exposed in a building not fire-proof. Besides Mr. Braidwood's brigade, a double set of attendants would be necessary; benefits may be overbalanced by inconveniences. After all, it is a question of expense.

We are happy to say that instances of misconduct in these attendants by day are most rare. One exception will prove the rule. In 1847, an animarried lady, of whose writings we think favorably, received from a porter, named King, an anonymous letter, purporting to be from a stranger, threatening, if she did not remit through that porter 5l., that her character would be exposed. The accomplished lady, with the high courage of innocence, took the letter to the Museum authorities. The hand-writing was traced to

King, who was tried, and transported for seven years, and two attendants who gave King a good character were dismissed. Although there is no secret police dressed in plain clothes here, as at Paris, thefts are very rare.

Of all the malcontents within or without the Museum, those who complained of the Catalogue were the most noisy. As we remarked on a former occasion, while it seems easy enough to the infinite number who talk about things they do not understand, to make a good catalogue is so very difficult in practice that the first bibliographers are "appalled" at the undertaking. The better opinion is, that the alphabetical form, with a copious index of matter, is the most useful and feasible, and that uniformity and consistency, fulness and accuracy, are the essential points. Such was the system adopted by Audifredi, who, in 1761, commenced the best alphabetical catalogue ever begun—that of the Casadate Library at Rome; but it never was carried beyond the letter K, or the fourth volume, and that was published in 1788, twenty-seven years after the first-tantæ molis erat!---and yet the Casanate Library did not then contain 50,000 volumes.

The battle of the books formed the chief object of the Commission; and the Catalogue, the key of the position, became the point of attack and defence. As the keeper challenged all the world, the Commissioners encouraged every comer to the lists, and perhaps wasted too much time on sundry men of straw, and neglected, for this branch of inquiry, the important questions of the MSS., the building, the coins, and the recent extraordinary theft of them by Vlasto, which the Principal Librarian only learnt for the first time from the public papers! Of assailants from within—Sir F. Madden prefers the folio Bodleian Catalogue to "the one Mr. Panizzi proposed." This knight was speedily un-The Museum Catalogue, it was shown, is one drawn according to the orders of the trustees, who are his and the other keepers' masters: "the Bodleian has six catalogues at least." Mr. Keeper Gray comes forward, publishing pamphlets. Rather than be "drawn into a squabble" with a brother officer, Mr. Panizzi appeals to the trustees, and no less a man than Sir Robert Peel draws the award. The resolution recommends him to maintain an entire silence with regard to the pamphlets, and does not require any vindication of his conduct as impugned by Mr. Gray. Basta. Mr. J. Payne Collier enters armed cap-a-pie. He was secretary tot he Commission, and consequently in possession of unpublished evidence, from whence he extracts and writes, without communicating to the keeper, although he does to the Commissioners and to witnesses from without. He is a patron of "native talent." "English common sense revolts at Mr. Panizzi's plan," who is naturally anxious about foreign literature, though he by no means neglects ours; -but Englishmen may also deserve to come under the same ban. Mr. J. P. C. pronounces the late Rev. Mr. Garnett, assistant in the library, "not fit to do his duty." Mr. Garnett was a most excellent classical scholar, thoroughly versed in German and all cognate literature, one of our few good Anglo-Saxons, well acquainted with Italian, French, and Spanish, and their dialects, and conversant with several Oriental languages. "He knew," said Mr. Panizzi, "as much of English as Mr. Collier, and more of everything else." Let us add that he was the writer of not a few articles in this Review; and his death was a great loss to us as well as to the Museum. Then to prove how easily, had he-Mr. J. P. C.-been in either of their places, he could make an uncommonly good catalogue, he volunteers a sample—which, when sifted by an experienced cataloguer, is pronounced to contain "every error that possibly can be committed."

Some of the objections from without differ widely from each other. A good catalogue, says Mr. Craik, "ought to be not only of every book, but of the contents of that book." "The fault of the new catalogue," says Mr. Bruce, "is that it is one of the contents of the books." Our clever hand-booker, Mr. Peter Cuningham, thinks "George Robins's Strawberry Hill Catalogue, which is the worst ever made, better than waiting for Mr. Panizzi's." "No annoyance," says Mr. Bolton Corney, "is equal to a search through the fourscore folio volumes." He requires a short one immediately, because, at his time of life, another would not be ready soon enough for him. In dealing with a large library, there must, we should say, be a large catalogue, and the more voluminous the better, and more accessible, since there is less chance of the searcher's finding the volume he wants engaged by some one else. When the alphabet is much subdivided, applicants go at once to their letter, with the sweet simplicity of receiving dividends at the Bank.

There are other differences among literati of the first mark. Lord Mahon wishes for a catalogue in type; Mr. Hallam prefers one in MS.; so does Mr. Croker, who pronounces a printed catalogue to be impracticable. complete and perfect one of a library increasing at the rate of 20,000 books a year is, says he, an impossibility. If one for 1850 dropped from heaven, its simplicity would be spoilt next day. As one to be made by mortal hands would require several years at least, it would be obsolete before finished. Croker is confident that the alphabetical is the only principle, and that the arrangement should be by MS. slips, with full titles, as is now done. This method is both cheaper, easier, and more expeditious. Cataloguing is plain sailing enough when the cataloguers have to deal with clear and easy titles. When books without titles, the complex, the anonymous, the pseudonymous, and polyonymous, and varied tugs of war come, then and there is the rub. It is under that test that all the plans proposed by deadly haters of MS., printers and booksellers especially even the ingenious scheme of our own trusty friends the Messrs. Clowes-must inevitably and invariably break down-it is angling for impossibilities. If John Bull will have this whistle, he must pay for it, and have patience. Meanwhile, he has a staff of librarians, who are living catalogues, and two sets of another in MS., by the aid of which the books he wants are brought to him with far greater certainty and rapidity than in any other library in Europe. The system adopted is the preparation of MS. slips of full and accurate titles, legibly written, and on a uniform plan, with cross-references, and marks indicating where each book is placed. These slips are now multiplied by Mr. Wedgwood's manifold writer, and are then pasted widely apart, and alphabetically, into folio volumes. These have spare blank leaves, and guards whereon new leaves may be attached. slips can very easily be detached and shifted, and whenever a folio becomes bulky by additions, it can be forthwith divided into two. We just mention, in order to give a notion of the voluminous tendencies of the catalogue, that from the corpulency caused by recent additions, and within a few months, ten feet more space is required, and the increase of weight is from eighty to ninety pounds.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Touchstone.—Lovers are given to Poetry."—As you Like it.

Samuel Lover, poet, painter, dramatist—the author of "Rory O'More," and who has not heard it, ground as it is on organs, scratched on fiddles, blown on coach horns, pressed into the service of quadrilles, and even tortured into a waltz? Sung in the western wilds of America and on the wall of China, piped and drummed by our military bands in every quarter of the globe, "Rory" still reigns an universal favorite, and bids fair, tilke." Patrick's Day" or "Garryowen," to go on living among us in our own sea-girt isle from sire to son, by "a lease of lives renewable for ever."

We have by us, as we write, a book entitled "Crosby's Irish Musical Repository," containing "a Choice Collection of Esteemed Irish Songs, adapted for the Voice, Violin, and German Flute," which, bearing date 1808, emanated from Stationer's-court, Paternoster-row, and professes on its title-page to be purchaseable "at all respectable book and music-sellers in the United Kingdom." An examination of this volume has satisfied us that a pig, a shillelagh, and a knock on the head were the chief stock in trade of the comic song writers of that day, who felt it indispensable to end their verses with the senseless refrain of "Whack row-de-dow," "Smallilou," or "Bubbero," "Palliluh," or "Whilleluh, Botheration," "Langolee," "Whack," and whack again. Instead of imitating what they affected to represent, they created, Frankenstein-like, a strange monster which they called an Irishman, who could only make mistakes, and whenever he was pushed to an argument, twisted his stick in solution of the difficulty, and sang a song with an appropriate "Whack." Most of these absurdities were written for the stage, at a time when the Irishman played but a subordinate part in the drama, passed current in England until a very recent period, and were tolerated and even applauded in Ireland. The days of "Whack and Smallilou," however, were destined to be numbered, for

in "Rory O'More" a way was shown to a new phase of song, in which there is comicality without vulgarity or coarseness, and, in the midst of fun, a poetic appreciation of female beauty, combined with gallantry and tenderness—

"Her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with
light."

But we are anticipating. Let us go back awhile, and say something about the subject of our memoir before the birth of his "Rory." Lover, like Moore, was born in Dublin; they drew their life-stream from Irish mothers; alike were lulled to sleep by the unmatched melodies of their native land; alike heard her legends and fairy tales, and had their young fancies warmed from the same source. At a very early age he displayed evident musical tendencies. When once on a visit with a friend of his father's, where there were children of his own age, he left his companions at play, and being missed by the lady of the house, who went about in some anxiety looking for him, her ear was arrested by the sound of an old piano-forte in a remote room, its notes dropping now and then in the apparent effort of somebody trying to make out a tune, she softly opened the door and saw him poking out the then popular melody of "Will you come to the bower," the composition of the illustrious bard who excited his imagination, and who years afterwards heard his praises sung by the same boy under circumstances which are still fresh in the memory of many. There was a public dinner given to Moore in Dublin, on the 8th of June, 1818, for which Lover, then a mere stripling, was presented with a ticket by a friend, to whom, on the day of the entertainment, he showed a song which he had written. The subject was a poet's election in Olympus, where many striving for the honor of being Jove's laureate, Tom Moore carries it hollow by a large majority, Venus, the Loves, and the Graces giving him plumpers as a matter of course.

"The song is very fair, indeed," said his friend, "but there will be such a host of talent there that it will never do for you to

sing it at the dinner."

Sheil, Maturin, Sir John Stevenson (Moore's co-laborateur in the Melodies,) with the whole staff of the Dublin musical force, were present, but strange to say, nothing poetical or musical was prepared for the occasion. The evening wearing on without anything appropriate forthcoming, Lover's friend gave him a nudge, and said—

"Master Sam, this won't do. We must have your song. I have just heard that your name has been sent up to Lord Charlemont, the Chairman. You'll be asked directly; so clear your throat, and don't be afraid."

In a few minutes afterwards he was called upon, and though flurried by the novelty of his situation, yet, inspired by his "first Champagne," sang with as much voice as fright left him. The effect was most successful: he was encored, and again and again applauded, the song drawing forth a most brilliant speech from the distinguished guest that night on the living poets of Great Britain. Moore's mother found out the next day where the authorship lay, and requested a copy. Years after, when, through other causes, he became intimate with her, we have heard Lover say that she often alluded to the song, and when Time's relentless course carried the poet's mother to the tomb, he was one of the honored few who bore the pall.

But to revert. His father, a worthy and excellent man, well known as one of the most respected members of the Stock Exchange in Dublin, being anxious that his son should remain at commercial pursuits for some time, he continued to assist him in his office until he found that the monotony of the desk ill suited his temperament, and he made up his mind to have "potato and salt," according to his own notion, rather than better fare with the drudgery of the counting-Having just sufficient knowledge that a certain admixture of blue and yellow would be sure to produce green, he determined to become a painter, and worked away with laborious zeal, gaining praise from his friends, with whom his amateur works were in great demand. Invited to the countryhouse of Major F--- (now no more), the young artist expressed a wish to make a likeness of his host, who sat with Christian pa-

tience and resignation awaiting the result. Failure succeeded failure, until at last something was produced, which, when shown to the gardener, he recognized as "The Masther—the Major himself, sure enough!" There was joy in that moment! a likeness was made! and in the crude streaks of red and yellow were seen the dawn of success.

Passing over probationary years of hard and self-instructing study, where there was more painting than pay, he at last began to be noticed and employed—perhaps the earlier so from the fact that his social qualities and musical accomplishments obtained for him an entrée into the best society in Dublin. We often heard of his being at the house of the Lefanus, whose distinguished visitors (as he once said to us) could be intellectual without being blue, and where people could be fashionable without being insipid-that admirable mixture of high intellectuality and high breeding, where both qualities helped out each other, and Minerva was indebted to the Graces. There was an inimitable piece of foolery got up in Dublin, called the Club of the Burchenshaft, where knowledge was squandered under the guise of ignorance, where wit flashed through the affected mask of stupidity, where society in its brightest form quaffed the cup rather to lubricate the throat, hoarse with uttering witticisms, than to gratify the sensual gust of palate; where every form of face appeared in a new guise, so that fun scarcely knew itself, and every meeting teemed with songs fresh from the mint of fancy. There it was that the great dignitaries of that august dynasty, "the Lord Chamberlain," the "Pipe-bearer," &c. &c., crowded round the "Noble Grand"-monarch of his own little kingdom! And who was he? Charles Lever—inimitable Charles! Long and happy may you reign wherever you are! But who was the minstrel of that joyous court? Samuel Lover! And never had troubadour more honor even in the good old times of King René. There was ye boke of yo Burchenshaft" too! containing the veritable history and wonderful records of the club—its origin, progress and transactions profusely illustrated and illuminated, by Lover's pencil. He painted a grotesque cover for the book, which was a good imitation of such a missal as one would find on the wormeaten shelves of an ancient library, and manufactured the "Blessed Dhodeen," supposed to have been the property of St. Patrick, and which was the seal of the official documents of his holiness, and also of St. Kevin. The contents of the volume were concocted chiefly by Lever; and, on the dissolution of the club, this literary treasure, together with the muniments and paraphernalia, remained in the possession of the "Noble Grand." The fraternity did not forget their Minstrel and Limner, to whom they presented a valuable gold snuff-box in testimony of their regard and approbation of the manner in which he discharged his official functions in two capacities.

Pursuing his profession as a miniaturepainter, he was elected, in 1836, a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and subsequently filled the office of its Secretary. The Marquis of Wellesley, then Viceroy, the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, and many other distinguished men in Ireland, sat for him. The picture, however, which brought him most into notice, and which may be said to have established his character as an artist, here as well as in London, was that of the celebrated Paganini, who sat for him during his stay in Dublin. We recollect one day seeing the miniature in an unfinished state, and being struck by its admirable likeness to the original, Lover told us the way in which he roused the great violinist to animation of feature during a sitting. "Paganini being dull, I wished (said he) to excite his attention. I remarked to him the great beauty of a little capriccio motivo in one of his concertos, and hummed the air. Old Pag. cocked his ear.

"You have been in Strasbourg," said he.

"Never," I answered.

"Then how did you hear that air."

"I heard you play it."

"No! if you were not in Strasbourg."

"Yes! in London."

"That concerto I composed for my first appearance in Strasbourg, and I never played it in London."

"Pardon me, you did at the Opera House."

"I don't remember."

"It was the night you played an obligato accompaniment to Pasta."

"Ah, Pasta!" he exclaimed, and his beautiful eye brightened as if he rejoiced in the remembrance of that night.

"As Rhoderick Dhu

'Felt the joy that heroes feel, In warriors worthy of their steel.'

so Paganini seemed to rejoice in the remembrance of that remarkable occasion, when those two great artistes, putting out all their force, were mutually inspired and successively interchanged artistic supremacy. The

chiefly by Lever; and, on the dissolution of | name of Pasta was a connecting link in the the club, this literary treasure, together with | musician's memory.

"Pasta! yes. How she sang that night."
"Yes," said I, "and how you played."

"Ah!" exclaimed he, with a shrug, "but that motivo; I did play it on that, but only on that, night in London. You must be a musician," said he, "for that is not an easy air to remember."

"It was encored, signor," with a complimentary bow, "and so I heard it twice.

"Ah!" said he, with another shrug, but evidently pleased, "but still I say, it is not easy to remember that air unless you are a musician."

This incident not only roused Paganini to the animation which Lover required, but procured for him admission to all his rehearsals. Thus it was—Pasta inspired Paganini, Paganini inspired the painter, for he produced admittedly one of the best likenesses ever made of that distinguished man; and when he ventured to send it to the Royal Academy of England, he did not overrate his own work, for we have heard it said, that Sir David Wilkie, Sir Martin Shee, and Chantrey, in criticising the picture, agreed that the violin (which, by the way, was an elaborate study) put them in mind of Gerard Dhow. Circumstances which occurred at this time prevented his going to London at once, but he contrived to get there a day or two before the Exhibition closed, when he had the satisfaction of seeing his picture, and, what was still better, of receiving several commissions.

While thus temporarily located in London, he painted some persons of distinction; among the rest a relative of Sir John Conroy, who was then Comptroller to the household of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Through Sir John's interest he hoped to have the honor of painting the Princess Victoria, but he was obliged to return to Ireland, where he passed the remainder of that year in the hope of transferring himself the following to the English metropolis. Again he was disappointed in carrying out his intentions. Early in the spring he received a letter with the Royal Arms on the seal—it was from Sir John Conroy! Could he at once go to London and paint a picture? This was, indeed, an opportunity any artist might have coveted, and of which he was eagerly desirous of availing himself; but a domestic calamity interfered, and he was compelled to write and explain to Sir John the reason of his not having answered his note by presenting himself in person; to this he received a kind reply, mentioning that he

should yet paint the picture. But such high tides only serves once in a man's life! he lost the golden opportunity, which, had he been enabled to seize, might have placed the Court Guide in a position to chronicle a Lover instead of a Hayter,* as her Majesty' Minia-

ture Painter in ordinary.

His engagments as an artist did not prevent his employing himself in literary pursuits, for he gave the public a series of his well-known "Legends and Stories," the success of which was established and attested by popular accord, and drew forth the highest praise from many contemporary authors; among the rest, Miss Edgeworth, whose keen sense of all things was as ready to discern and acknowledge merit in others as to make it evident in herself. The literary reputation he had thus acquired associated him with those who started the Dublin University MAGAZINE. In the first and second numbers appeared his story of "Barney O'Reirdon," almost as well known as the "Gridiron," which not only had (to use a stage phrase) a great run, but we think we can show that it conferred a practical benefit on a large portion of the traveling public of Ireland, of which, possibly, they may not be aware, and therefore we proceed to enlighten them. Mr. Bianconi, the well-known inventor and owner of the "Long Cars" of the Southern roads, was one day a passenger between Clonmel and Waterford, on his car which runs between these towns. To pass away the time he brought with him Lover's "Legends and Stories," then just published, from among which he selected the "Gridiron" for perusal, the fun of which he could well appreciate, and he bore testimony thereto with hearty bursts of laughter. He had but just finished the story, when the day, hitherto fine, suddenly changed, and down came a torrent of rain, which thoroughly soaked every one on the vehicle, including its worthy proprietor. Arrived in Waterford, his first care was to give directions to have the cushions well dried for use the following day, and, business-like, he waited to see his order carried into effect. When they were removed from the side of the car upon which he had sat, his vigilant eye at once observed that the seat was one pool of water, which had evidently no way for running off.

"I have it!" said he.

"I am glad of that, sir," says the driver.
"Did you lose anything?"

"The 'Gridiron,'" said Bianconi.

* Sir George Hayter occupies this high position.

"The Gridiron," echoed the driver.

"Ay," said Bianconi; "we must sit on Gridirons for the future, if we want to keep our passengers dry and comfortable."

"The Lord save us!" grinned the ostler.
"What is the masther at, at all at all?"

But he knew well what he was at, for we need scarcely remind our Irish readers that of late years a wooden grating, gridiron-like, has been placed under the cushions of Mr. Bianconi's cars, which, to the great comfort and convenience of his numerous passengers, has effectually prevented the lodging of water on the seats.

Let us now follow our artist to London, where, upon the strength of his general reputation, he determined to establish himself as a miniature painter. The first picture he exhibited, after taking up his residence in the metropolis; in 1835, was a miniature of the Moolree Mahmoud Ishmael Khan, the ambassador of the King of Oude, who sat for him shortly after his arrival on his mission to England. He also painted Lord Brougham in his robes of office as Lord Chancellor, which was an excellent likeness as well as an elaborate and highly finished painting. Thomas Moore, too, has recorded how highly he appreciated Lover's acquirements, as evidenced in a picture of his son Russell Moore (since dead). A portrait of Lover's daughter Meta, when a child, in the costume of a Connemara peasant, was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and was afterwards engraved in "Hall's Book of Gems." These and many other works from his pencil brought him into full business in his profession, while his versatile talents secured for him introductions into the salons of the fashionable world as well as a place in the best literary society. His own songs, sung and accompanied by himself; his own stories, told as no one else could tell them, made him a welcome guest everywhere. At Lady Blesssington's he was an habitué on her evenings of reception, and there, as well as at other houses where literary and artistic merit met, the success of his songs was so great that he was induced to publish.

A writer in *Blackwood** thus favorably comments on Lover's varied talents:—

"A new poet in our day is a discovery worth recording; but a new poet, who is at once a musician, a painter, a novelist, and a poet, is quadruply worth wondering at. This is the case of Mr. Lover, a young Irishman, who has lately made his appearance at this side of the Channel.

He is an artist of such skill as to have produced the very best small portrait, that of the Ambassador of the King of Oude, at the last year's exhibition at Somerset House. He has written some short dramas, but witty, and some volumes of Irish romance, which we understand are very clever, and are illustrated by some sketches from his own pencil. But his poems are now the topic. We must confess that we have never been much captivated with what has passed for Irish songwriting in England. These songs which profess to be humorous—the play-house species, are absolutely barbarous, the essence of vulgarity, unrelieved by anything that bears the slightest resemblance to humor in Ireland, or in any other contry under the sun; their wit is worthy of their authors, and their authors are worthy of the gin shop.

"Even the amatory songs which have had their day among us, have not altogether stolen into our hearts; they have treated of love alternately like a schoolmaster and schoolboy; there was too much about gods and goddesses, and too much about pouting lips and glossy curls. We doubt whether passion ever spoke the language of any one of them. They were pretty, and even poetical; but they wholly wanted truth; they had none of the intense feeling, the flush of fever, the mixture of sadness and playfulness, the delight and the agony of true inspiration. In the songs of the present writer we find much of the rich caprice, and not a little of the force of passion."

Taking up some of the popular superstitions of Ireland, a fruitful poetic theme, he wrote several songs to illustrate them-"Rory O'More;" "The Angel's Whisper;"
"The May Dew;" "The Four-leaved Shamrock;" "The Letter," &c., which commanded, we believe, the largest sale of almost any series of songs ever published. The great street favorite at this time in London was "Weber's Hunting Chorus," but "Rory" soon put out the pipe of the German Jager, and the Dhudeen beat the Meerscham. "Molly Carew" (which, with many other songs, followed the "Superstitions" in rapid succession) may be classed with "Rory O'More," though the difficulty of that tricksy air, "Planxty Reilly," to which it is adapted, was in the way of its street popularity. The structure of the rhymes, terminating in lines of the most capricious lengths, preserved throughout four verses, is most ingenious, and the poetry is admirable. Here is a simile:-

"For your lips, oh machree, in their beautiful glow,
Faith a pattern might be for the cherries to

And then the reflection thereupon arises—

"'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago;
But at this time of day,
'Pon my conscience, I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father."

"The Angel's Whisper," and "True Love can ne'er Forget" (the story of "Carolan," of whom it is related that when deprived of sight, after the lapse of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand), are examples of pathetic sentiment, in which the stories are condensed into the smallest possible compass. It has been justly remarked, that so earnestly does he treat his subject in the former, adhering closely to verb and substantive, dealing with actions and things, that the "adjective is only used three times, in one of which it assumes a compound form, and may, therefore, be said to have an application but twice."*

A second series of Legend Stories now appeared from the press; and in 1836 the novel of "Rory O'More" was written for Mr. Bentley. The management of the Adelphi Theatre was offered several dramatized versions of this popular work; but Mr. Lover was selected to put it on the stage, and Rory, in the hands of poor Tyrone Power, was triumphant in his third shape for over one hundred successive nights. Who that ever saw that admirable actor in Rory O'More, can forget his delineation of the part; and how delicious was the richness of his unforced brogue in narrating the story of the Fox of Ballybotherum. there was Gerald Pepper, written for him by Lover ("The White Horse of the Peppers"), to bring him out at the Haymarket, in which he made a great hit. The "Happy Man" was from the same pen, and was entrusted to the same actor, with entire suc-At Covent Garden, when Madame Vestris was lessee, a musical drama was produced, called the Greek Boy, in which she sang a charming barcarolle, "Gondolier's Row," and nightly obtained an encore. This drama was also one of Lover's. When Balfe took the English Opera House, (now the Lyceum), he sent him a burlesque opera, called Il Paddy Whack in Italia, in which that charming ballad "Molly Bawn," the cheval de bataille of the piece, was sung by Balfe himself, and soon became another street favorite-one of those al fresco spirits that

^{*} Criticisms on "Popular Songs," No. 3.—"The Angel's Whisper. Glasgow and Edinburgh Daily Mail,

loves open air, midnight, and the moon. How often we have heard it, when, to use the words of the song-

"The stars above are brightly shining, Because they have nothing else to do."

A handsome tribute was about this time paid to him, when his joint-stock reputation of painter, poet, musician, and dramatist caused him to be talked about. Forty Irish members of the House of Commons invited him to a dinner at "Grillon's," thus testifying their respect for his character, and ap-

preciation of his genius.

Continuing to work hard at his profession, he used his pen as well as his pencil; and having commenced serial story writing, he undertook the additional labor of illustrating the numbers himself with etchings on steel. "Handy Andy" and "Treasure Trove" were thus brought out; but he soon found that he had been doing the work of three His eyes, hitherto men instead of one. severely tried by miniature painting, became so seriously affected that he was recommended to cease from his ordinary professional pursuits, and, unwillingly, he yielded to medical advice. Being thus in a measure deprived of the means of pursuing his former occupation, it occurred to him to become in public the illustrator of his own stories and songs, feeling that, if half the approbation were to follow in public, which always resulted from the exercise of the same thing in private, success was pretty certain. Some recommended him to try the effect of what he could do quietly in the country; but he felt that it would be better to "take the bull by the horns," and make his first appearance in London, which he accordingly did, at the Princess's Concert-room, on the evening of the 13th March, 1844. man who had never done anything of the kind before, and with a voice of very limited compass, it was daring enough; but nerving himself for the occasion, his first monologue received the unequivocal approbation of a crowded audience, and the next morning's papers contained most favorable notices of his performance. The entertainment was repeated only to be more successful, and after an extended run in London, he presented it to the public in the chief cities and towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Two hours is a long time for one man, unassisted in any way, to keep people together, and, what is still more difficult, to keep them amused; but Lover succeeded in effecting this beyond all doubt. Song followed song, recitation followed anecdote, in pleasing and attractive variety; and while the introductory parts of the entertainment were delivered with unaffected ease and fluency, his dramatic powers were ever ready to assist him in the rendering of his musical compositions. as well as to give effect to his stories and poetic recitations.

In America, whither he proceeded in the spring of 1846, his reception was most flattering, and in the best society (well guarded ring-fence as it is), he was treated with marked distinction. In the chief cities and towns of the States and also in Canada he gave his monologue, which he varied from time to time with new songs, stories, and anecdotes. The song of the "Alabama" was written while gliding down that beautiful stream. It is at once a charming sketch from nature and a transcript of his own feelings at the time. Here is the concluding verse:---

"However far, however near, To me alike thou'rt still more dear; In thought, sweet love, thou'rt with me here, On the winding Alabama.

"The watch-dog's bark on shore I hear-He tells me that some home is near; And memory wakes affection's tear, On the distant Alabama."

Shortly after his arrival in New Orleans. he sung the "Alabama" in a drawing-room, and fresh as he was from the river, the theme of his song, it was perhaps the more effective. Mr. Clay, the distinguished senator, was present, and requesting him to repeat it, paid him a most refined and elegantly turned compliment by saying, "For the fature the Alabama will be better known through the Poet than the Geographer."

The Deer-hunt, and the sleighing in America, furnished subjects which he has treated in a lively and perfectly fresh man-The similarity of sound between slaving the Deer and sleighing the Dear, was quickly seized upon and illustrated in a song full of point throughout. A husband is recommended to prevent his wife from scold-

ing him:—

"If your dear's temper's crost, Pray at once for the frost, And fix her right into a sleigh; If she would she can't scold, For the weather's so cold, Her mouth she can't open at all. In vain would she cry,

For the tears in her eye Would be frozen before they can fall."

The autumnal couch and repose of the Forest-hunter is truthfully and picturesquely described in three short lines:—

"When the leaves falling red Yield a ready-made bed, Where they rest after slaying the deer."

The superstition among the Indians, that the "Great Spirit" forbade the use of gold to his children, is thus dealt with:—

"If gold had been good, the Great Spirit had given

That gift, like his others, as freely from Heaven. The lake gives us white fish, the deer gives us meat.

And the toil of the capture gives slumber so sweet:

Then give me my arrows, and give me my bow, In the wild woods to rove where the blue rapids flow."

These extracts, from songs written in America, will serve to show that Mr. Lover's poetry was not a conventional thing following in the beaten track of every-day association, nor confined to Irish subjects, with which his name was so identified; but fresh scenes produced fresh poetic combinations, alike truthful and just in imagery and illustration. Indeed, in a letter to a friend, he has described his sensations in the New World with a picturesqueness and force that make his prose truly poetic:—

"Glorious Niagara! never can I forget the sensations with which my eye first caught the rapids rushing down to the falls; the mighty mass of waters heaving, and foaming, and bounding onwards; and then, when I first saw their headlong dash down the abyss, I lost all powers of speech; for when I attempted words to tell what I felt, my tongue refused its office, my voice trembled, and I could scarcely refrain from tears. I threw off my hat in the spirit of reverential awe, and held out my hands towards the mighty giant, with his flowing robe, as if of molten emeralds, with a fringe of pearls and diamonds, for to nothing else in color or brilliancy may be likened the vivid green of the waters, the flashing and whiteness of the spray. Then the mighty cloud that arises, steaming up from the vast cauldron below, a messenger, as it were, seeking Heaven, whose Master has bidden the waters to fall there, to tell 'His will was done.' The god-like sun imaging his light in the spray, and adding prismatic beauty to that already so beautiful! Down, down, eternally fall those long festoons of snow-white waters, and the voice of God in the never-ceasing thunder of the cata-

"How the flood below heaves, and eddies, and rushes on through the giant gap of the stupendous cliffs, clothed with the nodding verdure of the green summer; while the leaves are sprinkled with the diamond shower of the spray, adding beauty to the feathery lightness of the woods, and refreshing their verdure. How the momentarily-formed rainbows flit about upon the ascending spray, as it whirls around in the never-dying breeze of this enchanting spot—another blessing in the fervor of an American July. Oh, Niagara! Niagara! how endless are thy beauties, how vast thy sublimity. Never have I seen grandeur and beauty so combined as in thee!"

On his return to England in 1848, being more than two years away, he gave an entertainment, entitled "Paddy's Portfolio," which was a combination of Irish songs and stories, and an epitome of his American notes and experiences. In delineating transatlantic character he was at once faithful and humorous, but never descended to ill-nature or caricature. His recitations of "The Irish Fisherman," and "The Flooded Hut of the Mississippi," were delivered with a depth of feeling and pathos which always found their way to the hearts of his audiences; while in his telling that exquisitely droll story of "The Adventures and Mistakes of Jemmy Hoy," he invariably excited the most hearty and genuine laughter.

"The Songs of the Superstitions of Ireland," with several legendary ballads, &c., have been published in a collected form; but since then Mr. Lover has written the words, and composed the music, for many other songs. In his tale of "Handy Andy" we find a good specimen of that power of condensation which we have before alluded to, in

this song:—

"An old man sadly said,
Where's the snow
That fell the year that's fled—
Where's the snow?
As fruitless were the task,
Of many a joy to ask—
As the snow.

"The hope of airy birth,
Like the snow,
Is stained on reaching earth,
Like the snow;
While 'tis sparkling in the ray,
'Tis melting fast away,
Like the snow.

"A cold, deceitful thing, Is the snow;

^{* &}quot;Songs and Ballads, by S. Lover." Chapman and Hall,

Though it come on dove-like wing,
The false snow.
'Tis but rain disguised appears,
And our hopes are frozen tears,
Like the snow.''

In the song "Forgive but Don't Forget," the second verse has a cumulative power of antithesis:—

"Oh why should friendship harshly chide
Our little faults on either side?
From friends we love we bear with those,
As thorns are pardoned for the rose.
The honey bee on busy wing,
Producing sweets, yet bears a sting;
The purest gold most needs alloy,
And sorrow is the nurse of joy."

And then the way in which the old saying is reversed in the concluding four lines:—

"Forgive, forget—we're wisely told, Is held a maxim good and old; But half the maxim—better yet, Then oh forgive—but don't forget."

In the "Birth of St. Patrick," the conceit that the saint being born at midnight on the 8th, and the uncertainty arising whether the 8th or 9th was his true birth-day are ingenious:—

"For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock;
And some blamed the babby, and some blamed
the clock;

For with all these cross-questions, sure no one could know

If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow."

Then Father Mulcahy making "confusion worse confounded," by declaring:—

"No one could have two birth-days but a twin."

And winding up with the device, that as eight and nine make seventeen, so conflicting testimonies would be best reconciled by making the 17th the birth-day; giving a good bit of advice, too, which might be well observed on more serious occasions in Ireland:

"Don't be always dividing, but sometimes com-

But here is his last, which none of our readers have yet met with:—

"COAXING CONNOR.

"Now, let me alone, though I know that you won't.

For I don't b'lieve a word, Coaxing Connor, you say;

You swear that you love me, but maybe you don't,

And 'tis with my poor heart you'd be wanting to play.

That's a game you're well up to with soothering arts

For Jane, Bet, or Nance—me, or Molly you'd strive:

I ask but one trick for my poor ace of hearts, While you, wicked rogue, would be playing 'spoil five.''*

"O! Peggy, your coaxing refusals among,
I heed not the word, but the look that replies;
With glances so bright you have no nsed of a

For, if you were dumb, you might talk with your eyes.

Your sweet lips may serve other uses than speech, You could smile me to bondage, you know, Peggy dear;

Be dumb, if you like—Beauty never should preach—

But, oh, be not deaf, when 'Tis Love bids you hear,

"'Tis you've play d 'spoil five' with my senses,

machree

For 'tis your' voice I hear in the soft summer wind:

In the fresh-blushing roses 'tis you that I see— Oh—I see you so plain!—though they say Love is blind.

If I touch a sweetbriar—I say that's herself; If I e'er feel your hand—on my ear 'tis I feel; But the taste of your lip—oh, like sweets on a shelf

'Tis kept far out of reach from the boy that would steal."

There are many other of Mr. Lover's songs and poems which we would gladly give extracts from, did space permit. But in those which we have given there is evidence of nature and truthful feeling, which make up for more studied and polished artifice. We believe he lacks what is called classical scholarship, but his writings are probably his fresher for the want of it. Schlegel, in the dramatic literature, when speaking of Shakspeare, says:—

"Our poet's want of scholarship has been the subject of endless controversy, and yet it is surely a very easy matter to decide. Shakspeare was poor in dead school-cram, but he possessed a rich treasury of living and intuitive knowledge. . . . The general direction of his mind was not to the collection of words but of facts. With English books, whether original or translated, he was extensively acquainted, and we may

^{*} For the benefit of general readers, we state that "spoil five" is a favorite Irish game at cards, in which the ace of hearts predominates.

safely affirm that he had read all that his native language and literature then contained, that could be of any use to him in his poetical avocations."

Burns, too, was not prevented by want of classic lore from being a poet; and Spenser said, that in the early ballads of the Irish, wild as they were, there was much of "the pure gold of poetry." In treating Irish subjects, Mr. Lover is essentially Irish in spirit, and his illustrations are in strict accordance with the theme. What Lover has done for the popular superstitions of Ireland, another lyrist has more recently effected for those terse and pithy proverbs to be found in the mouths of our peasantry :-- "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love;"
"Welcome as flowers of May;" with many others which are all now familiar to lovers of song, and have been admirably given by Jonathan Freke Slingsby, a name second to none in that class of poetry with which he has identified himself. We cannot refrain from expressing a hope that these charming ballads may yet be collected in some perma-

In music Lover is not scientific, but he knows enough to write the symphonies and accompaniments, to his own songs. His ear is so true that we never find him writing false harmony, and thus one will not be disposed to inquire, when hearing or reading his compositions, whether he is conversant with the mysteries of extended sixths, or diminished or German sevenths. Without toiling through the abstruse rules of music, he appears to have intuitively learned that which has taken other men years to acquire. have stated before that his voice is of limited compass, but, like Moore, who sang his own melodies with such charming effect, he makes up for the want of organ, by clear articulation and expression, that musical reading of song which is so rarely to be met with in these days.

In mentioning Moore's name, it reminds us, that when he launched his lyric bark he had no competitor. The Continent was closed

against us, no foreign music then reached our shores. At such a time, when the world was tired of poor imitations of the stilted old style of music, nauseated with words in which Phillis and Chloe, Strephon, and any quantity of lambkins abounded, how welcome was the freshness of his songs! how sparkling their poetic beauty! and then, what a mine of wealth was at his disposal in the melodies which Bunting had previously rescued from oblivion, and to which the poet's words gave an imperishable fame. Time. however, has made great changes. The Continent has now been open for years, and the lyric poets of the present day have difficulties to contend with to which Moore was a stranger. The fascinations of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Spohr, Meyerbeer, Weber, are all in the field, and rendered more available to the public by the greater cultivation of foreign languages. It is, therefore, something to say for the subject of our memoir, that his songs have been popular in the days of such brilliant contemporaries; that they have lain side by side with their works on the pianofortes of the accomplished, and have been hummed, whistled, and organized through the length and breadth of the land. While he effected this by his talent, he also achieved a first-rate reputation as a painter, was a successful novelist, a successful dramatist, and then appeared the viva voce illustrator of his works, and was again successful, in no small degree too, as public criticisms well Dibdin wrote and performed his own monologue; but, with the exception of Lover, we know of no one else who did the same. He did more, however, than Dibdin, for he has written novels, and illustrated them himself, and composed the incidental songs, a literary feat which has no example that we know of. In a word, poet, painter, dramatist, he has won sufficient celebrity to make the fame of three different men, which we trust, like the shamrock of his own native island, may long continue to be

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ALFIERI.

VIITORIO ALFIERI was born at Asti, a city of Piedmont, on the 17th of January, 1749,—the year in which his great contemporary, Goethe, first saw the light. father, Antonio Alfieri, was a nobleman of high rank in his own country; his mother, whose name was Monica Maillard di Tournon, was of Savoyard descent. At the time of Vittorio's birth his father was sixty years of age; and as, until then, he had had no son, the entrance of the future poet into the world was to him a subject of unspeakable delight: but his happiness was of short duration, for he overheated himself one day by going to see the child at a neighboring village where he was at nurse, and died of the illness that ensued, his son being at the time less than a year old. The counters, his widow, did not long remain so, as she very shortly married again, her third husband (she was a widow when the count married her) being the Cavalier Giacinto Alfieri, a distant member of the same family.

When about six years old, Alfieri was placed under the care of a priest called Don Ivaldi, who taught him writing, arithmetic, Cornelius Nepos, and Phædrus. He soon discovered, however, that the worthy priest was an ignoramus, and congratulates himself on having escaped from his hands at the age of nine, otherwise he believes that he should have been an absolute and irreclaimable dunce. His mother and father-in-law were constantly repeating the maxim then so popular among the Italian nobility, that it was not necessary that a gentleman should be a doctor. It was at this early age that he was first attacked by that melancholy which gradually assumed entire dominion over him, and throughout life remained a most prominent feature in his character. When only seven years of age, he made an attempt to poison himself by eating some noxious herbs, being impelled to this strange action by an undefined desire to die. He was well punished for his silliness by being made very unwell, and by being, moreover, shut up in his room for some days. No punishment for his youthful transgressions was, however, so effectual as being sent in a nightcap to a neighboring church. "Who knows," says he, "whether I am not indebted to that blessed nightcap for having turned out one of the most truthful men I ever knew."

He entered the Academy in 1758. was a magnificent quadrangular building, of which two of the sides were occupied by the King's Theatre and the Royal Archives; another side was appropriated to the younger students, who composed what were called the second and third apartments, while the fourth contained the first apartment, or the older students, who were mostly foreigners, besides the king's pages, to the number of twenty or twenty-five. Alfieri was at first placed in the third apartment, and the fourth class, from which he was promoted to the third at the end of three months. The master of this class was a certain Don Degiovanni, a priest even more ignorant than his good friend Ivaldi. It may be supposed that under such auspices he did not make much progress in his studies.

In November, 1759, he was promoted to the humanity class, the master of which was a man of some learning. His emulation was excited in this class by his meeting a boy who could repeat 600 lines of the Georgics without a single mistake, while he could never get beyond 400. These defeats almost suffocated him with anger, and he often burst out crying, and occasionally abused his rival most violently. He found some consolation, however, for his inferior memory, in always writing the best themes. About this time he obtained possession of a copy of Ariosto in four volumes, which he rather believes he purchased, a volume at a time, with certain half-fowls that were given the students on Sundays, his first Ariosto thus costing him two fowls in the space of four weeks. He much regrets that he is not certain on this point, feeling anxious to know

whether he imbibed his first draughts of

poetry at the expense of his stomach. Notwithstanding that he was at the head of the humanity class, and could translate the *Geor*gics into Italian prose, he found great difficulty in understanding the easiest of Italian poets. The master, however, soon perceived him reading the book by stealth, and confiscated it, leaving the future poet deprived for the present of all poetical guidance.

During this period he was in a wretched state of health, being constantly attacked by various extraordinary diseases. He describes himself as not growing at all, and as resembling a very delicate and pale wax taper. In 1760 he passed in the class of rhetoric, and succeeded, moreover, in recovering his Ariosto, but read very little of it, partly from the difficulty he found in understanding it, and partly because the continued breaks in the story disgusted him. As to Tasso, he had never even heard his name. He obtained a few of Metastasio's plays as libretti of the Opera at carnival time, and was much pleased with them, and also with some of Goldoni's comedies that were lent to him.

The following year he was promoted into the class of philosophy, which met in the adjoining university. The following is his

description of the course:-

This school of peripatetic philosophy was held after dinner. During the first half hour we wrote out the lecture at the dictation of the professor, and in the subsequent three quarters of an hour, when he commented upon it, Heaven knows how, in Latin, we scholars wrapped ourselves up comfortably in our mantles, and went fast asleep; and among the assembled philosophers not a sound was heard except the drawling voice of the professor himself, half asleep, and the various notes of the snorers, who formed a most delightful concert in every possible key.

During his holidays this year, his uncle took him to the Opera for the first time, where he heard the Mercato di Malmantile. The music produced a most extraordinary effect upon him, and for several weeks afterwards he remained immersed in a strange but not unpleasing melancholy, followed by an absolute loathing of his usual studies. Music all through life affected him most powerfully, and he states that his tragedies were almost invariably planned by him when under its influence. It was about this time that he composed his first sonnet, which was made up of whole or mutilated verses of Metastasio and Ariosto, the only Italian poets of whom he knew anything. It was in praise of a certain lady to whom his uncle was paying his addresses, and whom he himself admired. Several persons, including the lady herself, praised it, so that he already fancied himself a poet. His uncle, however, a military man, and no votary of the Muses, laughed at him so mnch, that his poetical vein was soon dried up, and he did not renew his attempts in the line till he was more than twenty-five years old. "How many good or bad verses did my uncle suffocate, together with my first-born sonnet!"

He next studied physics and ethics—the former under the celebrated Beccaria, but not a single definition remained in his head. These studies, however, as well as those in civil and canon law, which he had commenced, were interrupted by a violent illness, which rendered it necessary for him to have his head shaved, and to wear a wig. His companion at first tormented him greatly about this wig, and used to tear it from his head; but he soon succeeded in appeasing the public indignation, by being always the first to throw the unhappy ornament in question, up in the air, calling it by every opprobrious epithet. From that time he remained the least persecuted wig-wearer among the two or three who were in this predicament.

He now took lessons on the piano, and in geography, fencing, and dancing. He imbibed the most invincible dislike to the latter, which he attributes to the grimaces and extraordinary contortions of the master, a Frenchman just arrived from Paris. He dates from this period that extreme hatred of the French nation which remained with him through life, and which was one of the

strangest features in his character.

His uncle died this year (1763), and as he was now fourteen, the age at which, by the laws of Piedmont, minors are freed from the care of their guardians, and are placed under curators, who leave them masters of their income, and can only prevent the alienation of their real estates, he found himself possessed of considerable property, which was still farther increased by his uncle's fortune. Having obtained the degree of master of arts by passing a public examination in logic, physics, and geometry, he was rewarded by being allowed to attend the riding-school, a thing he had always ardently desired. He became an expert horseman, and attributes to this exercise the recovery of his health, which now rapidly improved.

He now led an extremely idle life, being little looked after. A crowd of flatterers,

the usual attendants upon wealth, sprung up around him, and he indulged in amusements and dissipations of every kind. A temporary fit of industry, which lasted for two or three months, came over him, and he plunged deeply into the thirty-six volumes of Fleury's Ecclesiastical History. however, he resumed his old course, and conducted himself so badly that the authorities found it necessary to place him under arrest, and he remained for some months a prisoner in his own apartment, obstinately refusing to make any apology, and leading the life of a wild beast, never putting on his clothes, and spending most of his time in sleep. He was at length released, on the occasion of his sister Giulia's marriage to the

Count Giacinto di Cumiana, in May 1764. It was now that he first felt symptoms of love, excited by a lady who was the wife of an elder brother of some intimate friends of his, to whom he was on a visit. His transient passion, however, soon passed away, without leaving any trace behind it. The period had now arrived for his leaving the Academy, and in May 1766 he was nominated ensign in the provincial regiment of Asti, which met only twice a-year for a few days, thus allowing ample opportunity for doing nothing; the only thing, he says, he had made up his mind to do. But he soon got tired of even this slight restraint. "I could not adapt myself to that chain of graduated dependence which is called subordination, and which, although the soul of military discipline, could never be the soul of a future tragic poet." He therefore obtained permission, though with great difficulty, to accompany an English Catholic tutor, who was about to visit Rome and Naples with two of his fellowstudents. He chooses this moment for commencing the epoch of youth, which he describes as embracing ten years of travel and dissipation.

They proceeded afterwards to Florence, Rome, and Naples. At the latter place he obtained permission from his own court, through the intercession of the Sardinian minister, to leave the tutor, and travel for the future alone. Attended only by his faithful servant Elia, who had taken the place of the worthless Andrea, and for whom he felt a great affection, he returned to Rome, and had the honor of kissing the pope's toe. The Pontiff's manner pleased him so much, that he felt no repugnance to going through the ceremony, although he had read Fleury, and knew the real value of the aforesaid toe.

year, he determined to visit France, England, and Holland. He went first to Venice, and there was assailed by the melancholy, ennui, and restlessness, peculiar to his character.

"I spent many days without leaving the house, my chief emyloyment being to stand at the window, and make signs and hold brief dialogues with a young lady opposite; the rest of the day I spent in sleeping, in thinking of I know not what, and generally crying, I know not why."

All through life he was subject these periodical fits, which came on every spring, and materially influenced his powers of compo-

He proceeded afterwards to France, expecting to be delighted with Paris; but on arriving there he found it so unlike what he had anticipated, that he burst into a violent fit of passion at having made so much haste, undergone so much fatigue, and had his fancy excited to such a pitch of frenzy, only to plunge in that filthy sewer, as he calls it! His anger is quite ludicrous; but he, notwithstanding, remained there five months, during which time he was presented to Louis XV. at Versailles, but the cold reception he met with greatly annoyed him.

He was as much delighted with England as he had been disgusted with France. He falls into perfect raptures when speaking of our national character and our national instituaions, and regrets that it was not in his power to remain here for ever. In June, 1768, he went to Holland, and at the Hague fell violently in love with the wife of a rich gentleman whom he knew. When the lady was obliged to go into Switzerland, he was thrown into such a state of frenzy that he attempted to commit suicide, by tearing off the bandages from the place where he had had himself bled under pretence of illness. His servant, however, suspected his intentions, and prevented him from carrying his resolution into effect. He gradually recovered his spirits, and determined to return to Italy.

His brother-in-law now strongly urged him to marry, and he consented, although unwillingly, that negotiations should be entered into on his behalf with the family of a young, noble, and rich heiress, whose beautiful black eyes would, doubtless, soon have driven Plutarch out of his head. The end, however, was that she married somebody else, to Alfieri's internal satisfaction. "Had I been tied down by a wife and children, the Muses would certainly have bid me good-bye."

The moment he felt himself free, he deter-Having obtained leave to travel for another | miued to start again on his travels. On. reaching Vienna, the Sardinian minister offered to introduce him to Metastasio; but he cared nothing at that time for any Italian author, and, moreover, had taken a great dislike to the poet, from having seen him make a servile genuflexion to the Empress Maria Theresa in the Imperial Gardens at Schönbrunn. On entering the dominions of Frederick the Great, he was made extremely indignant by the military despotism that reigned there. Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, were then successively visited by him. He had heard so much of the latter country, that when he reached St. Petersburg his expectations were wrought up to a great pitch.

But, alas! no sooner did I set foot in this Asiatic encampment of tents, than I called to mind Rome, Genoa, Venice, and Florence, and began to laugh. The longer I remained in the country, the more were my first impressions confirmed, and I left with the precious conviction that it was not worth seeing.

He refused to be presented to the celebrated female autocrat, Catherine II., whom he stigmatizes as "a philosophical Clytemnestra."

He next visited England for the second time, arriving at the end of 1770. During his stay in London, which lasted for seven months, he became involved in an affair which excited an extraordinary sensation at the time, and which is even remembered by the scandal-mongers of the present day. He formed the acquaintance of the wife of an officer of high rank in the Guards, and this intimacy soon assumed a criminal character. Her husband, a man of a very jealous temperament, suspected his wife's infidelity, and had them watched. On finding his suspicions confirmed, he challenged Alfieri, and they fought a duel with , words in the Green Park, in which the future poet was wounded in the arm. The husband pressed for a divorce, and Alfieri announced his intention of marrying the lady as soon as she was free; but, to his horror, she confessed to him one day, what was already known to the public through the newspapers, although he was ignorant of it, that before she knew him she had been engaged in an intrigue with a groom of her husband! Despite this discovery, it was some time before his affection for her abated; but at length, on her announcing her determination to enter a convent in France, he quitted her at Rochester, and left this country himself almost immediately afterwards. He went to Paris, and there bought a collection of the principal Italian poets and prose writers, in thirty-six volumes, which from that time became his inseparable companions, although he did not make much use of them for two or three years. However, he now learned to know at least something of the six great luminaries, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Bocaccio, and Machiavelli.

He next proceeded to Spain and Portugal. At Lisbon he formed the acquaintance of the Abate Tommaso di Caluso, younger brother of the Sardinian minister. The society of this distinguished man produced the most beneficial effect on him. One evening, when the Abate was reading to him the fine Ode to Fortune of Alessandro Guidi, a poet whose name he had never even heard, some of the stanzas produced such extraordinary transports in him, that the former told him that he was born to write verses. This sudden impulse of Apollo, as he calls it, was however only a momentary flush, which was soon extinguished, and remained buried for a long time to come.

He now bent his steps homeward, and reached Turin in May 1772, after an absence of three years. He took a magnificent house in the Piazza di San Carlo, furnished it sumptuously, and commenced leading a merry life with about a dozen friends, who formed a society, which met at his house every week. This society was governed by strict rules, one of which was that all should contribute something in writing for their reciprocal amusement; these contributions being placed in a chest, of which the president for the time being kept the key, and read aloud by him at their meetings. They were all written in French, and Alfieri mentions one of his which was very successful. It described the Deity at the last jugdment demanding from every soul an account of itself, and the characters he drew were all those of wellknown individuals, both male and female, in Turin.

It was not long before he fell in love for the third time, the object of his passion now being a lady some years older than himself, and of somewhat doubtful reputation. For the space of nearly two years she exercised unbounded dominion over him. Feeling that he could not support the fetters of Venus and Mars at one and the same time, he with some little difficulty obtained permission to throw up his commission in the army.

While attending at his mistress's bedside, during an illness by which she was attacked in January 1774, the idea first struck him of writing a dramatic sketch. He wrote it without the slightest plan, in the form of a dialogue between three persons, called, respect-

ively, Photinus, Lachesis, and Cleopatra. He gives a specimen of it in a note, and it is certainly not of the very highest order of merit. On the recovery of the lady, he placed it under the cushion of her couch, where it remained forgotten for a year, and thus were the first fruits of his tragic genius brooded over, as it were, by the lady and all who

chanced to sit upon the couch.

At length he threw off the chains which had so long bound him. The exertion was, however, so great, that he was actually obliged to get his servant Elia to tie him to his chair, that he might not quit the house. When his friends came to see him, he dropped his dressing-gown over the bandage, so that his forced imprisonment was not perceived. His first appearance in public was at the carnival of 1775, where he dressed himself up as Apollo, and recited at the public ball at the theatre a masquerade he had composed on the subject of love, twanging a guitar vigorously all the time. He was afterwards heartily ashamed of this freak, which he wonders he could ever have been guilty of. An ardent desire for glory now seized him, and after some months spent in constant poetical studies, and in fingering grammars and dictionaries, he succeeded in producing his first tragedy; which, like the sketch already mentioned, he entitled Cleopatra. It was performed at Turin, on the 16th June, 1775, at the Carignan Theatre, and was followed by a comic afterpiece, also written by him, called The Poets, in which he introduced himself under the name of Giussippus, and was the first to ridicule his own tragedy; which, he says, differed from those of his poetical rivals, inasmuch as their productions were the mature offspring of an erudite incapacity, whilst his was the premature child of a not unpromising ignorance. These two pieces were performed with considerable success for two successive evenings, when he withdrew them from the stage, ashamed at having so rashly exposed himself to the public. He never considered this Cleopatra worthy of preservation, and it is not published with his other works. From this moment, however. he felt every vein swollen with the most burning thirst for real theatrical laurels, and here terminates the epoch of Youth and commences that of Manhood.

Up to this point we have seen Alfieri's character as formed by nature, and before it was influenced by study, or softened down by intercourse with the world. We have seen him ardent, restless beyond all belief, l

passionate, oppressed by unaccountable melancholy, acting under the toiling impulse of the moment, whether in love or hate, and, what is of extreme ditadvantage to him as respects the career he is about to enter upon, suffering from a deficient education. have now to see how he overcame all the obstacles arising from his natural character, and from a youth wasted in idleness and dissipation; and how he gradually won his way from victory to victory, until he at length attained the noble and enviable eminence which is assigned to him by universal consent as the greatest, we had almost said the only,

modern Italian poet.

He describes the capital with which he commenced his undertaking as consisting in a resolute, indomitable, and extremely obstinate mind, and a heart full to overflowing with every species of emotion, particularly love, with all its furies, and a profound and ferocious hatred of tyranny. To this was added a faint recollection of various French tragedies. On the other hand, he was almost entirely ignorant of the rules of tragic art, and understood his own language most imperfectly. The whole was enveloped in a thick covering of presumption, or rather petulance, and a violence of character so great as to render it most difficult for him to appreciate truth. He considers these elements better adapted for forming a bad monarch than a good author.

He begun by studying grammar vigorously; and his first attempt was to put into Italian two tragedies, entitled Filippo and Polinice, which he had some time before written in French prose. At the same time he read Tasso, Ariosto, Dante, and Petrarch, making notes as he proceeded, and occupying a year in the task. He then commenced reading Latin with a tutor; and shortly afterwards went to Tuscany in order to acquire a really good Italian idiom. He returned to Turin in October, 1776, and there composed several sonnets, having in the meantime made considerable progress with several of his tragedies. The next year he again went to Tuscany, and on reaching Florence in October, intending to remain there a month, an event occurred which-to use his own words-"fixed and enchained me there for many years; an event which, happily for me, determined me to expatriate myself for ever, and which, by fastening upon me new, self-sought, and golden chains, enabled me to acquire that real literary freedom, without which I should never have done any good, if so be that I have done good.

Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, was at that time residing in Florence, in company with his wife, the Countess of Albany, whose maiden name was Louisa Stolberg, of the princely house of that name. The following is Alfieri's description of her :-

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"The sweet fire of her very dark eyes, added (a thing of rare occurrence) to a very white skin and fair hair, gave an irresistible brilliancy to her beauty. She was twenty-five years of age, was much attached to literature and the fine arts, had an angelic temper, and, in spite of her wealth, was in the most painful domestic circumstances, so that she could not be as happy as she deserved. How many reasons for loving her.'

Her husband appears to have been of a most violent and ungovernable temper, and to have always treated her in the harshest manner. No wonder, then, that an impassioned and susceptible nature like Alfieri's should have been attracted by such charms! A friendship of the closest and most enduring description ensued between them; and although a certain air of mystery always surrounded the story of their mutual attachment, there is no reason whatever to suppose that it partook in the slighest degree of a dishonorable character.

Instead of finding his passion for the countess an obstacle to literary glory and useful occupations, as had always been the case previously with him, when under the influence of similar emotions, he found that it incited and spurred him on to every good work, and accordingly he abandoned himself, without restraint, to its indulgence. That he might have no inducement to return to his own country, he determined to dissolve every tie that united him to it, and with that intent made an absolute donation for life of the whole of his estates, both in fee and freehold, to his natural heir, his sister Giulia, wife of the Count di Cumiana. He merely stipulated for an annual pension, and a certain sum in ready money, the whole amounting to about one-half of the value of his property. The negotiations were finally brought to a conclusion in November 1778. He also sold his furniture and plate which he had left in Turin; and, unfortunately for himself, invested almost the whole of the money he now found himself possessed of, in French life annuities. At one period of the negotiations he was in great fear lest he should lose everything, and revolved in his mind what profession he should adopt in case he should be left penniless.

for gaining a living by, was that of a horse-breaker, in which I consider myself a proficient. It is certainly one of the least servile, and it appeared to me to be more compatible than any other with that of a poet, for it is much easier to write tragedies in a stable than in a court."

He now commenced living in the simplest style, dismissed all his servants, save one; sold or gave away all his horses, and wore the plainest clothing. He continued his studies, without intermission, and by the beginning of 1782 had nearly finished the whole of the twelve tragedies which he had from the first made up his mind to write, and not to exceed. These were entitled respectively Filippo, Polinice, Antigone, Agamennone, Oreste, Don Garzia, Virginia, La Congiura de' Pazzi, Maria Stuarda, Ottavia, Timoleone, and Rosmunda. Happening, however, to read the Merope of Maffei, then considered the best Italian tragedy, he felt so indignant, that he set to work, and very shortly produced his tragedy of that name, which was soon followed by the Saul, which is incomparably the finest of his works.

The Countess had obtained permission at the end of 1780 to leave her husband, in consequence of the brutal treatment she experienced at his hands, and to retire to Rome. It was not long before Alfieri followed her, and took up his habitation there also. At the end of 1782, his Antigone was performed by a company of amateurs—he himself being one -before an audience consisting of all the rank and fashion of Rome. Its success was unequivocal, and he felt so proud of his triumph, that he determined to send four of his tragedies to press, getting his friend Gori, at Siena, to superintend the printing; and they

were accordingly published.

The intimacy between Alfieri and the Countess now inflamed the anger of Charles Edward and his brother, Cardinal York, to such a pitch, that Alfieri found it prudent to leave Rome, which he did in May 1783, in a state of bitter anguish. He first made pilgrimages to the tombs of Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto, at Ravenna, Arquà, and Ferrara; at each of which he spent some time in dreaming, praying, and weeping, at the same time pouring forth a perfect stream of impassioned poetry. On getting to Siena, he superintended personally the printing of six more of his tragedies, and for the first time felt all the cares of authorship, being driven nearly distracted by the sad realities of censors, both spiritual and temporal, correctors of the press, compositors, pressmen, "The art that presented itself to me as the best | &c.; and the worry he experienced brought on a sharp attack of gout. On recovering, he determined to start off once more on his travels, making as a plea his desire to purchase a stud of horses in England, his equestrian propensities having returned with violence. He accordingly left his tragedies, both published and unpublished, to shift for themselves, and proceeded to England, where, in a few weeks, he bought no less than fourteen horses. That being the exact number of the tragedies he had written, he used to amuse himself by saying, "For each tragedy you have got a horse," in reference to the punishment inflicted on naughty schoolboys in Italy, where the culprit is mounted on the shoulders of another boy, while the master lays on the cane.

He experienced almost endless trouble and difficulty in conveying his acquisitions safely back to Italy. The account he gives of the passage of the Alps by Mount Cenis, from Lanslebourg to the Novalese, is really quite romantic; and he compares himself to Hannibal on the occasion, but says that if the passage of the latter cost him a great deal of vinegar, it cost him (Alfieri) no small quantity of wine, as the whole party concerned in conveying the horses over the mountains, guides, farriers, grooms, and adjutants, drank

like fishes.

On reaching Turin, he was present at a performance of his." Virginia," at the same theatre where, nine years antecedently, his early play of "Cleopatra" had been acted. He shortly received intelligence that the Countess had been permitted to leave Rome and to go to Switzerland. He could not refrain from following her, and accordingly rejoined her at Colmar, a city of Alsace, after a separation of sixteen months. The sight of her whom he loved so dearly again awakened his poetic genius, and gave birth, at almost one and the same moment, to his three tragedies of Agide, Sofonisba, and Mirra, despite his previous resolve to write no more. When obliged to leave the Countess, he returned to Italy, but the following year again visited her, remaining in Alsace when she proceeded to Paris. She happened to mention in a letter that she had been much pleased with seeing Voltaire's Brutus performed on the stage. This excited his emulation. "What!" he exclaimed, "Brutuses written by a Voltaire?" I'll write Brutuses, and two at once: moreover, time will show whether such subjects for tragedy are better adapted for me or for a plebeian-born Frenchman, who for more than sixty years subscribed himself "Voltaire, Gentleman in

Ordinary to the King." Accordingly he set to work, and planned on the spot his Bruto Primo and Bruto Secondo; after which he once more renewed his vow to Apollo to write no more tragedies. About this period he also sketched his Abel, which he called by the whimsical title of a Tramelogedy. next went to Paris, and made arrangements with the celebrated Didot for printing the whole of his tragedies in six volumes. returning to Alsace, in company with the Countess, he was joined by his old friend the Abate di Caluso, who brought with him a letter from his mother, containing proposals for his marriage with a rich young lady of Asti, whose name was not mentioned. fieri told the Abate, smilingly, that he must decline the proffered match, and had not even sufficient curiosity to inquire who the lady

Shortly afterwards he was attacked by a most dangerous illness, which reduced him to the point of death. On recovering, he went with his friends to Kehl, and was so much pleased with the printing establishment of the well-known Beaumarchais, that he resolved to have the whole of his works, with the exception of his tragedies, which were in Didot's hands, printed there; and accordingly, by August 1789, all his writings, both in prose and poetry, were printed.

In the meantime the Countess of Albany had heard of the death of her husband, which took place Rome, on the 31st January, 1798. This event set her entirely free, and it is generally believed that she was shortly afterwards united in marriage to Alfieri; but the fact was never known, and to the last the poet preserved the greatest mystery on the

subject.

Paris now became their regular residence, and it was not long before the revolutionary troubles commenced. In April, 1791, they determined to pay a visit to England, where the Countess had never been. They remained here some months, and on their embarking at Dover on their return, Alfieri chanced to notice among the people collected on the beach to see the vessel off, the very lady, his intrigue with whom twenty years before had excited so great a sensation. He did not speak to her, but saw that she recognized Accordingly, on reaching Calais, he wrote to her to inquire into her present situation. He gives her reply at full length in his Memoirs. It is in French; and we regret that its length precludes us from giving it here, as it is a very remarkable production. It indicates a decisive and inflexible firmness

of character, very unlike what is usually met with in her sex.

After visiting Holland and Belgium, Alfieri and the Countess returned to Paris. In March 1792, he received intelligence of his mother's death. In the meantime the war with the emperor commenced, and matters gradually got worse and worse. Alfieri witnessed the events of the terrible 10th of August, when the Tuileries was taken by the mob after a bloody conflict, and Louis XVI. virtually ceased to reign. Seeing the great danger to which they would be exposed if they remained longer in Paris, they determined on a hasty flight; and after procuring the necessary passports, started on the 18th of the same month. They had a narrow escape on passing the barriers. A mob of the lowest order insisted on their carriages being stopped, and on their being conducted back to Paris, exclaiming that all the rich were flying away, taking their treasures with them, and leaving the poor behind in want and misery. The few soldiers on the spot would have been soon overpowered; and nothing saved the travelers except Alfieri's courage. He at length succeeded in forcing a passage; but there is little doubt that if they had been obliged to return, they would have been thrown into prison, in which case they would have been among the unhappy victims who were so barbarously murdered by the populace on the 2nd September.

They reached Calais in two days and a half, having had to show their passports more than forty times. They afterwards learned that they were the first foreigners who had escaped from Paris and from France after the catastrophe of the 10th August. After stopping some time at Brussels, they proceeded to Italy, and reached Florence in November. That city remained Alfieri's dwelling-place, nearly uninterruptedly, from this moment to the period of his death.

In 1795, when he was forty-six years old, a feeling of shame came over him at his ignorance of Greek, and he determined to master that language. He applied himself with such industry to the task, that before very long he could read almost any Greek author. There are few instances on record of such an effort being made at so advanced a period of life. Yet, perhaps, a still more remarkable case than that of our poet is that of Mehemet Ali, who did not learn to read or write till moré than forty years of age. His son Ibrahim never did even that.* At

the same time that he was learning Greek, Alfieri amused himself by writing satires, of which he had completed seventeen by the end of 1797. The fruit of his Greek studies appeared in his tragedies of Alceste Prima and Alceste Seconda, which he composed after reading Euripides' fine play of that name. He calls these essays his final perjuries to Apollo. We have certainly seen him break his vow sufficiently often. The twelve tragedies he pledged himself not to exceed had now grown to their present number of twenty-one, besides the tramelogedy of Abel.

He remained quietly and happily at Florence till the French invasion in March 1799, when he and the Countess retired to a villa in the country. He marked his hatred of the French nation by writing his Misogallo, a miscellaneous collection in prose and verse of the most violent and indiscriminate abuse of France, and everything connected with it, as its name imports.* On the evacuation of Florence by the French in July, they returned to the city, but again left it on the second invasion in October 1800. The French commander-in-chief wrote to Alfieri, requesting the honor of the acquaintance of a man who had rendered such distinguished services to literature: but he told him, in reply, that if he wrote in his quality as Commandant of Florence, he would yield to his superior authority; but that if it was merely as an individual curious to see him, he must beg to be excused.

We now find him irresistibly impelled to try his hand at comedy, and he accordingly wrote the six which are published with his other works. They are entitled, respectively, L'Uno, I Pochi, Il Troppo, Tre Velene rimesa avrai l'Antidoto' La Finestrina, and Il Divorzio. The first four are political in their character, and written in iambics, like his tragedies. The last is the only one that can

the royal album. He was obliged to confess that he was unable to write. Yet how could he refuse a request from such a quarter? Various expedients were successively proposed and rejected for compromising matters. At length, however, it was suggested that he should learn to write his name for the occasion. A copy was marked for him as for a schoolboy; and after one or two unsuccessful attempts, he managed to produce a tolerable resemblance of his name: and the royal album can boast the first and last autograph of the great Egyptian warrior. We have this anecdote from one who

witnessed the whole proceeding.

*A modern writer states this work to have been called "MISOGALO," from the heterogeneous character of its contents!! The reverend author probably considered the word to be derived from the English

"Mix-all."

^{*} During Ibrahim Pasha's visit to England in the summer of 1846, his autograph was requested for

be ranked with modern comedies. Sismondi truly remarks, that in these dramas he exhibits the powers of a great satirist, not of

a successful dramatist.

His health was by this time seriously impaired, and he felt it necessary to cease entirely from his labors. On the 8th of December, 1802, he put the finishing stroke to his works, and amused himself for the short remainder of his life in writing the conclusion of his *Memoirs*. Feeling extremely proud at having overcome the difficulties of the Greek language in his later years, he invented a collar, on which were engraved the names of twenty-three ancient and modern poets, and to which was attached a cameo representing Homer. On the back of it he wrote the following distich:—

Αὐτὸν ποιήσας 'Αλφήςιος ἱππέ' ' Ομήςου Κοιςανικῆς τιμὴν ἥλφανε θειοτέςαν,

which may be thus Englished:-

Perchance Alfieri made no great misnomer When he dubbed himself Knight of the Order of Homer.

With the account of this amusing little incident Alfieri terminates the history of his life. The date it bears is the 14th of May, 1803, and on the 8th of October of the same year he breathed his last, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. The particulars of his death are given in a letter addressed by the Abate di Caluso to the Countess of Albany. An attack of gout in the stomach was the immediate cause of it. The delicate state of his health greatly accelerated the progress of the

disease, which was still further promoted by his insisting on proceeding with the correc-tion of his works almost to the very last. He was so little aware of his impending dissolution, that he took a drive in a carriage on the 3d October, and tried to the last moment to starve his gout into submission. He refused to allow leeches to be applied to his legs, as the physicians recommended, because they would have prevented him from walking. At this period all his studies and labors of the last thirty years rushed through his mind; and he told the Countess, who was attending him, that a considerable number of Greek verses from the beginning of Hesiod, which he had only read once in his life, recurred most distinctly to his memory. His mortal agony came on so suddenly, that there was no time to administer to him the last consolations of religion. He was buried in the church of Santa Croce at Florence, where already reposed the remains of Machiavelli, of Michael Angelo, and of Galileo. A monument to his memory, the work of the great Canova, was raised over his ashes, by direction of the Countess of Albany.

Such then was Alfieri! And may we not draw a moral from the story of his life, as faintly and imperfectly shadowed forth in the preceding sketch? Does it not show us how we may overcome obstacles deemed by us insuperable, and how we may seek to become something better than what we are? The poet's name will go down to future ages as the idol of his countrymen; may the beneficial effect produced by a mind like his upon the character and aspirations of the world be en-

during!

Population of the Sandwich Islands. -The recent accounts from the Pacific have revived the subject of the depopulation of the Sandwhich Islands—or rather, more properly, of the extinction of the aboriginal inhabitants, and the occupation of the Islands by another race. It appears from a late enumeration that the number of deaths during the past year has more than doubled the number of births. This process, it is evident, cannot continue through a long series of years, without the extinction of the entire population. This depopulation is not a new thing, but has been going on for a long series of years. Captain Cook, in 1778, estimated the population of the Hawaiian Islands at 400,000. Mr. Ellis, the missionary, in 1830, states the number to be about 150,000. By

a census taken during the present year, the whole population is found to have fallen since 1830—that is, in twenty years—to 84,165; being a decline of forty per cent. during that period. But the census, giving us returns of births and deaths for the last year, shows that the ratio of decrease during that year was greater, much greater than the average mentioned. Thus the whole number of deaths for the year was 4,320, while the whole number of births was only 1,422; leaving an excess of deaths over births of 2,898. The rate of diminution, therefore, for the year, was no less than three and a half per cent. nearly of the whole population. Should this rate be continued, the race will be entirely extinct before the close of the century, in fact within thirty or forty years.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

BRITISH POETS LAUREATE.

Some uncertainty still appears to prevail as to the precise origin of the designation "Poet Laureate," as applied to an officer in the household of the English monarchs. There is not, however, any reasonable doubt that what may be said to constitute the essence of the appointment—payments in money and wine for extolling the deeds and virtues of royalty—dates from at least as far back as the reign of Henry III., or that the primary title of the gentleman so retained and honored was that of Versificator Regis, or king's versifier. Mr. Gifford, indeed, tells us, in his preface to Ben Jonson's works, that till the patent of Charles I., conferring upon that author an annual pension of one hundred pounds and a tierce of Canary wine, there had been no regular appointment of a court laureate. "Hitherto," he observes, "the laurel appears to have been a mere title adopted at pleasure by those who were employed to write for the court, but conferring no privileges, and establishing no claim to a salary." There is a misstatement of fact and a confusion of inference in this passage, surprising from so well-informed and acute a writer. The title, Poeta Laureatus had a precise signification and a distinct origin, although not always a loyal one, and could not with any propriety have been assumed by any person "employed to write for the court." That the payments were not made with the perfect exactitude which in these days marks disbursements from the Queen's Exchequer, is true enough, not only with regard to this particular office, but every other in the earlier royal households; but that the salaries of the king's versifiers were from time to time ordered to be regularly paid, there can be no question. A few words, before attempting to thread our way through the haze which shrouds the authors whom the Plantagenets and Tudors delighted to honor, upon the signification of the term "Laureate," as applied to poets, versifiers, or rhetoricians, may be acceptable, and will place the matter in a sufficiently clear light.

dern laureate, and the historian of an art for which he himself possessed but slight faculty or power, is at pains to show that students at the English universities, Oxford especially, who graduated in grammar, which included rhetoric and versification, were crowned with a wreath of laurel, and that the king's laureate was at first simply "a graduated rhetorician in the service of the court." The examples which he gives sufficiently prove, however, that a faculty for poetry, or rather that which at the time passed for it at the universities, was generally essential to the acquirement of the "bays." In 1470, John Watson, a student in grammar, was awarded the wreath, on condition of writing one hundred Latin verses in praise of the university, or a Latin comedy. Richard Smyth and Maurice Byrcheshaw were also "crowned," after each had composed one hundred Latin hexameters to the glory of Oxford. An additional stipulation with Byrcheshaw was, that neither Ovid's "Art of Love" nor the elegies of Pamphilus should be studied in his auditory. Other instances could be easily adduced: and there is, besides, no question that the custom of crowning successful graduates was much more common in the universities of France and Germany than those of England. The formula used by the chancellors of the university of Strasbourg on these occasions is very emphatic: -- "I create you, placed in a chair of state, crowned with laurel and ivy, and wearing a ring of gold, and the same do pronounce poets laureate, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The crowning of Petrarch in 1341, and of Tasso in 1594, by the senate of Rome, will at once recur to the reader's mind, and will, in conjunction with what has been previously stated, justify the conclusion that the "laurel" could not, as Mr. Gifford pretends, be assumed at pleasure before the reign of Charles I.; and that a versifier in the service of the early English kings, if not "crowned" by the sovereign, owed his title of laureate to having received the wreath from some other compe-Mr. Thomas Wanton, a comparatively mo- | tent authority. In course of time, custom gave the title, as of course, to the person nominated to the office by the monarch; but originally there can be little doubt that unless duly "laureled," the king's versifier was simply "Versificator Regis." This explanation reconciles many apparent contradictions in the notices scattered here and there with regard to the actual holders of the royal

laureateship.

The first king's poet or versifier who is known to have been paid a yearly salary from the royal exchequer, was one Henry de Avranches. He lived in the reign of Henry III., and by precepts, dated 1249 and 1251, the king's treasurer was ordered to pay the said Master Henry one hundred shillings yearly. There were, however, previous recognized adulators of the English monarch: one Walo panegyrized Henry I.; and Baston, whom Bale styles "Laureatus apud Oxoniensis," did the same for Richard I.'s crusade; but the essentiality of a court laureateship—that of a fixed income paid for the express purpose of having the king's praises duly chanted in prose or verse—is first strictly provable in the case of Henry de Avranches. The butt of Canary wine may also have had its origin in this reign, although the gift in this instance was conferred on "Richard, the royal harper," to whom his majesty ordered "a pipe of wine and forty shillings" to be given. Beatrice, the harper's wife—a "Jongleresse," or "gongleresse," who, it is conjectured, accompanied her husband's harping in pantomimic action -was also ordered a pipe of wine, but no money. Henry de Avranches, we find, had the misfortune, in some of his productions, to wound the delicate susceptibilities of the Cornish people, by imputing to them roughness and rusticity of manners. This was felt to be altogether preposterous and abominable; and a native of the calumniated county—one Michael Blaunpayne, who, if we may judge by the scrap of Latinity left us, had as rough and fluent a tongue as such a service could require—was employed to return the insult in kind. The retaliatory verses—recited before Hugh, abbot of Westminster, Hugh de Mortimer, official of the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop elect of Winchester, and the bishop of Rochester-contain a charming description of the corporality of the first salaried king's poet. Master Henry de Avranches is therein declared to have the legs of a goat, the thigh of a sparrow, the side of a boar, the nose of a whelp (the pug variety is perhaps meant), the tooth and cheek of a mule, the forehead of a hog, and the head of a bull, and, moreover, to be all over of the

color of a Moor. History is silent with respect to the continuators of the loyal line of poets until we arrive at the reign of Edward IV., where we alight upon the name of one John Kay, the author of a prose translation of a Latin poem on the siege of Rhodes. John Kay, in his address to the king, subscribes himself "hys humble poete laureate." This is the first instance in which the name of poet laureate is known to have been used

by the king's versifiers.

A few retrospective words will here be necessary with respect to Chaucer, who lived, we wish we could say flourished, in the previous reigns of Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV., inasmuch as it is sometimes asserted that the father of English poetry was one of the near successors to the title and honors of Henry de Avranches. The facts which have given a faint color to this assumption are these: - In Edward's reign, and during the life of his patron, John of Gaunt, Chaucer was allowed a pitcher of wine per day from the king's stores. He fell subsequently, as we all know, from his attachment to the Lancasterian cause, into peril and disgrace; and this moderate dolium was stopped. Richard appears to have relented, as we find he was allowed (1393) a yearly tun of wine. Henry IV. (Bolingbroke) continued this donation, and added forty marks yearly. In neither of the "docquets" or "precepts" ordering these gifts is there a syllable that affords any ground for supposing that they were to be paid for in laudatory odes or addresses. Then there is the positive testimony of Skelton; and it is, moreover, idle to assume, that a poet who receives the bounty of a monarch must necessarily be a "poet laureate" in the conventional use of the term. Were this so, there would be many laureates in the present day besides Alfred Tennyson. Mr. Southey, to be sure, in his natural anxiety to gem the list of questionable celebrities with a great name, claims, in his "Carmen Triumphale" (1814), that of Edmund Spenser for no better reason-

"In happy hour doth he receive The laurel, meed of famous bards of yore, Which Dryden and diviner Spenser bore."

It is quite true that Queen Elizabeth bestowed a pension of fifty pounds a year upon the author of the "Fairy Queen;" but the patent (1590) which authorized the grant contains not a syllable about the laureateship, which, moreover, in Spenser's time, was appropriately filled by two very different persons—Charles Edwards and Samuel Daniel. Neither

the name of Geoffrey Chaucer nor that of Edmund Spenser has, we may be satisfied, the slightest claim to be placed in the list of laureates

Reverting to the partially ascertained order of succession following Edward IV.'s John Kay, one Andrew Bernard, an Augustine monk, was, we find, Henry VII.'s laureate. His salary was at first a very meagre one—only "ten marks a year, till he can obtain something better." This he eagerly did, being appointed preceptor and historiographor to Prince Henry. He wrote an address on the marriage of the king's daughter, another to Henry VIII. on his auspicious tenth year, another on his thirteenth year,

and a new-year's gift for 1515.

Next on the roll comes John Skelton. He was rector of Diss in Norfolk, and appears to have been of somewhat doubtful morality. He got himself into trouble by "buffooneries" in the pulpit, and writing satirical ballads against the mendicants. For these vagaries, and also, it was said, "for having been guilty of certain crimes, as most poets are," Nykke, bishop of Norwich, rebuked and finally suspended him. The alleged crimes consisted, according to Delafield, in his being married; Fuller says, in keeping a concubine. The laureate's saucy wit was afterwards levelled at Cardinal Wolsey; and the unfortunate rhymster, hotly pursued by the great man's retainers, was obliged to run for it. Luckily, he succeeded in reaching Westminster Abbey, where the abbot, Islip, afforded him sanctuary and kind treatment till his death. He was buried in the adjoining church of St. Margaret's.

Richard Edwards, a native of Somersetshire, came after Skelton. He is stated in the patents to have been "Laureate Poet, Player, Musician, and Buffoon," to the queens Mary and Elizabeth; and he was, there is no question, the delight of those monarchs' courts and ladies of honour. He is the writer of "The Paradise of Dainty Devices."

The next of the "famous bards of yore," as Mr. Southey styles them, was Samuel Daniel. This gentleman appears to have been equal to the salary only, the laureate work having been done by Ben Jonson—not, however, without reward. This latter is the first eminent name on the list; but the fame of its possessor is tarnished, not heightened, by the court flatteries he strung together. Charles I., while Daniel still lived (1630), with much kindly consideration for the then aged and ailing man, granted him an annuity of one hundred pounds, and a tierce of Canary

wine annually. This patent it was which Mr. Gifford, in his anxiety to disconnect Jonson from the preceding king's poets, regards as the first creation of a regular orthodox laureate. The position is clearly untenable. Had Mr. Gifford said that Jonson was the first tolerably well paid laureate, he would have been much nearer the truth. Daniel was so annoyed at the affront, as he construed it, put upon him, that he at once withdrew from court, and soon afterwards died, it was said, of chagrin. His rival and successor did not long survive him.

"Rare Ben Jonson" was succeeded by D'Avenant, the scandal-reputed son of Shakspeare, and certainly a fierce royalist, and patentee of the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn. He attempted a revival of theatricals during the reign of the Puritans, and only escaped the vengeance of the fanatics of the period through the kindly intervention of Milton. His reputation was much higher as a player than as a poet—a distinction which does not necessarily suppose very exalted histrionic talent, as "Gondibert," a kind of domestic epic, and the least forgotten of his

pieces, fully testifies.

D'Avenant died in 1668, and on the 18th of August 1670 John Dryden was invested with the court laurel. Being also royal historiographer, his income from the two offices reached two hundred a year, besides the "Canary." The patent set forth that the laureateship was bestowed on "John Dryden, M.A., in consideration of his many acceptable services theretofore done to his present majesty, and for an observation of his learning and eminent abilities, and his great skill and elegant style, both in verse and prose." Servility to worldly greatness was Dryden's strongly marked characteristic; but the Revolution overthrew the chief altars before which he had burned such lavish incense, dispossessed him of his offices, and turned his genius to manlier, healthier themes.

The next laureate was Nahum Tate, of whom it is enough to say that he assisted his two immediate predecessors in maltreating Shakspeare. Rowe, faintly known in these days as the author of the "Fair Penitent," and one or two similar dramas, succeeded to Tate; and Rowe, in his turn, yielded the laurel to the Rev. Laurence Eusden. He, in his turn, shuffled off the stage; when entered Colley Cibber, the hero of the "Dunciad," and a personage whose name, from various causes, seems more intimately associated with the laureateship than any other. Cibber's "Odes," like his plays, are

thoroughly unreadable; and yet the discriminating "Town" considered him for some time to be a very pretty fellow in the dramatic line. So sublimely, stolidly unconscious was Cibber himself of his own incapacity, that the sharp arrows of Pope's stinging sarcasm had no more effect upon him than needle-points would on the hide of a rhinocaros. Mr. Cibber was a player as well as a poet; but, on attaining the laurel, he retired from his profession, and died in old age, and worldly prosperity and consideration.

William Whitehead, a person of very humble birth—he was the son of a baker, of Cambridge—succeeded to the tarnished wreath. He possessed considerable rhyming facility, had published some trifling poems, and been noticed by Pope; but he owed his appointment far more to the influence of the Earls of Jersey and Harcourt, with whose sons he had traveled several years on the continent in the capacity of tutor, than to any reputation he had acquired for verse making. He had already received, whilst yet in Italy, "two genteel patent places, usually united; namely, the secretaryship and the registrarship of the Order of the Bath." The minister, after receiving from Gray a peremptory refusal to accept the "honor," conferred the office upon Whitehead. When the offer was made to the author of the." Elegy in a Country Churchyard," it was intimated that the customary "work" would not with him be rigorously insisted upon. Whitehead, on the contrary, was informed, that a full measure of odes, addresses, etcetera, would be expected. This Mason, who had also been a candidate for the vacant office, thought hard upon his friend Whitehead, whose success in the matter of the laureateship he appears to have readily forgiven. Mason, also, "wondered" at the stipulation-"George II. being known to have no taste for poetry." "The wonder," pertinently remarked the late Thomas Campbell, "is quite misplaced. If the king had possessed a taste for poetry, he would have abolished the laureate odes.

The utmost efforts of Mr. Whitehead were impotent to dispel the inodorous reputation which Cibber had brought upon birthday odes; and it was not long before a storm of ridicule and abuse burst upon himself—partially, at least, justified by the labored hyperboles upon the superhuman virtues of the monarch and his family which he put forth. "It was lamentable," quietly remarked Gray, in allusion to the supposedly vindictive motives of the writers by whom Whitehead was assailed—"it was lamentable to find beings

capable of envying a poet laureate." Whitehead bore it all pretty well till assailed by the coarse invective and merciless sarcasm of Churchill, who tore the laureate's reputation so thoroughly to shreds—to very tatters—that Garrick refused to accept his "Trip to Scotland," except on condition that its author's name should be concealed; and "Variety," a tale, could only be published with a chance of success, by adopting the same precaution. It was, however, as true then as it is now, that an author can only be permanently written down by himself; and Campbell, whilst blaming Churchill's violence, admits in substance the justice of his critical strictures.

Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry, succeeded Whitehead. Dr. Johnson, according to Mr. Mant's report, once said, that "Warton was the only man of genius he knew without a heart." If poetical genius be here meant, the learned lexicographer was clearly wrong in imputing it to the laureate; and we may, therefore, in charity, incline to the hope that le was equally in error as to his "want of heart." Mr. Thomas Warton was not, however, deficient in the chief accomplishment observable in these "famous bards of yore"—he laid on his meaningless, sickening adulation with a trowel.

Henry James Pye is the last of the wreathed brotherhood till we arrive at our own time. In this free country, although compelled to support the laureate, no one is obliged by law to read his odes; and we are not, therefore, afraid to confess that we are blissfully ignorant of Henry James Pye.

In 1813, Mr. Robert Southey's acceptance of the laureateship was held by that eminent and facile writer's numerous admirers to have restored the office to respectability, if not to dignity. Many, too, there were who blamed him for stooping, as they thought, from his status as a poet to pick up so slight a thing -slight, that is, apart from the pension and the Canary, which good wine, by the way, Mr. Southey exchanged for twenty-seven pounds yearly—as the laurel wreath. cannot think there was any condescension in the matter, inasmuch as Mr. Southey occupied no very lofty position as a poet, although possessing varied talents of a high order, fine and cultivated taste, and even much poetic feeling. The laureate labors of Jonson and Dryden shed no lustre upon the brotherhood; and neither, it will be admitted, have the loyal odes of Mr. Southey been more successful. The subject does not appear to be a propitious one; no one, with the ever-recurring exception of Shakspeare

has greatly succeeded at it; and it may, we think, be doubted if

"The fair vestal, thronéd by the west,"

would have been drawn in such glittering rainbow colors, if the passage in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" had been done to order. The general failure perhaps in some degree arises from the cause suggested by Waller to King Charles, in excuse of the greater force and beauty of his panegyric upon Cromwell, when compared with that on his majesty, "that poets succeeded best in fiction"—ordinary ones at least, who are, perhaps, oppressed and weighed down by the grandeur and glory they would celebrate. Mr. Southey's first ode is a case in point. Not a line of the "Carmen Triumphale" found an echo or left a remembrance in the national heart, profoundly stirred as it was by the events which the ode chronicles. The funeral song on the untimely death of the Princess Charlotte is the best of Mr. Southey's laureate compositions; and this is but faint praise. Of the "Vision of Judgment" it is impossible to speak except in terms of strong censure. How a man of Mr. Southey's usually correct taste, disciplined imagination, and generous sympathies, could have given such a piece to the world, is in very truth perfectly astounding.

At Mr. Southey's death, the laurel crown

devolved upon the already whitened brows of William Wordsworth. Age had done its work upon the bard of Rydal Mount, and the ode he composed on the occasion of the installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of Cambridge University, was consequently unworthy of his genius. Requiescat in pace!

Thus briefly have we glanced through the by no means brilliant roll of known kings' or laureate poets. Let us recapitulate them in their order of appointment: Henry Day Avranches, John Kay, Andrew Bernard, John Skelton, Richard Edwards, Samuel Daniel, Ben Jonson, William D'Avenant, John Dryden, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Laurence Eusden, Colley Cibber, William Whitehead, Thomas Warton, Henry James Pye, Robert

Southey, William Wordsworth.

To these names must now be added that of Alfred Tennyson. That in his day the laurel wreath may be entwined and illumined by the flowers and light of true poesy, must be every man's earnest hope; but however this may be, we are quite sure he will not offend the Queen's good sense, or shock the serious, honest loyalty of her subjects, by repetitions of the grotesque exaggerations and extravagant conceits indulged in by the great majority of his predecessors—servile platitudes, which insulted the sovereigns to whom they were addressed, and rendered the very name of poet laureate contemptible and ridiculous.

ECCLESIASTICAL STATISTICS.—In England there is, in connection with the Establishment, one clergyman for every 333 adherents, at an income of £431 each, on an average, or £1,-266,000 per million adherents. In Ireland, the Church of England has a clergyman for every 235 adherents, maintained at an average income of £850, or at the rate of £3,250,000 for every million of her adherents. The Church of England maintains one prelate for every 23,000 of its adherents; and in Ireland there is a prelate for every 28,000 adherents. In Catholic France there is one clergyman for every 1500 of the population; their salary from the State being from £14 per annum for the lowest curés, to £500 each for the highest class of Bishops, the average yielding £56 15s. each. In Italy,

there is one clergyman for every 950 of the population, their average income, including that of the dignitaries, being £55 each, or £40,000 per million of adherents. According to a general estimate given by the Popular Encyclopædia, there are, in the entire Christian world, 124,672,000 of Catholics, whose clergy receive £6,106,000 per annum; 54,000,000 Protestants, whose clerical revenees are £11,906,000; and 41,000,000 members of the Greek Church, whose Priests receive £760,000. Of the allowance to the Protestant clergy, the Church of England pays £7,500,000, being more by a million than the Pope and all the priests under him derive, and nearly two-thirds of the entire sum paid by all the Protestant world besides.

From Frasef's Magazine.

HISTORY OF FRENCH JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS.

START not, gentle reader! start not, nor be in the least frightened or appalled, for we don't mean to trace the Press of France from the earliest times to the present day. That would require, not merely an article, but a volume, and a large and ponderous volume too, without much margin, if we were to do anything like justice to the subject. shall not, therefore, go back to France of the seventeenth century, or do more than allude to the Mercure Français, one of the earliest of French journals, commenced in 1605, and which, with its twenty-five volumes, extended to 1644. Neither shall we touch at any length on the Mercure Gallant, which gave birth to the Mercure de France and to the Mercure Français of 1792. These, as well as the Historical and Political Mercury, to which the great Bayle contributed, seem to have owed their origin and to have been modelled on the plan of the Public Intelligencer—a publication which was commenced in London so early as 1661. To all the earlier journals of France—except the scandalous ones—the most illustrious savans, and the most learned and able men, contributed, so that even more than a century and a half ago some of the most gifted and the most learned men of the day might be considered as connected with continental periodical liter-We need but mention Bayle, a host in himself, and Leclerc, Bassnage, Garat, and Roussel. The Nouvelles de la République de Lettres, of which Bayle was the editor and almost the only writer, had a circulation over all Europe; and Voltaire, in his Conseils à un Journaliste, pointed out this miscellary as a model of the style and tone that ought to be

The name of the *Moniteur*, now so exclusively and entirely Parisian, was borrowed from an English journal called the *Monitor*, that appeared in 1759. In the following year, 1760, as if to run the race of rivalry even in journalism, our neighbors had a *Moniteur*—a broad sheet containing moral and political articles. It may be supposed that a

people so fond of news, gossiping, and scandal, as the French, did not confine themselves to moral and political journals merely. A hundred years ago in Paris—there is, alas! nothing new under the sun—the Nouvelles à la Main existed; a worse publication, by far, than our infamous and defunct Satirists of London and Dublin—or than our discreditable Age of twenty years ago. Women—we regret to say, some of the worst of their sexwere put forward, as among ourselves, to manage these scandalous publications, and discharged servants and demireps of detestable repute were the chief purveyors. high authorities of the ministry and the police, after many warnings, at length interfered and threatened, not to bring the female slanderers before a court of law, but to immure them for life in a convent. Even this had no effect, and at length the lieutenant de police set a mouchard of the name of Mouche to work, who was himself implicated in the scandal, and who pitched upon half-a-dozen men and women—a couple of them, we are sorry to state, men of letters-who were compromised. But a Madame de Argental and her valet de chambre, one Gillet, were the chief culprits. This illicit scandal seems to have been pretty well extirpated during the ministry of Vergennes.

It is now nearly ninety-four years ago since the proprietor, or, as he was then called, titulaire, of one of the Mercurys of which we have been speaking, died at Rome. The berth was understood to be worth 10001. a-year, and Madame de Pompadour, the favorite of the day, sent for that charming writer. Marmontel, to know to whom it should be given. Marmontel named his friend Boissy, who did not long enjoy the advantage. Boissy's death, the Pompadour obtained the brevet for Marmontel, who had helped his friend as a contributor-who had, indeed, written in the journal some of the most attractive of his tales. When Marmontel undertook the Mercure in 1758, it was not merely a newspaper, but a literary journal

and a register of the theatres and places of public amusement. Marmontel, all simple and unsuspicious as he was at first, soon found out that to edit a newspaper was no trifle. He graphically compares it himself au travail de Sisyphe ou à celui des Danaides. The simple man of genius, however, called to aid him in his task, not only some of the first French writers of the day, but some of the most distinguished foreigners then in Paris. Among his own countrymen we may mention D'Alembert, the Abbé Morellet, the Abbé Raynal, Marivaux, Chastellux, Chamfort, Guingenée, Panard, Gallet, and Collé; and among foreigners, Galiani, Caraccioli, and De Creutz.

Three years before Marmontel had sat down to the Mercure, the Abbé Arnaud and Freron were working at the Journal Etranger, and had Prévost, J. J. Rousseau, Grimm, and other distinguished men, as contributors. The Journal Etranger existed till 1763, when Suard and Arnaud were commissioned by the Government to undertake the Gazette de France, each with a salary of 10,000 francs a-year, equal to £800 a-year in the times in which we live. The void created by the death of the Journal Etranger was, even a century ago—so intense is the love of our neighbors for journalism—immediately filled up.

To the Gazette Litéraire de l'Europe, which succeeded it, and which was patronized by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Diderot and Saint Lambert contributed, Suard and Arnaud being the responsible managers. The great and the rich of those days patronized this journal, and if it did not live long, the fault was not owing to the men of rank, the vieux talons rouges who flourished before the first Revolution.

Out of the Revolution of 1789, however, sprung some of the greatest and best of the French journals, and among the rest that great repertory of facts, the Moniteur. The Moniteur was born on the 24th November, 1789, about the period when the National Assembly continued at Paris those labors which it had commenced at Versailles. Shortly after this period, as we learn from the memoirs of Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, that gentleman, then editor of the Bulletin de l'Assemblée Nationale, agreed to incorporate his paper with the Moniteur, and soon after became redacteur en chef. Being an admirable short-hand writer, Maret rendered precious service in giving the debates, the most faithful records we have of the events of that most interesting period. Maret, Berquin, Rabaut de St. Etienne, La Harpe, Laya, Guingenee (ambassador), Garat (minister and senator), were the principal writers. Under the Consulate Suard was the editor, and so continued, if we mistake not, down till 1845 or 1846. During his nearly half century of collaboration he was assisted by such men as Champollion, Tissot, Keratry, Aubert de Vitry, Champagnac, and others.

The manager of the *Moniteur* at this moment is M. Ernest Panckoucke, the grandson of Charles James Panckoucke, the father of M. Suard, and the son of the late editor. The rédacteur en chef is M. A. Grün, a gentleman who had been editor of the Journal général de France when that paper was Doctrinaire. M. Grün owes his present position to M. Guizot. The dramatic criticisms of the Moniteur are writen by M. Sauvage, author of some well known operatic pieces, as L'Eaumerveilleuse, Le Caid, &c. The Moniteur forms a collection of 108 or 110 volumes, and as complete copies of it are very rare, it fetches a very high price.

Francis and Lewis Bertin, the one the father, the other the uncle of the present proprietor of the Debats, were the men who first founded journalism as it now exists, or rather as it existed before the Revolution of 1848; and made it a power in the State, if not preponderant, at least equal to any other. Francis was the elder brother, and continued till the period of his death rédacteur en chef et gérant of the journal. Lewis, the younger brother, after having been long a member of the Chamber of Deputies, was sent soon after the Revolution of 1830 to Holland as ambassador, and made a member of the Chamber of Peers. The elder brother was not merely a man of the world, but a gentleman and a scholar; a man of large views in legislation and politics, and of a generous, kindly, and lovable nature. His brother, the ambassador, had, perhaps, more of order and continuity in his operations and manner of labor, for he was indefatigable as a man of busi-Though an excellent classical scholar, and delighting in the masterpieces of antiquity, he never strayed into "the primrose path of dalliance," or philandered with the poets of Greece, of Rome, or of Italy, when there was actual business to be done. The Bertins were men respectably, nay, honorably born. Their father, who had been secretary to the Duke de Choiseul, the minister, died young. The elder Bertin was old enough to have witnessed some of the horrors of 1793, and to have been present at some of the stormy and agitated debates of that extraordinary time. This circumstance may have had a tendency to give a particular color and hue to his political opinions.

Bertin the elder purchased for 20,000 francs, or £800 of our money, the name and copyright of a Journal d'Annonces. To edit this small miscellany, the far-seeing man enlisted men of science, learning, and taste, but inexperienced in the art of journalism. Among the earliest contributors were Géoffroy, Dussault, the Abbé Feletz, and Delalot. The first number of the new journal caused a sensation; and to create a sensation in Paris is to succeed a merveille. The feuilleton of Géoffroy became the rage. was criticism, literary, artistical, theatrical; there was learning, there was wit, laissez aller, and perfect abandon. The result was a great run of deserved prosperity. Debats had soon, in consequence, from 20 to 30,000 subscribers; and it deserved to have them, for the mode in which it treated all public topics was dextrous in the extreme, distinguished by moderation, good taste, and an Atticism of style now unknown. end of the year 1805, so admirably was the Debats conducted, that the Messrs. Bertin were said to be making 200,000 francs a-year, or £8000 of our money, by their paper. This prosperity was chiefly owing to the articles of Géoffroy, Hoffman, Delalot, and Feletz. The Debats assumed the title of Journal de l'Empire as soon as Buonaparte was crowned emperor, or, at all events, very early in 1805. The Senatus Consulte organique proposed to the First Consul the title of Emperor on the 18th of May, 1804. He was crowned Emperor at Nôtre Dame on the 2d December of the same year, and King of Italy on the 26th May, 1805. the fall of Napoleon, the Journal de l'Empire again became the Debats, and on the return from Elba relapsed into the Journal de l'Empire, which it again laid aside for the title Debats on the return of Louis XVIII.

Previous to, and after the Restoration, there had been an intimate literary connection between Chateaubriand and the Bertins; in fact, Chateaubriand was one of the principal literary supporters of their journal, as well as his friends Lammenais, then a high Royalist, De Benald, and Charles Nodier. This circumstance stated, the conduct of the Debats admits of easy explanation, and needs no justification or apology. The Debats, in the reign of Charles X. also sustained the moderate and conciliating administration of M. de Martignac.

We now come to the more modern epoch VOL XXII. NO. IV.

of the Debats-to the period from 1827 to the Revolution of July 1830—when many of the present contributors were fast rising into Among these must be mentioned one of the best political writers of the present day-if not, indeed, the very best-we mean M. de Sacy, son of the celebrated Orientalist. Antoine Sylvestre de Sacy, created a baron by Napoleon in 1813; and M. Saint-Marc Girardin, whose Tableau de la Litterateur Française obtained the prize of Eloquence from the French Academy. Nor should we forget Salvandy, who, though a most indifferent and a shamefully servile and snobbish minister, who in his correspondence, in Spanish and semi-Oriental style, threw himself at the feet of his majesty (yet, poor man, he is to be pardoned, for he is the son of a disfrocked monk and an exclaustrated nun), was yet as a newspaper writer excellent, possessing vigor, vivacity, clearness, and that which is most necessary in France, a certain briskness not devoid of tartness. Albeit Salvandy. from 1824 to 1830, rendered excellent service to the *Debats* by his leading articles, yet it is a proof of the independence and public spirit of the Journal, that when this man became Minister of Public Instruction the Debats turned against its old contributor, and espoused the cause of the University, supported by Cousin. It should also be remembered, that when the Royalty of July, in 1832 and 1833, spared no effort or compliance to render itself acceptable to the court of St. Petersburg, the Journal des Debats sustained the cause of Poland, and was not sparing either in reproaches or in attacks. In 1826 and 1827, the circulation of the Debats diminished certainly one-half, and from no fault of either proprietors or writers. But a new competitor had started up in the person of the Globe, a journal which numbered some of the ablest and most instructed men of France among its contributors. Among these must be enumerated De Remusat, minister under Thiers, and who has recently rendered himself notorious by bringing forward a motion directed against the stability of the Baroche ministry in the Legislative Assembly; Duvergier d'Hauranne, then one of the deputies for Cher: Duchâtel and Dumon, afterwards Ministers of the Interior and of Public Works under the reign of Louis Philippe; and Piscatory, who having gone to Greece in 1823 to defend the cause of Independence, first fleshed his maiden literary sword in the Globe on his return. It is curious that all these men (with the exception of Duchâtel and Dumon, who are

not members of the Legislative Assembly) are now operating to a common intent under Thiers, who, when they were at the Globe, was writing criticisms and leading articles in the Constitutionnel and Courier Français. To the Vielle and Polignac ministries the Debats, as may be supposed from its connection with Chateaubriand and Salvandy, was desperately opposed; though when the actual struggle came, it made no such energetic remonstrances as the other journals against the illegal ordonnances. After the Three Days of July, some of the older writers in the Debats retired from the field—among others Duvicquet, the theatrical critic and writer of the feuillton, and M. Frizzel, a gentleman of Irish origin, and, if we mistake not, in early life a member of the Irish bar. The vacant throne of Duvicquet has been since filled by Jules Janin, a writer of great fecundity and incontestable merit, but conceited maniere, and full of affectation. One of the former contributors to the Globe, the ancient St. Simonian, Michael Chevalier, soon after the Revolution of July became a contributor to the Debats; and he still continues to write in it on subjects connected with political banking and material and engineering improvements.

In the days of Louis Philippe, and for fifteen years previously to 1830, there was scarcely a remarkable minister who had not occasionally written in the Debats, or furnished it information. In the palmiest days of the monarchy of July, the columns of the Debats were open to all the king's aides-decamp, secretaries of commandements, and personal friends; such as De Montalivet, Cuvellier, Fleuvery, &c. A writer who then distinguished himself in the Debats was sure of favorable notice, and, in time, of promotion. A succession of able Premiers Partis has made many a councillor of state, many a maître des requêtes many a consul-indeed even an ambassador, in the person of M. de Bourquenay, who was not a distinguished writer, though he possessed the talent of prosperously pushing on his own personal fortunes.

The Debats is chiefly read by the wealthy landed proprietors, public functionaries, the higher classes of the magistracy, the higher classes of merchants and manufacturers, by the agents de change, barristers, notaries, and what we in England would call country gentlemen. Its circulation in 1846 was about 13,000, and M. Texier states it now at 12,000; but we should think 10,000 nearer the mark. If it circulate 12,000 now, it cer-

tainly must have considerably risen since 1849.

The chief editor of the Debats is, as we before said, Armand Bertin. He was brought up in the school of his father, and is now about fifty years of age, or probably a little more. M. Bertin is a man of esprit and of literary tastes, with the habits, feelings, and demeanor of a well-bred gentleman. "Il est sceptique," says M. Texier; "et il croit a la monarchie: il est Voltairien, et il defend le Pape." Of an agreeable and facile commerce, the editor of the Débats is a man of elegant and Epicurean habits; but does not allow his luxurious tastes to interfere with the business of this nether world. He reads with his own proprietary and editorial eyes all the voluminous correspondence of the office on his return from the salon in which he has been spending the evening. If in the forenoon there is anything of importance to learn in any quarter of Paris, M. Bertin is on the scent, and seldom fails to run down his game. At a certain hour in the day he appears in the Rue des Prêtres, in which the office of the Débats is situate, and there assigns to his collaborators their daily task. Previous to the passing of the Tinguy law, M. Bertin never wrote in his own journal, but contented himself with giving to the products of so many pens the necessary homogeneity. But be this as it may, it is certain he has often written since the law requires the signature obligatoire. What, our readers may ask, is the signature obligatoire? This, that each individual writer is constrained by the provisions of the law to append his name in full to his article. This law, introduced, as well as we remember, about the ending of May or the beginning of June, 1850, by two Legitimist deputies, MM. Tinguy and Laboulie, passed some time in July, and came into operation soon afterwards. We believe we may say, proprietors of, and writers in, journals in Paris, were unanimously opposed to this project when first mooted; but now that it has become the law, they are obliged to submit, bon gré mal gré. To any habitual reader of the Debats it is needless to state, that M. Armand Bertin generally signs the article on the summary of foreign politics.

The ablest man, as we said before, connected with the *Débats*, or indeed, at this moment, with the press of France, is M. de Sacy. De Sacy is an advocate by profession, and pleaded in his youth some causes with considerable success. At a very early period of his professional existence he allied himself with the *Débats*. His articles are dis-

tinguished by ease and flow, yet by a certain gravity and weight, which is divested, however, of the disgusting doctoral tone. He is, in truth, a solid and serious writer, without being in the least degree heavy. Political men of the old school read his papers with pleasure, and most foreigners may read them with profit and instruction. M. de Sacy is a simple, modest, and retiring gentleman, of great learning, and a taste and tact very uncommon for a man of so much learning. Though he has been for more than a quarter of a century influentially connected with the Debats, and has, during eighteen or twenty years of the period, had access to men in the very highest positions—to ministers, ambassadors, to the sons of a king, and even to the late king himself—it is much to his credit that he has contented himself with a paltry riband and a modest place, as Conservateur de la Bibliothéque Mazarine. M. de Sacy belongs to a Jansenist family. Apropos of this, M. Texier tells a pleasant story concerning him. A Roman Catholic writer, addressing himone day in the small gallery reserved for the journalists at the Chamber of Deputies, said, "You are a man, M. de Sacy, of too much cleverness, and of too much honesty, not to be one of us, sooner or later." "Not a bit of it," replied promptly M. de Sacy; "je veux vivre et mourir avec un pied dans le doute et l'autre dans la foi."

Saint-Marc Girardin is certainly, next to De Sacy, the most distinguished writer connected with the Debats. He was originally a maitre d'etude at the College of Henry IV., and sent one fine morning an article to the Debats, which produced a wonderful sensation. The article was without name or address; but old Bertin so relished and appreciated it, that he was not to be foiled in finding out the author. An advertisement was inserted on the following day, requesting the writer to call at the editor's study, when M. Saint-Marc Girardin was attached as a regular soldat de plume to the establishment—a profitable engagement, which left him at liberty to leave his miserable metier of matre d'etude. The articles written in 1834 against the Emperor of Russia and the Russian system were from the pen of M. Girardin. The maitre d'etude of former days became professor at the College of France—became deputy, and exhibited himself, able writer and dialectician as he was and is, as a mediocre speaker, and ultimately became academician and un des quarante.

Another distinguished writer in the Debats is Michael Chevalier. Chevalier is an eleve

of the Polytechnic School, who originally wrote in the Globe. When editor and gerant of the Globe, he was condemned to six months' imprisonment for having developed in that journal the principles of St. Simonianism. Before the expiration of his sentence he was appointed by the Government to a sort of travelling commission to America; and from that country he addressed a series of memorable letters to the Débats, which produced at the time immense effect. Since that period, Chevalier was appointed Professor of Political Economy at the College of France. a berth from whence he was removed by Carnot, Minister of Public Instruction, but afterwards reinstated by subsequent minis-Chevalier, though an able man, is yet more of an economic writer than a political disquisitionist. His brother Augustus is Secretary-general of the Elysée.

A writer who has latterly become prominent in the *Debats* is Mr. John Lemoine, a gentleman who possesses a certain suppleness and finesse of phrase; but in reference to Italy and England, on which subjects he writes, commits egregious mistakes.

The other contributors are Philarate Chasles, an excellent classical scholar, and a man well acquainted with English literature; and Cuvillier Fleury, formerly a professor at the College of St. Barbe, and afterwards occupying a position in the household of one of the princes. M. Fleury is unquestionably a man of taste and talent. There are also M. Xavier Raymond, M. Alexandre Thomas, M. Louis Allory, Brött, Berlioz (for music), Delectuze (for the the fine arts), Saint-Ange Tanski, and the celebrated Jules Janin. productions of the latter as a feuilletoniste are so well known, that we need not stop to dwell upon them. Janin is not without merit, and he is highly popular with a certain class of writers; but his articles, after all, apart from the circumstances of the day, are but a rechauffe of the style of Marivaux. A curious fact is stated by M. Texier: it is, that all the writers in the Debats, excepting the proprietor, Armand Bertin, are decorated.

The history of the Constitutionnel follows that of the Debats. The Debats is ingenious, has tact without enthusiasm, banters with taste, and scuds before the wind with a grace which only belongs to a fin voilier—to a fast-sailing clipper. But, on the other hand, none of these qualities are found in the Constitutionnel, which, though often hot, and not seldom vehement and vulgar, is almost uniformly heavy. For three-and-thirty years—that is to say, from 1815 to 1848—the Con-

stitutionnel traded in Voltairien principles, in vehement denunciations of the Parti Prête and of the Jesuits, and in the intrigues of the emigrants and royalist party quand même. For many years the literary giant of this Titanic warfare was Etienne, who had been in early life secretary to Maret, Duke of Bassano, himself a mediocre journalist, though an excellent reporter and stenographer. Etienne was a man of esprit and talent, who had commenced his career as a writer in the Minerve Française. In this miscellany, his letters on Paris acquired as much vogue as his comedies of the Deux Gendres, the Intriguante, and Une Heure de Mariage. About 1818, Etienne acquired a single share in the Constitutionnel, and, after a year's service, became impregnated with the air of the Rue Montmartre—with the spirit of the genius When one has been some time writing for a daily newspaper, this result is sure to follow. One gets habituated to set phrases -to pet ideas-to the traditions of the locality—to the prejudices of the readers, political or religious, as the case may be. Independently of this, the daily toil of newspaper writing is such, and so exhausting, that a man obliged to undergo it for any length of time, is glad occasionally to find refuge in words without ideas, which have occasionally much significancy with the million, or in topics on which the public love to dwell fondly. Thus it was that Etienne "tonnait contre le trone et l'autel, style du temps, la grosse piece du liberalisme chargée jusqu'a la gueule," to use the words of M. Texier. When this theme was worn threadbare, there followed a song of De Béranger, expanded into prose, or a chapter of Voltaire done into the language of the Parisian epicier. If after this fuciltade the list of subscribers remained stationary, Etienne used good-naturedly to say, " Nous ferons ce soir un vigoreux article contre les Jesuites."

When the day came round on which subscribers generally renew their subscriptions, a Machiavellian combination was resorted to. The journal appeared with the first sheet in blank. The missing and absent articles produced by the abhorred vacuum an immence effect. Every one cudgelled his brains to find out what could possibly be the subject, or the mode of handling it adopted, which rendered the worthy writer amenable to the shears and scissors of the censor. The strong grocers, the rich cheesemongers, the gros marchand de vin, and the dealer in corn and flour at the Halle aux Blés, would, on these and the like occasions, exclaim, "This

is horrible—this is monstrous: we must not allow the wings of this swan of the Rue Montmartre to be thus clipped by an infamous, a priest ridden, and a tyrranical government." This virtuous indignation extended to the eighty-six provinces of France, and the result was, that the Constitutionnel, as a mercantile speculation, made a right good thing of its supposed martyrdom. By such means as these it was that the journal ranged under its banners the friends of the Charter, the Buonapartists, the adversaries of the clergy, and the discontented of every kind and degree. Under the reign of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., it lost no opportunity, by indirection and innuendo, of hinting at the "Petit Caporal;" and this circumstance, during the life of the emperor, and long after his death, caused the journal to be adored—that is really the word—by the old army, by the vieux de vieille, and by the durs à cuire.

In these good old by-gone times the writers in the Constitutionnel wore a blue frock, closely buttoned up to the chin, to the end that they might pass for officers of the old army on half-pay. In 1830 the fortunes of the Constitutionnel had reached the culminant point. It then counted 23,000 subscribers. at 80 francs a-year. At that period a single share in the property was a fortune. But the avater of the Citizen King spoiled in a couple of years the sale of the citizen journal. The truth is, that the heat of the Revolution of July had engendered and incubated a multitude of journals, great and little, bounding with young blood and health--journals whose editors and writers did not desire better sport than to attack the Constitutionnel at right and at left, and to tumble the dear, fat, rubicund old gentleman head over heels. Among these was the Charivari. which incontinently laughed at the whole system of the establishment, from the crapulous, corpulent, and Voltairian Etienne, down to the lowest printer's devil. The metaphors, the puffs, the canards, the réclames, &c. of the Constitutionnel were treated mercilessly and as nothing-not even Religion itself can stand the test of ridicule among so mocking a people as the French; the result was, that the Constitutionnel diminished wonderfully in point of circulation. Yet the old man wrote and spoke well, and had, from 1824 to 1829, as an ally, the sharp and clever Thiers, and the better read, the better informed, and the more judicious Mignet. It was during the Vilelle administration that the Constitutionnel attained the very highest acme of it

fame. It was then said to have had 30,000 subscribers, and to have maintained them with the cry of "Down with the Jesuits!" 1827-28, during its palmiest days, the Constitutionnel had no Roman feuilleton. It depended then on its leading articles, nor was it till its circulation declined, in 1843, to about 3500, that the proprietors determined to reduce the price one-half. They then, too, adopted the Roman feuilleton, giving as much as 500 francs for an article of this kind to Dumas or Sue. From 1845 or 1846 to 1848. the Constitutionnel had most able contributors of leading articles; Thiers, De Remusat, and Duvergier d'Hauranne, having constantly written in its columns. The circulation of the iournal was then said to amount to 24,000. When the Constitutionnel entered into the hands of its present proprietor, Docteur Louis Veron, it was said to be reduced to 3000 subscribers. How many subscribers it has now we have no very accurate means of knowing, but we should say, at a rough guess, it may have about 9000 or 10,000. should be remembered, that from being an anti-sacerdotal journal it has become a priests' paper and the organ of priests; from being an opponent of the executive, it has become the organ and the apologist of the executive in the person of M. L. N. Buonaparte, and the useful instrument, it is said, of M. Achille Fould. , Everybody knows, says M. Texier, with abundant malice prepense, that Dr. Veron, the chief editor of the Constitutionnel, has declared that France may henceforth place her head on the pillow and go quietly to sleep, for the doctor confidently answers for the good faith and wisdom of the presi-

But who is Doctor Veron, the editor-inchief, when one finds his excellency chez elle? The ingenious son of Esculapius tells us himself that he has known the coulisses (the phrase is a queer one) of science, of the arts, of politics, and even of the opera. It appears, however, that the dear doctor is the son of a stationer of the Rue du Bac, who began his career by studying medicine. If we are to believe himself, his career was a most remarkable one. In 1821 he was received what is called an interne of the Hötel Dieu. having walked the hospitals, he enrolled himself in the Catholic and Apostolic Society of "bonnes lettres," collaborated with the writers in the Quotidienne, and, thanks to the royalist patronage, was named physician-in-chief to the Royal Museums. Whether any of the groups in the pictures of Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Teniers, Claude, or Poussin-whether one of the leading booksellers Veron trotted

any of the Torsos of Praxiteles, or even of a more modern school, required the assiduous care or attention of a skillful physician, we do not presume to state. But we repeat that the practice of Dr. Veron was confined to these dumb yet not inexpressive personages. In feeling the pulse of the Venus de Medici, or looking at the tongue of the Laocoon, or the Apollo Belvidere, it is said the chief, if not the only practice of Dr. Louis Veron consisted. True, the doctor invented a pate pectorale, approved by all the emperors and kings in Europe, and very renowned, too, among the commonality; but so did Dr. Solomon, of Gilead House, near Liverpool, invent a balm of Gilead, and Mrs. Cockle invent antibilious pills, taken by many of the judges, a majority of the bench of bishops, and some admirals of the blue, and general officers without number, yet we have never heard that Moses Solomon or Tabitha Cockle were renowned in the practice of physic, notwithstanding the said Gilead and the before-mentioned pills. Be this, however, as it may, Veron, after having doctored the pictures and statues, and pate pectorated the Emperor, the Pope, the Grand Turk, the Imaum of Muscat, the Shah of Persia, and the Great Mogul himself, next established the Review of Paris, which in its turn he abandoned to become the director of the Opera. Tired of the Opera after four or five years' service, the doctor became a candidate of the dynastic opposition at Brest. This was the "artful dodge," before the Revolution of July 1848, if we may thus translate an untranslatable phrase of the doctor's. At Brest the professor of the healing art failed, and the consequence was, that instead of being a deputy he became the proprietor of the Constitutionnel. Fortunate man that he is! In Robert le Diable at the Opera, which he would not at first have at any price, the son of Esculapius found the principal source of his fortune, and by the Juif Errant of Eugène Sue, for which he gave 100,000 francs, he saved the Constitutionnel from per-Apropos of this matter, there is a pleasant story abroad. When Veron purchased the Constitutionnel, Thiers was writing his Histoire du Consulat, for which the booksellers had agreed to give 500,000 Veron wished to have the credit of publishing the book in the Constitutionnel, and with this view waited on Thiers, offering to pay down, argent comptant, one half the Thiers, though pleased with the proposition, yet entrenched himself behind his engagement with the booksellers.

off, post-haste, and opened the business. "Oh!" said the sensible publisher, "you have mistaken your coup altogether." "How so?" said the doctor. "Don't you see," said the Libraire Editeur, "that the rage is Eugène Sue, and that the Débats and the Presse are at fistycuffs to obtain the next novelty of the author of the Mysteres de Paris? Go you and offer as much again for this novel, whatever it may be, as either the one or other of them, and the fortune of the Constitutionnel is made." The doctor took the advice, and purchased the next novelty of Sue at 100,000 francs. This turned out to be the Juif Errant, which raised the circulation of the Constitutionnel to 24,000.

Veron is a puffy-faced little man, with an overgrown body, and midriff sustained upon an attenuated pair of legs; his visage is buried in an immense shirt collar, stiff and starched as a Norman cap. Dr. Veron believes himself the key-stone of the Elyséan arch, and that the weight of the government Look at him as he is on his shoulders. enters the Café de Paris to eat his purée à la Condé, and his supréme de volaille, and his filet de chevreuil piqué aux truffes, and you would say that he is not only the prime, but the favorite minister of Louis Napoleon, par la grace de Dieu et Monsieur le Docteur Président de la Republique. "Après tout c'est un mauvais drole, qu ce pharmacien," to use the term applied to the doctor by General Chan-

A short man of the name of Boilay washes the dirty linen of Dr. Veron, and corrects his faults of grammar, of history, &c. Boilay is a small, sharp, stout, little man, self-possessed, self-satisfied, with great readiness and tact. Give him but the heads of a subject, and he can make out a very readable and plausible article. Boilay is the real working editor of the Constitutionnel, and is supported by a M. Clarigny, a M. Malitourne, and others not more known or more respected. Garnier de Cassagnac, of the Pouvoir, a man of very considerable talent, though not of very fixed principle, writes occasionally in the Constitutionnel, and more ably than any of the other contributors. M. St. Beuve is the literary critic, and he performs his task with eminent ability.

We now come to the *National*, founded by Carrell, Mignet, and Thiers. It was agreed by the triad that each should take the place of *rédaceteur en chef* for a year. Thiers, as the oldest and most experienced, was the first installed, and conducted the paper with zest and spirit till the Revolution of 1830

broke out. The National set out with the idea of changing the incorrigible dynasty, and instituting Orléanism in the place of it. The refusal to pay taxes and to contribute to a budget was a proposition of the National, and it is not going too far to say, that the crisis of 1830 was hastened by this journal. It was at the office of the National that the famous protest, proclaiming the right of resistance, was composed and signed by Thiers, De Remusat, and Canchois Lemaire. On the following day the office of the journal was bombarded by the police and an armed force, when the presses were broken. Against this illegal violence the editors protested. After the Revolution, Carrel assumed the conduct of the journal, and became the firmest as well as the ablest organ of democracy. To the arbitrary and arrogant Perier, he opposed a firm and uncompromising resistance. Every one acquainted with French politics, at that epoch, is aware of the strenuous and stand-up fight he made for five years for his principles. He it was who opposed a bold front to military bullies, and who invented the epithet traineurs de sabre. This is not the place to speak of the talent of Carrel. It must be done on another and more fitting occasion. He was shot in a miserable quarrel in 1836, by Emile Girardin, then, as now, the editor of the Presse. On the death of Carrel, the shareholders of the paper assembled together to name a successor. M. Trelat, subsequently minister (after the Revolution of 1848,) was fixed upon. But as he was then a detenu at Clairvaux, M. Bastide and Littré filled the editorial chair during the interregnum. On the release of Trelat, it was soon discovered that he had not the peculiar talent necessary. The sceptre of authority passed into the hands of M. Bastide, a person subsequently named Minister of Foreign Affairs in the ending of 1848, or the beginning of 1849, we forget which.-M. Bastide, then a marchand de bois, divided his editorial empire with M. Armand Marrast, who had been a political prisoner and a refugee in England, and who returned to France on the amnesty granted on the marriage of the Duke of Orleans. M. Marrast, though a disagreeable, self-sufficient, and underbred person, was unquestionably a writer of point, brilliancy, and vigor. From 1837 to the revolution of 1848 he was connected with the National, and was the author of a series of articles which have not been equalled since. Like all low, vulgar-bred, and reptile-minded persons, Marrast forgot himself completely when raised to the position of President of the Chamber of Deputies. In this position he made irreconcilable enemies of all his old colleagues, and of most persons who came into contact with him. The fact is, that your schoolmaster and pedagogue can rarely become a gentleman, or anything like a gentleman. The writers in the National, at the present moment, are, M. Léopold Duras, M. Alexandre Rey, Caylus, Cochut, Forvues, Littre, Paul de Musset Colonel Charras of the Legislative Assembly, and several others, whose names it is

not necessary to mention here. We come now to the Siècle, a journal which, though only established in 1836, has. we believe, a greater sale than any journal in Paris-at least, had a greater sale previous to the Revolution of February 1848. The Siècle was the first journal that started at the low price of 40 francs a-year, when almost every other newspaper was purchased at a cost of 70 or 80 francs. It should also be recollected, that it was published under the auspices of the deputies of the constitutional opposition. The Siecle was said, in 1846, to have had 42,000 subscribers. then editor was M. Chambolle, who abandoned the concern in February or March. 1849, not being enabled to agree with M. Louis Perrée, the directeur of the journal. Since Chambolle left a journal which he had conducted for thirteen years, M. Perrée has died in the flower of his age, mourned by those connected with the paper, and regretted by the public at large. Previous to the Revolution of 1848, Odillon Barrot and Gustave de Beaumont took great interest and an active part in the management of the Siecle. That positive, dogmatical, self-opinioned, and indifferent newspaper writer, Léon Faucher, was then one of the principal contributors to this journal. The Siecle of 1851 is somewhat what the Constitutionnel was in 1825, 6, and 7. It is eminently city-like and of the bourgevisie, "earth, earthy," as a good, reforming, economic National Guard ought to be. The success of the journal is due to this spirit, and to the eminently fair, practical, and business-like manner in which it has been conducted. Perrée, the late editor and manager of the journal, who died at the early age of 34, was member for the Manche. The writers in the journal are Louis Jourdan, formerly a St. Simonian; Pierre Bernard, who was secretary to Armand Carrel; Hippolite Lamarche, an ex-cavalry captain: Auguste Jullien (son of Jullien de Paris, one of the Commissaries of Robespierre;) and others whom it is needless to mention.

M. Lamarche, who writes the foreign leader, appears to have a more correct idea of foreign countries than the generality of Frenchmen. The redacteur en chef of the literary portion of the paper is Louis Desnoyes, the author of Les Béotiens de Paris, Aventures de Paul Chaport, &c.

The Presse, of which we are next to speak. was founded in 1836, about the same time as the Siecle, by Emile de Girardin, a son of General de Girardin, it is said, by an English mother. Till that epoch of fifteen years ago, people in Paris or in France had no idea of a journal exceeding in circulation 25,000 copies, the (by many believed fabulous) circulation of the Constitutionnel, or of a newspaper costing less than seventy or eighty francs per annum. Many journals had contrived to live on respectably enough on a medest number of 4000 or 5000 abonnés. But the conductors of the Presse and of the Siecle were born to operate a revolution in this routine and jog-trot of newspaper life. They reduced the subscriptions to newspapers from eighty to forty francs per annum, producing as good if not a better article. This, no doubt, was a great advantage to the million, and it induced parties to subscribe for, and read a newspaper, in parties of one, twos, threes, and fours, more especially in the country, who never thought of reading a newspaper before. This is undoubtedly true: but it is also true that this general diffusion of newspapers precipitated events probably by eight or ten years. At the period of its establishment, the Presse supported the dynasty of Orleans, yet its support was perilous and cumbersome, for the dynasty of Orleans did not survive it. For ten years the Presse was the partisan and counsellor of resistance, yet we are inclined to think that M. Girardin did much more to advance Socialism than Louis Blanc, Pierre Leroux, Considérant, and the other coryphæi of Socialism. Be this, however, as it may, M. de Girardin created la jeune presse for la Jeune France, and the country is still undergoing its lessons in statu pupillari. When and where, and at what point, such lessons may stop, is more than we can undertake to divine or determine. This, however, is certain, that in constituting his new press, M. Girardin entirely upset and rooted out all the old notions theretofore prevailing as to the conduct of a journal. The great feature in the new journal was not its Premiers Paris, or leading articles, but its Roman feuilleton, by Dumas, Sue, &c. The Roman feuilleton it was that first brought Socialism into

extreme vogue among the petite bourgeoisie and working classes. True, the Presse was not the first to publish Socialist feuilletons, but the Debats and the Constitutionnel. But the Presse was the first to make the leading article subsidiary to the feuilleton. It was, even when not a professed Socialist, a great promoter of Socialism, by the thorough thick-and-thin support which it lent to all the slimy, jesuitical corruptions of Guizotism, and all the turpitudes and chicanery of Louis Phillippism. When the Presse was not a year old it had 15,000 subscribers, and before it was twelve years old the product of its advertisements amounted to 150,000 francs a-year. Indeed, this journal has the rare merit of being the first to teach the French the use, and we must add the abuse, of advertisements. We fear the Presse, during these early days of the gentle Emile and Granier Cassagnac, was neither a model of virtue, disinterestedness, nor self-denial. Nor do we know that it is so now, even under the best of Republics. There are strange tales abroad, even allowing for the exaggeration of Rumor, with her hundred tongues. thing, however, is clear; that the Presse was a liberal paymaster to its feuillitonistes. To Dumas, Sand, De Balzac, Théophile Gautier, and Jules Sandeau, it four years ago paid 300 francs per day for contributions. The Presse is now less the collective reason of a set of writers laboring to a common intent, than the expression of the individual activity, energy, and wonderful mobility of M. Girardin himself. The Presse is Emile de Girardin, with his boldness, his audacity, his rampant agility, his Jim-Crowism, his inexhaustible cleverness, wonderful fecundity, and indisputable talent. Presse is hardi espiegle, bold and daring; but no man can tell the color of its politics to-day, much less three days, or three months hence. On the 25th of July, 1848, it was as audacious, as unabashed, and as little disconcerted as two days before, workmen arrived in crowds to break its presses, the ingenious Emile threw open the doors of the press-room, talked and reasoned with the greasy rogues, and sent them connted away.

Girardin writes a great deal in his own journal, and labors hard to sustain its character. The other contributors are M. de la Guerroniere, M. Gerodeaud, Eugene Pelletan, Paulin Limayrac, Theophile Gautier, and others.

Though the Courrier Français is one of the oldest of the French papers, and was at

Constant, Villemein, Cauchois, Lemaire, and Mignet, yet it never had a large circulation; and the number of its subscribers was greatly reduced by the heavy leaders of Leon Faucher, leaders which had overlaid and killed the Temps by their denseness and specific gravity. Faucher left the Temps in 1845, but albeit they have had since much better and brighter writers than this disagreeable pedagogue and ex-Minister of the Interior, yet the position of the journal is not im-

proved. The Ordre is a very new paper, not yet two years old. It was founded by Chambolle, for thirteen years editor of the Siecle. The Ordre is the organ of Odillon Barrot, and was, till the last few days, the organ of Thiers also; but since the split in the club of the Rue des Pyramides, Thiers, Piscatory, D'Hauranne, and others, have set up a new journal. Chambolle is a writer of large experience. He wrote in the Courrier Francais under the Restoration; and in the National, when Carrel was editor. The other writers are little known to fame, with the exception of Eugene Guinot of Marseilles, who, for eleven years, wrote smartly and readably the "Revue de Paris" of the Siecle.

The Gazette de France is the doyen of journalism. In 1827 and 8, under Vilelle and Peyronnet, it was converted into an evening paper. It was then the organ of the Jesuit party, and drew its resources from the Treasury. From 1830 to 1848, the Gazette de France was identified with the name of M. de Genoude, who, having been a married man, on the death of his wife became an abbe and a priest. This gentleman has been dead for some time, and is now gone to his account; but we fear it must be stated that with him legitimacy and political opinion were matters of debtor and creditor speculation, and, as it turned out, of no inconsiderable pecuniary The redacteur en chef of the Gazette de France at this moment is M. Lourdoueix, who had been attached to the literary staff of the journal for quarter of a century before he became the proprietor of it. M. Lourdoueix is, perhaps, the oldest man now connected with the Parisian press, being in his sixty-sixth year. He was a censeur under the Restoration, one of the best paid berths under that government.

M. Lourdoueix adopted, when he became proprietor of the Gazette de France, that portion of the tactics of M. de Genoude which consisted in an appeal to the people. one period supported by the eloquent pens of | It appears that these proceedings were disapproved of by the Count of Chambord—a disapproval communicated to the editor. Lourdoueix, not satisfied, set out for Frohs-But he was coldly received, and failed to move the prince. On his return to Paris, to his credit be it stated, Lourdoueix continued as before to urge an appeal to the nation at large. There is no writer in the Gaette de France now, nor in any of the Henriquinquist papers, like Colnet, the famous writer from 1816 to 1831.

The Evenement, a paper not yet three years old, was founded in 1848 by Victor Hugo. In the days of the Constituent it was Conservative. It then belonged to the Party of Order, as it was called; but when Victor Hugo changed his note it passed over, arms, baggage, and, as M. Texier tartly says, antitheses, to the opposition. Charles and Francis Victor Hugo, both sons of the

poet, write in the Evenement.

The Pouvoir, originally called the Dix Decembre, is, as its former name imports, an Elysean journal. It was born some time in July 1849, and the editor is Adolphe Gran-This Gascon commenced ier de Cassagnac. writing some nineteen years ago in the Debats, on the recommendation of Victor Hugo, and subsequently in the Revue de Paris. When Giradin established the Presse, he took Cassagnac as an aide-de camp and ally. They were as thick as pickpockets, and as intimate as Peachum and Locket, for a number of years. But one fine morning Pylades and Orestes quarrelled, and then Girardin found out that Cassagnac was an impudent Gascon, who was struck and flogged in the streets of Toulouse; that he was a fellow who sent about cartloads of prospectus by colporteurs with gaiters of particular cut to excite attention; and that he was a vile and worthless faquin, of base life and ignoble nature. Cassagnac made discoveries equally remarkable contemporaneously with Girar-He found out, for instance, that Emile, sitting by his wife at the Opera, was struck before 3000 persons; and that the same Girardin, on a hot July day, entering his [Cassagnac's] bed-chamber, there took off his sweaty shirt and clothed his yet reeking ribs in one of the complainant's best chemises. Charges such as these were bandied between the parties in the newspaper press of Paris about five years ago. Cassagnac was the political editor of the Epoqe, a journal devoted to Guizot, which died about four years ago, and he is now the Alpha and Omega of the Pouvoir. As a writer, he possesses energy suppleness, dialectical skill, and neatness of

phrase. In everything save energy and force of character, he is superior to Girardin. Whatever shades of difference exist in the intellectual character of the two men, they are, as to moral character, quite upon a par. Cassagnac is now a thick-and-thin partisan

of the Elysée.

The Assemblée Nationale is a reactionary journal, just three years old according to M. Texier; it was born on the 29th February, 1841, at six o'clock in the morning, Great was its success in the first days of the Revolution, to which it was from the beginning opposed. It is said that of some of the earlier numbers as many as 100,000 copies were The Assemblée Nationale is neither a Legitimiste, a Regentiste, nor a Republican journal. It is, in a word, a journal of resistance, wishing a strong and an energetic government

The editor is M. Adrien Lavalette, and he is assisted by the eternal Capefigue, who has written 365 vols. of what he calls Memoirs and History, all in the style of Mrs. Malaprop. Here is a specimen of this eternal Capefigue, in his Diplomates Europeens-"La Presse, ce long boyau, qu'a la tete sur la Niemen et les pieds sur la Meuse."

The Univers was founded in 1833 by the Abbe Migne. This paper has always perseveringly advocated what it calls the liberty of the Church. If you are to believe the Univers, that which it chiefly desiderates is that the Church should be free and independent in the sphere of its teaching, its discipline, and its government. M. Montalembert is said to exercise a power of advising and controlling this journal. It is said by M. Texier that his influence was dominant at the Univers in 1840, under the Thiers government. We see no reason to think it is not dominant now. The Univers, we need not say, is the declared adversary of the University. A Marsellaise of the name of Gondon does the part of the Univers having reference to England and Ireland. We need not say that the self-deluding man is not mistaken in his views and conclusions.

The Opinion Publique is a Ligitimist journal, established shortly after the Revolution of February. It is against any appeal to the nation on behalf of the Count of Chambord. The brothers Nettement, connected with the Quotidienne and the Revenant, are among the principal writers.

The Vote Universel, on the other hand, is a thoroughly democratical journal, destined to fill the place rendered vacant by the disappearance of the Reforme. It was founded

under the auspices of sixty members of the Mountain. The principal writers are Bertholon, Charles Lesseps, Brives, &c. Lesseps is a writer of merit: he commenced his career as secretary of Mauguin, who was then a celebrated advocate, and connected with the Commerce. Charles Lesseps soon became the redacteur en chef. In 1840 he fought a well-contested stand-up fight against the embastillement of Paris, publishing every day an article upon the subject.

When the Commerce changed proprietors, Lesseps established the Esprit Public, which continued the traditions of the Commerce. In 1846 Charles Lesseps obtained a seat in the Chamber. He frequently spoke and voted with the extreme gauche. The Provisional Government, after the events of February, appointed Lesseps a Councillor of State, but the Constituent did not maintain

him in this post.

We have not spoken of the satirical journals, the Charivari and Corsaire. The Charivari turns into ridicule the acts of the Government, and laughs at everything under the sun. Its principal artists are Daumier and Cham, and its contributors are Louis Huart, (the inventor of the little books called Physiologies, as Physiologie de l'Homme de Loi, de la Grisette, Llorette, &c.) Taxile Delord, and Clément Carraguel. The Charivari was established in 1831, by Charles Philippon, and it now belongs to a body of shareholders.

It is not generally known that Cham, the peintre dessinateur of the Charivari, is the son of M. de Noë, an ex-peer of France; Daumier, the other dessinateur, is the author of Robert Macaire, of the Représentants,

Représentes, &c.

The Corsaire is older than the Charivari, for it dates from 1829. Unlike its satirical brother, it has no engravings or woodcuts. Many celebrated writers have contributed to its pages, as Alphonse Karr, Gozlan, Mery, Reybaud, &c. The rédacteur en chef is Viennot, assisted by De Coetlogon, De Ro-

vigo, Courtois, D'Entrague, &c.

There are special journals for law and medicine, to which we can do no more than make a passing and very brief allusion. The Gazette des Tribunaux is the most ancient of the legal journals. Its shareholders have drawn immense profits. The Gazette des Tribunaux was founded during the latter days of the Restoration, by Darmaing; Fossé, at this moment Attorney-general of the Republic at Toulouse; Mermilliod, ancient deputy; Charles Ledru Cormenin; Du-

pin, ainé, and others. On Darmaing's death in 1836, M. Paillard de Villeneuve became the editor.

The *Droit* is also a legal paper, which was founded by M. Dutacq. For a while Ledru Rollin was editor of this journal, concurrently with Eugene Lerminier. When Ledru Rollin retired from his editorship, his place was occupied by M. Pinard, who was named Procureur de la République after the last Revolution. M. Pinard is now a Conseiller at the Cour d'Appeal of Paris.

There are religious journals, journals of fashion, journals of legislation, political economy, and statistics, and bureaux of news and correspondence, to which we have made no allusion, for the space we have already occupied warns us that it is time to close a somewhat lengthy paper, into which, however, we have endeavored to compress some slight account of every French daily journal

of the least importance or renown.

The number of journals in Paris is greater-much greater, relatively-than the number existing in London. The people of Paris love and study a newspaper more than the people of London, and take a greater interest in public affairs, and more especially in questions of foreign policy. Previous to the Revolution of February 1848, it cannot, we think, be denied that newspaper writers in France held much higher rank than contributors to the daily press in England, and even still they continue to hold a higher and more influential position, though there can be no good reason why they should have done so at either time. For the last fifteen years there cannot be any doubt or question that the leading articles in the four principal daily London morning papers exhibit an amount of talent, energy, information, readiness, and compression, which are not found in such perfect and wonderful combination in the French press.

For the last three years, however, the press of France has wonderfully deteriorated. It is no longer what it was antecedent to the Revolution. There is not the literary skill, the artistical ability, the energy, the learning, and the eloquence which theretofore existed. The class of writers in newspapers now are an inferior class in attainments, in scholarship, and in general ability. There can be little doubt, we conceive, that the press greatly increased and abused its power, for some years previous to 1848. This led to the decline of its influence, an influence still daily diminishing; but withal, even still the press in France has more influ-

ence, and enjoys more social and literary consideration, than the press in England. We believe that newspaper writers in France are not now so generally well paid as they were twenty or thirty years ago. Two or three eminent writers can always command in Paris what would be called a sporting price, but the gwriters receive than a similar cexercise a much opinion, and enjution of French the social scale.

price, but the great mass of leading-article writers receive considerably less in money than a similar class in London, though they exercise a much greater influence on public opinion, and enjoy, from the peculiar constitution of French society, a higher place in the social scale.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY W. WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "ANTONINA."

Among those who attended the first of the King's levées, during the London season of 18-, was an unmarried gentleman of large fortune, named Streatfield. While his carriage was proceeding slowly down St. James's Street, he naturally sought such amusement and occupation as he could find in looking on the brilliant scene around him: The day was unusually fine; crowds of spectators thronged the street and the balconies of the houses on either side of it, all gazing at the different equipages with as eager a curiosity and interest, as if fine vehicles and fine people inside them were the rarest objects of contemplation in the whole metropolis. Proceeding at a slower and slower pace, Mr. Streatfield's carriage had just arrived at the middle of the street, when a longer stoppage than usual occurred. He looked carelessly up at the nearest balcony; and there, among some eight or ten ladies, all strangers to him, he saw one face that riveted his attention immediately.

He had never beheld anything so beautiful, anything which struck him with such strange, mingled, and sudden sensations, as this face. He gazed and gazed on it, hardly knowing where he was, or what he was doing, until the line of vehicles began again to move on. Then—after first ascertaining the number of the house—he flung himself back in the carriage, and tried to examine his own feelings, to reason himself into self-possession; but it

was all in vain. He was seized with that amiable form of social monomania, called "love at first sight."

He entered the palace, greeted his friends, and performed all the necessary Court ceremonies, feeling the whole time like a man in a trance. He spoke mechanically, and moved mechanically—the lovely face in the balcony occupied his thoughts, to the exclusion of everything else. On his return home, he had engagements for the afternoon and the evening—he forgot and broke them all; and walked back to St. James's Street as soon as he had changed his dress.

The balcony was empty; the sight-seers, who had filled it but a few hours before, had departed-but obstacles of all sorts now tended only to stimulate Mr. Streatfield; he was determined to ascertain the parentage of the young lady, determined to look on the lovely face again—the thermometer of his heart had risen already to Fever Heat! Without loss of time, the shopkeeper to whom the house belonged was bribed to loquacity by a purchase. All that he could tell, in answer to inquiries, was that he had let his lodgings to an elderly gentleman and his wife, from the country, who had asked some friends into their balcony to see the carriages go to the levée. Nothing daunted, Mr. Streatfield questioned and questioned again. What was the old gentleman's name?—Dimsdale.—Could he see Mr. Dimsdale's servant?—The obsequious shopkeeper had no doubt that he could: Mr. Dimsdale's servant should be sent for im-

mediately.

In a few minutes the servant, the all-important link in the chain of Love's evidence, made his appearance. He was a pompous, portly man, who listened with solemn attention, with a stern judicial calmness, to Mr. Streatfield's rapid and somewhat confused inquiries, which were accompanied by a minute description of the young lady, and by several explanatory statements, all very fictitious, and all very plausible. Stupid as the servant was, and suspicious as all stupid people are, he had nevertheless sense enough to perceive that he was addressed by a gentleman, and gratitude enough to feel considerably mollified by the handsome doueeur which was quietly slipped into his hand. After much pondering and doubting, he at last arrived at the conclusion that the fair object of Mr. Streatfield's inquiries was a Miss Langley, who had joined the party in the balcony that morning, with her sister; and who was the daughter of Mr. Langley, of Langley Hall, inshire. The family were now staying in London, at --- Street. More information than this, the servant stated that he could not afford-he was certain that he had made no mistake, for the Miss Langleys were the only very young ladies in the house that morning -however, if Mr. Streatfield wished to speak to his master, he was ready to carry any message with which he might be charged.

But Mr. Streatfield had already heard enough for his purpose, and departed at once for his club, determined to discover some means of being introduced in due form to Miss Langley, before he slept that night -though he should travel round the whole circle of his acquaintance-high and low, rich and poor-in making the attempt. rived at the club, he began to inquire resolutely, in all directions, for a friend who knew Mr. Langley, of Langley Hall. He disturbed gastronomic gentlemen at their din-ner; he interrupted agricultural gentlemen who were moaning over the prospects of the harvest; he startled literary gentlemen who were deep in the critical mysteries of the last Review; he invaded billiard-room, dressingroom, smoking-room; he was more like a frantic ministerial whipper-in, hunting up stray members for a division, than an ordinary man; and the oftener he was defeated in his object, the more determined he was to succeed. At last, just as he had vainly inquired of everybody that he knew, just as he

was standing in the hall of the club-house thinking where he should go next, a friend entered, who at once relieved him of all his difficulties—a precious, an inestimable man, who was on intimate terms with Mr. Langley, and had been lately staying at Langley Hall. To this friend all the lover's cares and anxieties were at once confided; and a fitter depositary for such secrets of the heart could hardly have been found. He made no jokes -for he was not a bachelor; he abstained from shaking his head and recommending prudence-for he was not a seasoned husband, or an experienced widower; what he really did, was to enter heart and soul into his friend's projects—for he was precisely in that position, the only position, in which the male sex generally take a proper interest in matchmaking: he was a newly married man.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Streatfield was the happiest of mortals—he was introduced to the lady of his love, to Miss Jane Langley. He really enjoyed the priceless privilege of looking once more on the face in the balcony, and looking on it almost as often as he wished. It was perfect Elysium. Mr. and Mrs. Langley saw little, or no company-Miss Jane was always accessible, never monopolizedthe light of her beauty shone, day after day, for her adorer alone; and his love blossomed in it, fast as flowers in a hot-house. Passing quickly by all the minor details of the wooing to arrive the sooner at the grand fact of the winning, let us simply relate that Mr. Streatfield's object in seeking an introduction to Mr. Langley was soon explained, and was indeed visible enough long before the explanation. He was a handsome man, an accomplished man; and a rich man. His two first qualifications conquered the daughter, and his third the father. In six weeks Mr. Streatfield was the accepted suitor of Miss Jane Langley.

The wedding-day was fixed—it was arranged that the marriage should take place at Langley Hall, whither the family proceeded, leaving the unwilling lover in London, a prey to all the inexorable business formalities of the occasion. For ten days did the ruthless lawyers—those dead weights that burden the back of Hymen—keep their victim imprisoned in the metropolis, occupied over settlements that never seemed likely to be settled. But even the long march of the Law has its end, like other mortal things: at the expiration of the ten days all was completed, and Mr. Streatfield found himself

at liberty to start for Langley Hall.

A large party was assembled at the house

to grace the approaching nuptials. There were to be tableaux, charades, boating-trips, riding-excursions, amusements of all sortsthe whole to conclude (in the play-bill phrase) with the grand climax of the wed-Mr. Streatfield arrived late; dinner was ready; he had barely time to dress, and then bustle into the drawing-room, just as the guests were leaving it, to offer his arm to Miss Jane—all greetings with friends and introductions to strangers being postponed till the party met round the dining-table.

Grace had been said; the covers were taken off; the loud, cheerful hum of conversation was just beginning, when Mr. Streatfield's eyes met the eyes of a young lady who was seated opposite at the table. guests near him, observing at the same moment that he continued standing after every one else had been placed, glanced at him inquiringly. To their astonishment and alarm, they observed that his face had suddenly become deadly pale—his rigid features looked struck by paralysis. Several of his friends spoke to him; but for the first few moments he returned no answer. Then, still fixing his eyes upon the young lady opposite, he abruptly exclaimed, in a voice the altered tones of which startled every one who heard him:—" That is the face I saw in the balcony!—that woman is the only woman I can ever marry!" The next instant, without a word more either of explanation or apology, he hurried from the room.

One or two of the guests mechanically started up, as if to follow him; the rest remained at the table, looking on each other in speechless surprise. But, before any one could either act or speak, almost at the moment when the door closed on Mr. Streatfield, the attention of all was painfully directed to Jane Langley. She had fainted. Her mother and sisters removed her from the room immediately, aided by the servants. As they disappeared, a dead silence again sank down over the company—they all looked round with one accord to the master of the house.

Mr. Langley's face and manner sufficiently revealed the suffering and suspense that he was secretly enduring. But he was a man of the world-neither by word nor action did he betray what was passing within him. He resumed his place at the table, and begged his guests to do the same. He affected to make light of what had happened; entreated every one to forget it, or, if they remembered it at all, to remember it only as a mere accident, which would, no doubt, be

satisfactorily explained. Perhaps it was only a jest on Mr. Streatfield's part—rather too serious a one, he must own. At any rate, whatever was the cause of the interruption to the dinner which had just happened, it was not important enough to require everybody to fast around the table of the feast. He asked it as a favor to himself. that no further notice might be taken of what had occurred. While Mr. Langley was speaking thus, he hastily wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and gave it to one of the servants. The note was directed to Mr. Streatfield; the lines contained only these words: "Two hours hence, I shall expect to see you.

alone in the library."

The dinner proceeded; the places occupied by the female members of the Langley family, and by the young lady who had attracted Mr. Streatfield's notice in so extraordinary a manner, being left vacant. Every one present endeavored to follow Mr. Langley's advice, and go through the business of the dinner, as if nothing had occurred; but the attempt failed miserably. Long, blank pauses occurred in the conversation; general topics were started, but never pursued; it was more like an assembly of strangers than a meeting of friends; people neither ate nor drank, as they were accustomed to eat and drink; they talked in altered voices, and sat with unusual stillness, even in the same positions. Relatives, friends, and acquaintances, all alike perceived that some great domestic catastrophe had happened; all foreboded that some serious, if not fatal, explanation of Mr. Streatfield's conduct would ensue: and it was vain and hopeless—a very mockery of selfpossession—to attempt to shake off the sinister and chilling influences that recent events had left behind them, and resume at will the thoughtlessness and hilarity of ordinary life.

Still, however, Mr. Langley persisted in doing the honors of his table, in proceeding doggedly through all the festive ceremonies of the hour, until the ladies rose and retired. Then, after looking at his watch, he beckoned to one of his sons to take his place; and quietly left the room. He only stopped once, as he crossed the hall, to ask news of his daughter from one of the servants. The reply was, that she had had a hysterical fit; that the medical attendant of the family had been sent for; and that since his arrival she had become more composed. When the man had spoken, Mr. Langley made no remark, but proceeded at once to the library. He locked the door behind him, as soon as he entered

the room.

Mr. Streatfield was already waiting there—he was seated at the table, endeavoring to maintain an appearance of composure, by mechanically turning over the leaves of the books before him. Mr. Langley drew a chair near him; and in low, but very firm tones, began the conversation thus:—

"I have given you two hours, sir, to collect yourself, to consider your position fully—I presume, therefore, that you are now prepared to favor me with an explanation of

your conduct at my table to-day."

"What explanation can I make?—what can I say, or think of this most terrible of fatalities?" exclaimed Mr. Streatfield, speaking faintly and confusedly; and still not looking up—"There has been an unexampled error committed!—a fatal mistake, which I could never have anticipated, and over which I had no control!"

"Enough, sir, of the language of romance," interrupted Mr. Langley, coldly; "I am neither of an age nor a disposition to appreciate it. I come here to ask plain questions honestly, and I insist, as my right, on receiving answers in the same spirit. You, Mr. Streatfield, sought an introduction to me—you professed yourself attached to my daughter Jane—your proposals were (I fear unhappily for us) accepted—your wedding-day was fixed—and now, after all this, when you happen to observe my daughter's twin-sister sitting opposite to you—"

"Her twin-sister!" exclaimed Mr. Streatfield; and his trembling hand crumpled the leaves of the book, which he still held while he spoke. "Why is it, intimate as I have been with your family, that I now know for the first time that Miss Jane Langley has a

twin-sister?"

"Do you descend, sir, to a subterfuge, when I ask you for an explanation?" returned Mr. Langley, angrily. "You must have heard over and over again, that my children, Jane and Clara, were twins."

"On my word and honor, I declare that—"

"Spare mg all appeals to your word or your honor, sir; I am beginning to doubt both."

"I will not make the unhappy situation in which we are all placed, still worse, by answering your last words, as I might, at other times, feel inclined to answer them," said Mr. Streatfield, assuming a calmer demeanor than he had hitherto displayed. "I tell you the truth, when I tell you that, before to-day, I never knew that any of your children were twins. Your daughter, Jane, has frequently spoken to me of her absent sister, Clara, but

never spoke of her as her twin-sister. Until to-day, I have had no opportunity of discovering the truth; for until to-day, I have never met Miss Clara Langley since I saw her in the balcony of the house in St. James's Street. The only one of your children who was never present during my intercourse with your family, in London, was your daughter Clara—the daughter whom I now know, for the first time, as the young lady who really arrested my attention on my way to the levée—whose affections it was really my object to win in seeking an introduction to you. To me, the resemblance between the twin-sisters has been a fatal resemblance; the long absence of one, a fatal absence."

There was a momentary pause as Mr. Streatfield sadly and calmly pronounced the last words. Mr. Langley appeared to be absorbed in thought. At length he proceeded,

speaking to himself:-

"It is strange! I remember that Clara left London on the day of the levée, to set out on a visit to her aunt; and only returned here two days since, to be present at her sister's marriage. Well, sir," he continued, addressing Mr. Streatfield, "granting what you say, granting that we all mentioned my absent daughter to you, as we are accustomed to mention her among ourselves, simply as 'Clara,' you have still not excused your conduct in my eyes. Remarkable as the resemblance is between the sisters, more remarkable even, I am willing to admit, than the resemblance usually is between twins, there is yet a difference, which, slight, indescribable though it may be, is nevertheless discernible to all their relations and to all their friends. How is it that you, who represent yourself so vividly impressed by your first sight of my daughter Clara, did not discover the error when you were introduced to her sister Jane, as the lady who had so much attracted you?"

"You forget, sir," rejoined Mr. Streatfield, "that I have never beheld the sisters together until to-day. Though both were in the balcony when I first looked up at it, it was Miss Clara Langley alone who attracted my attention. Had I only received the smallest hint that the absent sister of Miss Jane Langley was her twin-sister, I would have seen her, at any sacrifice, before making my proposals. For it is my duty to confess to you, Mr. Langley (with the candor which is your undoubted due), that when I was first introduced to your daughter Jane, I felt an unaccountable impression that she was the same as, and yet different

from, the lady whom I had seen in the balcony. Soon, however, this impression wore off. Under the circumstances, could I regard it as anything but a mere caprice, a lover's wayward fancy? I dismissed it from my mind; it ceased to affect me, until to-day, when I first discovered that it was a warning which I had most unhappily disregarded; that a terrible error had been committed, for which no one of us was to blame, but which was fraught with misery, undeserved misery, to us all!"

"These, Mr. Streatfield, are explanations which may satisfy you," said Mr. Langley, in a milder tone, "but they cannot satisfy me; they will not satisfy the world. You have repudiated, in the most public and most abrupt manner, an engagement, in the fulfilment of which the honor and the happiness of my family are concerned. You have given me reasons for your conduct, it is true; but will those reasons restore to my daughter the tranquillity which she has lost, perhaps forever? Will they stop the whisperings of calumny? Will they carry conviction to those strangers to me, or enemies of mine, whose pleasure it may be to disbelieve them? You have placed both yourself and me, sir, in a position of embarrassment nay, a position of danger and disgrace, from which the strongest reasons and the best excuses cannot extricate us."

"I entreat you to believe," replied Mr. Streatfield, "that I deplore from my heart the error—the fault, if you will—of which I have been unconsciously guilty. I implore your pardon, both for what I said and did at your table to-day; but I cannot do more. I cannot and I dare not pronounce the marriage vows to your daughter, with my lips, when I know that neither my conscience nor my heart can ratify them. The commonest justice, and the commonest respect towards a young lady who deserves both, and more than both, from every one who approaches her, strengthen me to persevere in the only course which it is consistent with honor and integrity for me to take."

"You appear to forget," said Mr. Langley, "that it is not merely your own honor, but the honor of others, that is to be considered in the course of conduct which you are now to pursue."

"I have by no means forgotten what is due to you," continued Mr. Streatfield, "or what responsibilities I have incurred from the nature of my intercourse with your family. Do I put too much trust in your forbearance, if I now assure you, candidly and

unreservedly, that I still place all my hopes of happiness in the prospect of becoming connected by marriage with a daughter of

yours? Miss Clara Langley-"

Here the speaker paused. His position was becoming a delicate and a dangerous one; but he made no effort to withdraw from it. Almost bewildered by the pressing and perilous emergency of the moment, harassed by such a tumult of conflicting emotions within him as he had never known before, he risked the worst, with all the blindfold desperation of love. The angry flush was rising on Mr. Langley's cheek; it was evidently costing him a severe struggle to retain his assumed self-possession; but he did not speak. After an interval, Mr. Streatfield

proceeded thus:-"However unfortunately I may express myself, I am sure you will do me the justice to believe that I am now speaking from my heart on a subject (to me) of the most vital importance. Place yourself in my situation, consider all that has happened, consider that this may be, for aught I know to the contrary, the last opportunity I may have of pleading my cause; and then say whether it is possible for me to conceal from you that I can only look to your forbearance and sympathy for permission to retrieve my error, to—to—Mr. Langley! I cannot choose expressions at such a moment as this. I can only tell you that the feeling with which I regarded your daughter Clara, when I first saw her, still remains what it was. I cannot analyze it; I cannot reconcile its apparent inconsistencies and contradictions: I cannot explain how, while I may seem to you and to every one to have varied and vacillated with insolent caprice, I have really remained, in my own heart and to my own conscience, true to my first sensations and my first convictions. I can only implore you not to condemn me to a life of disappointment and misery, by judging me with hasty irritation. Favor me, so far at least, as to relate the conversation which has passed between us to your two daughters. Let me hear how it affects each of them towards me. Let me know what they are willing to think and ready to do under such unparalleled circumstances as have now occurred. I will wait your time, and their time; I will abide by your decision, and their decision, pronounced after the first poignant distress and irritation of this day's events have passed over."

Still Mr. Langley remained silent; the angry word was on his tongue; the contemptuous rejection of what he regarded for

the moment as a proposition equally illtimed and insolent, seemed bursting to his lips; but once more he restrained himself. He rose from his seat, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, deep in thought. Mr. Streatfield was too much overcome by his own agitation to plead his cause further by another word. There was a silence in the room now, which lasted for some time.

We have said that Mr. Langley was a man of the world. He was strongly attached to his children; but he had a little of the selfishness and much of the reverence for wealth of a man of the world. As he now endeavored to determine mentally on his proper course of action—to disentangle the whole case from all its mysterious intricacies—to view it, extraordinary as it was, in its proper bearings, his thoughts began gradually to assume what is called, "a practical turn." He reflected that he had another daughter, besides the twin-sisters, to provide for; and that he had two sons to settle in life. was not rich enough to portion three daughters; and he had not interest enough to start his sons favorably in a career of eminence. Mr. Streatfield, on the contrary, was a man of great wealth, and of great "connections" among people in power. Was such a sonin-law to be rejected, even after all that had happened, without at least consulting his wife and daughters first? He thought not. Had not Mr. Streatfield, in truth, been the victim of a remarkable fatality, of an incredible accident, and were no allowances, under such circumstances, to be made for him? He began to think there were. Reflecting thus, he determined at length to proceed with moderation and caution at all hazards; and regained composure enough to continue the conversation in a cold, but still in a polite tone.

"I will commit myself, sir, to no agreement or promise whatever," he began, "nor will I consider this interview in any respect as a conclusive one, either on your side or mine; but if I think, on consideration, that it is desirable that our conversation should be repeated to my wife and daughters, I will make them acquainted with it, and will let you know the result. In the meantime, I think you will agree with me, that it is most fit that the next communications between us

should take place by letter alone.'

Mr. Streatfield was not slow in taking the hint conveyed by Mr. Langley's last words. After what had occurred, and until something was definitely settled, he felt that the suffering and suspense which he was already enduring would be increased tenfold if he child.

remained longer in the same house with the twin-sisters—the betrothed of one, the lover of the other! Murmuring a few inaudible words of acquiescence in the arrangement which had just been proposed to him, he left the room. The same evening he quitted

Langley Hall. The next morning the remainder of the guests departed, their curiosity to know all the particulars of what had happened remaining ungratified. They were simply informed that an extraordinary and unexpected obstacle had arisen to delay the wedding; that no blame attached to any one in the matter; and that as soon as everything had been finally determined, everything would be explained. Until then, it was not considered necessary to enter in any way into particulars. By the middle of the day every visitor had left the house; and a strange and melancholy spectacle it presented when they were all gone. Rooms were now empty and silent, which, the day before, had been filled with animated groups, and had echoed with merry laughter. In one apartment, the fittings, for the series of "Tableaux" which had been proposed, remained half completed: the dresses that were to have been worn lay scattered on the floor; the carpenter, who had come to proceed with his work, gathered up his tools in ominous silence, and departed as quickly as he could. Here lay books still open at the last page read; there was an album, with the drawing of the day before unfinished, and the colorbox unclosed by its side. On the deserted billiard-table, the positions of the "cues" and balls showed traces of an interrupted game. Flowers were scattered on the rustic tables in the garden, half-made into nosegays, and beginning to wither already. The very dogs wandered in a moody, unsettled way about the house, missing the friendly hands that had fondled and fed them for so many days past, and whining impatiently in the deserted drawing-rooms. The social desolation of the scene was miserably complete in all its aspects.

Immediately after the departure of his guests, Mr. Langley had a long interview with his wife. He repeated to her the conversation which had taken place between Mr. Streatfield and himself, and received from her in return such an account of the conduct of his daughter, under the trial that had befallen her, as filled him with equal astonishment and admiration. It was a new revelation to him of the character of his own

"As soon as the violent symptoms had subsided," said Mrs. Langley, in answer to her husband's first inquiries, "as soon as the hysterical fit was subdued, Jane seemed suddenly to assume a new character, to become another person. She begged that the doctor might be released from his attendance, and that she might be left alone with me and with her sister Clara. When every one else had quitted the room, she continued to sit in the easy chair where we had at first placed her, covering her face with her hands. She entreated us not to speak to her for a short time, and, except that she shuddered occasionally, sat quite still and silent. When she at last looked up, we were shocked to see the deadly paleness of her face, and the strange alteration that had come over her expression; but she spoke to us so coherently, so solemnly even, that we were amazed; we knew not what to think or what to do; it hardly seemed to be our Jane who was now speaking to us."

"What did she say ?" asked Mr. Langley,

eagerly.

"She said that the first feeling of her heart, at that moment, was gratitude on her own account. She thanked God that the terrible discovery had not been too late, when her married life might have been a life of estrangement and misery. Up to the moment when Mr. Streatfield had uttered that one fatal exclammation, she had loved him, she told us, fondly and fervently; now, no explanation, no repentance (if either were tendered), no earthly persuasion or command (in case Mr. Streatfield should think himself bound, as a matter of atonement, to hold to his rash engagement), could ever induce her to become his wife."

"Mr. Streatfield will not test her resolution," said Mr. Langley, bitterly; "he deliberately repeated his repudiation of his engagement in this room; nay, more, he—"

"I have something important to say to you from Jane on this point," interrupted Mrs. Langley. "After she had spoken the first few words which I have already repeated to you, she told us that she had been thinking—thinking more calmly, perhaps, than we could imagine—on all that had happened; on what Mr. Streatfield had said at the dinner-table; on the momentary glance of recognition which she had seen pass between him and her sister Clara, whose accidental absence, during the whole period of Mr. Streatfield's intercourse with us in London, she now remembered and reminded me of. The cause of the fatal error, and the manner

in which it had occurred, seemed to be already known to her, as if by intuition. We entreated her to refrain from speaking on the subject for the present; but she answered that it was her duty to speak on it—her duty to propose something which should alleviate the suspense and distress we were all enduring on her account. No words can describe to you her fortitude, her noble endurance—"Mrs. Langley's voice faltered as she pronunced the last words. It was some minutes ere she became sufficiently composed to proceed thus:—

"I am charged with a message to you from Jane—I should say, charged with her entreaties, that you will not suspend our intercourse with Mr. Streatfield, or view his conduct in any other than a merciful lightas conduct for which accident and circumstances are alone to blame. After she had given me this message to you, she turned to Clara, who sat weeping by her side, completely overcome; and, kissing her, said that they were to blame, if any one was to be blamed in the matter, for being so much alike as to make all who saw them apart doubt which was Clara and which was Jane. She said this with a faint smile, and an effort to speak playfully, which touched us to the heart. Then, in a tone and manner which I can never forget, she asked her sistercharging her, on their mutual affection and mutual confidence, to answer sincerely—if she had noticed Mr. Streatfield on the day of the levée, and had afterwards remembered him at the dinner-table, as he had noticed and remembered her? It was only after Jane had repeated this appeal, still more earnestly and affectionately, that Clara summoned courage and composure enough to confess that she had noticed Mr. Streatfield on the day of the levée, had thought of him afterwards during her absence from London, and had recognized him at our table, as he had recognized her."
"Is it possible! I own I had not antici-

"Is it possible! I own I had not anticipated—not thought for one moment of that,"

said Mr. Langley.

"Perhaps," continued his wife, "it is best that you should see Jane now, and judge for yourself. For my part, her noble resignation under this great trial has so astonished and impressed me, that I only feel competent to advise as she advises, to act as she thinks fit. I begin to think that it is not we who are to guide her, but she who is to guide us."

Mr. Langley lingered irresolute for a few minutes; then quitted the room, and proceeded alone to Jane Langley's apartment.

When he knocked at the door, it was opened by Clara. There was an expression partly of confusion, partly of sorrow, on her face; and when her father stopped as if to speak to her, she merely pointed into the room, and hurried away without uttering a word.

Mr. Langley had been prepared by his wife for the change that had taken place in his daughter since the day before; but he felt startled, almost overwhelmed, as he now looked on her. One of the poor girl's most prominent personal attractions, from her earliest years, had been the beauty of her complexion; and now, the freshness and the bloom had entirely departed from her face; it seemed absolutely colorless. Her expression, too, appeared to Mr. Langley's eyes to have undergone a melancholy alteration; to have lost its youthfulness suddenly; to have assumed a strange character of firmness and thoughtfulness, which he had never observed in it before. She was sitting by an open window, commanding a lovely view of wide, sunny landscape; a Bible which her mother had given her, lay open on her knees; she was reading it as her father entered. For the first time in his life, he paused, speechless, as he approached to speak to one of his own children.

"I am afraid I look very ill," she said, nolding out her hand to him; "but I am better than I look; I shall be quite well in a day or two. Have you heard my message, father? have you been told?"—

"My love, we will not speak of it yet; we will wait a few days, said Mr. Langley.

"You have always been so kind to me," she continued, in less steady tones, "that I am sure you will let me go on. I have very little to say, but that little must be said now, and then we need never recur to it again. Will you consider all that has happened, as something forgotten? You have heard already what it is that I entreat you to do; will you let him—Mr. Streatfield—" (She stopped, her voice failed for a moment, but she recovered herself again almost immediately.) "Will you let Mr. Streatfield remain here, or recall him if he is gone, and give him an opportunity of explaining himself to my sister? If poor Clara should refuse to see him for my sake, pray do not listen to her. I am sure this is what ought to be done; I have been thinking of it very calmly, and I feel that it is right. And there is something more I have to beg of you, father; it is, that, while Mr. Streatfield is here, you will allow me to go and stay with my aunt. I

You know how fond she is of me. Her house is not a day's journey from home. It is best for everybody (much the best for me) that I should not remain here at present; and —and—and dear father! I have always been your spoiled child; and I know you will indulge me still. If you will do what I ask you, I shall soon get over this heavy trial. I shall be well again if I am away at my aunt's—if—"

She paused; and putting one trembling arm round her father's neck, hid her face on his breast. For some minutes, Mr. Langley could not trust himself to answer her. There was something, not deeply touching only, but impressive and sublime, about the moral heroism of this young girl, whose heart and mind-hitherto wholly inexperienced in the harder and darker emergencies of life—now rose in the strength of their native purity superior to the bitterest, cruelest trial that either could undergo; whose patience and resignation, called forth for the first time by a calamity which sudddenly thwarted the purposes and paralyzed the affections that had been destined to endure for a life, could thus appear at once in the fullest maturity of virtue and beauty. As the father thought on these things; as he vaguely and imperfectly estimated the extent of the daughter's sacrifice; as he reflected on the nature of the affliction that had befallen her—which combined in itself a fatality that none could have foreseen, a fault that could neither be repaired nor resented, a judgment against which there was no appeal—and then remembered how this affliction had been borne, with what words and what actions it had been met, he felt that it would be almost a profanation to judge the touching petition just addressed to him, by the criterion of his worldly doubts and his worldly wisdom. His eye fell on the Bible, still open beneath it; he remembered the little child who was set in the midst of the disciples, as teacher and example to all; and when at length he spoke in answer to his daughter, it was not to direct or advise, but to comfort and comply.

They delayed her removal for a few days, to see if she faltered in her resolution, if her bodily weakness increased; but she never wavered; nothing in her appearance changed, either for better or for worse. A week after the startling scene at the dinner-table, she was living in the strictest retirement in the house of her aunt.

About the period of her derparture, a letter was received from Mr. Streatfield. It was little more than a recapitulation of what

he had already said to Mr. Langley—expressed, however, on this occasion, in stronger and, at the same time, in more respectful terms. The letter was answered briefly: he was informed that nothing had, as yet, been determined on, but that the next communication would bring him a final reply.

Two months passed. During that time, Jane Langley was frequently visited at her aunt's house, by her father and mother. She still remained calm and resolved; still looked pale and thoughtful, as at first. Doctors were consulted; they talked of a shock to the nervous system; of great hope from time to time, and their patient's strength of mind; and of the necessity of acceding to her wishes in all things. Then, the advice of the aunt was sought. She was a woman of an eccentric, masculine character, who had herself experienced a love-disappointment in early life, and had never married. She gave her opinion unreservedly and abruptly, as she always gave it. "Do as Jane tells you!" said the old lady, severely; "that poor child has more moral courage and determination than all the rest of you put together! I know better than anybody what a sacrifice she has had to make; but she has made it, and made it nobly—like a heroine, as some people would say; like a good, high-minded, courageous girl, as I say! Do as she tells you! Let that poor, selfish fool of a man have his way, and marry her sister—he has made one mistake already about a face—see if he doesn't find out, some day, that he has made another, about a wife! Let him !- Jane is too good for him, or for any man! Leave her to me; let her stop here; she shan't lose by what has happened! You know this place is mine—I mean it to be hers, when I'm dead. You know I've got some money —I shall leave it to her. I've made my will; it's all done and settled! Go back home; send for the man, and tell Clara to marry him without any more fuss! You wanted my opinion—there it is for you!"

At last, Mr. Langley decided. The important letter was written, which recalled Mr. Streatfield to Langley Hall. As Jane had foreseen, Clara at first refused to hold any communication with him; but a letter from her sister, and the remonstrances of her father, soon changed her resolution. There was nothing in common between the twinsisters but their personal resemblance. Clara had been guided all her life by the opinions of others, and she was guided by them now.

Once permitted the opportunity of pleading his cause, Mr. Streatfield did not neglect

his own interests. It would be little to our purpose to describe the doubts and difficulties which delayed at first the progress of his second courtship—pursued as it was under circumstances, not only extraordinary, but unprecedented. It is no longer with him or with Clara Langley that the interest of our story is connected. Suffice it to say, that he ultimately overcame all the young lady's scruples; and that, a few months afterwards, some of Mr. Langley's intimate friends found themselves again assembled round his table as wedding guests, and congratulating Mr. Streatfield on his approaching union with Clara, as they had already congratulated him, scarcely a year back, on his approaching union with Jane!

The social ceremonies of the wedding-day were performed soberly—almost sadly. Some of the guests (especially the unmarried ladies) thought that Miss Clara had allowed herself to be won too easily—others were picturing to themselves the situation of the poor girl who was absent; and contributed little towards the gayety of the party. On this occasion, however, nothing occurred to interrupt the proceedings; the marriage took place; and, immediately after it, Mr. Streatfield and his bride started for a tour on the Continent.

On their departure, Jane Langley returned She made no reference whatever to her sister's marriage; and no one mentioned. it in her presence. Still the color did not return to her cheek, or the old gayety to her manner. The shock that she had suffered had left its traces on her for life. But therewas no evidence that she was sinking under the remembrances which neither time nor resolution could banish. The strong, pure heart had undergone a change, but not a deterioration. All that had been brilliant in her character was gone; but all that was noble in it remained. Never had her intercourse with her family and her friends been so affectionate and so kindly as it was

When, after a long absence, Mr. Streatfield and his wife returned to England, it was observed, at her first meeting with them, that the momentary confusion and embarrassment were on their side, not on hers. During their stay at Langley Hall, she showed not the slightest disposition to avoid them. No member of the family welcomed them more cordially; entered into all their plans and projects more readily; or bade them farewell with a kinder or better grace, when they departed for their own home.

Our tale is nearly ended: what remains of

it must comprise the history of many years

in the compass of a few words.

Time passed on; and Death and Change told of its lapse among the family at Langley Hall. Five years after the events above related, Mr. Langley died; and was followed to the grave, shortly afterwards, by his wife. Of their two sons, the eldest was rising into good practice at the bar; the youngest had become attaché to a foreign embassy. third daughter was married, and living at the family seat of her husband, in Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Streatfield had children of their own, now, to occupy their time and absorb their care. The career of life was over for some—the purposes of life had altered for others—Jane Langley, alone, still remained unchanged.

She now lived entirely with her aunt. intervals—as their worldy duties and worldly avocations permitted them-the other members of her family, or one or two intimate friends, came to the house. Offers of marriage were made to her, but were all declined. The first, last love of her girlish days-abandoned as a hope, and crushed as a passion; living only as a quiet grief, as a pure remembrance-still kept its watch, as guardian and defender, over her heart. Years passed on and worked no change in the sad uniformity of her life, until the death of her aunt left her mistress of the house in which she had hitherto been a guest. Then it was observed that she made fewer and fewer efforts to vary the tenor of her existence, to forget her old remembrances for awhile in the society of others. Such invitations as reached her from relations and friends were more frequently declined than accepted. She was growing old herself now; and, with each advancing year, the busy pageant of the outer world presented less and less that could attract her eye.

So she began to surround herself, in her

solitude, with the favorite books that she had studied, with the favorite music that she had played, in the days of her hopes and her happiness. Everything that was associated. however slightly, with that past period, now acquired a character of inestimable value in her eyes, as aiding her mind to seclude itself more and more strictly in the sanctuary of its early recollections. Was it weakness in her to live thus; to abandon the world and the world's interests, as one who had no hope or part in either? Had she earned the right, by the magnitude and resolution of her sacrifice, thus to indulge in the sad luxury of fruitless remembrance? Who shall say!who shall presume to decide, that cannot think with her thoughts, and look back with her recollections!

Thus she lived—alone, and yet not lonely; without hope, but with no despair; separate and apart from the world around her, except when she approached it by her charities to the poor, and her succor to the afflicted; by her occasional interviews with the surviving members of her family and a few old friends, when they sought her in her calm retreat; and by the little presents which she constantly sent to brothers' and sisters' children, who worshipped, as their invisible good genius, "the kind lady" whom most of them had never seen. Such was her existence throughout the closing years of her life; such did it continue—calm and blamelessto the last.

Reader, when you are told, that what is impressive and pathetic in the Drama of Human Life has passed with the past age of Chivalry and Romance, remember Jane Langley, and quote in contradiction the story of the Twin Sisters!

The Dinornis.—At a recent meeting of the London Zoological Society, Prof. Owen read a paper on the Dinornis—the great fossil wingless bird of the New Zealand islands—and produced some new specimens of bones belonging to it, as well as to the allied genera of Notornis, Palapteryx, and Nestor, of the same islands. They were, chiefly, skulls obtained by Governor Sir George Grey, near the river Waikato in the North Island. The most remarkable was an almost entire skull of the Palapteryn Ingens,

which, although that bird was only second in point of size to the Dinornis, presented the enormous admeasurements of eight inches in length and four inches across the broadest part of the cranium. In the collection Prof. Owen had, for the first time, recognized a portion of a diminutive wing-bone, similar, in the absence of the usual processes for the muscles of flight, to that in the Apteryx, confirming the inference as to the rudimental condition of the wings of this singular family of extinct feathered giants.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

JANE ECCLES.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

THE criminal business of the office was, during the first three or four years of our partnership, entirely superintended by Mr. Flint; he being more au fait, from early practice, than myself in the art and mystery of prosecuting and defending felons, and I was thus happily relieved of duties which, in the days when George III. was king, were frequently very oppressive and revolting. The criminal practitioner dwelt in an atmosphere tainted alike with cruelty and crime, and pulsating alternately with merciless decrees of death, and the shrieks and wailings of sentenced guilt. And not always guilt! There exist many records of proofs, incontestable, but obtained too late, of innocence having been legally strangled on the gallows in other cases then that of Eliza Fenning. How could it be otherwise with a criminal code crowded in every line with penalties of death, nothing but—death? Juster, wiser times have dawned upon us, in which truer notions prevail of what man owes to man, even when sitting in judgment on transgressors; and this we owe, let us not forget, to the exertions of a band of men, who, undeterred by the sneers of the reputedly wise and practical men of the world, and the taunts of "influential" newspapers, persisted in teaching that the rights of property could be more firmly cemented than by the shedding of bloodlaw, justice, personal security more effectually vindicated than by the gallows. Let me confess that I also was, for many years, amongst the mockers, and sincerely held such "theorists" and "dreamers" as Sir Samuel Romilly and his fellow-workers in utter con-Not so my partner Mr. Flint. Constantly in the presence of criminal judges and juries, he had less confidence in the unerring verity of their decisions than persons less familiar with them, or who see them only through the medium of newspapers. Nothing could exceed his distress of mind if, in cases in which he was prosecuting attorney, a con-

vict died persisting in his innocence, or without a full confession of guilt. And to such a pitch did this morbidly sensitive feeling at length arrive, that he all at once refused to undertake, or in any way meddle with, criminal prosecutions, and they were consequently turned over to our head clerk, with occasional assistance from me if there happened to be a press of business of the sort. Mr. Flint still, however, retained a monopoly of the defences, except when, from some temporary cause or other, he happened to be otherwise engaged, when they fell to me. One of these I am about to relate, the result of which, whatever other impression it produced, thoroughly cured me -as it may the reader—of any propensity to sneer or laugh at criminal-law reformers and denouncers of the gallows.

One forenoon, during the absence of Mr. Flint in Wiltshire, a Mrs. Margaret Davies called at the office, in apparently great distress of mind. This lady, I must premise, was an old, or at all events an elderly maiden, of some four-and-forty years of age-I have heard a very intimate female friend of hers say she would never see fifty again, but this was spite—and possessed of considerable house property in rather poor localities. She found abundant employment for energies which might otherwise have turned to cards and scandal, in collecting her weekly, monthly, and quarterly rents, and in promoting, or fancying she did, the religious and moral welfare or her tenants. Very barefaced, I well knew, were the impositions practised upon her credulous good-nature in money matters, and I strongly suspected the spiritual and moral promises and performances of her motley tenantry exhibited as much discrepancy as those pertaining to rent. Still, deceived or cheated as she might be, good Mrs. Davies never wearied in what she conceived to be well-doing, and was ever ready to pour balm and oil into the wounds of the sufferer, however self-inflicted or deserved.

"What is the matter now?" I asked as soon as the good lady was seated, and had untied and loosened her bonnet, and thrown back her shawl, fast walking having heated her prodigiously. "Nothing worse than transportation is, I hope, likely to befall any of those interesting clients of yours?"

"You are a hard-hearted man, Mr. Sharp," replied Mrs. Davies, between a smile and a cry; but being a lawyer, that is of course natural, and, as I am not here to consult you as a

Christian, of no consequence."

"Complimentary, Mrs. Davies; but pray go on."

"You know Jane Eccles, one of my tenants in Bank Buildings: the embroidress who

adopted her sister's orphan child?"

"I remember her name. She obtained, if I recollect rightly, a balance of wages for her due to the child's father, a mate, who died at sea. Well, what has befallen her?"

"A terrible accusation has been preferred against her," rejoined Mrs. Davies; "but as for a moment believing it, that is quite out of the question. Jane Eccles," continued the warm-hearted lady, at the same time extracting a crumpled newspaper from the miscellaneous contents of her reticule—"Jane Eccles works hard from morning till night, keeps herself to herself; her little nephew and her rooms are always as clean and nice as a new pin; she attends church regularly; and pays her rent punctually to the day. This disgraceful story, therefore," she added, placing the journal in my hands, "cannot be true."

I glanced over the police news: "Uttering forged Bank-of-England notes, knowing them to be forged." I exclaimed, "The

devil!"

"There's no occasion to be spurting that name out so loudly, Mr. Sharp," said Mrs. Davies with some asperity, "especially in a lawyer's office. People have been wrongfully

accused before to-day, I suppose?"

I was intent upon the report, and not answering, she continued, "I heard nothing of it till I read the shameful account in the paper half an hour agone. The poor slandered girl was, I dare say, afraid or ashamed to send for me."

"This appears to be a very bad case, Mrs. Davies," I said at length. "Three forged ten-pound notes changed in one day at different shops each time, under the pretence of purchasing articles of small amount, and another ten-pound note found in her pocket! All this has, I must say, a very ugly look."

"I don't care," exclaimed Mrs. Davies quite fiercely, "if it looks as ugly as sin, or if the

whole Bank of England was found in her pocket! I know Jane Eccles well: she nursed me last spring through the fever; and I would be upon my oath that the whole story, from beginning to end, was an invention of the devil, or something worse."

"Jane Eccles," I persisted, "appears to have been unable or unwilling to give the slightest explanation as to how she became possessed of the spurious notes. Who is this brother of hers, 'of such highly respectable appearance' according to the report, who was permitted a private interview with her previous to the examination?"

"She has no brother that I have ever heard of," said Mrs. Davies. "It must be a mistake

of the papers."

"That is not likely. You observed of course that she was fully committed—and no

wonder!"

Mrs. Davies's faith in the young woman's intregrity was not to be shaken by any evidence save that of her own bodily eyes, and I agreed to see Jane Eccles on the morrow, and make the best arrangements for the defence—at Mrs. Davies's charge—which the circumstances and the short time I should have for preparation—the Old Bailey session would be on in a few days—permitted. The matter so far settled, Mrs. Margaret hurried off to see what had become of little Henry,

the prisoner's nephew.

I visited Jane Eccles the next day in New-She was a well-grown young woman of about two or three-and-twenty-not exactly pretty perhaps, but very well looking. Her brown hair was plainly worn, without a cap, and the expression of her face was, I thought, one of sweetness and humility, contradicted in some degree by rather harsh lines about the mouth, denoting strong will and purpose. As a proof of the existence of this last characteristic, I may here mention that when her first overweening confidence had yielded to doubt, she, although dotingly fond of her nephew, at this time about eight years of age, firmly refused to see him, "in order," she once said to me, and the thought brought a deadly pallor to her face-"in order that, should the worst befall, her memory might not be involuntarily connected in his mind with images of dungeons, and disgrace, and shame. Jane Eccles had received what is called in the country "a good schooling," and the books Mrs. Davies had lent her she had eagerly perused. She was therefore, to a certain extent, a cultivated person; and her speech and manners were mild, gentle, and, so to speak, religious. I generally found, when

I visited her, a Bible or prayer-book in her hand. This, however, from my experience, comparatively slight though it was, did not much impress me in her favor-devotional sentiment so easily, for a brief time, assumed, being in nine such cases out of ten a hypocritical deceit. Still she, upon the whole, made a decidedly favorable impression on me, and I no longer so much wondered at the bigotry of unbelief manifested by Mrs. Davies in behalf of her apparently amiable and grate-

ful protégée.

But beyond the moral doubt thus suggested of the prisoner's guilt, my interviews with her utterly failed to extract anything from her in the rebutment of the charge upon which she was about to be arraigned. At first she persisted in asserting that the prosecution was based upon manifest error; that the impounded notes, instead of being forged, were genuine Bank-of-England paper. It was some time before I succeeded in convincing her that this hope, to which she so eagerly, desperately clung, was a fallacious one. I did so at last; and either, thought I, as I marked her varying color and faltering voice, "either you are a consummate actress, or else the victim of some frightful delusion or conspir-

"I will see you, if you please, to-morrow," she said, looking up from the chair upon which, with her head bowed and her face covered with her hands, she had been seated for several minutes in silence. "My thoughts are confused now, but to-morrow I shall be more composed; better able to decide ifto talk, I mean, of this unhappy business."

I thought it better to comply without remonstrance, and at once took my leave.

When I returned the next afternoon, the governor of the prison informed me that the brother of my client, James Eccles, quite a dashing gentleman, had had a long interview with her. He had left about two hours before, with the intention, he said, of calling upon me.

I was conducted to the room where my conferences with the prisoner usually took In a few minutes she appeared, much flushed and excited, it seemed to be alternately with trembling joy and hope, and

doubt and nervous fear.

"Well," I said, "I trust you are now ready to give me your unreserved confidence, without which, be assured, that any reasonable hope of a successful issue from the peril in which you are involved is out of the ques-

The varying emotions I have noticed were

clearly traceable as they swept over her telltale countenance during the minute or so that

elapsed before she spoke.

"Tell me candidly, sir," she said at last, "whether, if I owned to you that the notes were given to me by a-a person, whom I cannot, if I would, produce, to purchase various articles at different shops, and return him—the person I mean—the change; and that I made oath this was done by me in all innocence of heart, as the God of heaven and earth truly knows it was, it would avail me?"

"Not in the least," I replied, angry at such trifling. "How can you ask such a We must find the person who, question? you intimate, has deceived you, and placed your life in peril; and if that can be proved, hang him instead of you. I speak plainly, Miss Eccles," I added in a milder tone; "perhaps you may think unfeelingly, but there is no further time for playing with this dangerous matter. To-morrow a true bill will be found against you, and your trial may then come on immediately. If you are careless for yourself, you ought to have some thought for the sufferings of your excellent friend Mrs. Davies; for your nephew, soon, perhaps, to be left friendless and destitute."

"Oh spare me-spare me!" sobbed the unhappy young woman, sinking nervelessly into a seat. "Have pity upon me, wretched, bewildered as I am!" Tears relieved her, and after a while, she said, "It is useless, sir, to prolong this interview. I could not, I solemnly assure you, if I would, tell you where to search for or find the person of whom I spoke. And," she added, whilst the lines about her mouth of which I have spoken grew distinct and rigid, "I would not if I could. What indeed would it, as I have been told and believe, avail, but to cause the death of two deceived innocent persons instead of one? Besides," she continued, trying to speak with firmness, and repress the shudder which crept over and shook her as with ague-" besides, whatever the verdict, the penalty will not, cannot, I am sure, I know, be-be-"-

I understood her plainly enough, although her resolution failed to sustain her through

the sentence.

"Who is this brother, James Eccles he calls himself, whom you saw at the policeoffice, and who has twice been here, I understand-once to-day?"

A quick start revealed the emotion with which she heard the question, and her dilated eyes rested upon me for a moment with eager scrutiny. She speedily recovered her presence of mind, and with her eyes again fixed on the floor, said in a quivering voice, "My brother! Yes—as you say—my brother."

"Mrs. Davies says you have no brother!".

I sharply rejoined.

"Good Mrs. Davies," she replied, in a tone scarcely above a whisper, and without raising her head, "does not know all our family."

A subterfuge was, I was confident, concealed in these words; but after again and again urging her to confide in me, and finding warning and persuasion alike useless, I withdrew discomfited and angry; and withal as much concerned and grieved as baffled and indignant. On going out, I arranged with the governor that the "brother," if he again made his appearance, should be detained bongré ma'gré till my arrival. Our precaution was too late: he did not reappear; and so little notice had any one taken of his person, that to advertise a description of him with a reward for his apprehension was hopeless.

A true bill was found, and two hours afterwards Jane Eccles was placed in the dock. The trial did not last more than twenty minutes, at the end of which, an unhesitating verdict of guilty was returned, and she was duly sentenced to be hanged by the neck till she was dead. We had retained the ablest counsel practising in the court, but, with no tangible defence, their efforts were merely thrown away. Upon being asked what she had to say why the sentence of the law should not be carried into effect, she repeated her previous statement—that the notes had been given her to change by a person in whom she reposed the utmost confidence; and that she had not the slightest thought of evil or fraud in what she did. That person, however, she repeated once more, could not be produced. Her assertions only produced a derisive smile: and all necessary forms having been gone through, she was removed from the bar.

The unhappy woman bore the ordeal through which she had just passed with much firmness. Once only, whilst sentence was being passed, her high-strung resolution appeared to falter and give way. I was watching her intently, and I observed that she suddenly directed a piercing look towards a distant part of the crowded court. In a moment her eye lightened, the expression of extreme horror which had momentarily darkened her countenance passed away, and her partial composure returned. I had instinctively, as it were, followed her glance, and

thought I detected a tall man enveloped in a cloak engaged in dumb momentary communication with her. I jumped up from my seat, and hastened as quickly as I could through the thronged passages to the spot, and looked eagerly around, but the man, whosoever he might be, was gone.

The next act in this sad drama was the decision of the Privy Council upon the recorder's report. It came. Several were reprieved, but amongst them was not Jane Eccles. She and nine others were to perish at eight o'clock on the following morning.

The anxiety and worry inseparable from this most unhappy affair, which, from Mr. Flint's protracted absence, I had exclusively to bear, fairly knocked me up, and on the evening of the day on which the decision of the council was received, I went to bed much earlier than usual, and really ill. Sleep I could not, and I was tossing restlessly about, vainly endeavoring to banish from my mind the gloomy and terrible images connected with the wretched girl and her swiftly-coming fate, when a quick tap sounded on the door, and a servant's voice announced that one of the clerks had brought a letter which the superscription directed to be read without a moment's delay. I sprang out of bed, snatched the letter, and eagerly ran it over. It was from the Newgate chaplain, a very worthy, humane gentleman, and stated that, on hearing the result of the deliberations of the Privy Council, all the previous stoicism and fortitude exhibited by Jane Eccles had completely given way, and she had abandoned herself to the wildest terror and despair. As soon as she could speak coherently, she implored the governor with frantic earnestness to send for me. As this was not only quite useless in the opinion of that official, but against the rules, the prisoner's request was not complied with. The chaplain, however, thinking it might be as well that I should know of her desire to see me, had of his own accord sent me this note. He thought that possibly the sheriffs would permit me to have a brief interview with the condemned prisoner in the morning, if I arrived sufficiently early; and although it could avail nothing as regarded her fate in this world, still it might perhaps calm the frightful tumult of emotion by which she was at present tossed and shaken, and enable her to meet the inevitable hour with fortitude and resig-

partial composure returned. I had instinctively, as it were, followed her glance, and with dressed myself, determined to sit up

and read, if I could, till the hour at which | I might hope to be admitted to the jail should strike. Slowly and heavily the dark night limped away, and as the first rays of the cold wintry dawn reached the earth, I sallied forth. A dense, brutal crowd were already assembled in front of the prison, and hundreds of well-dressed sight-seers occupied the opposite windows, morbidly eager for the rising of the curtain upon the mournful tragedy about to be enacted. I obtained admission without much difficulty, but, till the arrival of the sheriffs, no conference with the condemned prisoners could possibly be permitted. Those important functionaries happened on this morning to arrive unusually late, and I paced up and down the paved corridor in a fever of impatience and anxiety. They were at last announced, but before I could, in the hurry and confusion, obtain speech of either of them, the dismal bell tolled out, and I felt with a shudder that it was no longer possible to effect my object. "Perhaps it is better so," observed the reverend chaplain in a whisper. "She has been more composed for the last two or three hours, and is now, I trust, in a better frame of mind for death." I turned, sick at heart, to leave the place, and in my agitation missing the right way, came directly in view of the terrible procession. Jane Eccles saw me, and a terrific scream, followed by frantic and heart-rending appeals to me to save her, burst with convulsive effort from her white quivering lips. Never will the horror of that moment pass from my remembrance. I staggered back, as if every spasmodic word struck me like a blow; and then, directed by one of the turnkeys, sped in an opposite direction as fast as my trembling limbs could carry me-the shrieks of the wretched victim, the tolling of the dreadful bell, and the obscene jeers and mocks of the foul crowd through which I had to force my way, evoking a confused tu-mult of disgust and horror in my brain, which, if long continued, would have driven me mad. On reaching home, I was bled freely, and got to bed. This treatment, I have no doubt, prevented a violent access of fever; for, as it was, several days passed before I could be safely permitted to re-engage in business.

On revisiting the office, a fragment of a letter written by Jane Eccles a few hours previous to her death, and evidently addressed to Mrs. Davies, was placed by Mr. Flint, who had by this time returned, before me. The following is an exact copy of it, with the exception that the intervals which I have marked with dots were filled with erasures and blots, and that every word seemed to have been traced by a hand smitten with palsy:-

FROM MY DEATH-PLACE, Midnight. "DEAR MADAM-No, beloved friend, mother let me call you Oh kind, gentle mother, I am to die to be killed in a few hours by cruel men!—I, so young, so unprepared for death, and yet guiltless! Oh never doubt that I am guiltless of the offence for which they will have the heart to hang me Nobody, they say, can save me now; yet if I could see the lawyer I have been deceived, cruelly deceived, madam-buoyed up by lying hopes, till just now the thunder burst, and I-oh God! As they spoke, the fearful chapter in the Testament came bodily before me—the rending of the vail in twain, the terrible darkness, and the opened graves!..... I did not write for this, but my brain aches and dazzles It is too late—too late, they all tell me! Ah, if those dreadful laws were not so swift, I might yet—but no; he clearly proved to me how useless I must not think of that It is of my nephew, your Henry, child of my affections, that I would speak. Oh, would that I But hark! they are coming The day has dawned to me the day of judgment!....

This incoherent scrawl only confirmed my previous suspicions, but it was useless to dwell further on the melancholy subject. The great axe had fallen, and whether justly or unjustly, would, I feared, as in many, very many other cases, never be clearly ascertained in this world. I was mistaken. Another case of "uttering forged Bank-of-England notes, knowing them to be forged," which came under our cognizance a few months afterwards, revived the fading memory of Jane Eccles's early doom, and cleared up every obscurity connected with it.

The offender in this new case was a tall, dark-complexioned, handsome man, of about thirty years of age, of the name of Justin Arnold. His lady mother, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Burton, retained us for her son's defence, and from her and other sources we learned the following par-

Justin Arnold was the lady's son by a former marriage. Mrs. Barton, a still splendid woman, had, in second nuptials, espoused a very wealthy person, and from time to time had covertly supplied Justin Arnold's extravagance. This, however, from the wild course the young man pursued, could not be for ever continued, and after many warnings, the supplies were stopped. Incapable of reformation, Justin Arnold, in order to obtain the means of dissipation, connected himself with a cleverly-organized band of swindlers and forgers, who so adroitly managed their nefarious business, that, till his capture, they had contrived to keep themselves clear of the law—the inferior tools and dupes having been alone caught in its fatal meshes. The defence, under these circumstances necessarily a difficult, almost impossible one, was undertaken by Mr. Flint, and conducted by him with his accustomed skill and energy.

I took a very slight interest in the matter, and heard very little concerning it till its judicial conclusion by the conviction of the offender, and his condemnation to death. The decision on the recorder's report was this time communicated to the authorities of Newgate on a Saturday, so that the batch ordered for execution, amongst whom was Justin Arnold, would not be hanged till the Monday morning. Rather late in the evening a note once more reached me from the chaplain of the prison. Justin Arnold wished to see me-me, not Mr. Flint. He had something of importance to communicate, he said, relative to a person in whom I had once felt great interest. It flashed across me that this Justin might be the "brother" of Jane Eccles, and I determined to see him. I immediately sought out one of the sheriffs, and obtained an order empowering me to see the prisoner on the afternoon of the morrow (Sunday).

I found that the convict had expressed great anxiety lest I should decline to see him. My hoped-for visit was the only matter which appeared to occupy the mind or excite the care of the mocking, desperate young man; even the early and shameful termination of his own life on the morrow he seemed to be utterly reckless of. Thus prepared, I was the less surprised at the scene which awaited me in the prisoner's cell, where I found him in angry altercation with the pale affrighed

I had never seen Justin Arnold before; this I was convinced of the instant I saw him; but he knew, and greeted me instantly by name. His swarthy, excited features were flushed and angry, and after briefly thanking me for complying with his wishes, he added in a violent, rapid tone, "This good man has been teasing me. He says, and truly, that I have defied God by my life; and now he wishes me to mock that inscrutable Being,

on the eve of death, by words without sense, meaning, or truth!"

"No, no, no!" ejaculated the reverend gentleman. "I exhorted you to true repentance, to peace, charity, to"—

"True repentance, peace, charity!" broke in the prisoner with a scornful burst: "when my heart is full of rage, and bitterness, and despair! Give me time for this repentance which you say is so needful—time to lure back long since banished hope, and peace, and faith! Poh!—you but flout me with words without meaning. I am unfit, you say, for the presence of men, but quite fit for that of God, before whom you are about to arrogantly cast me! Be it so: my deeds upon my head! It is at least not my fault that I am hurled to judgment before the Eternal Judge himself commanded my presence there!"

"He may be unworthy to live," murmured the scared chaplain, "but oh how utterly unfit to die!"

"That is true," rejoined Justin Arnold with undiminished vehemence. "Those, if you will, are words of truth and sense: go you and preach them to the makers and executioners of English law. In the meantime I would speak privately with this gentleman."

The reverend pastor, with a mute gesture of compassion, sorrow, and regret, was about to leave the cell, when he was stayed by the prisoner, who exclaimed, "Now I think of it, you had better, sir, remain. The statement I am about to make cannot, for the sake of the victim's reputation, and for her friends' sake, have too many witnesses. You both remember Jane Eccles?" A broken exclamation from both of us answered him, and he quickly added—"Ah, you already guess the truth, I see. Well, I do not wonder you should start and turn pale. It was a cruel, shameless deed—a dastardly murder if there was ever one. In as few words as possible, so you interrupt me not, I will relate my share in the atrocious business." He spoke rapidly, and once or twice during the brief recital the moistened eye and husky voice betrayed emotions which his pride would have concealed.

"Jane and I were born in Hertfordshire, within a short distance of each other. I knew her from a child, She was better off then, I worse than we subsequently became—she by her father's bankruptcy, I by my mo—, by Mrs. Barton's wealthy marriage. She was about nineteen, I twenty-four, when I left the country for London. That she loved me with all the fervor of a trusting

woman I well knew; and I had, too, for some time known that she must be either honorably wooed or not at all. That with me was out of the question, and, as I told you, I came about that time to London. You can, I dare say, imagine the rest. We were-I and my friends I mean—at a loss for agents to dispose of our wares, and at the same time pressed for money. I met Jane Eccles by accident. Genteel, of graceful address and winning manners, she was just fitted for our purpose. I feigned reawakened love, proffered marriage, and a home across the Atlantic, as soon as certain trifling but troublesome affairs which momently harassed me were arranged. She believed me. I got her to change a considerable number of notes under various pretexts, but that they were forged she had not and could not have the remotest suspicion. You know the catastro-After her apprehension I visited this prison as her brother, and buoyed her up to the last with illusions of certain pardon and release, whatever the verdict, through the influence of my wealthy father-in-law, of our immediate union afterwards, and tranquil American home. It is needless to say more. She trusted me, and I sacrificed her—less flagrant instances of a like nature occur every day. And now, gentlemen, I would fain be alone."

"Remorseless villain!" I could not help exclaiming under my breath, as he moved away.

He turned quickly back, and looking me in the face, without the slightest anger, said, "An execrable villain, if you like—not a remorseless one! Her death alone sits near, and troubles my to all else hardened con-

science. And let me tell you, reverend sir," he continued, resuming his former bitterness as he addressed the chaplain—"let me tell you, that it was not the solemn words of the judge the other day, but the pale, reproachful image, standing suddenly beside me in the dock, just as she looked when I passed my last deception on her, that caused the tremor and affright, complacently attributed by that grave functionary to his own sepulchral eloquence. After all, her death cannot be exclusively laid to my charge. Those who tried her would not believe her story, and yet it was true as death. Had they not been so confident in their own unerring wisdom, they might have doomed her to some punishment short of the scaffold, and could now have retrieved their error. But I am weary, and would, I repeat, be alone. Farewell!" He threw himself on the rude pallet, and we silently withdrew.

A paper embodying Justin Arnold's declaration was forwarded to the secretary of state, and duly acknowledged, accompanied by an official expression of mild regret that it had not been made in time to save the life of Jane Eccles. No further notice was taken of the matter, and the record of the young woman's judicial sacrifice still doubtless encumbers the archives of the Home Office, forming, with numerous others of like chae racter, the dark, sanguine background upon which the achievements of the great and good men who have so successfully purged the old Draco code that now a faint vestige only of the old barbarism remains, stand out in bright relief and changeless lustre.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"I THINK OF THEE."

AFTER THE GERMAN OF GOETHE. "ICH DENKE DEIN."

I THINK of thee, when on the shore is dying
The sun's last ray:

I think of thee, when autumn woods are sighing At close of day.

I speak of thee, when in the summer bower I sit alone;

I hear thy voice, when at the midnight hour The wind makes moan.

I think of thee, when maids are out a Maying, And garlands twine;

I think of thee, when rustic pipes are playing Amid the kine. I think of thee, when in the hall are dancing

The young and fair;

I look around, and see thy form advancing— The loveliest there.

I sit by thee, in closest bonds united, Though far away:

And oft renew the vows we two have plighted, Ay, many a day.

I long for thee, to call thee mine forever, My joy, my pride!

Nor time nor space our hearts and minds can sever, My spirit's bride! From the Dublin University Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI.

Paganini was in all respects a very singular being, and an interesting subject to study. His talents were by no means confined to his wonderful powers as a musician. On other subjects he was well informed, acute, and conversible, of bland and gentle manners, and, in society, perfectly well bred. All this contrasted strangely with the dark, mysterious stories which were bruited abroad, touching some passages in his early life. But outward semblance and external deportment are treacherous as quicksands, when taken as guides by which to sound the depths of human character. Lord Byron remarks, that his pocket was once picked by the civilest gentleman he ever conversed with, and that by far the mildest individual of his acquaintance was the remorseless Ali Pacha of Yanina. The expressive lineaments of Paganini told a powerful tale of passions which had been fearfully excited, which might be roused again from temporary slumber, or were exhausted by indulgence and premature decay, leaving deep furrows to mark their intensity. Like the generality of his countrymen, he looked much older than he was. With them, the elastic vigor of youth and manhood rapidly subside into an interminable and joyless old age, numbering as many years, but with far less both of physical and mental faculty, to render them endurable, than the more equally poised gradations of our northern clime. It is by no means unusual to encounter a well developed Italian, whiskered to the eyebrows, and "bearded like the pard," who tells you, to your utter astonishment, that he is scarcely seventeen, when you have set him down from his appearance as, at least, five-and-thirty.

The following extract from Colonel Montgomery Maxwell's book of Military Reminiscences, entitled "My Adventures," dated Genoa, February 22d, 1815, supplies the earliest record which has been given to the public respecting Paganini, and affords authentic evidence that some of the mysterious tales which heralded his coming were not without some foundation. He could scarcely

have been at this time thirty years old. "Talking of music, I have become acquainted with the most outre, most extravagant, and strangest character I ever beheld, or heard, in the musical line. He has just been emancipated from durance vile, where he has been for a long time incarcerated on suspicion of murder. His long figure, long neck, long face, and long forehead; his hollow and deadly pale cheek, large black eye, hooked nose, and jet black hair, which is long, and more than half hiding his expressive, Jewish face; all these rendered him the most extraordinary person I ever beheld. There is something scriptural in the tout ensemble of the strange physiognomy of this uncouth and unearthly figure. Not that, as in times of old, he plays, as Holy Writ tells us, on a ten-stringed instrument; on the contrary, he brings the most powerful, the most wonderful, and the most heart-rending tones from one string. His name is Paganini; he is very improvident and very poor. The D-s, and the Impressario of the theatre got up a concert for him the other night, which was well attended, and on which occasion he electrified the audience. He is a native of Genoa, and if I were a judge of violin playing, I would pronounce him the most surprising performer in the world!"

That Paganini was either innocent of the charge for which he suffered the incarceration Colonel Maxwell mentions, or that it could not be proved against him, may be reasonably inferred from the fact that he escaped from the galleys or the executioner. In Italy, there was then, par excellence, (whatever there may be now), a law for the rich, and another for the poor. As he was without money, and unable to buy immunity, it is charitable to suppose he was entitled to it from innocence. A nobleman, with a few zecchini, was in little danger of the law, which confined its practice entirely to the lower orders. I knew a Sicilian prince, who most wantonly blew a vassal's brains out, merely because he put him in a passion. The case was not even inquired into. He

sent half a dollar to the widow of the defunct (which, by the way, he borrowed of me, and never repaid), and there the matter ended. Lord Nelson once suggested to Ferdinand IV. of Naples, to try and check the daily increase of assassination, by a few salutary executions. "No, no," replied old Nasone, who was far from being as great a fool as he looked, "that is impossible. If I once began that system, my kingdom would soon be depopulated. One half my subjects would be continually employed in hanging the remainder."

Among other peculiarities, Paganini was an incarnation of avarice and parsimony, with a most contradictory passion for gambling. He would haggle with you for sixpence, and stake a rouleau on a single turn at rouge et noir. He screwed you down in a bargain as tightly as if you were compressed in a vice; yet he had intervals of liberality, and sometimes did a generous action. In this he bore some resemblance to the celebrated John Elwes, of miserly notoriety, who deprived himself of the common necessaries of life, and lived on a potato skin, but sometimes gave a cheque for £100 to a public charity, and contributed largely to private subscriptions. I never heard that Paganini actually did this, but once or twice he played for nothing, and sent a donation to the Mendicity, when he was in Dublin.

When he made his engagement with me, we mutually agreed to write no orders, expecting the house to be quite full every night, and both being aware that the "sons of freedom," while they add nothing to the exchequer, seldom assist the effect of the performance. They are not given to applaud vehemently; or, as Richelieu observes, "in the right places." What we can get for nothing we are inclined to think much less of than that which we must purchase: who invests a shilling will not do it rashly, or without feeling convinced that value received will accrue from the risk. The man who pays is the real enthusiast; he comes with a pre-determination to be amused, and his spirit is exalted accordingly. Paganini's valet surprised me one morning, by walking into my room, and, with many "excellenzas" and gesticulations of respect, asking me to give him an order. I said, "Why do you come to me? Apply to your master—won't he give you one?" "Oh, yes; but I don't like to ask him." Why not?" "Because he'll stop the amount out of my wages!" My heart relented; I gave him the order, and paid Paganini the dividend. I told him

what it was, thinking, as a matter of course, he would return it. He seemed uncertain for a moment, paused, smiled sardonically, looked at the three and sixpence, and with a spasmodic twitch, deposited it in his own waistcoat pocket instead of mine. Voltaire says, "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre," meaning, thereby, as I suppose, that being behind the scenes of every-day life, he finds out that Marshal Saxe, or Frederick the Great, is as subject to the common infirmities of our nature, as John Nokes or Peter Styles. Whether Paganini's squire of the body looked upon his master as a hero in the vulgar acceptation of the word, I cannot say, but in spite of his stinginess, which he writhed under, he regarded him with mingled reverence and terror. "A strange person, your master," observed I. "Signor," replied the faithful Sancho Panza, "e veramente grand uomo ma da non potersi comprendere." "He is truly a great man, but quite incomprehensible." It was edifying to observe the awful importance with which Antonio bore the instrument nightly entrusted to his charge to carry to and from the theatre. He considered it an animated something, whether dæmon or angel he was unable to determine, but this he firmly believed, that it could speak in actual dialogue when his master pleased, or become a dumb familiar by the same controlling volition. This especial violin was Paganini's inseparable companion. It lay on his table before him as he sat meditating in his solitary chamber; it was placed by his side at dinner, and on a chair within his reach when in bed. If he woke, as he constantly did, in the dead of night, and the sudden estro of inspiration seized him, he grasped his instrument, started up, and on the instant perpetuated the conception which otherwise he would have lost for This marvellous Cremona, valued at four hundred guineas, Paganini, on his deathbed, gave to De Kontski, his nephew and only pupil, himself an eminent performer, and in his possession it now remains.

When Paganini was in Dublin at the musical festival of 1830, the Marquis of Anglesea, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, came every night to the concerts at the theatre, and was greatly pleased with his performance. On the first evening, between the acts, his Excellency desired that he might be brought round to his box to be introduced, and paid him many compliments. Lord Anglesea was at that residing in perfect privacy with his family at Sir Harcourt Lees' country house, near Blackrock, and expressed

a wish to get an evening from the great violinist, to gratify his domestic circle. The negotiation was rather a difficult one, as Paganini was, of all others, the man who did nothing in the way of business without an explicit understanding, and a clearly defined con-si-de-rati-on. He was alive to the advantage of honor, but he loved money with a paramount affection. I knew that he had received enormous terms, such as £150 and £200 for fiddling at private parties in London, and I trembled for the vice-regal purse; but I undertook to manage the affair, and went to work accordingly. The Aid-de-camp in Waiting called with me on Paganini, was introduced in due form, and handed him a card of invitation to dinner, which, of course, he received and accepted with ceremonious politeness. Soon after the officer had departed, he said suddenly, "This is a great honor, but am I expected to bring my instrument?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "as a matter of course—the Lord Lieutenant's family wish to hear you in private." "Caro amico," rejoined he, with petrifying composure, "Paganini con violino e Paganini senza, violino,-ecco due animali distinti." "Paganini with his fiddle and Paganini without it are two very different persons." I knew perfectly what he meant, and said, "The Lord Lieutenant is a nobleman of exalted rank and character, liberal in the extreme, but he is not Crossus; nor do I think you could with any consistency receive such an honor as dining at his table, and af-terward send in a bill for playing two or three tunes in the evening." He was staggered, and asked, "What do you advise?" I said, "Don't you think a present in the shape of a ring, or a snuff-box, or something of that sort, with a short inscription, would be a more agreeable mode of settlement?" He seemed tickled by this suggestion, and closed with it at once. I despatched the intelligence through the proper channel, that the violin and the gran maestro would both be in attendance. He went in his very choicest mood, made himself extremely agreeable, played away, unsolicited, throughout the evening, to the delight of the whole party; and on the following morning, a gold snuff-box was duly presented to him, with a

A year or two after this, when Paganini was again in England, I thought another engagement might be productive, as his extraordinary attraction appeared still to increase. I wrote to him on the subject, and soon received a very courteous communication, to the effect, that although he had not contemplated including Ireland in his tour, yet he had been so impressed by the urbanity of the Dublin public, and had moreover conceived such a personal esteem for my individual character, that he might be induced to alter his plans, at some inconvenience, provided always I could make him a more enticing proposal than the former one. I was here completely puzzled, as on that occasion I gave him a clear two-thirds of each receipt, with a bonus of £25 per night in addition, for two useless coadjutors. I replied, that having duly deliberated on his suggestion, and considered the terms of our last compact, I saw no possible means of placing the new one in a more alluring shape, except by offering him the entire produce of the engagement. After I had despatched my letter, I repented bitterly, and was terrified lest he should think me serious, and hold me to the bargain; but he deigned no answer, and this time I escaped for the fright I had given myself. When in London, I called to see him, and met with a cordial reception; but he soon alluded to the late correspondence, and half seriously said, "That was a curious letter you wrote to me, and the joke with which you concluded it by no means a good one." "Oh," said I, laughing, "it would have been much worse if you had taken me at my word." He then laughed too, and we parted excellent friends. I never saw him again. He returned to the Continent, and died, having purchased the title of Baron, with a patent of nobility, from some foreign potentate, which, with his accumulated earnings, somewhat dilapidated by gambling, he bequeathed to his only son. Paganini was the founder of his school, and the original inventor of those extraordinary tours de force with which all his successors and imitators are accustomed to astonish the uninitiated. But he still stands at the head of the list, although eminent names are included in it, and few complimentary words engraved on the lid. is not likely to be pushed from his pedestal.

From the Athenaum.

RETIREMENT OF MR. MACREADY.

On Wednesday last Mr. Macready took his final farewell of the stage. This important theatrical event occurred within the walls of Old Drury, and on the boards which Mr. Macready during his management sought to raise to respectability and distinction. The tragedy selected for the occasion was "Macbeth." The noble Thane was, of course, supported by Mr. Macready himself-Macduff being undertaken by Mr. Phelps, and Lady Mucbeth by Mrs. Warner. On the manner in which these respective parts were sustained the occasion does not demand that we should be critical. Suffice it to record that no nervousness or want of self-possession marred the efforts of either. Yet the audience was most multitudinous and enthusiastic. It had been necessary to guard the entrances to the theatre by the police, who made a passage for the playgoer through the excited crowd in the streets. Within the theatre the orchestra was converted into stalls, and the number of persons admitted into the pit and gallery was judiciously limited. Owing to these arrangements, notwithstanding the general enthusiasm, order was maintained and the requisite silence attended the deeper portions of the tragic scene.

At the conclusion, Mr. Macready came before the curtain in a suit of black, to deliver his farewell address. It was long before the impassioned burst which greeted this last appearance of the actor on the scene of many a former triumph would permit a hearing to what he came to say. The audience appeared as if willing to defer the final parting; and, Mr. Macready during this last and lingering grasp, as it were, of the public hand, seemed in danger of losing the self-possession necessarv to carry him through his words of fare-At length the roar of the house subsided into silence,-and out of its stillness arose, often faltering with emotion, the one voice to deliver the following address:-

"My last theatrical part is played; and, in accordance with long-established usage, I appear once more before you. Even if I were without precedent for the discharge of this act of duty, it is style of age with the more vigorous exertions of my better years. Words—at least such as I can command—are ineffectual to convey my thanks. In offering them, you will believe I feel far more

is one which my own feelings would irresistibly urge upon me; for, as I look back on my long professional career, I see in it but one continuous record of indulgence and support extended to me, cheering me in my onward progress, and upholding me in most trying emergencies. I have, therefore been desirous of offering you my parting acknowledgments for the partial kindness with which my humble efforts have uniformly been received, and for a life made happier by your favor. The distance of five-and-thirty years has not dimmed my recollection of the encouragement which gave fresh impulse to the inexperienced essays of my youth, and stimulated me to perseverance when struggling hardly for equality of position with the genius and talent of those artists whose superior excellence I ungrudgingly admitted, admired and honored. That encouragement helped to place me, in respect to privileges and emolument, on a footing with my distinguished competitors. With the growth of time your favor seemed to grow; and, undisturbed in my hold upon your opinion, from year to year I found friends more closely and thickly clustering around me. All I can advance to testify how justly I have appreciated the patronage thus liberally awarded me is the devotion throughout those years of my best energies to your service. ambition to establish a theatre in regard to decorum and taste worthy of our country, and to leave in it the plays of our divine Shakspeare fitly illustrated, was frustrated by those whose duty it was, in virtue of the trust committed to them, themselves to have undertaken the task. But some good seed has yet been sown; and in the zeal and creditable productions of certain of our present managers we have assurance that the corrupt editions and unseemly presentations of past days will never be restored, but that the purity of our great Poet's text will henceforward be held on our English stage in the reverence it ever should command.—I have little more to say. By some, the relation of an actor to his audience is considered slight and transient. I do not feel it so. The repeated manifestation, under circumstances personally affecting me, of your favorable sentiments towards me, will live with life among my most grateful memories; and, because I would not willingly abate one jot in your esteem, I retire with the belief of yet unfailing powers, rather than linger on the scene, to set in contrast the feeble style of age with the more vigorous exertions of my better years. Words-at least such as I can command—are ineffectual to convey my thanks.

than I give utterance to. With sentiments of the deepest gratitude I take my leave; bidding you, ladies and gentlemen, in my professional capacity, with regret and most respectfully, farewell."

The time has now arrived when it becomes our duty to register the judgment which we have deliberately formed of Mr. Macready as an actor, during the long period that we have had experience of him in that capacity. Such experience, in fact, dates from his Orestes in 1816 to his Macbeth in 1851. These parts, it may be said, constitute the two extreme points of his character as an We have in one the classical, as interpreted by its imitators of the French school,—in the other, the romantic, as created by an original poet in the school of Nature. The starting point should be steadily borne in mind while considering the artist's progress; so best may the distance be calculated

to the goal.

A period of five-and-thirty years has elapsed between these two instants of time; half the entire of a long life, all occupied in the manly and mature pursuit of a profession to which a previous apprenticeship had been There is no doubt that sedulously served. in Mr. Macready's case "the boy" was "father to the man:" and that from the first moment of his setting his foot upon the boards, he resolved to win the highest honors. The choice of Orestes for his debut at Covent Garden indicated, indeed, the emulation that inspired him, and the rank that he expected to obtain. Obviously, he wished to claim precedence as a finished artist, and selected the part as a test for the judicious. and heavy as the character is to the audience, on the actor it imposes the necessity of laborious study, and rewards him by the opportunity of displaying his powers of declamation, action, deportment, and sustained delivery. The public were satisfied that the debutant was at least an elocutionist, and equal to the pronunciation of set speeches,those diatribes of mingled rhetoric and passion which make the triumph of the French performer.

There was, however, an amount of caution in such a choice, which indicated that the candidate was one who calculated on ultimate but not immediate success. The stage was then so occupied with great actors—including John Kemble, Kean, and Young,—that Mr. Macready could not but have felt that he must look forward to surviving a competition too formidable to be defied.

His style of acting at this time was of an equally cautious character. All was evi-

dently under rule with the young actor:so much so, that many who admired his talent doubted his inspiration. The remarkable success, however, that attended many of his melo-dramatic assumptions-such, for instance, as Gambia and Rob Roy-justified his admirers in attributing genius to the rising actor. Many then began to suspect-as Mr. Barry Cornwall expressed himself in a well known sonnet on the subject-that the young performer had bound himself too strictly to technical formulæ; and were prepared to hail the natural feeling ere long so triumphantly expressed by him in the character of Virginius, as a deliverance from the shackles of a self-imposed rule.

Previous to the performance of Virginius, Mr. Macready had been tried in Shakspeare. But his performances of Othello and Richard the Third were not considered satisfactory. Kean in both was then in the ascendant,and scarcely any amount of merit was likely to be acknowledged in a competitor. But it must also be remembered that Mr. Macready's great successes have been in original parts. It was so in Mr. Shiel's tragedies, and it is so in Byron's and in Bulwer's dramas. Whether the mind of the actor, in the performance of old parts, was restrained by the conceptions of his predecessors and the traditions of the stage, or whether, in his desire to seek new readings, he was allured into eccentricity,—it is certain that in those he was less esteemed; while, in the renderings of new characters, his intelligence was constantly admitted by the press and by the public. Every fresh original part brought to Mr. Macready an accession of fame and influence. In all these, from Virginius downwards, he showed an admirable faculty of Impersonation; which, in fact, enabled him to interpret the text as he would, and penetrate it with a distinct individual conception. In these instances, and more particularly in the parts of Werner and Richelieu, Mr. Macready may lay claim to having made the character which the poet had only suggested. truth, this is the kind of parts in which Mr. Macready has been uniformly triumphant. The weight of the Shakspearian text burthens him—and the predetermination of the outline limits his volition. But give him a modern part, in which more is indicated than is expressed, and he fills in the minute details for himself with a power of conception which brings him up to the level of his author, and entitles him to share in the highest honors of his art. This fact, of course, adds to Mr. Macready's power of Impersonation the faculty of Invention. His study of characters has reference to an idea—a prior principle, according to which he harmonizes the parts composing each. His performances are consequently Wholes. His merit is not to be tested by occasional flashes of genius—by partial triumphs achieved in particular scenes—but by the entire conception. Take Mr. Macready's Virginius, Werner, Richelieu, in its integrity,—and each is unequalled. Subsequent performers have been unable to add to these,—and have found safety in preserving an exact resemblance of Mr. Macready's manner.

And this leads us to say something of what is called Mr. Macready's Mannerism. Every artist, whether on or off the stage, has a manner or method by which his style is recognizable. Whatever may be the amount of genius, there is necessarily an individual limitation. An art, the essence of which is Impersonation, must be more subject to this than another. It consists in prescribing individual limitations-all of which are necessarily determined by those that constitute the actor's own personalities. These, if they are the boundaries, are also the evidences of genius. They are the man, and his intelligence, naturally revealed, and making themselves felt in every histrionic assumption. This mannerism is inevitable—and betrays the ultimate limit of all possible variety in the characterization of the artist; but the imitation of it by another involves its own censure, and is a substitution of counterfeit for reality. Mr. Macready's mannerisms will be recollected only as the landmarks of his power and attainments:—in his successors. they will continue to be despised or derided, as conditions in spite of which, and not by means of which, the master himself succeeded.

In the round of Shakspeare characters included in Mr. Macready's farewell performances, we have had Lear, Richard the Second, Wolsey, Macbeth, King John, Henry the Fourth, Shylock, Othello, Iago, Brutus, Cassius, Hamlet, and Benedick. We have already pointed out the difficulty of achieving an original reputation for such parts as these, arising from all manner of theatrical prepossessions, both on and off the stage. blances and differences may alike displease. Some desire the retention of all old points some expect nothing but new ones. Many are dissatisfied unless what pleased them formerly be repeated-others condemn the new actor as a copyist if he revives a single recollection. Mr. Macready had long to struggle against conditions like these; but finally won the fame of an original and powerful actor, even in Shaksperian parts,—to each of which Mr. Macready has brought his own ideality, so as to invest it with a claim to be considered as to a great extent an independent conception.

It is not probably in what are considered the leading Shaksperian characters that Mr. Macready should be estimated as a Shaksperian actor. There are some parts unjustly considered as of minor importance, in which he is admirable. Cassius, Iago, Benedick, are all three marked with peculiarities, specific differences, and comic attributes, decidedly appreciable both in quantity and in quality. The first may be accepted as a specimen of Mr. Macready's simple style. the second of his complex, and the third of a style purely his own. It is Macready the man that we see in Benedick. A vein of humor, altogether individual, runs through the impersonation, and informs it even to the most trifling action. Benedick with him is a man with a "fixed idea" and irritable temperament, and he is to be cured of both. The variety of Mr. Macready's Iago is prodigious. The wily tempter becomes all things to all men. He takes on and casts off a character with the utmost ease and readiness. In interpreting the various business of the scene, he showed an expertness and splendor of execution really astonishing. In Cassius, the straightforward and unvarying irritability of the demagogue, makes the assumption the most natural thing in the world to an actor of Mr. Macready's temperament. He throws himself into it with an abandon which insures a triumphant impersonation.

Mr. Macready's reputation as a Shaksperian actor can scarcely be dated before the period of his Covent Garden management. 1837. The actor was culminating to that point, but had not attained it. This state of things produced an indecision of mind at the opening of the theatre. The manager was divided between drama and melo-dramanow did one and now the other. When subsequently renting Drury Lane, he made a sort of compromise by producing Shakspeare in a spectacular form :- and this constitutes the largest part of what is claimed by and for Mr. Macready as a reformer of the stage. The claim, however, is one on which many of his friends and critics join issue. The matter is capable of easy solution. Either spectacle was necessary to make Shakspeare popular, or it was not. If the latter, it was a needless expense; if the former, it was the

spectacle that succeeded, not Shakspeare. There is no doubt that the increasing love of spectacle-to which Mr. Macready contributed—is tending to vitiate the public taste, and degrade the acting art. This was well pointed out long ago-in an "imaginary conversation" with "the old play-goer," published in 1846. Dr. R., boasting of the treat which he had enjoyed at Drury Lane, over night, in the performance of "As You Like It," exclaims—"I never saw anything so perfectly mise en scéne in all my life; it was delicious! the music, the scenery, the most minute decorations! the manner of getting the songs on the stage was so natural! and they were so exquisitely sung!" "Hem," rejoins 'the Old play-goer,' "but—what sort of a Rosalind had you?"—"Oh!" answers the doctor, "infamous! she had no more idea of Rosalind than my cook has!" Thus, while, on the one hand, the spectator is enchanted with the pictorial accessories, he forgets the principal figure ; -and the manager and performer, on the other, finding that acting is a secondary consideration with the public, begin to undervalue it too, and substitute the scenic for the histrionic as a general rule. At length, the very stage where Mr. Macready began his reforms, and where he has just taken his final benefit, is delivered over entirely to the presentment of a pure spectacle, dispensing with both music and dialogue in all but a subordinate degree.

It would be unjust to take leave of Mr. Macready, however, without enumerating the original plays which he has been, either directly or indirectly, instrumental in producing—and estimating thereby the amount of benefit which the new drama of England has received from his patronage. Earliest on the

list is, we believe, the tragedy of "Mirandola," by Barry Cornwall-and next, Sheridan Knowles's "Virginius." Then comes Haines's "Damon and Pythias," Shiel's "Huguenot," Miss Mitford's "Julian," Knowles's "Caius Gracchus" and "William Tell," Byron's "Werner," Knowles's "Alfred the Great, "Browning's "Strafford," Byron's "Sardanapalus," Lovel's "Provost of Bruges," Talfourd's "Ion," Bulwer's "Duchess de la Valliere" and "Lady of Lyons," Knowles's "Woman's Wit," Byron's "Two Foscari," Bulwer's "Richelieu" and "Sea Captain," Haynes's "Mary Stuart," Talfourd's "Athenian Captive" and "Glencoe," Serle's "Master Clarke," Bulwer's "Money," Troughton's "Nina Sforza," "Gisippus," by the author of "The Collegians," Darley's "Plighted Troth," Byron's "Doge of Venice," Marston's "Patrician's Daughter," Knowles's "Secretary," Browning's "Blotch on the Scutcheon," White's "King of the Commons," and "Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde."

But now the hour of leave-taking has come; and our parting words should be those of valediction. As an actor possessing some of the highest requisites of his art, with some qualifications that distinguish him as especially favored both by nature and by fortune, Mr. Macready retires from the boards with a fame only less than the greatest. If not equal in fervor and impressiveness to Kean and Talma (whose styles we once heard him say it was his ambition to blend),—if inferior to Kemble and Garrick in dignity and compass,—he must take his position undoubtedly next to these,—and at no great distance below.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER.—It may be remembered that Goethe, in 1827, had delivered over to the keeping of the Government of Weimar a quantity of his papers, contained in a sealed casket, with an injunction not to open it till 1850. The 17th of May being fixed for breaking the seals, the authorities gave formal notice to the family of Goethe that they would on that day deliver up the papers as directed by the deceased poet.

The descendants of the poet Schiller also received an intimation that, as the papers concerned their ancestor likewise, they had a right to be present. The casket was opened with all due form, and was found to contain the whole of the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller. The letters are immediately to be published, according to directions found in the casket.—Galignani.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A TRIP TO GÖTTINGEN TO HEAR JENNY LIND.

BY ONE OF THE COMPANY.

"Denken Sie 'mal, denken Sie 'mal, die Lind singt Uebermorgen in Göttingen!" exclaimed a friend, as he rushed in a state of artistic excitement into our rooms: "we must go—we must all go,—she has signed her engagement for America; such an opportunity may, perhaps, never occur again, and a five-and-thirty miles drive is nothing."

I, for one, willingly acceded; I had about as much knowledge of music and singing as the horses who were to draw me; but, to tell the truth, going anywhere is rather a weakness of mine, and that very weakness acquires an astonishing strength of weakness when the idea of going is accompanied by a chance of danger and adventure. Our arrangements were soon made, and the next morning'I set out with two of our party as pioneers in a diligence, leaving the main army to pack themselves in a carriage and follow. Our road led over high hills, bleak plains, through forests and across ice-bound rivers. Snow everywhere around us, and above us: the air was filled with it, the larches bent under its weight, and the entrances to the houses and the roads were literally blocked up with it.

In the first five or six miles our huge vehicle stuck fast twice, and it was by the workpeople on the road constantly clearing away the fresh-fallen snow that we were enabled at all to proceed. We passed several wagons deserted for the present, which the united force of sixteen horses had been unable to stir. In many places, the snow on the road was six or seven feet deep, and the wind on the hills was so cutting, that it seemed as if it had been put out to freeze before being released from its Æolian cave.

A few newspapers, fortunately received just before starting, and the creature comforts of a sandwich and a glass of wine, carried us on cheerfully. The views from the hills would have been very beautiful, had the

weather been more genial, and the colors less monotonous; to us, unaccustomed to such winters, it was very curious to observe the death-like aspect of the whole country, the cold stillness of everything around, the total absence of life or motion, - no birds on the wing, no beasts in the fields, no leaves on the trees, the very branches stiffened, and the murmuring streams hushed and icebound. Even the lazy German ostlers seemed roused to energy by the nipping wind, and with the help of the never-failing pipe, got through the process of untying and retying the horses* to the carriage in half the usual time. After plunging and tossing through a few snow-drifts, we at length reached Göttingen, and were escorted half way from the post to the hotel by a score or two of wildlooking students, who, I believe, had mistaken the lady of our party for the far-famed Swedish nightingale. The whole town was in commotion; crowds of well-dressed people and students pressed round the hotel, the clear air resounding with the jingling bells of the sledges, and the loud cracking of the drivers' whips. All at once a shout was heard—"the Lind" had arrived, and the court-yard of the inn was at once filled with eager gazers, more curious than polite. A friend fortunately came to the rescue, and carried her off to his house.

About nine o'clock that night a sudden thaw came on, and the next morning the streets were in a dreadful state of dirt; the

I never saw leather traces to post-horses in Germany; they are invariably attached to the carriage by ropes, and those so long, that half the power of the animal is wasted: three heavy and unwieldly swinging bars hang at the end of the pole, and the postilion seems selected for his height and size, as we should a "guardsman" in England. The carriage is cumbrous and heavy, and the whole "turn out" seems got up to give the greatest possible labor and trouble to the horses.

ramparts, which the day before had been one sheet of smooth ice, were in the course of a few hours covered with mud, and the moats and surrounding fields had changed their chaste mantle for a dirty covering of yellow water. We found no public building of interest in Göttingen, except that containing the magnificent library; and the houses, though many of them old and all dirty-looking, have, with few exceptions, neither beauty nor quaintness in their style. The live and dead products of the town seemed to consist of students and tobacco, and one might say in pretty equal proportions. As a body, the students are certainly not prepossessing; their large jack-boots, small colored caps, gashed faces, and rude swaggering air, give them an appearance which strongly contrasts with that of our Oxford and Cambridge men. The town was enlivened in the course of the day by a procession of these Studiosi,* two leading the way on horseback, dressed in red caps, coats covered with broad silk sashes, leather breeches, and jack-boots, each bearing a large banner, followed by two others in the same costume, also mounted and carrying drawn swords; three carriages with four horses, and ten with two each, filled with smoking students, completed the procession. They drove through a few of the principal streets, and then proceeded to hold a Commerz with some brethren of Jena. These said Commerz are, I believe, meetings only to drink, smoke, and fight.

Towards evening the streets leading to the theatre were rapidly filling; and a little after six we had almost to fight our way through the crowd. The management within was certainly excellent, every seat in the house was numbered, and, to avoid any confusion, each person was provided with two tickets, one to be delivered at the door of entrance, the other, bearing the number of the place, to be kept as a voucher for the seat. Jenny Lind was greeted on her entrance with a most hearty and prolonged round of applause, and a shower of rather shabby boquets, and laurel crowns, one of which, tied with the Swedish colors (purple and white), we afterwards ascertained had been thrown by Prince S--, at this time a student at the University. Her singing was certainly most exquisite—I could only judge of it as it affected the heart and taste, and certainly she captivated the former, and never in any way jarred against the latter. I learned after-

wards that she had shown the most astonishing command of voice, and yet her singing was so simple and natural, that it was hardly possible for an uneducated listener as I was to believe that she had overcome any difficulties

When the concert was over, she was of. course recalled, and after she had repeated one or two songs, the audience separated. At least a third part of those present were students, many with their large boots reaching half way up to the thigh, and all wearing the small cap, white, red, and green, or blue, according to the part of Germany they belonged to. If to enter the theatre had been difficult, to get out of it seemed impossible: we waited and waited, expecting that the dense crowd outside would at length separate; but finding it hopeless, and literally dragging our ladies, first through all the students, then through all the unwashed, and finally through all the mud of Göttingen, we at length reached our hotel, weary and worn. But, if we had gone through our perils, Jenny Lind had fared little better; she too had waited in vain for the dispersion of the crowd; her carriage still stood at the door, and the students, though implored to depart, positively refused; they were determined to honor her after their own fashion, and drag her in triumph home. At length a friend offered to personate her; wrapping her head and face in a shawl, and followed by Jenny's maid, she entered the carriage; the horses were taken out in a moment, and amidst shouting, huzzaing, and vivas; the supposititious Lind was rapidly whirled to her home: but, alas! just as the lady was stepping out, a blast of wind blew aside the shawl, and the imposture stood confessed. Meanwhile Fräulein Lind refused to stir; she had, she said, gone through similar scenes in England, and had suffered so much from them, that she would not again subject herself to them. Time flew on, and still the untiring students stood firm; their patience might have endured, and a woman's firmness have remained yet longer unshaken, but in Germany there is a will stronger than either, viz., that of the Herrn Polizei-Director; he at last insisted on the fair singer's accepting the alternative of going home, or spending the night in the theatre. Fortunately the crowd had relaxed a little in its attention, and she was hurried into her carriage, and driven away before the students had time to remove the horses.

The whole of this night seemed in our hotel to be passed by visitors and students in drinking and fighting. About four o'clock

^{*} Herr Studiosus is the title by which studeuts are addressed in German colleges

in the morning, the latter amusement had grown "so fast and furious," that any idea of sleep was out of the question; groaning, shouting, yelling, and swearing, resounded through the house, and quietly slipping out of bed and lighting a cigar, I took my station on the landing-place to enjoy the fun. About twenty people, students, townsmen, and waiters, were hard at work, kicking, striking, tearing each other's hair, and knocking one another down the stairs; the very house shook with the battle: occasionally a large pair of boots would be seen in the air, the owner's head having in the scuffle changed place with his heels: caps were trampled under foot, pipes smashed, coats torn, and one poor waiter so seriously hurt that he could not appear next day. At length, after about an hour's severe pommelling, the belligerents were driven into the streets, and we heard no more of them. I found afterwards that they did not belong to the more respectable body of students; they had been drinking at some bierkeller, and coming into the sown ripe for mischief, had forced their way into the hotel for the sake of fighting.

About nine o'clock next morning we were fold that the thaw and rain of the preceding lay had been so great, that half the country was under water, and that if we did not start at once, we should not be able to reach Kfor five or six days. As this would have been inconvenient to us, we determined, although reluctautly, to give up the pleasure of seeing, and perhaps hearing "Die Lind" again; so, bundling our things into our carpet-bags, and hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, we hurried off to the Post Office. Here we had the pleasure of walking up and down the dirty court-yard in a thick mizzling rain for more than an hour, or the worse alternative of sitting in a cold Passagier-zimmer, with a freshly-lighted fire of what appeared to be stones slightly imbued with sulphur, but which, we were informed, were "ganz votreffliche Kohlen." The delay of the post augured badly for the successful issue of our journey; but at length the great lumbering green coach appeared, and the jovial-looking, red-faced, and scarlet-coated courier (the very picture of our old English mail-guards), announced that they had found great diffisulty in passing one bad spot, that we had wo considerably worse before us, but that we might possibly get through.

On leaving Göttingen we found the whole surrounding country under water; what two days before had been covered with pure unsullied snow, was now occupied by a dirty

yellow liquid. Rapid streams rushed along the roads, wound round the tombstones in the burial ground, and carried away the fresh sods from the new-made graves; boats traversed the fields, bushes and broken timbers sailed down the river, and even gardenwalls were tottering and sinking before the released waters. Our first anticipated stoppage was safely got over; the water, it is true, was nearly three feet deep on the road, but we gained the long bridge in safety.

"Quando vedi un ponte, Fa gli più onor che non ad un contee."

Here the sight was truly extraordinary; the summits of the hills around still maintained their snow-clad covering, and the dark Tannen branches bent under their wintery weight; but the meadows on the river banks, and the sloping fields on the hill sides, were fresh and green, like the first bursting forth of spring. The river itself, swollen to an unusual size, bore along uprooted trees, débris of all sorts, and huge blocks of ice tumbling over each other in wild tumult. Half the population of the town seemed to be out gazing at the scene. Some of the masses of ice were at least twenty feet long, more than a foot thick, and many feet broad, and wo to the obstacle of any kind which came in their

Having safely got over this point of danger, we lay back in the corners of our diligence, finished our wine and sandwiches, and quietly smoked our cigars, with a perfect feeling of security in a good supper, and comfortable beds at night, in our "own inn." But between the cup and the lip there's many a slip; slowly we toiled up the long winding hill; the imprisoned wagons, which two days before we had left fast imbedded in the snow, had disappeared, and an occasional pair of return horses, gave us every hope of a safe and speedy arrival. We soon left Hanover, and entering the dominions included in the German Zoll-Verein, were obliged to have all our baggage and the mail-bags sealed up by the custom-house officer, and safely plumbed with lead, the examination being deferred until we should reach the end of our journey. From this point our anticipations of a safe passage over the river which separated us from Kbecame less and less confident; and when we at length descended from the hill, and came within half a mile of our destination, we found nothing but long and anxious faces; a few hundred yards further, and we came to a dead stop. On alighting, I found a confused mass of wagons, diligences, carriages, milk and coal carts, and an indescribable Babel of human tongues. The river had risen suddenly within the last half hour, and the road between us and the bridge was deeply flooded and covered with floating ice. Some men tried to cross in a boat, but it was useless; the blocks of ice (many tons in weight) came with such force that the adventurers barely escaped being swamped. The question was now, not of proceeding, but of effecting a speedy retreat, for every moment the water was rising.

Half the village was already two feet under water, and the confused and frightened peasants were driving there cows, pigs, and even poultry farther up the country. horses were quickly put to again, and turning our back upon what, to us, seemed at that moment Paradise, we proceeded about half a mile inland, and pulled up at the door of a pot-house (for I cannot dignify it with a better name,) which stood on the side of the road: the aspect of the house not being very inviting, we kept our places in the Eilwagan. Just about dusk we were roused out of a half-sleepy state by the voices of our fellow-travellers loudly bewailing their fate. The well-packed vehicle, containing four ladies and a gentleman, now pulled up beside our Diligence, and a grave consultation ensued as to how and where the night was to be passed. We English of the party determined to stick to the Eilwagen, rather

"To bear those evils that we had,
Than fly to others that we knew not of.""

The Germans refused to trust to the hospitality of their vehicle; they had, I imagine, some vague, undefined ideas of Erl-Kings, who might whirl them away, carriage and all, through the midnight gloom. entered the pot-house, and inquiring whether we could have a room and supper, were of course answered in the affirmative. whole house, and every edible in it, were at the disposal of the Herrschaft; the eatables dwindled down to two lumps of meat, served in a sea of liquid grease, some beans ground down for coffee, and a very dirtylooking loaf. The first apartment we were shown into already contained about twenty or thirty men, smoking long pipes, playing cards, and swilling; from this we backed out, and in despair opening another door, were greeted by the "rankest compound of villanous smells that ever offended nostril!" Numbers of unshaven Jews, smutty dealers

in coal, and male and female peasants, all innocent of soap and water, were stowed together in a room filled with tobacco smoke, reeking of spirits, and stifling with heat. Our hearts almost died within us, but a third venture was more successful; we found on the ground-floor a large empty barrack of a room, furnished with garden benches, and huge tables, something like those we see in butchers' stalls; this apartment was given up to us, to answer, we were informed, the united purposes of sitting, sleeping, and dressing-room. There was no help for it, so we sat down resignedly to our bean-coffee and nondescript chops: I could not, by the most microscopic inspection, discover from what species of animal they had been abstracted; and as to testing by the taste, I dared not linger long over that operation.

The administrator of our bountiful cheer had passed his youth in Hamburg, and had there picked up a smattering of English, which he delighted to exhibit. "You will paremit," he would say every moment, as he moved a candle, replenished the stove, or altered the position of a chair. He was one of those men who give you the impression of having been, perhaps, never actually drunk, but certainly never sober; his step was slow and uncertain, his face red and bloated, and his eyes, small and sunken by nature, swelled out by intemperance, had filled up their narrow socket, and now stood forth dull and sodden. This interesting specimen of humanity would fasten himself on me, and dose me with the sweet sounds of my native tongue. I could not understand him, it is true, but by that, I imagine, I was the gainer.

The question of beds was now mooted, and our host examined on the subject.

"Betten!" he exclaimed, "ja gewiss, mit meheren Herren zusammen." This, under any circumstances, would have been rather more than our five ladies would have liked to have ventured, but when informed that the mehere Herren were the inhabitants of the two rooms we had previously visited, the idea struck us as so ridiculous that we burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter. What was to be done? The English party decided to retire to the Eilwagen, but the Germans would not venture, and could not sit up all night; so "You-will-paremit" (as we had christened our host,) was called in and begged to make a suggestion. He took up the snuffers, and in a gloomy and abstracted manner extinguished the candle; the light, I suppose, passed from it into his schnapps-steeped soul; he scratched his head,—"You will pare-mit"—"For God's sake!" I exclaimed, "do me the favor to speak German; these ladies are tired, do not understand English, and must settle something for the night." I had ruthlessly broken the train of his thoughts; but, after a moment's pause, he said, "Es gibt Menschen die lieber auf reinem Strohe schlafen als in schmutzigen Betten;" which may be rendered,

"Men there exist, I have oft heard it said, Would lie liefer on straw than a dirty bed."

The expression of this profound knowledge of mankind, at least of the clean portion of it, was pronounced in a slow, solemn, and impressive tone,—each word doled out as a miser pays away his gold; but its truth unanswerable, and so the four ladies, with their attendant squire, prepared for the night's encampment: the reine Stroh was produced, and a bed for the gnitdigen Frauen [for they were ladies of rank and title,] was shaken down.

At this juncture I and my two friends departed, and possessed ourselves of our diligence. I tossed about for an hour or two, and finding it impossible to sleep, I lighted a cigar, and sallied forth to inspect the progress of the flood: the moon shone brilliantly, so that every object was distinctly visible; not a breath of air was stirring, and no sound to be heard, but that from the crashing of the ice-blocks as they jostled each other in their tumultuous course. The road, being elevated above the fields, was for some way clear of water, but the whole country around looked like one vast lake; a rapid stream, at least two feet deep, was running over the spot where we had first halted, and masses of ice, a quarter the size of the Diligence, were strewn in the middle of the road. No chance of getting across this night! It was rather provoking to see the town, the goal of our wishes, standing on the side of the hill not a thousand yards beyond, and no possibility of reaching it. In an interval of quiet, I could distinctly hear the shrill whistle of the watchman, and the words of his dull monotonous song:

"Höret Ihr, Herren, und lasst Euch, sagen, Die Glocke die hat Eins geschlagen! Bewahret das Feuer, und auch das Licht, Damit der Stadt, kein Schaden geschicht, Und lobet Gott den Herrn!"

"Listen, good masters, and take a warning, The clock has struck One hour of morning; To your lights and your fires attend ye all, That no harm to your city may befall, And praise God the Lord;"

The next morning brought no better hopes of liberation. Our friends had passed a sleepless night; the gentlemen of the upper and lower chambers, the lords and commons of the "Stadt Antwerpen," as our hostelrie was denominated, had sat up till near morning amusing themselves with singing, shouting, and fighting, and an odor of stale tobacco reigned paramount throughout the house. The straw, in spite of its boasted cleanliness, looked suspiciously second-hand, and a survey of the apartment by day-light was far from inviting; little clouds of dust arose at every step, diligent spiders had hung their webs from the ceiling, hanging like stalactytes in a cave, and tobacco-ashes and ends of half-smoked cigars filled up every nook and corner of the room; a few gaudy portraits of "royal highnesses," and "sainted martyrs," adorned the walls, and, amongst them, a Holy Family, with the following inscription in English underneath:

"St. John's Triumph.

"Elizabeth presents to the Grand Master the infant St. John to be received a free and accepted Mason, Royal Arch, Knight Templar, and to receive the light dedicated to all Antient and Modern Lodges, for the Anniversary Festival of St. John, by Bro. P. Lambert, Past Master, R. A., and K. T. June 24th, 1786. Acc. to Act of Parliament, by R. Harradan, No. 85 Tottenham Court Road."

We soon wearied of dirt, noise, and the Fine Arts, and calling in "You-will-paremit," paid our reckoning, and took coach to a railway station, distant about three hours' drive, and by a detour of about forty miles we reached the town which was not five thousand yards from our starting point. So ended the trip of the "Dilettanti" to Gottingen to hear the Schwedische Nachtigall.

From Dickens's Household Words.

PLATE GLASS.

Two other gentlemen occupied the railway carriage, which, on a gusty day in December, was conveying us towards Gravesend via Blackwall. One wore spectacles, by the aid of which he was perusing a small pocket edition of his favorite author. No sound escaped his lips; yet, his under-jaw and his disengaged hand moved with the solemn regularity of an orator emitting periods of tremendous euphony. Presently, his delight exploded in a loud shutting up of the book and an enthusiastic appeal to us in favor of the writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson. "What, for example, can be finer, gentlemen, than his account of the origin of glass-making; in which, being a drysalter, I take a particular interest. Let me read the passage to you!"

"But the noise of the train ----"

"Sir, I can drown that."

The tone in which the Johnsonian "Sir" was let off, left no doubt of it. Though a small man, the reader was what his favorite writer would have denominated a Stentor, and what the modern school would call a Stunner. When he re-opened the book and began to read, the words smote the ear, as if they had been shot out of the mouth of a cannon. To give additional effect to the rounded periods of his author, he waved his arm in the air at each turn of a sentence, as if it had been a circular saw. "Who," he recited, "when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat, melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life, as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succor old age with subsidary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself. This passion for—"

"Blackwall, gents! Blackwall, ladies! Boat for Gravesend!" We should, unquestionably, have been favored with the rest of the ninth number of the "Rambler," (in which the foregoing passage occurs,) but for

these announcements.

"There is one thing, however," said the little man with the loud voice, as we walked from the platform to the pier, "which I cannot understand. What does the illustrious essayist mean by the 'fortuitous liquefaction' of the sand and ashes. Was glass found out by accident?"

Luckily, a ray of school-day classics enlightened a corner of our memory, and we mentioned the well-known story, in Pliny, that some Phœnician merchants, carrying salt-petre to the mouth of the river Belus, went ashore; and, placing some lumps of the cargo under their kettles to cook food, the heat of the fire fused the nitre, which ran among the sand of the shore. The cooks finding this union to produce a translucent substance, discovered the art of making glass.

"That," said our other companion, holding his hat to prevent the wind from blowing it aboard the Gravesend steamer, (which was not to start for ten minutes), "has been the stock tale of all writers on the subject, from Pliny down to Ure; but, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson has put it out of the power of future authors to repeat it. That indefatigable haunter of Egyptian tombs discovered minute representations of glass-blowing, painted on tombs of the time of Orsirtasin the First, some sixteen hundred years before the date

of Pliny's story. Indeed, a glass bead, bearing the name of a king who lived fifteen hundred years before Christ, was found in another tomb by Captain Henvey, the specific gravity of which is precisely that of English crownglass."

"You seem to know all about it!" exclaim-

ed the loud-voiced man.

"Being a director of a plate-glass company, I have made it my business to learn all that books could teach me on the subject."

"I should like to see glass made!" said the vociferous admirer of Dr. Johnson, "es-

pecially plate-glass."

To this, the other replied, with ready politeness, "If your wish be very strong, and you have an hour to spare, I shall be happy to show you the works, to which I am going,—those of the Thames Plate Glass Company. They are close by."

"The fact is," was the reply, "Mrs. Bossle, (I'm sorry to say Mrs. Bossle is an invalid,) expects me down to Gravesend to tea;

but an hour won't matter much."

"And you, sir?" said the civil gentleman,

addressing me.

My desire was equally strong, and the next hour equally my own; for, as the friend, whom a negligent public had driven to emigration, was not to sail until the next morning, it did not much matter whether I took my last farewell of him at Gravesend early or late

that evening.

Tracking our guide through dock gates, over narrow drawbridges, along quays; now, dodging the riggings of ships; now, tripping over cables, made "taut" to rings; now, falling foul of warping-posts, (for it was getting dusk;) one minute, leaping over deserted timber; the next, doubling stray casks; the next, winding among the strangest ruins of dismantled steam-boats, for which a regular Hospital seemed established in that desolate region of mud and water; then, emerging into dirty lanes, and turning the corners of roofless houses; we finished an exciting game of Follow my Leader, at a pair of tall gates. One of these admitted us into the precincts of the southernmost of the six manufactories of plate glass existing in this

The first ingredient in the making of glass, to which we were introduced, was contained in a goodly row of barrels in full-tap, marked with the esteemed brand of "Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co." It is the well-known fermented extract of malt and hops, which is, it seems, nearly as necessary to the production of good plate glass, as flint and soda.

To liquefy the latter materials by means of fire, is, in truth, dry work; and our cicerone explained, that seven pints per day, per man, of Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Company's entire, had been found, after years of thirsty experience, to be absolutely necessary to moisten human clay, hourly baked at the mouths of blazing furnaces. These furnaces emit a heat more intense than the most perspiring imagination can conceive, or the staunchest thermometer indicate. An attempt to ascertain the degree of heat was once made: a pyrometer (a thermometer of the superlative degree, or "fire-measurer,") was applied to the throat of a furnace—for every furnace has its mouth, its throat, and its flaming tongues; but, the wretched instrument, after five minutes' scorching, made an expiring effort to mark thirteen hundred degrees above boiling point, cracked, was shivered into bits, and was finally swallowed up by the insatiable element whose proceedings it had presumptuously attempted to register.

Having, by this time, crossed a yard, we stood on the edge of a foul creek of the Thames, so horribly slimy that a crocodile, or an alligator, or any scaly monster of the Saurian period, seemed much more likely to be encountered in such a neighborhood, than the beautiful substance that makes our modern rooms so glittering and bright; our streets so dazzling, and our windows at once so ra-

diant and so strong.

"In order to understand our process thoroughly," said the obliging director of the seven acres of factory and the four hundred operatives we had come to see, "we must begin with the beginning. This," picking up from a heap a handful of the finest of fine sand—the glittering pounce, in fact, with which our forefathers spangled their writing,—"is the basis of all glass. It is the whitest, most highly pulverized flint sand that can be procured. This comes from Lynn, on the coast of Norfolk. Its mixture with the other materials is a secret even to us. We give the man who possesses it a handsome salary for exercising his mystery."

"A secret!" cried Mr. Bossle. "Every body, I thought, knew—at least everybody in the drysaltery line understands—what glass is made of. Why, I can repeat the recipe given by Dr. Ure, from memory:—To every hundred parts of materials, there are of pure sand forty-three parts; soda twenty-five and a half, (by the bye, we have some capital carbonate coming forward ex May Anne, that we could let you have at a low figure;) quick-lime, four; nitre, one and a half; bro-

ken glass, twenty-six. The Doctor calculates, if I remember rightly, that of the whole, thirty parts of this compound run to waste in fusing, so that seventy per cent. becomes, on an

average, glass."

"That is all very true," was the answer; but our glass is, we flatter ourselves, of a much better color, and stands annealing better, than that made from the ordinary admixture; from which, however, ours differs but little—only, I think, in the relative quantities. In that lies the secret."

Mr. Bossle expressed great anxiety to behold an individual who was possessed of a secret worth several hundreds a-year, paid weekly. Romance invariably associates itself with mystery; and we are not quite sure from the awful way in which Mr. Bossle dropped his voice to a soft whisper, that he did not expect, on entering the chamber of pre-vitrified chemicals, to find an individual clothed like the hermit in "Rasselas," or mingling his "elements" with the wand of Hermes Trismegistus. He looked as if he could hardly believe his spectacles, when he saw a plain, respectable-looking, indifferent-tempered man, not a whit more awe-inspiringor more dusty-than a miller on a market-

We do not insinuate that Mr. Bossle endeavored to "pluck out the heart of the mystery," though nothing seemed to escape the focus of his spectacles. But, although here lay, in separate heaps, the sand, and soda, and saltpetre, and lime, and cullett, or broken glass; while there, in a huge trough, those ingredients were mixed up (like "broken" in a confectioner's shop ready to be pushed through a trap to fill the crucible or stomach of the furnace; yet, despite Mr. Bossle's sly investigations, and sonorous inquiries, he left the hall of "elements" as wise as he had entered.

Passing through a variety of places in which the trituration, purification, and cleaning of the materials were going on, we mounted to an upper story that reminded us of the yard in which the cunning Captain of the Forty Thieves, when he was disguised as an Oil Merchant, stored his pretended merchandise. It was filled with rows and rows of great clay jars, something like barrels with their heads knocked out. Each had, instead of a hoop, an indented band round the middle, for the insertion of the iron gear by which they were, in due time, to be lifted into and out of the raging fur-There were two sizes; one about naces. four feet deep, and three feet six inches in diameter, technically called "pots," and des-

tined to receive the materials for their first sweltering. The smaller vessels (cuvettes) were of the same shape, but only two feet six inches deep, and two feet in diameter. These were the crucibles in which the vitreous compound was to be fired a second time, ready for casting. These vessels are builtfor that is really the process; and it requires a twelvemonth to build one, so gradually must it settle and harden, and so slowly must it be pieced together, or the furnace would immediately destroy it—of Stourbridge clay, which is the purest and least silicious yet (The clay mentioned in our discovered. recent article, "The Devonshire Dorado,"* may be worth a trial, for the manufacture of these crucibles.)

"We have now," said Mr. Bossle, wiping his spectacles, and gathering himself up for a loud Johnsonian period, "seen the raw materials ready to be submitted to the action of the fire, and we have also beheld the vessels in which the vitrification is to take place. Let us therefore witness the actual liquefac-

tion."

In obedience to this grandiloquent wish, we were shown into the hall of furnaces.

It was a sight indeed. A lofty and enormous hall, with windows in the high walls open to the rainy night. Down the centre, a fearful row of roaring furnaces, white-hot: to look at which, even through the chinks in the iron screens before them, and masked, seemed to scorch and splinter the very breath within one. At right angles with this hall, another, an immense building within itself, with unearthly-looking instruments hanging on the walls, and strewn about, as if for some diabolical cookery. In dark corners, where the furnaces redly glimmered on them, from time to time, knots of swarthy, muscular men, with nets drawn over their faces, or hanging from their hats: confusedly grouped, wildly dressed, scarcely heard to mutter amidst the roaring of the fires, and mysteriously coming and going, like picturesque shadows, cast by the terrific glare. Such figures there must have been, once upon a time, in some such scene, ministering to the worship of fire, and feeding the altars of the cruel god with victims. Figures not dissimilar, alas! there have been, torturing and burning, even in Our Saviour's name. happily those bitter days are gone. senseless world is tortured for the good of man, and made to take new forms in his service. Upon the rack, we stretch the ores

^{*} See page 263.

and metals of the earth, and not the image of the Creator of all. These fires and figures are the agents of civilization, and not of deadly persecution and black murder. Burn fires and welcome! making a light in England that shall not be quenched by all the monkish dreamers in the world!

We were aroused by a sensation like the sudden application of a hot mask to the countenance. As we instinctively placed a hand over our face, to ascertain how much of the skin was peeling off, our cool informant announced that the furnace over against us had been opened to perform the tréjetage, or ladling of the liquid pot à feu from the large pots into the smaller ones. "I must premise," he said, "that one-third of the raw materials, as put together by our secret friend, are first thrown in; and when that is melted, one-third more; on that being fused, the last third is added. The mouth of the furnace is then closed, and an enormous heat kept up by the tiseur or stoker (all our terms are taken from the French,) during sixteen hours. That time having now elapsed, in the case of the flaming pot before you, the furnace is opened. The man with the long ladle thrusts it, you perceive, into the pot, takes out a ladleful, and, by the assistance of two companions, throws the vitrified dough upon an iron anvil. The other two men turn it over and over, spread it upon the inverted flat-iron, and twitch out, with pliers, any speck of impurity; it is tossed again into the ladle, and thrown into a cuvette in another furnace. When the cuvettes are full, that furnace is stopped up to maintain a roaring heat for another eight hours; and, in the language of the men, 'the ceremony is performed.'"

At this moment, the noise burst forth from the middle of the enormous shed, of several beats of a gong: so loud, that they even drowned the thundering inquiries with which Mr. Bossle was teasing one of the "teasers." In an instant the men hastened to a focus, like giants in a Christmas pantomime about to perform some wonderful conjuration; and not a whisper was heard.

"Aha!" exclaimed the director, "they are going to cast. This way, gentlemen!"

The kitchen in which the Ogre threatened to cook Jack and his seven brothers, could not have been half so formidable an apartment as the enormous cuisine into which we were led. One end was occupied with a row of awful ovens; in the midst, stood a stupendous iron table; and upon it lay a rolling-pin, so big, that it could only be

likened to half-a-dozen garden-rollers joined together at their ends. Above, was an iron crane, or gallows, to lift the enormous messes of red-hot gruel, thick and slab, which were now to be brought from the furnaces.

"Stand clear!" A huge basin, white with heat, approaches, on a sort of iron hurley; at one end of which sits, triumphant, a salamander, in human form, to balance the Plutonian mass, as it approaches on its wheeled car-playing with it—a game of see-saw. It stops at the foot of the iron gallows. Mr. Bossle approaches to see what it is, and discovers it to be a cuvette filled with molten glass, glowing from the fiery furnace. What is that man doing with a glazed mask before his face? "Why, if you will believe me," exclaims Mr. Bossle, in the tones of a speaking-trumpet, (we are at a prudent distance,) "he is ladling off the scum, as composedly as if it were turtle-soup!" Mr. Bossle grows bold, and ventures a little nearer. Rash man! His nose is assuredly scorched; he darts back, and takes off his spectacles, to ascertain how much of the frames are melted. The dreadful pot is lifted by the crane. It is poised immediately over the table; a workman tilts it; and out pours a cataract of molten opal, which spreads itself, deliberately, like infernal sweetstuff, over the iron table; which is spilled and slopped about, in a crowd of men, and touches nobody. "And has touched nobody since last year, when one poor fellow got the large shoes he wore, filled with whitehot glass." Then the great rolling-pin begins to "roll it out."

But, those two men, narrowly inspecting every inch of the red hot sheet as the roller approaches it—is their skin salamandrine?

-are their eyes fire-proof?

"They are looking," we are told, "for any accidental impurity that may be still intruding in the vitrifaction, and, if they can tear it out with their long pincers before the roller has passed over it, they are rewarded. From the shape these specks assume in being torn away, they are called 'tears.'"

When the roller has passed over the table, it leaves a sheet of red-hot glass, measuring

some twelve feet by seven.

This translucent confection is pushed upon a flat wooden platform on wheels—sparkling, as it touched the wood, like innumerable diamonds—and is then run rapidly to an oven, there to be baked or annealed. The bed or "sole" of this carquèse is heated to a temperature exactly equal to that of the glass; which is now so much cooled that

fear of scorching off your eyelashes. pot out of the furnace is cooled too, out in the rain, and lies there, burst into a hundred pieces. It has been a good one: for it has

withstood the fire, seventy days.

So rapidly are all these casting operations performed, that, from the moment when Mr. Bossle thought his spectacles were melting off his nose, to the the moment when the sheet of glass is shut up in the oven, about five minutes have elapsed. The operations are repeated, until the oven is full of glass

plates.

When eight plates are put into the carquese, it is closed up hermetically: for the tiniest current of cold air would crack the glass. The fire is allowed to go out of its own accord, and the cooling takes place so gradually, that it is not completed until eight days are over. When drawn forth, the glass is that "rough plate" which we see let into the doors of railway stations, and forming halftransparent floors in manufactories. To make it completely transparent for windows and looking-glasses, elaborate processes of grinding and polishing are requisite. They are three in number:—roughing-down, smoothing, and polishing.

"I perceive," said Mr. Bossle, when he got to the roughing-down room, where steam machinery was violently agitating numerous plates of glass, one upon the other, "that the diamond cut diamond principle is adopted."

"Exactly: the under plate is fastened to a table by plaster of Paris, and the upper one -quite rough—is violently rubbed by machinery upon it, with water, sand, and other grinding powders between. The top plate is then fastened to a table, to rough down another first plate; for the under one is al-

ways the smoother."

Then comes the "smoothing." of graduated degrees of fineness, is used for that purpose. "Until within the last month or so, smoothing could only be done by human labor. The human hand alone was capable of the requisite tenacity, to rub the slippery surfaces over each other; nay, so fine a sense of touch was requisite, that even a man's hand had scarcely sensitiveness enough for the work; hence females were, and still are, employed."

As our pains-taking informant spoke, he pushed open a door, and we beheld a sight that made Mr. Bossle wipe his spectacles, and ourselves imagine for a moment that a scene from an Oriental Story-Book was magically revealed to us; so elegant and grace-

you stand within a yard or so of it without | ful were the attitudes into which a bevy of some fifty females—many of them of fine forms and handsome features—were unceasingly throwing themselves. Now, with arms extended, they pushed the plates to one verge of the low tables, stretching their bodies as far as possible; then, drawing back, they stood erect, pulling the plate after them; then, in order to reach the opposite edge of the plane, they stretched themselves out again to an almost horizontal posture. The easy beauty of their movements, the glitter of the glass, the brilliancy of the gaslights, the bright colors of most of the dresses, formed a coup d'æil which Mr. Bossle enjoyed a great deal more than Mrs. Bossle, had she been there, might have quite approved.

The fairy scene is soon, however, to disapappear. Mr. Blake, the ingenious manager of the works, has invented an artificial female hand, by means of which, in combination with peculiar machinery, glass smoothing can be done by steam. The last process is "polish-This art is practised in a spacious room glowing with red. Every corner of the busy interior is as rubicund as a Dutch dairy. The floor is red, the walls are red, the ceiling is red, the pillars are red, the machinery is very red. Red glass is attached, by red plaster of Paris, to red movable tables; red rubbers of red felt, heavily weighted with red leads, are diven rapidly over the red surface. Little red boys, redder than the reddest of Red Indians, are continually sprinkling on the reddened glass, the rouge (moistened crocus, peroxyde of iron), which converts the scene of their operations into the most gigantic of known Rubrics.

When polished, the glass is taken away to be "examined." A body of vigilant scrutineers place each sheet between their own eyes and a strong light: wherever a scratch or flaw appears, they make a mark with a piece of wax. If removable, these flaws are polished out by hand. The glass is then ready for the operation, which enables "the beauty to behold herself." The spreading of the quicksilver at the back is, however, a separate process, accomplished elsewhere, and performed by a perfectly distinct body of workmen. It is a very simple art.

The manufacture of plate glass adds another to the thousand and one instances of the advantages of unrestricted and unfettered trade. The great demand occasioned by the immediate fall in the price consequent upon the New Tariff, produced this effect on the Thames Plate Glass Works. - They now manufacture as much plate glass per week as was turned out in the days of the Excise, in the same time, by all the works in the country put together. The Excise incubi clogged the operations of the workmen, and prevented every sort of improvement in the manufacture. They put their gauges into the "metal" (or mixed materials) before it was put into the pot. They overhauled the paste before it was taken out of the fire, and they applied their foot-rules to the sheets after the glass was annealed. The duty was collected during the various stages of manufacture half-a-dozen times, and amounted to three hundred per cent. No improvement was according to law, and the Exciseman put his veto upon every attempt of the sort. In the old time, the mysterious mixer could not have exercised his secret vocation for the benefit of his employers, and the demand for glass was so small that Mr. Blake's admirable polishing machine would never have been invented. Nor could plate glass ever have been used for transparent flooring, or for door pannels, or for a hundred other purposes, to which it is now advantageously and ornamentally applied.

Thanking the courteous gentleman who had shown us over the works, we left Mr. Bossle in close consultation with the manager. As, in crossing the yard, we heard the word

"soda!" frequently thundered forth, we concluded that the Johnsonian dry-salter was endeavoring to complete some transaction in that commodity, which he had previously opened with the director. But it is not in our power to report decisively on this head, for our attention was directed to two constructions objects.

cluding objects. First, to a row of workmen—the same we had lately seen among the fires and liquid glass-good-humoredly sitting, with perfect composure, on a log of timber, out in the cold and wet, looking at the muddy creek, and drinking their beer, as if there were no such thing as temperature known. Scondly, and lastly, to the narrow passages or caves underneath the furnaces, into which the glowing cinders drop through gratings. These looked, when we descended into them, like a long Egyptian street on a dark night, with a fiery rain falling. In warm divergent chambers and crevices, the boys employed in the works love to hide and sleep on cold nights. So slept DE Foe's hero, Colonel Jack, among the ashes of the glass-house where he worked. And that, and the river together, made us think of Robinson Crusoe the whole way home, and wonder what all the English boys who have been since his time, and who are vet to be, would have done without him and his desert island.

TO A CHILD BLOWING BUBBLES.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Thrice happy Babe! what radiant dreams are thine
As thus thou bidd'st thine air-born bubbles soar;—
Who would not Wisdom's choicest gifts resign,
To be, like thee, a careless child once more?

"To share thy simple sports and sinless glee;
Thy breathless wonder, thy unfeigned delight,
As, one by one, those sun-touched glories flee,
In swift succession, from thy straining sight!

"To feel a power within himself to make, Like thee, a rainbow wheresoe'er he goes; To dream of sunshine, and, like thee, to 'wake To brighter visions, from his charmed repose. "Who would not give his all of wordly lore,—
The hard-earned fruits of many a toil and care,—
Might he but thus the faded past restore,
Thy guileless thoughts and blissful ignorance share.

"Yet Life hath bubbles, too, that soothe awhile
The sterner dreams of man's maturer years;
Love—Friendship—Fortune—Fame—by turns beguile,

But melt, 'neath Truth's Ithuriel-touch, to tears.

"Thrice happy Child! a brighter lot is thine
What new illusions e'er can match the first?)
We mourn to see each cherished hope decline;
Thy mirth is loudest when thy bubbles burst."

From the People's Journal.

AN HOUR AT THE STAMP OFFICE.

Of all the buildings in London, Somerset House is the least understood by the general public. The visitor goes there as he goes to any other place, and walks round the noble quadrangle, admiring the fine effect of the building as a whole, and possibly smiling at the grotesque faces and figures in the architecture; but within the walls he never enters, unless he has business to transact, or is acquainted with some very complaisant government official. It is true that he sees over the various doors the words "Audit Office," "Admiralty," Legacy-Duty Office," "Poor-law Commission," and "Stamps and Taxes; but of the actual business carried on within, he has only a very dim notion indeed; a notion connected, probably, with green baize partitioned apartments, in which well dressed young fellows are to be seen at all hours of the day munching biscuits and reading newspapers; though by a late Treasury order, the latter agreeable method of wasting time is strictly forbidden during business hours, such an indulgence being only accorded to heads of departments!

Or, if he be of an antiquarian turn, the visitor may call up the forms of the Protector Somerset and Anne of Denmark, John of Padua, the architect of the old palace, "a large and goodly house," as Stowe calls it; and John Hunston, the kinsman of Queen Elizabeth, who presented it to him in 1596. Or, he may even fill the noble quadrangle with pleasanter pictures still, and fancy Henriette Maria and her maidens masquing and dancing in the festivities of Christmas, or meeting her son in the same place many years afterwards, to congratulate him on his restoration, and ask his consent to the marriage of her daughter with the Duke of Orleans. Indeed, as he wanders round the walks, he may remember that in Old Somerset House, the queens of England, from Anne of Denmark to Charlotte, wife of George III. (of glorious memory) constantly resided; and that the body of Oliver Cromwell, "the greatest hero of them all," lay in state within its walls.

Or, having made the circuit of the interior

quadrangle, and coming again into the Strand through the noble vestibule—perhaps the finest specimen of architecture after its kind in London—he may, observing the names of the various learned societies over the doors, and gazing reverently on the bust of Sir Isaac Newton over the entrance of the apartments occupied by the Royal Society—think how often the feet of Herschell and Davy, Hallam and Watt, Walpole and Wollaston, have trodden that very pavement; or, casting his eyes curiously into the hall of the School of Design—the Royal Academy for fifty years (1780 to 1830)—remember that through that very doorway have passed some of the greatest modern painters and sculptors— Wilkie, and Reynolds, and Flaxman, and Chantrey, and Lawrence, and West; oh, many times!

There is a pleasant story told by Peter Cunningham, in his "Handbook for London," which we may here repeat. It was told to him by an old clerk of the Audit Office. "When I first came to this building," says the narrator, "I was in the habit of seeing, for many mornings, a thin, spare, naval officer with only one arm, enter the vestibule at a smart step, and make direct for the Admiralty, over the rough, round stones of the quadrangle, instead of taking what others took, and still continue to take, the smooth pavement at the sides. His thin, frail figure shook at every step; and I often wondered why he chose so rough a footway: but I ceased to wonder when I heard that that thin, frail officer was no other than Lord Nelson-who always took the nearest way to the place he wished to go to!" Poor Nelson: he little thought when he was disturbing the pigeons in the quadrangle, that an ungrateful country would so long be unmindful of his kith and kin, so long neglectful of his last legacy, his daughter Horatia!

But our destination is the left-hand corner of the quadrangle, coming from the Strand—the offices of the Stamps and Taxes, or the Inland Revenue, as it is now called; where are received the moneys collected by the gov-

ernment on account of the taxes on light (windows), comfort (carriages), luxury (riding-horses), assistance (servants), and protection (dogs); and where, for the kingdom of Great Britain-Ireland having a Stamp-office of its own-the tax is made apparent, in the shape of a stamp, on duty, kindness, and gratitude (wills and legacies), business and moral obligations (deeds and bills of exchange), provident habits (fire and life assurances), sorrow and mourning (hearses), amusements (playing-cards), and knowledge (newspapers); but on the last indispensable, notwithstanding its anxiety for the spread of education and refinement, and notwithstanding its liberality, the government still continue to tax the paper on which a book or a newspaper is printed, and the advertisement by which it is made known.

Without detailing the trouble we had in making our way into the private or working department of the Stamp-office, consequent on the fact of our "knowing nobody," or the ease with which we accomplished our purpose when we were at last introduced to the "right person" in the right quarter, we will take the reader by the hand, or rather by the eyes, and initiate him into the system there pursued—at least as far as we ourselves are acquainted with it—for it must be understood that the sanctum of the government offices is not to be invaded with impu-

Walking boldly, then, through the doorway, we make our way right up to the good-natured-looking man in red—a very prince of beadles—and make the necessary inquiries as to the localities of the place; which inquiries being civilly answered, we—that is to say, self and friend—determined to begin at the beginning, and trace the process throughout, proceed to the various apartments of the officers technically known as the Stamps and Taxes.

We will take the case of a deed requiring "a stamp:" the clerk, or person entrusted with the business, first takes the instrument up to the solicitor's apartments, where it is examined and the amount chargeable as stamp duty ascertained; which amount, with the solicitor's initials, is affixed in pencil to the top corner of the parchment. He then brings it down stairs to the receivergeneral's room, where the money is paid, and a warrant made out for the guidance of the proper authorities in the stamping-room. Both deed and warrant are then put aside, and the applicant sees them no more for several hours—not, in fact, till the deed is

made a legal instrument by virtue of having had the stamp affixed. In the case of the stamp on patent medicines, the different kinds of warrants are kept ready printed and hanging against the walls—all that is required being to fill them up with the name of the medicine, the name and abode of the vender, pay the money, and call the next day for the stamps; proper precautions being taken, however, to prevent them being delivered to the wrong person. So also in regard to newspapers; the proprietor or wholesale stationer obtains from the office blank warrants, which, when properly filled up, are presented at the counter, with the money for the necessary number of stamps, and the next day the stamped papers are ready for delivery—a sufficient quantity of blank paper having been previously sent in for the purpose.

Having premised thus much, we, being duly directed by the prince of beadles aforementioned, proceed to the basement story of the building; and, making our way through several dimly-lighted stone passages, stop at a door and ring a bell over which the word "supervisor" is painted. Our summons being quickly answered by a civil man who looks like a gentleman's butler, we are presently introduced into the office of the superintendent of the department; and, after a few words of course, are duly initiated into the mysteries—if mysteries they be, and which our guide assures us they are not—of the stamping-room.

This is a large oblong apartment, with tables ranged on each side, on which are fixed the stamping presses, thirteen in num-In appearance the stamping-press is something like a copying-machine, only instead of the box and table common to the latter instrument, it has a foot, in which is affixed the necessary die. The principle is A single turn of the easily understood. round loaded handle causes the foot to descend on a leather pad beneath; and of course, if a piece of paper or parchment be introduced between the pad and the die, it receives the impression intended. In this way all the wills, probates of wills, deeds, agreements, bills of exchange, bonds, indentures, receipt stamps, and other legal documents used in England, Wales, and Scotland, are stamped; without the government stamp they are not legal instruments, and therefore, of course, not binding to the parties making use of them. By means of an endless screw in the body of the press, the machine returns to its former state ready for the next application of the stamper's hand. It is usual to give to each pressman a certain number of the papers, deeds, or what not, to stamp, so that there is sometimes no occasion to change the die during the whole day. It is curious to notice the regularity with which the rolls of paper are unrolled a little way, stamped, rolled up again, and put aside; and more curious when we notice that on each roll has been affixed a stamp for £12, they being leases or conveyances of from one to two thousand pounds value. Of course every kind of instrument, from the threepenny receipt stamp to the will for a millionaire, un-

dergoes the same process.

We were shown a dull, seldom-used stamp for £26,000, the die to legalize a will of a million, and the highest known in the stamp office. In the event of the possessor of such a fortune dying intestate—a rather unlikely event, we should imagine, if he has any friends—the duty payable to government on the letters of administration would be £52,-000, and in that case the stamp would be affixed in two places. It was not a matter of great surprise to us to hear that more than half the money left in comparatively small sums—say from a hundred to a thousand pounds—paid double duty, for we knew from experience how extremely unwilling most folks are to make their wills. The government is the only gainer in such cases.

Just as we were silently soliloquizing on this fact, a workman passed a paper into the hands of our intelligent guide, the superintendent, which, on examination, proved to be an appointment on a ten pound stamp. But the queen's own signature on the top was of course the great attraction for us, and we could not help envying the owner of the

pretty autograph.

All the dies are securely locked up every evening with three keys, one of which is in the possession of the commissioner of stamps and taxes, one in that of the receiver-general, and the third in the hands of the superintendent. For, though the receiver-general is an officer of the treasury, he has authority to receive all moneys taken on account of the government, having a staff of clerks at each office for that purpose.

Besides the embossed stamps, however, all deeds, wills, and parchments have a further stamp, called the hand-mark, which is a round impression somewhat larger than a shilling, the purpose of which is to prevent any fraud being practised by the distributors in the country. It was possible, previous to the introduction of the hand-mark, to defraud

the revenue by collusion between the stamp distributors of two towns. Thus, suppose the officials of Bath and Bristol chose to contrive a fraud; it was possible, by passing the stamps from one to the other, to conceal for a considerable time the number sold at either place; but now, each hand-mark bearing the name of the town whence, and the date of which, it was issued, besides a private number, the quantity sold is ascertained whenever the government choose to take stock. Certain periodical returns of the number of stamps sold by each distributor throughout the United Kingdom are compulsorily made, great exactness in this respect being demanded by the authorities at Somerset House.

The method, too, of changing the name and date of the hand-mark-which is merely a hand-stamp like that used at the postoffice receiving-houses—is ingenious. From the late reduction in the stamp duty, the number of distributors has been greatly increased; the multiplication of fixed handmarks would, therefore, have become troublesome. To obviate this, the name and date in the stamp are made movable, so that one handle serves for any number of "marks." These being ranged in a box something like a mineral case, are easily found, and as easily applied. When it is necessary to change the name or date, the little brass instrument is placed on a wooden frame, in which are certain projecting ledges, so accurately adjusted that the movable pieces are lifted up, and so changed without trouble. This simple but capital contrivance is the invention of Mr. Hill, the superintendent of the stamping department of Somerset House, and our informant in the particulars here stated.

People appear to have quite a genius for defrauding the revenue, and it has been found that the stamps have occasionally been removed from one deed to another. To prevent this, and also to make the stamp on parchment appear plainer-parchment having little affinity for the embossing process it has been found necessary to affix a green paper label on instruments of this description, so that the stamp may become legible and permanent. Was there any hidden sarcasm intended in making the label on law parchment green, we wonder? And as a further precaution, a small piece of tin is passed through the label and parchment, so that, when it is subjected to the action of the embossing press, the tin receives part of the impression of the die, and so becomes

a component part of the stamp itself. This plan has the further advantage of fixing the stamp so permanently to the parchment that the action of heat or damp does not tend to disengage the stamp from it-a material advantage, when we consider the heterogeneous places in which valuable documents are sometimes deposited—such as stables, outhouses, kitchens, or damp cupboards. Apropos of frauds, it is dlyshrew conjectured that the acknowledgments in the Times by the chancellor of the exchequer of sums received on account of the government, as conscience money and so forth, are nothing more or less than compromises for wrong-doing not seen by that functionary. We cannot help suspecting the honesty of A. B. or X. Y. Z. who sends fifty pounds towards paying off the national creditors.

Having lingered in this room till we fear we have tired the patience of our polite conductor, and having glanced once more at the busy workmen—some stamping at the presses, some examining the warrants, some at work with the hand-marks, some packing up or unpacking paper receipts, some rolling or unrolling parchments, and others passing to and fro with orders and messages—we proceed to witness the, to us, more interesting process of stamping the broad sheets that tomorrow, or the next day, possibly, will be issued to the world as real, active, earnest,

living newspapers. In the newspaper-room quite a different scene presents itself, every counter or table being loaded with broad sheets of white paper, behind which sits the stamper, the action of whose right hand passing rapidly from inking-pad to paper, and from paper to inking-pad, seems quite bewildering at first. But soon, by dint of close attention, we comprehend the plan pursued-which is this:the operator, making a double fold in the quire, which has been previously opened in the centre, or "halved", as it is called, lifts up each successive sheet with his left hand, the thumb of which is armed with a small ring and sponge, and stamps the next with his right, in which he holds the stamping instrument, a large round wooden boss with a brass stamp at the end. In this way each workman stamps eight thousand newspapers a day; The Times, and Chronicle, and Advertiser, and Post, and Sun, and Globe, and Daily News, and Punch, besides all the other weekly, fortnightly, and monthly issues, go through precisely the same process. The purpose of the double fold is to make a kind of hill in the paper, which materially

assists the operator, and allows him to seize each separate sheet as soon as it has been stamped. Having often watched the rapidity with which our queen's heads are obliterated at the post-office, we were not greatly surprised at the facility acquired by the newspaper stamper. But it must not be supposed that the present plan was adopted all at once-certainly not. In the days when newspapers counted their circulation by hundreds, instead of as now by thousands and tens of thousands, they were stamped by a sort of lithographic process—and a very slow and imperfect process it was. The next improvement was the invention of a machine upon the plan of the letter-press, in which the marking was performed by an ingenious combination of springs; but this plan-as it necessitated the wetting of the corners of the paper, and a strict examination of the stamped copies, in case any escaped without the government seal-was also found inoperative; and as newspapers increased in size and quantity, the original hand process was readopted and found to be the best after all. The superintendent, however, assured us that he does not yet despair of producing a machine which will answer all the purposes of manual labor.

All the journals forming the public press of London and the home provinces are stamped at Somerset House, so that a pretty large warehouse is requisite for the safe bestowal of the paper, which is required to be delivered at least one day previous to its being stamped. The Times, whose daily circulation is upwards of thirty-five thousand -and on some extraordinary occasions, such as a queen's speech, or an overland mail, exceeds fifty thousand—is of course the best customer the queen has in the way of stamps, paper and advertisement duties-and probably pays more for those three taxes than all the other London morning papers put together; yet there are several—at least four weekly papers, whose single issues are greater in number than any one single issue of The Times.

Except the extraordinary celerity with which the papers are stamped, there is nothing remarkable in this department of Somerset House—nothing that may not be seen in the warehouses of any large wholesale stationer. Nor is there anything to admire in the rather primitive manner in which the bundles of stamped and unstamped paper are lifted from floor to floor; though to a stranger going for the first time into the warehouse department, and casting his eyes

around on the vast piles of paper waiting to be taxed—or rather, having been taxed, waiting to have the tax made apparent by the red hand of the workman—the scene is singular enough; especially if he takes thought of the labor of brain and body necessary to make all that unsoiled paper news! Here, in the warehouse, all is apparent bustle and confusion; great trucks loaded with reams of paper being dragged and pushed and lifted from place to place—reams sliding down from carts outside by means of a great inclined plane—quite a giant sliding-scale reams passing upwards to the light of day to carts in waiting too, by the simple apparatus of an endless chain with wooden rests at every foot or so-reams on men's shoulders—reams in men's arms—reams on men's heads and porter's knots—reams close corded and reams loosened, reams of all weights and sizes-reams on which wise thoughts, and grave language, and fierce invective, and wit and sarcasm, and truth and falsehood, and polemics and balderdash will alike be printed; -we are in a wilderness of newspapers in which an imaginative man would scarcely like to sleep—least of all to dream.

But we have not yet seen all there is to see. There are the combination-press, at which the backs of country bank notes and patent medicine stamps are printed—quite a curious sight—the machine at which the postage envelopes are embossed, and the machine also in which the envelopes are folded.

Of the combination-press it would be difficult to give an idea without a diagram: but we may say, that it differs from an ordinary letter-press in the fact that it prints two or more colors at one operation—that is to say, before the sheet of paper leaves the platten to which it is fixed. This is accomplished by means of duplicate plates or surfaces which fit into each other with the greatest exactness, and a double set of rolling and inking apparatus. As soon as one half of the bank note or patent medicine plate has received the ink from one set of rollers (say the red) it moves forward, and the other plate rising up, receives the other set of rollers; they are then united—that is, the one fits into or fills the interstices left in the other; and the whole passes under the platten, and, receiving the impression, comes out a perfectly printed sheet in two colors. To be properly understood, however, this machine must be seen at work. It is worked by steam, and its chief peculiarity consists in an elbow-joint below, by which the duplicate apparatus is made to act.

Being warned that time is flying, we hasten to examine the steam-embossing machine, by which the postage envelopes are printed: and after passing along several passages, and through some of the rooms we had previously visited, we arrive within sight of the apparatus. It, or rather they—for there are four machines—are lodged in a small well-lighted apartment; but what with the rattle of the machines, the hiss of the steam, and the swift motion of the boys' fingers as they "lay on" and "take off" the plain and embossed envelopes, we can at first discover nothing more than a complicated heap of wheels, in which two little red rollers and a kind of hammer are the most conspicuous objects. But soon we begin to perceive the modus operandi, which we will endeavor to make as plain as

we can upon paper.

The principle of this machine is the same as an ordinary embossing press worked by steam; but the peculiarity of it is, that it both inks, embosses, and prints at the same operation—the die striking at a leather counterpart by which the paper is forced into the interstices of the steel die, and producing the embossed surface. The mechanism includes an inking apparatus; and this is, we believe, the first instance in which embossed stamps have been inked by machinery. Now, to allow the die to be properly inked, and also to pass the envelope under the part which is equivalent to the platten or head of a printing machine, it is necessary for it to rise and fall considerably-about four and a-half inches, we were told; and as this would necessarily render the operation a comparatively slow one, an ingenious plan is introduced, which, by means of a hammer or steel punch, three inches long, intervening between the top of the screw and the bolt to which the die is affixed, greatly facilitates the opera-The screw, therefore, strikes this punch, which transmits the blow to the bolt; and the bolt in like manner transmits it to the die. By this introduction of the punch when the blow is struck, and its retraction when the bolt has to rise, the vertical motion of the screw is lessened three inches; that is, instead of four and a-half inches of rise and fall, the screw has only a depression of one and a-half inches; and thus of course performs its operation in one third of the time that it would otherwise require, the press doing three times the work of an ordinary steam embossing press in a like given time. Or the description may be simplified by instancing the ordinary labor of driving a nail. If, instead of letting the hammer in the right hand fall directly on the head of the nail, we introduce a punch, held in the other hand, between the hammer and the nail, it follows that, this process going on continuously, a great saving of time will be the result; and the hammer and punch, taken together with the self-inking rollers, is the great peculiarity of the postage envelope embossing machine.

If all the envelopes thus stamped daily were laid end to end, they would reach above five miles; and if all the letters posted in Great Britain on any single day, except Sunday, were placed in like manner, they would reach to Oxford and about twenty miles beyond! The revenue by the sale of postage stamps is about a million: and it is daily increasing; more children learning to write every day, and more people getting to understand the value of a letter, though it be merely one that hopes they are in good health, as it "leaves the writer at present."

By an excellent system of book-keeping, the stock of envelopes in Somerset House can at any time be taken in about an hour: the quantities given out to be stamped are accounted for day by day, so that any loss by waste or abstraction is at once discovered. Indeed, so exact are the calculations, that the slightest error in counting the number of sheets sent to be folded is shown in the next day's work. Each machine produces about forty reams, or twenty thousand impressions daily; and as boys are necessarily employed in this department of the government service, an excellent system of rewards and punishments has been devised to render them careful of the property under their care. they spoil more than a certain determinate number of envelopes one day, they have to make good the deficiency the next day by extra labor, and a sort of multiplication table has been devised for the purpose of determining the number to be worked as punishment.

With regard to the adhesive postage stamps, or "queen's heads" as they are commonly called, it will be sufficient to say that they are printed by contract by Messrs. Perkins and Bacon of Fleet Street. The original steel die has been multiplied a great number of times, and a plate containing two hundred and forty impressions - a sovereign's worth—is worked at an ordinary copper-plate press. The sheets of paper are counted out to the contractors, and returned by them ready dried and gummed at the back, as they are sold in the shops. course the necessary precautions are taken to prevent surreptitious copies being worked from the plate; and these precautions are so

many and so exact, that the successful commission of fraud is almost impossible.

We have spoken of the folding machine. It is at work on the premises of Messrs. Delarue, the contractors of the government for envelopes; and thither, having wished the superintendent a cordial good afternoon,

we bent our steps.

But not before we have put to flight a little romance that pertains to the outer walls of the offices of the Inland Revenue. It is a pity to destroy the romance of the story, it is so pretty. On the wall, just above the first-floor window, and hanging, as it were, in the interstices of the stones, is the white face of a watch. Now the story goes, that a laboring man once fell from the top of the building, and that in falling, the ribbon of his watch caught the projecting stonework, and so saved him from a dreadful death. gratitude for his wonderful escape, he desired that his watch might be placed as near as possible to the spot where his life had been saved; and the authorities, more complaisant than government officials generally, are said to have complied with his wish. This is the story which is repeated daily to wondering scores. It is a pity to disturb it; but the truth is, that the watch-face—for it is only a face—is nothing more than a meridian mark for a portable transit instrument, placed near the window of one of the rooms inside by the officers of the Royal Society!

We proceed now to Bunhill-row, where we are politely received by Messrs. Delarue, who accompany us through their excellently-appointed establishment, and eventually introduce us to the apartment containing the wonderful folding machine, or rather some eight or ten of them. And here we are astonished indeed; for we see a machine no larger than an ordinary kitchen table, with a couple of twisted arms constantly moving up and down, and attended by a single boy, which goes on folding, creasing, gumming and packing postage envelopes at the rate of forty-five a minute! It is difficult to describe it without diagrams, but we will try. The folding machine, then, is the joint invention of Messrs. Hill and Walter Delarue, and may be understood to consist of a moveable bed or platten, with a pair of boxes the exact size of the envelope desired, working above, and a series of four iron rollers with fixed wings or flaps, in shape corresponding to the flaps on the paper envelope. The sheet of paper, cut and fashioned like an open envelope, is placed on the platten, when one of the boxes descends

and creases it; the other box working inside it immediately following, which leaves the envelope in the condition of a paper box with raised disjointed sides. Concurrently with or rather immediately following this action, the rollers make a single revolution, and the flaps fold down the whole so as to form a perfect envelope, folded and gummed, ready for use. An iron-hand with a sponge armed with gum passes over the edges of each envelope immediately after it has taken its place on the platten, and the rollers following, crease down the sides which previously stood up, and so press the gummed edges together. When perfected, the envelopes are taken from the folder by two Indiarubber fingers, and deposited in a place by themselves; so that when a sufficient number are gathered together, they may be removed in such perfect order that they only require to be shuffled up like a pack of cards and counted, before they are in a selling condition.

This machine, though apparently so simple, was the work of immense thought and labor; and looking on it, we are compelled to acknowledge that nothing appears beyond the powers of man, by study and ingenuity, to accomplish. Having to compete with the cheapest kind of labor, the folding machine was necessarily obliged to be both exact and expeditious; and in both requisites it has been found to so well answer the expectations of its inventors, that there is every probability of its eventually superseding hand-labor in that particular branch of industry. The envelopes themselves are cut into their peculiar shape by an ingenious machine, the knives of which pass through a ream of paper with as much ease as if it were cheese instead of cream-laid post.

Stamp duties were first imposed in Holland in 1624; though we have in the succession duties (vicesima hereditatum—the twentieth penny of inheritances) exacted by Augustus from the Romans, the earliest example of a tax upon the transference of property from the dead to the living. Many of the casualities of the feudal law were of the same nature; but the Dutch, as before stated, were the first to adopt legacy duties in the modern form—a tax which, however objectionable in principle, is easily collected, and little felt by those who pay it, as a man who inherits the riches of others seldom objects to the state taking a per centage. The chief cause of complaint appears to be that legacy duties are payable only on moveable property.

But to resume our brief history of Stamps: it was not long before the other European states followed the example of Holland; for as Adam Smith very pithily remarks there is "no art which one government sooner learns of another than that of draining the pockets of the people; and as another popular writer has observed, the only text of Scripture on which all rulers are agreed, is that which tells us that "there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." Stamps were introduced into England about fifty years after (1671) the successful experiment in the Low Countries; and having been found to work tolerably well—that is to say, that the people paid them without much more grumbling, or much more law than is common to most other taxes—a revision of the stamp duties took place in 1693 (5 William and Mary, c. 21,) from which period they were gradully extended; till, besides crown grants, diplomas, probates of wills, law, and other formal proceedings, every instrument recording a transaction between two individuals was subjected to a stamp duty before it could be used as evidence in

a court of justice.

The stamps on newspapers were first imposed in 1712, as a remedy "against seditious papers and factious rumors." The first stamp duty, which arose with queen Anne's government, was a comparatively moderate one, being a half-a-penny a copy, which was gradually increased to four pence, with a discount of twenty per cent., at which rate it continued till 1836; when on the 15th of September of that year, it was reduced to its present rate of one penny (6 and 7 Wm. IV. c. 76,) with a duty of a half-penny upon supplements or extra sheets, provided they bear on their faces indisputable evidence of their not being separate and independent newspapers. To show, however, how inoperative has been the tax as a remedy against "seditious papers and factious rumors," it may not be improper to say, that in 1782, the number of newspapers in this country was sixty-one, fifty of which were published in England, eight in Scotland, and three (!) in Ireland; while in 1840, only fifty-eight years afterwards, the number of newspapers published in Great Britain had increased to 554; of which 137 were printed in London, 247 in the English provinces, 73 in Scotland, and 97 in Ireland and the channel islands; while the total number of stamps issued in that year was 59,774,037, of which 31,405,-056 were issued in London alone. The present number of newspapers published, and newspaper stamps issued, is not exactly ascertained, but it may be taken to be about a third more than the figures given above. But to show, on the other hand, how hardly these taxes on knowledge press on the energy and spirit of enterprise, it may be mentioned that while London, with a stamp and advertisement duty, has only ten daily papers, Paris, with a smaller population, has twenty. nine, and New York, with a less number of readers still, forty-three: the number of newspapers circulating without stamps in the United States averaging annually upwards of 110,000,000. It is something, nowithstanding, to boast that in point of influence and character, the London press stands before any other in the world. The above figures are extracted from McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce.

To return;—after the imposition of a stamp duty on newspapers and legacies, stamps were likewise found a convenient method of taxing particular classes of persons, as physicians, barristers, and attorneys, who are taxed before they can receive a fee or obtain a client; notaries, bankers, pawnbrokers, auctioneers, appraisers, and hawkers, who are not qualified to present a bill, issue a check-book, dispose of a picture, value a roomful of furniture, or sell a copper teakettle, till they have obtained permission and paid for a yearly license for the privilege.

The stamp acts, voluminous in number and extent, were consolidated in 1815 (55 George III., c. 184) and since mitigated in several respects, particularly as regards certain law proceedings. At present the principal stamps used in commercial transactions are those on bills and promissory notes—so that when Thomas Green, Esq., draws an accommodation Bill (vulgo, flies a kite) for £100 for two months, for the benefit of his very dear friend, Captain Rook, of the Horse Marines, who wears such well-made clothes,

and plays billiards so excellently, the government becomes a party to the fraud on the public, to the extent of a stamp duty of four shillings and sixpence on the transaction!—debentures and insurance policies; so that when poor Mr. Struggle, author and editor, contrives to save £40 per annum from his precarious income, for the purpose of providing for his wife and eight little ones when he shall be taken from them, the powers that be mulct him of £3; fire and sea insurances, protests and receipts.

In 1842, the stamp duties in Ireland, formerly lower than those in the sister kingdom, were raised to the same level, until October, 1845, when (by 5 and 6 Vict. c. 82,)

they were again in part remitted.

There is no evading the operation of the stamp act. The stamps on newspapers must be paid before a single copy can be issued, under a penalty of £20 for each copy sold without a stamp; a receipt on unstamped paper for a sum above £5 is not admitted as evidence in a court of law; an agreement on unstamped paper is invalid, and cannot be enforced; a bill of exchange drawn on unstamped paper, or on paper with an insufficient stamp, is inadmissible as evidence, and irrecoverable, in fact; and so through every transaction in law, commerce, and even love and marriage, where the giving or taking of money forms a part of the agreement.

We might go further, but we think we have thrown some little light on a few of the mysteries of Somerset House, and initiated the reader slightly into what is daily transacted within that very quiet, dull, dustylooking building called the Inland Revenue-office; though it should be stated that some part of the business—that connected with the licensing of hackney carriages, drivers, conductors, and watermen—is carried on at the Excise-office, Broad Street Buildings, in the City of London.

G. F. P.

From Dickens's Household Words.

SLEEP.

Our health and happiness depend very much on the way in which we regulate our lives. Strange as it may appear, there is a discipline which should be observed in our sleeping, as well as in our waking hours. But after all, what is sleep? "It is so like death," said Sir Thomas Browne, "that I cannot trust myself to it without my prayers." Our medical philosophers puzzle themselves in vain to account for it; and move about in a circle of truisms, reminding us of the kitten described by Goethe, everlastingly playing with its own tail.

Let us now draw near to the bedside, and consider more attentively this mysterious state. Let us examine the phenomena of

Sleep.

It will be observed that the breathing is slower than it is when we are awake; the inspirations are fuller and deeper, and there is a greater interval between them. They also take place with an increased sound; and, when very forcible, the most "unmusical" of instruments, viz., the nose, is "called upon" for a song-and snoring occurs; more especially if the tongue touch the palate, or the mouth remain partially open. In these cases the inspired and expired air encounters an obstruction; and when the soft palate at the back of the mouth is thrown thereby into a state of vibration, a louder and more discordant noise is produced. Many persons, however, particularly young people who are delicate, breathe very gently; their respiration during sleep is sometimes scarcely audible.

We have known a lady in extreme grief lie in a kind of trance, breathing so feebly for nearly a fortnight, that her respiration was scarcely perceptible to the ear. It is the same in infancy; and under the exhaustion produced by many diseases, there would appear to be no manifest boundary between sleep and death. Like the respiration, the circulation also diminishes in rapidity; the pulse becomes slower and fuller. The vessels of the skin relax; and it has been proved that a person sleeping healthfully and without

any artificial means to promote it, will, during an undisturbed sleep in a given space of time, perspire insensibly twice as much as a person awake. The temperature of the body, under such circumstances, falls somewhat below its waking standard; which, in the management or discipline of sleep, is a matter of considerable importance. On this account, during sleep, there is less resistance to the cooling power and morbid effects of cold than when we are awake. "Therefore," says Dr. Elliotson, "persons cover their heads before going to sleep; and when habit has not overcome the necessity for this, cold is continually caught from its neglect. A draught of air is far more dangerous in the sleeping state, and the back of the body appears less vigorous than the front, as a draught at the back is much more dangerous than in front." The cause of this is obvious: the cold strikes directly on the spinal column—the back-bone having, unlike the chest, very little muscular protection. It is important, therefore, that during sleep the back should be well covered. Dr. Elliotson adds, that "agues are caught more readily if persons fall asleep;" which may be explained by this simple fact, that although the muscular system is relaxed and prostrate, and the organs of sense veiled, as it were, from communion with the external world, the processes of absorption, digestion, and nutrition go on with increased activity. The function of absorption is particularly active, which explains the danger of sleeping in marshy places, or where there is a succession of palludal exhalations. Already we have observed, that during sleep-when the nervous system is in repose, the temperature of the body is reduced—there is less animal heat generated; hence arises the danger of yielding to sleep when exposed to cold. "The power of intense cold in producing sleep," as Dr. Macnish observed, is very great in the human subject; and nothing in the winter season is more common than to find people lying dead in the fields and the highways from such a cause. When Dr. Solander was crossing the mountains which divide Sweden from Norway, in company with Sir Joseph Banks and several other gentlemen, he warned them, saying, "Whoever sits down will sleep; and whoever sleeps will wake no more." Shortly afterwards Dr. Solander was the first who felt an irresistible inclination to lie down, and one of his fellow travellers, Mr. Richmond, persisted in doing the same, declaring that "he desired nothing better than to lie down and die." Both lay down. Finding it impossible to proceed with them, Sir Joseph Banks and the rest lit fires with brushwood around them; having done which, Sir Joseph endeavored to wake Dr. Solander, and happily succeeded; but though he had not slept five minutes, he had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the muscles were so shrunk, that the shoes fell from his feet. He consented to go forward with such assistance as could be given him; but no attempts to relieve Mr. Richmond were successful-he died on the spot. In severe winter weather, when the poor suffer much from cold, blankets are almost as indispensable to them as food.

In order, however, that we may enjoy these advantages, it behooves us to consider in what manner sleep should be disciplined, for when we consider "how use doth breed a habit in a man," it is obvious that even this "wide blessing," may be strangely abused. We may, therefore, fairly ask what is the quantity of sleep which a reasonable man should

be contented with?

This is somewhat a difficult question. and bulky people require more sleep than short and thin people; men than women; and all animals sleep longer in winter than in summer. Age, constitution, climate, occupation, and a variety of incidental causes must be taken into consideration. During the first three months of life, nutrition and sleep constitute the whole sum of existence; the infant awakes when hungry to take nourishment; when satisfied it falls asleep again. As the development of the nervous system, in particular, goes on at this period with remarkable rapidity, the more it sleeps the better. In extreme old age much sleep is also required. The famous Dr. Thomas Parr, who died at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months, latterly slept away the greater part of his existence. We knew an old lady, one hundred and five years of age, in Essex, who slept nearly twenty out of the twenty-four hours. Youth and young adults sleep, habitually, very soundly: and it is during this period of life that lazy and sluggish habits are easily engendered. The faculty of remaining asleep longer than

is necessary cannot be indulged in without impairing the strength both of the body and mind. The continued depression of the nervous system and excessive transpiration, occasion physical debility, while the intellectual faculties, from constantly slumbering in a state of inactivity, become gradually enfeebled. Valengin relates the case of a young man, who, in consequence of too much sleep, became lethargic, and died at the age of twenty-three years. Boerhaave gives an account of a physician, who, from excessive sleep, became mentally imbecile, and perished, miserably, in a hospital. The somnolency of the fat boy in Pickwick is, by no means, an exaggeration. Persons have existed who have almost dozed away their entire existence. One Elizabeth Oven, Dr. Macnish says, spent three-fourths of her life in sleep. Another woman, Elizabeth Perkins, would sleep for ten or eleven days at a time, and then spontaneously awake, and go about as usual. The "Sleeping Lady of Nismes" (as she was called) had attacks of somnolency which lasted sometimes for days-and even months. Her sleep was remarkable. during the brief interval of her wakefulness, she hurriedly swallowed small quantities of broth, which was kept ready prepared for When the somnolency had continued for six months, it left her suddenly for six months, and then attacked her again, leaving another interval of six months. At length the affection gradually disappeared altogether, and she lived to the age of eightyone, and eventually died of dropsy. Sleep, therefore-too prolonged sleep-may become a disease; nay more, persons, from habit, may bring themselves to sleep when they will and wake when they will. Quin, the celebrated comedian; Napoleon; the philosopher Reid; and Captain Barclay, the great pedestrian, are said to have commanded this faculty.

On the other hand, some persons have lived in a state of constant wakefulness, and scarcely slept at all; we frequently, indeed, meet with individuals of an active, nervous temperament, who habitually require very little sleep. The celebrated General Elliot never slept more than four hours of the twenty-four; his food consisting wholly of bread, water, and vegetables. Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the eminent John Hunter, never slept more than five hours during the same period. Dr. Gooch gives an instance of a man who slept for only fifteen minutes out of the twenty-four hours. Sir Gilbert Blanc states, that General Pichegru

informed him that, in the course of his active campaigns, he had, for a whole year, not slept more than one out of every twenty-four hours. There can be no doubt that mental activity, accompanied by anxiety, will keep up an excitement of the brain which will produce a state of constant watchfulness. Boerhaave says, that after his mind, on one occasion, had been greatly overworked, he could not sleep for six weeks; and it is well known that sleeplessness is one of the most ordinary symptoms of insanity. In a state of health, the amount of sleep required to restore the nervous energy averages, we conceive, from six to eight hours. Jeremy Taylor insisted that three hours sleep was sufficient; Baxter, four; and Wesley recommends the standard to be limited to six out of the twenty-four hours. We believe that six hours is, with many, sufficient; it is so with the Duke of Wellington, and few statesmen, engaged in active business, allow themselves a longer period of repose. Three or four hours, we have heard, is all that Lord Brougham, in his best days, required, and he always rose sufficiently refreshed; but literary men need more sleep perhaps than others. We are informed, by Lockhart, that Sir Walter Scott, both as a young man and in more advanced age, required "a good allowance of sleep;" and he, on principle, indulged in it, saying "he was but half a man if he had not full seven hours of utter unconsciousness." We have already premised that tall and bulky people require more sleep than short people; and Sir Walter, besides being a large boned, was, it may be said, a tall man.

To return. Whatever may be the quantity of sleep required, early rising is essential to health, and promotes longevity. Almost all men who have distinguished themselves in Science, Literature, and the Arts, have been, as Mr. Macnish states, early risers. The industrious, the active-minded, the enthusiast in pursuit of knowledge or gain, are up betimes in their respective occupations, while the sluggard wastes the most beautiful period of life in pernicious slumber. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, are all represented as early risers; the same was the case with Paley, Franklin, Priestley, Parkhurst, and Buffon; the last of whom ordered his servant to awaken him every morning, and compel him to get up by force if he evinced any reluctance, for which service he was rewarded with a crown each day, which recompense

he forfeited if he did not oblige his master to get out of bed before the clock struck six. Bishop Jewel and Barnet rose every morning at four o'clock. Sir Thomas More did the same thing. Napoleon was an early riser, so were Frederick the Great and Charles the Twelfth; so is her present Majesty; and so are almost all the nobility in attendance upon the Court. That early rising tends to prolong life, appears to be clearly proved. One of our most eminent Judges, Lord Mansfield, was at the pains of collecting some curious evidence on this subject. When he presided in his judicial capacity over the Court, he questioned every very old person who appeared at the Bar, respecting his habits. "What age are you?" "What sort of life have you led-often drunk, eh?" "Please God," answered a man upwards of ninety, "I have seldom gone to bed sober;" and in fact it turned out that while some of these veterans pleaded guilty to habitual intemperance, and others, on the contrary, attested their uniform sobriety, all agreed on one point-that of having been early risers. Nevertheless, the morning snooze has, we confess, its temptations. Our readers will remember Burns' pleasant little song.

"Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it 's winter fairly."

Thompson, the author of "The Seasons," passed a great portion of his time in bed.

Dean Swift, we are told, lay in bed until eleven o'clock every morning, to think of wit for the day. Sir Walter Scott observed, "I like to lie simmering over things for an hour or so before I get up-and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking projet de Chapitre, and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily." We have always considered the morning toilette should be gone through very methodically, and very deliberately; it is a ceremony that should not be too hastily performed; during the operation of shaving, in particular, which ought always to be performed slowly, many strange fancies, and thoughtful suggestions may flit across the mind. It should, however, be added that Sir Walter Scott during the greater part of his life, rose by five o'clock, and that his literary work was chiefly accomplished before

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

Death of Joanna Baillie.—The Times records, with brief, but appropriate expression, the decease of the celebrated dramatic poet, Miss Joanna Baillie. whose fame is indelibly inscribed on the annals of English literature, and whose genius, remarkable in character, has received the homage of the most exalted of her contemporaries. Born in the year 1762, in the manse of Bothwell, near Glasgow, of which place her father was minister, her great age connected her with a period signalized by the most remarkable events, and equally so by the great intellectual impulse which then leavened the social mass. The works of Joannie Baillie appeared anonymously, creating a great sensation, which was much heightened when, contrary to all expectation, they were found to be the writings of a woman. impression was still further increased, when it was discovered that the authoress was still young, had always led a secluded life, and had, therefore, by the force of imagination alone, bodied forth productions usually the result of experience and much intercourse with the world. Her works are marked by great originality and invention, for the foundations of her dramas are not in general historical, nor stories from real life, but combinations wrought out from her own conceptions. Her knowledge of the human heart, of its wide range of good and of evil, of its multifarious, changeful, and wayward nature, was great, and her power of portraying character has rarely been exceeded. Her female portraits are especially beautiful, and possess an unusual degree of elevation and purity. Though her fame tended greatly to draw her into society, her life was passed in retirement. It was pure and moral in the highest degree, and was characterized by the most consummate integrity, kindness, and active benevolence. She was an instance that poetical genius of a high order may be united to a mind well regulated, able and willing to execute the ordinary duties of life in an exemplary manner.

But a few days before her death, another edition of her works was published. They have been elegantly reprinted in this country, by A. HART, of Philadelphia. On occasion of their reappearance, the Athenœum thus speaks of the great and venerable po-

"Never did author owe less of his success to the feverish admiration of society or to the factitious influence of personal efforts. Never has woman more honorably adorned womanhood by the unobtrusive privacy of her life, and by the noble forms and features of her poetical creations. We need not speak again of her Jane de Montfort, her Orra, her Aurora in that delightful drama 'the Beacon.' We need not again point out that in more than one instance-such as her 'Henriquez'-she has gone imply naturally, strongly, to the very 'heart of he mystery' of man's strongest passions and most olemn sacrifices. We need not again descant on er lyrics, as among the freshest and sweetest of

their kind in any language. Miss Baillie's dramas, then, are all here. 'The Family Legend'-which, as a separate play, it has been long difficult to procure—is, of course, in the collection. One or two personal poems and north-country songs have been added to the latter part of the volume,—and with them the Oriental legend, 'Ahalya Baee;' but none of these contain passages with which we should like to close this tribute to one of the worthiest, most original, and most gifted of women who have enriched the literature of England."

Death of Mrs. Shelley .- We have to record the demise of this lady, the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and the authoress of "Frankenstein," "Lodore," "The Last Man," and other works of less note. "Frankenstein," that wild and wondrous tale, excited more attention on its appearance, and has been more generally read, than any of her later publications. It is not, however, as the authoress even of "Frankenstein," that she derives her most enduring and endearing title to our affectionate remembrance, but as the faithful and devoted wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley. We may be permitted to express a hope, even thus early, that she has left sufficient materials for his biographywhich still remains to be written. We know that this was an object ever present to her, though she felt that its realization "would come more gracefully from other hands than hers.

The delineation of his mind requires a master hand, and it must be profaned by no other. As Mrs. Shelley, in the preface to the posthumous po-ems published in 1824, names Leigh Hunt as "the person best calculated for such an undertaking, we feel at liberty to remind those into whose possession his papers and correspondence have come, that Shelley's companion and friend is still among us, to offer this last tribute to the poet's memory.-Literary Gazette.

Death of the Dowager Countess of Charleville. This lady died on the 24th ult., at the age of ninety. She possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualities to which the Sevignes and the Du Deflands of France are indebted for their fame. Her maiden name was Dawson. She was with Grattan in his last illness, during the memorable interview with the late Lord Castlereagh, when that noble lord announced to him that he was to be buried in Westminster Abbey. She was the person to whom Lord Clare communicated the remarkable fact (left unnoticed by Moore,) that when Lady Edward Fitzgerald entreated Lord Clare (then Chancellor) to give her an order to see her husband in prison, Lord Clare replied; "I have no power to give you an order, but I can take any one I like with me to visit any prisoner, and my carriage is at the door.'

Her chief amusement, almost to her last hour, was painting, and the style of art she cultivated was the very highest. Her generosity was boundless. Her conversation was eminently entertaining, in-

structive, and improving.

Biography of John Pye Smith, D. D., L., L. D., F.R.S., &c., &c.—The Rev. Dr. John Pye Smith, who, for fifty years, was one of the tutors of Homerton College, and, for the greater part of the period, Theological Professor—died on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 6th, and was buried on Saturday, Feb. 15th, in the ground so appropriately chosen for his last resting-place. It is not much that we can say respecting his history—impossible for us to do justice to his character and erudition—we cannot, ho wever, suffer his course to terminate, or his grave to open for, or to close over, him, without an attempt, at least, to do something that may be accepted as a slight tribute to his memory, as a humble offering to be laid upon his ashes.

John Pye Smith was born at Sheffield, in the year 1775. He was the only son of Mr. John Smith, a bookseller, who continued to carry on business till the time of his death, which occurred in 1810. His son received the name of John Pye, from his great uncle, who had formerly been the minister of what is called in Sheffield the Nether Chapel, of which the Rev. Thomas Smith (no relative, however, of the subject of this article) is the present respected and venerable minister-one whom we cannot thus incidentally mention without recording our high estimation of his worth, as a man of sound learning and sterling goodness, of great purity of life, and singular simplicity of character. decessor, the Rev. John Pye, was a superior and accomplished person. Many of his M9. sermons are yet in possession of Dr. Smith's family. They are carefully composed and fully and clearly written out; and numbers of them bear on their epigraphs the proof of having been repeated, at the same place and to the same people, within a very brief interval; the fact being, that his hearers, anxious fully to possess themselves of what was the result of elaborate preparation, used to request the privilege of getting from his sermons "a second benefit." His great nephew (destined to become so in another sense) was engaged as a youth in his father's business; he learnt something of "the art and mystery" of binding books (as well as of selling them,) and was very fond, during his whole life, as a matter of recreation and amusement, of doing something of this sort. His tastes, however, were always bookish, after another fashion, and his habits studious. He was devoted to learning, and fond of literary occupations and exercises. He was the early associate and friend of James Montgomery, who still lives, honored and distinguished, but who, as is well known, was, in his comparative youth, in consequence of the boldness of his political speculations, condemned to imprisonment for "imputed offences." During the time that he was in York Castle, where he relieved the tedium and monotony of his days and nights by nursing his genius and embodying his thoughts and feelings in song, young Smith, it is said, took the editorship of the Iris, and supplied the absence of his persecuted friend. Newspaper literature and political agitation are thus, as it were, hallowed and sanctified by two men, whose lives have been eminently distinguished by the religious element, and who were religious even at this period, when their minds and hands were actively engaged in the distracting duties of the weekly press.

Dr. Smith was, as a youth, united in communion with the Church under the care of the Rev. Mr. Bowden. His tastes, habits, and involuntary tendencies impelled him to seek the benefit of others

by attempting to preach. He and another young man used to go together into some of the villages, and conduct a religious service. Mr. Bowden being informed of this, wished to hear for himself how they succeeded. He went without being discovered, and not only heard Smith's associate, but heard him give notice, that "next week Mr. Smith would preach on the origin of evil!!" The good man rather trembled at this, but said nothing, determining to go and hear the promised discourse. He did so, and at once perceived that, amid all the immaturity of the young Christian philosopher, there were the indications of such ability as clearly showed that he was instinctively groping after his proper calling. He was encouraged to devote himself to preparatory studies for the ministerial office; and for this purpose he abandoned business, and was admitted as a student to Rotherham College.

Dr. Smith's studies were so successfully pursued, so laborious was his diligence, and so conspicuous its results, that before he left college he seemed marked out for the office of tutor. The first college that sought his services in clerical literature, was that which had formerly been under Dr. Doddridge, at Northampton, and which, about the close of the last century, had been removed to the village of Wymondley, in Hertfordshire, and placed under the direction of the Rev. T. Parry. The trustees of this institution corresponded with "the young man, a Mr. Smith, at Dr. Williams' academy at Rotherham," of whom they had heard a high character for learnof whom they had bear a light character for tark-ing and ability; but as "the young man" did not feel himself at liberty to undertake the office to which they were ready to invite him, without the application to students of new and stricter terms of admission than the trustees were willing to employ, the negotiation necessarily fell to the ground. He was soon afterwards invited to Homerton College; entered on his duties in connection with it in January, 1801; continued to discharge them, with varied incidents, though on the whole with eminent success, for fifty years; till, at length, on the union of Coward, Homerton, and Highbury, and the consequent formation of New College, he retired, last midsummer, from academic engagements and public life. He had sustained, nearly the whole time of his residence at Homerton, the office of pastor of the Church assembling in the Gravelspits Meeting-house; but from that he had retired about two years previous to the close of his college professor-

The incidents in the life of a scholar consist, to himself, in the acquisition of new views or new languages; to the public, along with him, in the publication of his books. Dr. Smith's publications, reckoning everything, occasional sermons, tracts, &c., were very numerous. He was "a man of war from his youth," in the sense of being a frequent controversialist-a contender for, and defender of, the faith. For what he deemed truth, he was always ready to do battle-from the highest forms of theological verity, to the minutest points of discipline, politics, the Peace movement, or teetotalism. He had great mental intrepidity, and moral courage, combined with the most childlike humility, and courteous deference to others. If he regarded a thing as true or right, he would appear as its supporter, though he stood alone, and defend it as its advocate, though he might have to do it, not only without sympathy, but amid the ridicule of some and the estrangement of others. He was in manners elaborately polite—what is called "of the old school;" and this went with him into controversy, so that he often conducted it with all the expressions of the most polished courtesy. His first work was a series of "Letters to Mr. Belsham," the once well-known Socinian minister of Essex-street, and was so pervaded by the property referred to, that it gave offence to some of the ruder sort: hence Andrew Fuller criticised it by saying, "That was not the way Peter addressed heretics; he did not say to Simon Magus, 'My dear sir, pardon my apprehensions, but I fear you are under some serious mistake;" no, his words were thunder and fire—'Thou child of the devil—enemy of all righteousness—how long wilt thou continue to pervert the true ways of the Lord?"

The largest and most elaborate of Dr. Smith's works is "The Scripture Testimony"—a work of great research, cautious but cumulative argument, replete with learning, and radiant with piety. In force, however, we deem it inferior to his "Four Discourses on Priesthood and Sacrifice." He was not, in general, a vigorous writer. His style is deficient in terseness, nerve, and condensed power. The method, indeed, of the "Testimony" is unfavorable to effect in comparison with the logical articulation of the "Four Discourses;" but, in most of his writings, the absence is felt of that passion which can make eyen criticism give birth to thoughts that can only be uttered in burning words, and of that skill and mastery over language which belongs exclusively to those minds which are instinct with genius, as well as overlaid with or steeped in learning.

The Homerton Professor was never behind his age; he was often in advance of it, and always encouraged his students to be so. It was thus with his attention to German literature—to geology—and to all advances and discoveries in science. He was on the side of progress in general politics; shrunk not from the public support and advocacy of the repeal of the Corn-laws; went to an extreme, even, as many deem it, in respect to some modes of social reformation; but, whatever he did, it was impossible to doubt either the conscientiousness of his principles, the purity of his motives, the piety that consecrated the most trivial and the most secular of his acts, or the philanthropy and benevolence that filled his heart with the constancy of an everliving presence and the force of a divine and irrepressible instinct.

Time and space, we find, alike fail us in our attempt to give even the most meagre sketch of the course and character of the venerable deceased. Some of our many deficiencies will be supplied by extracts, which will be given in other parts of this paper, from the products of other and worthier pens. We shall content ourselves, therefore, in drawing to a conclusion, by one or two additional words. It is needless to say that John Pye Smith was honored with the ordinary academic distinctions—distinctions which would be more valued and more valuable if they were always as well bestowed and as modestly worn—that he was elected, also, a Fellow of the Royal Society, an honor not often conferred on Dissenting ministers, nor one, indeed, that could be often appropriate to persons whose studies are limited by duties that leave little leisure for what is extra-official. Dr. Smith, on leaving Homerton, removed to Guildford, in Surrey, and had large plans laid out for courses of reading,

which would probably have required some years to complete. His last effort was to republish a little work on the "Reasons of Protestantism," with notes suitable to the present crisis—one of the best, most comprehensive, and most suggestive of the works that have appeared on Popery. He rapidly declined towards the close of the year. He came up and partook of the communion, with his old friends and former charge, on the first Sabbath in January, delighting thus, once more, to renew that holy act of communion which foreshadowed their ultimate union in heaven! On the 8th of January he publicly received, from the hands of his friends and former pupils, a testimonial of regard, which was like the prophetic anticipation of what was just at hand—the servant saying, through heavenly grace, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness:" and the Master responding, in mercy and love, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" "I will give thee the crown of life." Four weeks from the day of his last appearance among his friends, and no more, Dr. Smith lived. His strength gradually diminished, without pain. His life seemed to be exhaled like a vapor. His sons were privileged to meet, and to be with him, at his last hour. As long as he was conscious, he was not only calm, but confident and exultant. He often seemed in the act of prayer. His last whispers were—" blessings," " blessings," (a usual form of benediction with him,) and thus, with the utterance of blessings on his children, he fell asleep, to wake up in the full blessedness of that world of which his loved and loving Lord is the glory and light !- Christian Times.

The Gallery of Illustrious Americans, published originally by Brady & Davignon, of New York, is highly complimented as a work of art by the best London journals. One of the latest we have noticed is the following from the Spectator:

"The New York press furnishes us with a first series of portraits, to include 'twenty-four of the most eminent citizens of the Republic since the death of Washington.' In no people do the chief men appear as more thoroughly incarnate of the national traits; each outwardly a several Ameri-Here we have the massive potency of Daniel Webster,—on whose ponderous brow and fixed abashing eyes is set the despotism of intellect; Silas Wright,-a well-grown and cultivated specimen of the ordinary States-man; Henry Clay and Colonel Fremont,-two halves of the perfected go-ahead spirit; the first shrewd, not to be evaded, knowing; the second impassive to obstacles, and alive only to the thing to be done. The heads are finely and studiously lithographed from daguerreotypes by Brady, and suffice to show how utterly fallacious is the popular notion that character is lost in this process. Some effervescing patriotism and prostration might be spared from the biographical notices by Mr. Lester and others, in whose hands each 'eminent citizen' seems his country's supreme hero for the time being: but the excellence of the work in its more important feature makes this of but minor account. A strong concrete idea of the man is of no mean value in such cases; and we do not wish the English student of American events a better clue of its kind than is here presented to him."

The Compendium of English Literature, by Prof. | CLEVELAND, of Philadelphia, and originally published | by BIDDLE, has been republished in London, and is thus spoken of by the Literary Gazette:

"The immense labor bestowed in the preparation of such a work is at once obvious, and we can bear testimony to the judgment and taste displayed by the compiler. Mr. Cleveland, who is a teacher in Philadelphia, has rendered good service to the cause of sound education by the publication of this class book, which we trust will be as widely introduced into the schools of this country as it is already in America. The work has been studiously prepared with a view to the moral as well as the intellectual improvement of the rising generation. Whether as an educational book, or one for private reading, this is among the best compendiums of English literature of its size."

The third and concluding volume of Humboldt's admirable work, Cosmos, has been issued, and will be added to the very neat reprint of the preceding volumes published by the Harpers. Its characteristics are thus noticed by the Examiner, which, in common with all the leading journals, highly praises the work:

"The last volume of this great and beautiful book is of a much less popular character than its predecessors. Its aim appears to be to present those particular results of observation in the several sciences which form the principal basis of existing opinion, and which furnish, as it were, a strict scientific authority for the eloquent descriptive passages in the two previous volumes. It is preluded by an introduction, in which, from the early Greek philosophers downward, an historical view is given of the attempts that have had for their object the consideration of the phenomena of the universe regarded as a whole. The rest of this first part is occupied with special results of observation in the 'uranological portion' of the Cosmos. The style has the same beauty and clearness which has been so well reflected throughout the former volume of this translation, and it is delightful to observe, in the third volume now before us, with what eager enjoyment and enthusiasm the noble old man appears to have possessed himself of the very latest authorities in any manner connected with his studies."

A work of great spirit and force has lately been published, on the general plan of Archbishop Whately's celebrated work, "Historic Doubts respecting Napoleon Buonaparte." It is entitled, "Historic Certainties respecting the Early History of America, developed in a critical examination of the Book of the Chronicles of the Land of Ecnarf." The laudatory notice of the Athenœum contains the following account of the work:

"Some months ago we showed, in a quotation

from Theodore Parker, how completely the American Revolution could be reduced to a set of myths after the German method:—in the present pamphlet we have the same thing done for the history of the French Revolution. To some extent the ground gone over is the same as that trodden in Whately's essay,—but the plan is different. The style of treatment is more in the Strauss and Newman manner,—and the results are more Germanic. The course of the argument is often ingenious,—and once or twice striking. A brief and accurate outline of the history of Europe (though the scenes and events are referred to America, proper names are used with no other disguise than that of spelling backward,—thus, France, Ecnarf,—Britain, Niatirb) is given in the form of a chronicle:—on which the critic goes to work, with his rules in his hand, and soon demolishes the whole fabric, leaving a curious skeleton of falsehood as the sole residuum of Fact."

Rambles beyond Railways, by W. Wilkie Collins, author of "Antonina," is thus noticed by the John Bull:

"This volume abounds in every page with entertainment of the pleasantest kind. With an eye trained to appreciate nature's beauties, with a happy temperament, ready to adapt itself to the manners and humors of the people among whom he roamed, and with a pen felicitously graphic, Mr. Collins has contrived to bring to our very doors the scenery and life of Cornwall. Among the many features of interest which this work possesses, none are more piquant than the traits of Cornish character, brought out incidentally; and especially the legends, which add an artificial to the natural romance of a country, much less known, as Mr. Collins truly remarks, than it deserves to be."

The Daughter of Night, by S. W. Fullom, is a novel highly spoken of. The Dispatch calls it

"One of the most remarkable works of fiction the season has produced. Scenes are delineated with a power perfectly appalling. There are dark and terrible portions; and, on the other hand, strength of diction and great powers of description."

Jerusalem Litterary Society.—A society has just been established, under the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, for the purpose of investigating the literature, science, manners, and antiquities of the Holy Land. It originated about a twelvemonth since, among a few gentlemen residing in the city of Jerusalem, and during the following spring a library and museum were founded, a piece of ground was allotted for an experimental botanic garden, and several meetings were held. It is also contemplated to publish, under the superintendence of an editor in England, a "Jerusalem Quarterly Magazine," consisting of original papers on the subjects for the consideration of which the society has been established, including brief notices of the passing events in Palestine.











